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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly

Public Library

Volume XXVIII: April, 1908 to September, 1908

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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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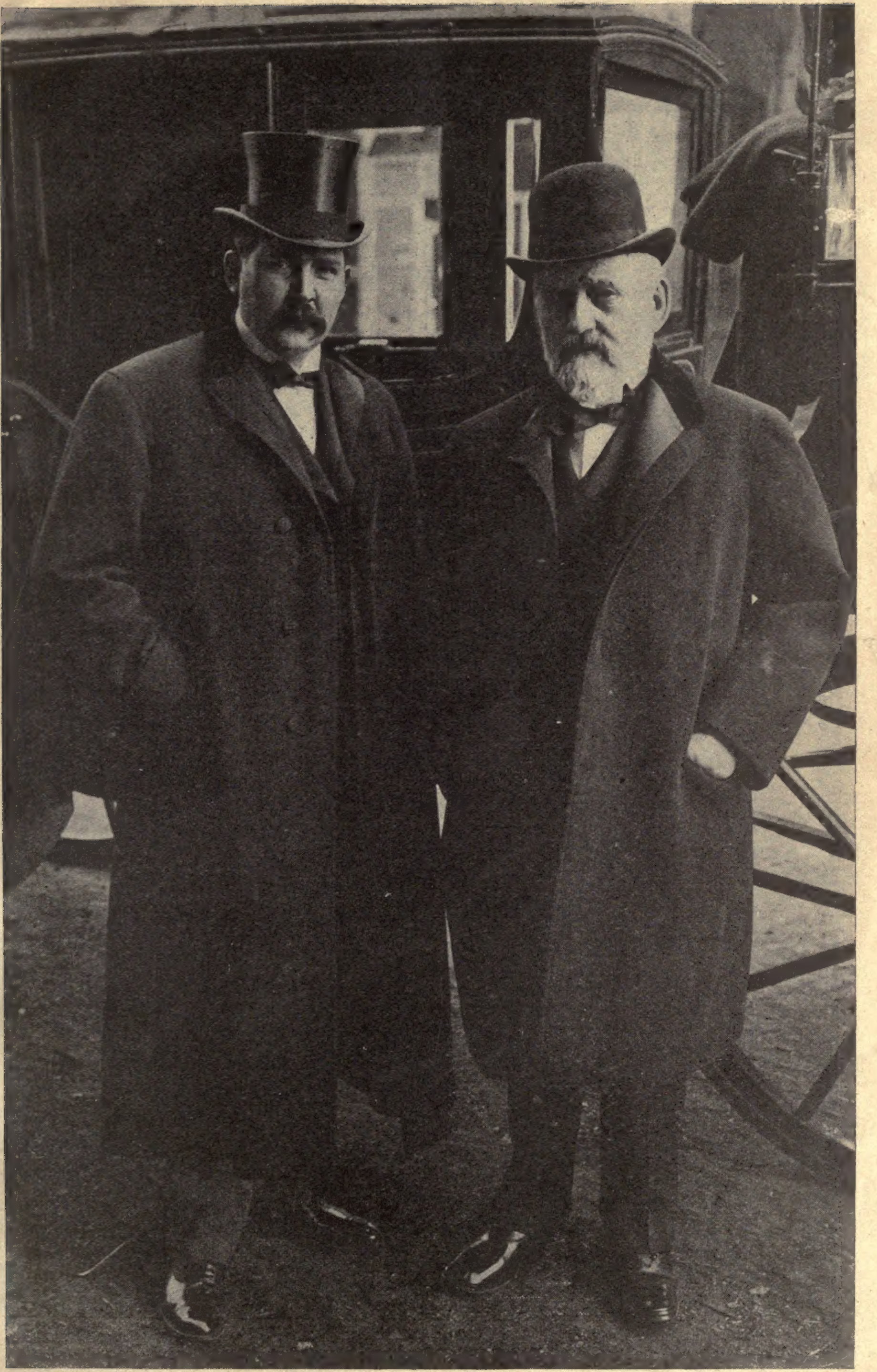
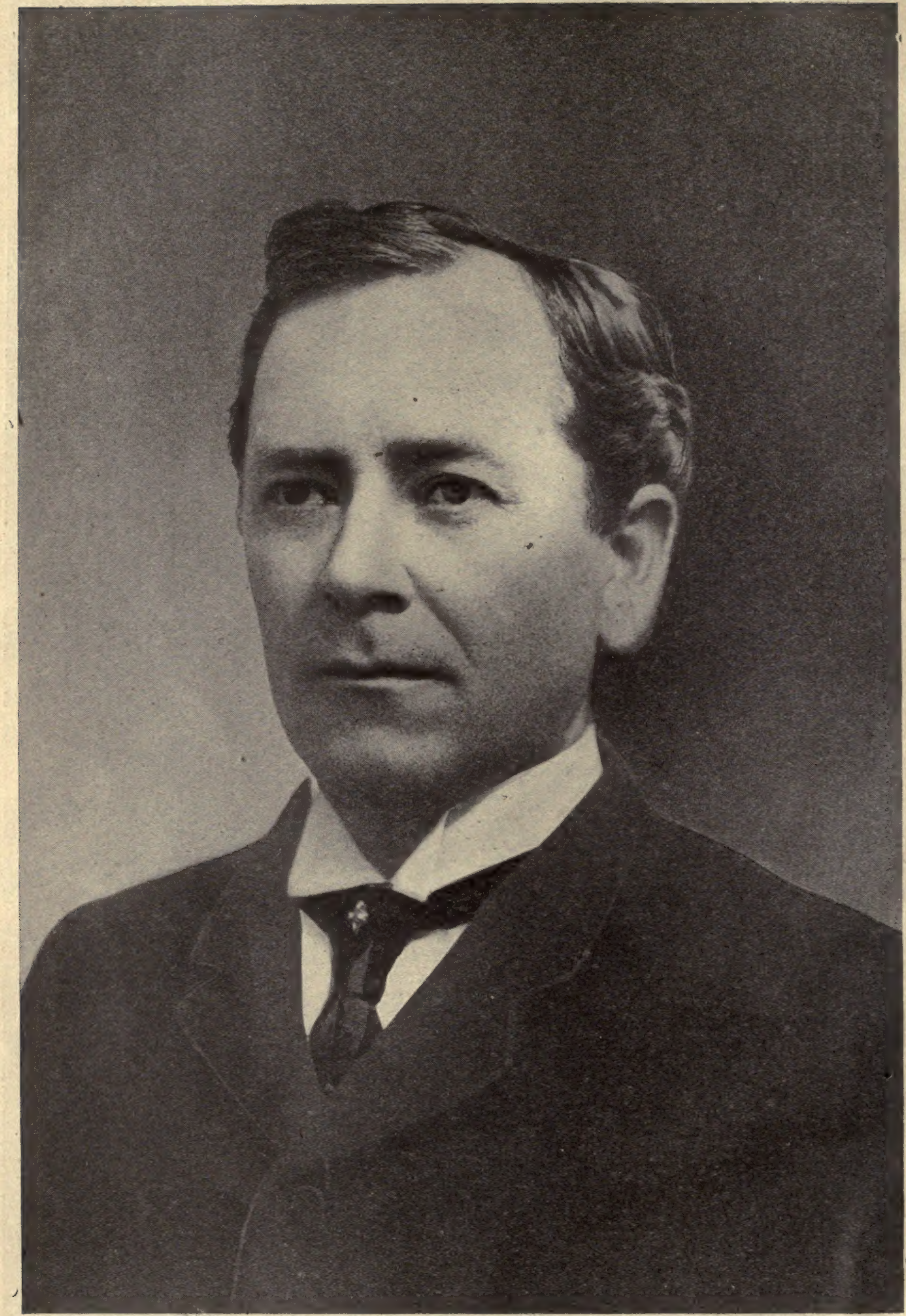


IOWA'S GRAND OLD MAN, SENATOR WILLIAM B. ALLISON, AND HIS COLLEAGUE, SENATOR JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER



CHARLES N. HASKELL, FIRST GOVERNOR OF NEW STATE OF OKLAHOMA

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVIII APRIL, 1908 NUMBER ONE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHEN the judges selected to award the prizes for the best argument as to why President Roosevelt should serve a second elective term, deliberated upon the manuscripts they found a thoroughly crystalized sentiment among the contributors.

The prize offered by the National Magazine for Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, for the best argument as to why President Roosevelt should serve a second elective term was awarded on March 15th to Justice Frank H. Norcross, Carson City, Nevada. The three judges were Governor A. B. Cummins of Iowa; Mr. Scott C. Bone, editor of the Washington Herald, and Dr. Hannis A. Taylor of Washington, Ex-minister to Spain. The judges gave a great deal of time and deliberation to the large number of manuscripts received, which furnished a most astonishing revelation of the insistent demand of the people that President Roosevelt serve a second elective term. The manuscripts were received from nearly every state and territory in the Union and some from Cuba and the insular possessions; and the variety of reasons and arguments advanced were an interesting reflection of public sentiment. The judges have the sincere appreciation of the National Magazine, and of its readers for their thorough, painstaking work. While only one paper could be awarded the prize, there were hundreds of others deserving special mention and publication.

The result reveals the fact that the American people not only know who they want, but *why* they want him. It has been throughout an interesting discussion, and a large number of papers will be published in issues of the National Magazine during the summer.

Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr. has had a firm conviction, verified in these contributions that the people will insist upon a second elective term for Theodore Roosevelt. An interesting phase of the contributions was the lively interest taken in the subject by a a number of ladies, who were able to advance something more than the women's usual reason as to why Roosevelt should serve another term.

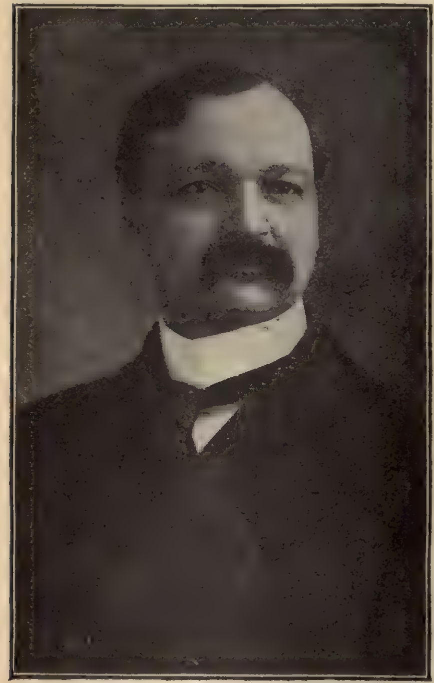
Many of the contributors were prominent men, poets and writers well-known to the people, and a symposium of these contributions will furnish one of the most interesting phases of the presidential campaign of 1908. Arguments were as a rule close knit, serious and sincere. It would seem that every possible point that could be considered was taken up in this discussion. These contributions have been looked upon by prominent men as a most interesting index of the convention verdict. As Mr. Norcross felicitously concludes, the acceptance of the nomination by President Roosevelt is a mere incident. The people simply insist upon his presence at the inauguration March 4, 1909.

The contribution of Justice Norcross appears in this issue.

* * *

EASTER time witnesses the relaxation from the tension of a session of congress. The severe and serious lines on the faces seem to melt away in the bright glow of an Easter sun. Walking up and down the Avenue, in the parks, with the light buoyant step of springtime, the people enjoy the Easter vacation—brief as it is—coming at the right time to reiterate the kinship of humankind.

The old custom of egg-rolling on the White House lawn, the brilliant array of bonnets, gowns, the swinging of canes, swish of skirts, the bright hued neckties, churches aglow with flowers and redolent with sweet perfume of Easter lilies, brings its message of love and peace and hope. Even the strife on the floor of Congress, a tilt in the Committee Room and a wrestle in the departments, is all dissolved in the bright glow of the Easter time.



SENATOR CURTIS OF KANSAS

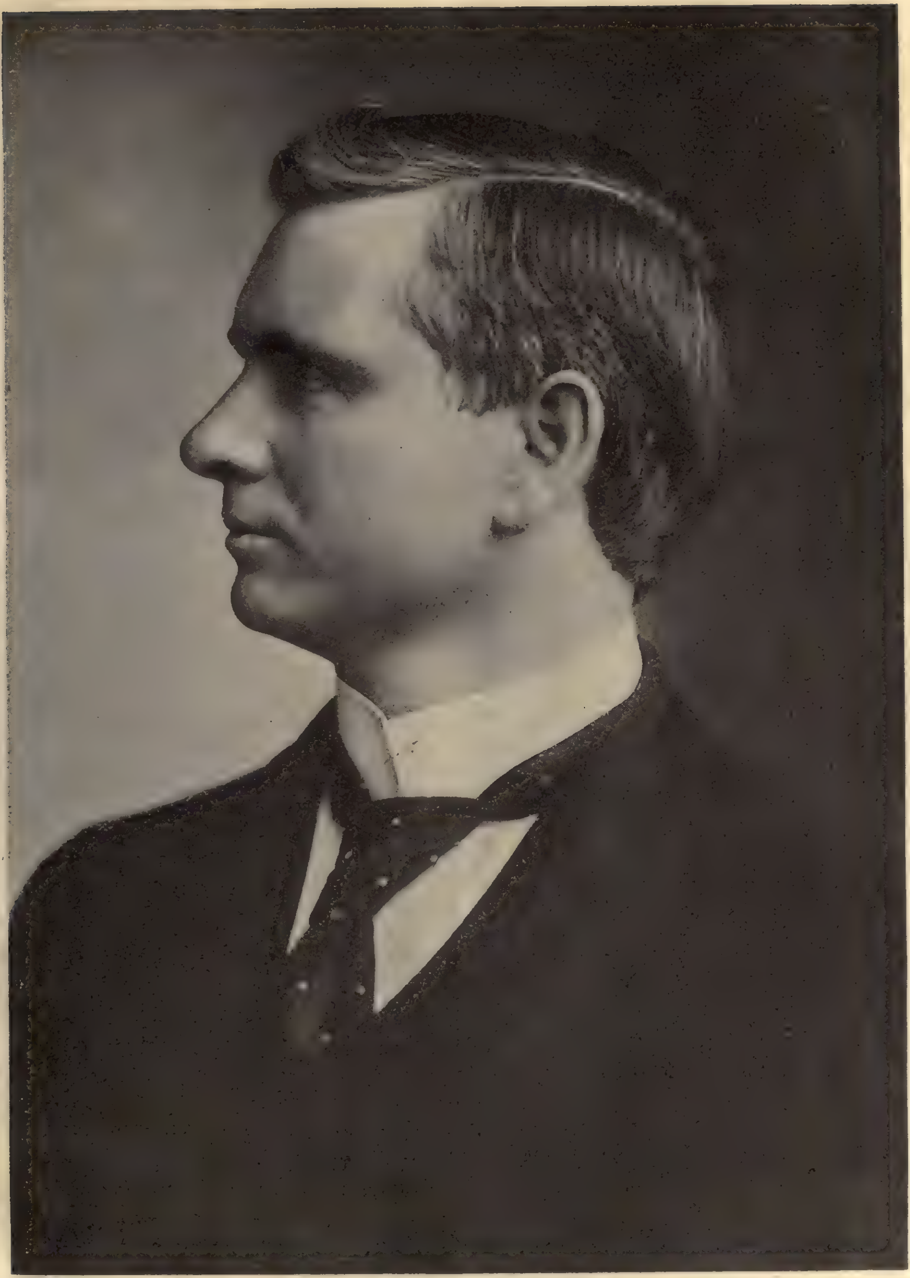
* * *

THERE have been many very busy days in the Treasury Department in Washington some time past. The "Response of the Secretary of the Treasury to Senate Resolution No. 33 of December 12, 1907" giving information in reference to Treasury operations and conditions of national banks, is considered one of the most complete reports of its kind ever made, and is pronounced a most authoritative record of the recent financial disturbance. The 232 pages of the report fairly bristle with facts.

In his characteristic, terse and business-like way, Secretary Cortelyou occupies a few pages in telling the story of the gigantic transactions that have taken place—transactions never exceeded in importance, in so short a space of time, in all the annals of the country. The firm grasp which the Secretary had upon the situation is indicated in the thorough knowledge which he had of European financial conditions during the various crises in their money markets. At no time did he interfere with the normal movement of gold between international markets.

The Treasury Department force worked a good many hours overtime to meet the strenuous demands of those dark days of panic. Night and day the messengers were on duty at the doors, and every effort was made to make each bulletin and each movement of the treasury count for all that it was worth. The most potent weapon in bringing the panic to an end was the simple irrefragable proof that resources then in hand were adequate to avoid disaster. An illustration of the wisdom of this policy is furnished by the action of the British treasury in the panic

CONGRESSMAN CARTER OF OKLAHOMA



SENATOR THOMAS P. GORE, THE BLIND ORATOR FROM OKLAHOMA of 1866, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain announced that he had authorized the Bank of England to disregard the bank act and promptly issue its notes to any necessary limit, thus arresting pressure upon the banks. After all the whole situation grew out of the unsettled confidence of the American people as is plainly set forth in the Secretary's report, in which it is also interesting to observe that as has often been remarked, a large percentage of public money was sent to the West. Another interesting fact brought out in the report, is that the net results of these operations has not increased the principal of the public debt or interest charges, despite the issuance of securities. The principal declined from $920,000,000 in March 1907 to $898,000,000 in January, 1908 with interest charges of two and a half million less than last March.

CONGRESSMAN FERRIS OF OKLAHOMA

Many exceedingly pertinent suggestions were made in the annual report, and the interdependence of all sections of the country was insisted upon; a tribute was also paid to those patriotic citizens who, during the storm and stress, left their money in the banks to help stem the tide, never giving a thought to threatened personal loss.

WALKING along the corridor with Senator Curtis of Kansas, in a few minutes he gave me a clear idea of the change of his position in regard to the removal of restrictions, preventing the Indians of Oklahoma from disposing of their lands. Mr. Curtis has long been familiar with the conditions in the Southwest, and believes that in assuming the position he has he is fortifying the interests of the Indians as he could not do in any other way. He insists that the more the question is investigated, the more it is realized that the faith pledged to the red man must be kept, and they must still be guarded; the full-bloods are not in a position to have the restrictions removed; in his opinion, they would then become the prey of designing speculators, as they were in the old days when their lands were taken for a tithe of their value by individual exploiters.

During last summer he made a personal investigation of the situation, and has reached his conclusions on that basis.

CONGRESSMAN FULTON OF OKLAHOMA

Mr. Curtis is one of the senators who has been promoted from the House of Representatives, coming up through the ranks, and is one of several senators who has Indian blood in his veins. Dark, swarthy of complexion, with a heavy moustache, he is a

SENATOR R. L. OWEN OF OKLAHOMA

most assiduous worker. He keeps up the old habits of industry for which he was noted when a member of the House.

* * *

IN the Marble Room I met again Senator Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, who in early days was known as "the copper-colored lawyer." Mr. Owen has just introduced a bill for the prevention of panics, which is creating widespread discussion. In these days, national legislators are becoming more or less specialists. No sooner do you hear of a senator coming to the front, than you learn that he is discussing some special bill, it may be on panics or some other important and popular question.

Photo by Prince, Wash., D. C.

CONGRESSMAN WM. S. BENNETT

As I watched Mr. Owen, standing with a constituent and talking earnestly, I could not help thinking of how the early red man would have gloried in the distinction that has been achieved by his descendants, and it may not be amiss to record what I seldom dare remark about a senator—Senator Owen is a decidedly handsome man. As I looked at him, I could not but notice his classic features, his rich coloring, and what, for want of a better term, might be called his "magnificent stage presence." As he stood on the mosaic floor, amid the rich surroundings of the Marble Room, I bethought me of the thrilling tales of Tecumseh and the Shawano tribe; of that marvelous project of a woodland chief to form a federation of all the Indian tribes, making of them one splendid nation that would have been strong to hold its own against the white man's invasion of the red man's happy hunting grounds.

Who has not read of the wonderful orations of Tecumseh, and felt the thrill of Indian action! In all the history of the race, the Indian has always had this singular faculty for oratory and imagery, which is fascinating in the extreme. The children of the forest, the roar of the storm and the rythmic sway of the wind-tossed branches lingers in voice and words. The circumstance of a hostile engagement being precipitated by his brother before the return of Tecumseh from his swift trip, stirring up the Indian tribes of the West, might have had different results, as to the occupancy of the rich lands of the Middle West by the white man.

F. B. LYON, DOORKEEPER HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

The senators and congressmen of Indian blood remind me of the description of Tecumseh given by Col. William Hatch, who met the celebrated chieftain in his palmy days.

"His face oval rather than angular; his

nose handsome and straight; his mouth beautifully formed like that of Napoleon; his eyes clear, transparent hazel, with a mild, pleasant expression when in repose or in conversation; but when excited, or when in anger they appeared like balls of fire, his teeth beautifully white and his complexion more of a light brown or tan than red; his arms and hands were finely formed; his limbs straight. He always stood very erect and walked with a brisk, elastic, vigorous step; invariably dressed in Indian-tanned buckskin. * * * He was then in the prime of life, and presented in his appearance and noble bearing one of the finest-looking men I have ever seen."

Such was the great chief of the Shawanoes, commonly corrupted to "Shawnees"—who fought in 1812.

* * *

AMONG the new members of Congress is E. L. Fulton of Oklahoma. Born in 1863, his parents removed in 1870 to Nebraska and he is consequently a fine specimen of the northwestern pioneer. Educated in the public schools of Pawnee City and Tabor College, Iowa, he began the practise of law in 1893. In 1900 he moved to Oklahoma and established himself at Guthrie the state capital.

CONGRESSMAN J. A. HUGHES OF W. VA.

Mr. Fulton in many ways exemplifies the aggressiveness of the new state's constitution, and the iniative and referendum are of special interest to him, as tending to bring the government closer to the people of the United States. He has introduced a bill that will enable voters to express their views on all national questions; this is, in effect, the "initiative" in a modified form, and could be established without amending the constitution. Mr. Fulton begins his career with an enthusiasm worthy of the great, new state which he represents.

Photo by Buck

W. S. ROSSITER

Formerly Chief Clerk of the Census Bureau, later in charge of the Government Printing Office.

* * *

ONE of the younger members of the Oklahoma delegation is Mr. Scott Ferris, classified as a democrat, and recorded as born in 1877. He was educated at the Missouri State University; later studied law, and was elected to the Sixtieth Congress by a majority of over 18,000. His district is the largest in the new state, covering the old Oklahoma Territory, and having a population of 315,000. He also enjoys the distinction of having received the largest majority of any congressman in the new state. Like many legislators from this new state, he was born and brought up on a farm, and lived in good old

Missouri to be "shown" things until 1901, so that he has been a citizen of Oklahoma for seven years. Congressman Ferris now owns a fine farm not far from Lawton, Oklahoma, which he homesteaded in 1901. He has always been an enthusiastic worker for Oklahoma homesteaders, and is also enlisted for the initiative and referendum.

* * *

ONE of the longest sermons ever preached in the Old South Church in Boston, was delivered by Senator J. B. Dolliver, when the windows fairly rattled under the storm of his eloquence, and the memory of old orators of revolutionary days was awakened. There were sermons in the very stones that day. Senator Dolliver has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best rostrum speakers in the country, and his visit to Boston was an event, for a real "westerner" is always an attraction in Boston The occasion was a gathering of Methodists, a denomination which the Senator's father served in the capacity of minister.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

H. C. LOUDENSLAGER

In his committee room of Education and Labor in the United States Capitol Senator Dolliver is kept busy with new measures coming thick and fast. He intends to keep pace with the tremendous demand of the educational interests of the country at all hazards.

ONE of the most secluded rooms in the Capitol is an old alcove used now as the doorkeeper's office. Here, strange enough, are the private quarters of Mr. F. B. Lyon, the doorkeeper of the House. Winding around from the corridor, the visitor comes to this circular room, sacred to the doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, who has the "big keys" as his emblem; behind his desk is a quaint mirror, above the frame of which hang the keys of the House. On the walls are many tokens of esteem from various official friends, for Mr. Lyon has the reputation of being one of the most popular and obliging doorkeepers who has ever held that position, having been unanimously elected to succeed himself for four congresses.

Mr. Lyon has something like two hundred employes in his department, consisting of messengers at the doors, forty-four pages on the floor of the House, besides bookkeepers and folders; it is a matter of frequent comment that the force under Mr. Lyon is always courteous, efficient and obliging, for these qualities are insisted on by him as essential in the make-up of his employes. Every member of the House knows that the motto of the present doorkeeper is not to be "long on promises and short on fulfillment," and to his practical demonstration of efficiency may be attributed much of Mr. Lyon's popularity with all the members.

On the wall hangs also the original seal of the thirteen states, in which the thirteen stars stand out luminant, with the fierce eagle grasping in his talon the arrows that symbolize the Indian tribes, once the owners of the soil, and suggestive of the fierce struggle then going on with the warlike aborigines. It is said that this seal was prepared with the idea of pictorially impressing on the Indians the invincible prowess of the white man.

On the floor of the House the doorkeeper has his desk and it is here that the bells are struck that give notice of the needs of Congress. One bell calls for tellers, when the House is in committee of the whole; two bells indicate a call for yea and nay; three, declare a recess; with four bells the red light over the door goes out; five bells mean a "call of the House," under which the sergeant-at-arms is supposed to summarily arrest any member on sight and bring him in, whether on foot or horseback; any member who is not present at a call of the House is subjected to a severe reprimand.

Looking down the corridor, the going out of the red light gives a curious suggestion of the tail end of a passenger train, dashing through a tunnel. While the red light burns bright and clear it means that congress is under way, but when the light winks and goes out, then the visitors understand that the wheels of legislation have ceased to revolve.

* * *

PASSING to the right down the corridor of the House of Representatives, through a door ajar in the room occupied by the Committee on Pensions, I usually see a smiling face. Here sits Congressman Henry C. Loudenslager, Chairman of the Committee; he habitually wears a pink in his buttonhole and always has ready a real "reception day" greeting that makes the caller feel quite at home. The innumerable details of his work never seem to strain the far-famed good nature of the representative from New Jersey.

Photo by Buck, Washington, D. C.

MRS. FRANK D. CURRIER
Wife of the Member of Congress from New Hampshire.

Mr. Loudenslager was born in 1852, at Mauricetown, New Jersey, and four years later, with his parents, he went to Paulsboro, a town that is still his home. He sailed for a time on an oyster boat, worked at farming and as a clerk. In 1872 his father was elected County clerk of Gloucester County and the son became his deputy. Later, he himself became Clerk, serving for two terms of five years each. Having recently been installed in a comfortable office in a new court house, and the presiding judge, in his speech accepting the court house in behalf of the County, having commended Mr. Loudenslager's office as being conducted in a model manner, he was happy and contented, and was therefore unwilling to comply with the request of many friends in his own County, as well as the other counties comprising the district, to become a candidate for Congress. His name having been mentioned repeatedly in the newspapers as a probable candidate, five of the six gentlemen whose names had been mentioned for the office of County clerk, came into his office one day and said: "We have supported your father for two terms as County clerk and have supported you for two terms for the same office, and if you are again a candidate we will support you, but we believe that you ought to become a candidate for Congress and permit one of us to fill your present office." This was too much for "Loudy" and he promptly said to

HON. FRANK D. CURRIER
Member of Congress from the Second New Hampshire District.

them: "Your argument is unanswerable. While I do not care to have it made public, I will say to you that I will not again be a candidate for County clerk; as to my candidacy for Congress, I will decide on that later." As the campaign progressed the pressure became greater, and finally he consented to enter the race for the nomination. Having decided to make the race he set to work with the usual vigor and earnestness that he has exhibited in his lifework and that has made him such a force in public affairs. The First District of New Jersey has always been what is known as a two-term district, and the incumbent at that time was just rounding out his second term. A quaint old Quaker met Mr. Loudenslager during the campaign and soberly remarked: "Thee knows I am in favor of giving the candidates for Congress more than two terms."

"If that is so," replied Harry, "vote for your man, but let's all be good friends and be satisfied."

"Thee speaks well, but I am not satisfied, and I think thee is a man who will wear more than two terms." And he spoke truly. Mr. Loudenslager is now serving his eighth term.

During all his years of service Mr. Loudenslager has been especially commended for his committee work. He is now the ranking member of the Naval Committee, and is attending to the exhaustive work of the Committee on Pensions.

Everyone insists on calling the cheery legislator "a friend" and he has never been known to forsake an old friend for a new one, no matter what the gain might be. He is also known as being invariably considerate, and a story is often told of the time when he first came to Congress, in 1892, naively admitting that he "knew nothing about it," but had come "to look on." In the first draw for seats he was lucky in obtaining the fourth number. A tall, lank form loomed up as the new member marched straight to the rear and chose a back seat. The present Speaker called to him, thinking he did not understand that he had the privilege of choosing a seat in the front row; with innate modesty Harry replied: "Until I know a little more, I think my place is in a back seat."

A practical, self-made man, he is deservedly popular, and his bonhomie is reflected in the majority given him at the recent election. As Secretary of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee he has extended his acquaintance and proved himself one of the able men of his party, and if there is a man, woman or child who is not friendly toward him, it certainly is not his fault. His invariable good nature is what binds his friends to him as "with hooks of steel."

* * *

ONE of the youngest members of the House of Representatives is William S. Bennett, representing the Seventeenth District of New York City. He was one of the congressmen appointed by the president to investigate the immigration problem at its source in Europe. He made the trip abroad, and the results of his study makes interesting committee testimony. He considered the situation carefully in foreign countries—the source—as well as in New York City—the outlet for the bulk of the immigration from continental congested districts.

Mr. Bennett is the product of the New York State public schools, having been born at Port Jervis, Orange County; he graduated from the Port Jervis Academy in 1889, and from the Albany Law School in 1892. He obtained the degree of LL.B., was admitted to the bar, and has practised continuously since that time, though he also had, like many other legislators, some newspaper experience. He was elected to the Fifty-ninth Congress and re-elected to the Sixtieth, and is taking a prominent place in the councils of his party; his friends are not backward in insisting that he will be "heard from" in the future.

* * *

THE possessor of the most pronounced, prematurely white hair in congress is Congressman J. A. Hughes, who is now serving his fourth term, and has had charge of a great variety of interests, having been in the Kentucky and West Virginia legislatures. He was the first republican senator to represent the Sixth district of West Virginia in the term of 1894–98, and was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress by the largest republican vote ever given by the Fourth district. He is chairman of the Committee of Accounts, one of the important committees of the House. Mr. Hughes is a native of Ontario, Canada, but has long been identified with Kentucky and West Virginia by business interests, and has many warm friends in those states.

WHY ROOSEVELT SHOULD SERVE ANOTHER TERM

By FRANK H. NORCROSS

Justice Supreme Court of Nevada

[The author of this article was awarded the $1,000 offered by U. S. Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon. The Judges were: Governor A. B. Cummins of Iowa; Hon. Hannis Taylor, Ex-Minister to Spain, and Editor Scott C. Bone, of the Washington Herald.]

THE assertion that "the sovereign people and not Theodore Roosevelt, the individual and public servant, will decide who shall be his successor," is so manifest that it will not admit of argument to the contrary. The views of the President are entitled to most repectful consideration, but they are not necessarily conclusive, even where the question is whether he shall succeed himself.

The position of the President, regarding his own candidacy is well known. Immediately following the election in 1904, he issued a statement to the people, which statement he reiterated on the 11th of December last, upon the occasion of the call of the Republican National Committee for the convention at Chicago. That statement is as follows:

> "I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and have tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence imposes upon me, and I shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it. On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and a half years and these three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."

There is no reason why the foregoing announcement should be accepted by the American people as conclusive, simply because it comes from Mr. Roosevelt. If there is room for a difference of opinion, as to fact or reason or both, the good judgment of the whole people must be, and is, decisive.

The only custom that prevails in this country, regarding the terms of office of our presidents, applies to elective terms. The President, unquestionably, does not come within the letter of this custom. If the custom is to undergo modification, Mr. Roosevelt certainly has not the right to all the say regarding that modification. Doubtless, when Mr. Roosevelt issued the foregoing statement, he was prompted more or less by modesty. For him to insist, however, that the views therein expressed are conclusive, would be the height of arrogance. It is probably the fact that the people do not care for any innovations upon the custom in question. The great mass of the American people are well pleased with the administration of President Roosevelt. They want him for two elective terms and they have the right to say whether his reelection will be a violation of a custom of debatable wisdom. Mr. Roosevelt has never been an advocate of short measure in any of his dealings with the people. There is neither reason nor consistency in his saying now that the people shall accept three and a half years as a full term, when they are entitled to four. The citizens of this country are always entitled to the full bushel of wheat. If, in order to obtain it, they must take it heaped and running over, who will object unless it be those who, for personal reasons, do not want the people to have all that is coming to them.

The only reason offered by the President, why he will not again become a candidate, is that it will violate the "substance" of the custom. To insist upon such a conclusion, in view of all the facts to be considered, would place "his own personal desires or egotistical opinions paramount to the combined wishes and intelligence of the Republican party and the electorate of the Nation." As a matter of fact, the people will not have had the substance of two administrations of President Roosevelt at the close of his present term. To prove this, all that is necessary is to quote from the language of the President and cite a little recent history. In that dark hour of universal sorrow, following immediately upon the death of our beloved

President McKinley, Vice-President Roosevelt was notified of the Presidents death by the members of Mr. McKinley's Cabinet, then present in Buffalo, and advised to at once take the oath of office as President. The reply of the then Vice-President is significant:—

> "I shall take the oath at once in accordance with your request, and in this hour of deep and terrible national bereavement I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity and honor of our beloved country."

This declaration quieted the fears of the people that there might be a change in the policy of the administration, the uncertain nature of which, would have a tendency to upset, to a greater or less extent, the financial and commercial interests of the country. In line with his solemn declaration, the President requested the members of McKinley's Cabinet to remain at the head of their respective departments and constitute his official family, as they had constituted his predecessor's. This invitation was accepted. What Mr. Roosevelt is pleased to call his first term, was, in reality, the second term of President McKinley, by Theodore Roosevelt, acting in a capacity similar to that of an administrator with the will annexed. It may be conceded that during those three and a half years, the people obtained some intimation of the character of administration Mr. Roosevelt would inaugurate, should he be elected President and thus become free to carry out his own policies. As a matter of fact, however, he never lost sight of his declaration, made in all solemnity at Buffalo, "to carry out absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley." How then, can his re-election violate the substance any more than it does the form of the custom? It violates neither.

If the great mass of the American people, regardless of party affiliation, desire that the President succeed himself, and I believe they do, unquestionably, it would be folly for them to regard the statement of Mr. Roosevelt as conclusive. The office of President of the United States is so exalted and its administration so affects the welfare of all, that the people will never concede that any citizen can refuse to accept it when tendered.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, has not declared that he will decline the office should he receive the electorate vote of the Nation. We need not fear that he would think of refusing it. He is too good a soldier and too patriotic an American to refuse to obey the command of the people to stay in the harness until he finishes the good work he has inaugurated.

If the American people will stop to think for a moment, they will realize that "barring death or serious illness, President Roosevelt must and will be selected and elected for a second elective term." The people are with him in the great work he has undertaken. They have the utmost faith in his honesty of purpose. They appreciate his transcendent ability to deal with the great problems now confronting the state. They realize his courage, his initiative, his vast experience, his tremendous capacity for effective work. They believe in his purpose to enforce the law impartially, without respect to person, wealth or station. They have an abiding faith in the ultimate good that will result to this Nation from his persistent campaign against legal and moral wrongdoing. They comprehend the value of having such a man as Chief Executive.

No other man has such a hold upon the confidence of the people. No other man can gain such confidence without years of trial. The people know what Roosevelt is, they do not know what some other man may become. The policies of Roosevelt are in course of execution. Few, at this time, have reached ultimate conclusion. To place another man at the head of this Government would mean, for some time to come, delay, uncertainty, if not possible disappointment, in the successful carrying out of the problems of government the President has essayed to solve. For President Roosevelt to be permitted to give up the reins of government at the end of his first elective term, because of such illogical and paltry reasons as have been offered, against the wish of the great mass of the people, in the present condition of governmental affairs, would be worse than folly.

There is but one logical and reasonable thing to do, under the circumstances, and that is for the Republican National Convention at Chicago to nominate Mr. Roosevelt as the choice of the Republican party for President. It might not be so logical, but it would be the sensible thing for the Democratic Convention to take a similar course. If Mr. Roosevelt feels that he cannot consistently accept another nomination, the people will not insist that he do so. They will, however, insist that he be on hand when the time comes for his inauguration

SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA, TODAY—EIGHT YEARS AGO A WILDERNESS OF TIMBER

THE STORY OF OKLAHOMA

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

OBEYING that compelling invitation of "Old Subscribers," I found myself whirling away towards the new state of Oklahoma. The ink was scarcely dry on the signature of President Roosevelt, announcing the "arrival" of another daughter to Columbia and Uncle Sam, than preparations were carried out for the christening of a new star on the flag. The "forty-sixth" does not sound much like race suicide for Uncle Sam, and none dare say that the new arrival is not the brightest and prettiest of the bunch.

Armed with a budget of time tables and railroad literature, I alighted in St. Louis, the threshhold of the southwest. In the great terminal station, Ben Brown, the veteran, was calling out the trains in tones of sonorous thunder; Ben has long passed his three score years and ten, but the old New England "town criers" might turn in their graves with envy of that voice. Ben glances from under his overhanging brows, as he rolls forth train information, trilling his "r's" beneath his heavy, dyed mustache. Formerly connected with a circus and minstrel show, he can still do a creditable clog dance. He puts his whole energy on the work of the moment, and always has a circle of admirers about him when he "announciates." Here was the Illinois Central, the Vandalia, the Baltimore & Ohio, the New York Central, Alton, Wabash, Burlington, "Katy," Iron Mountain, and Cotton Belt, the 'Frisco, the Rock Island, Mobile & Ohio, Louisville & Nashville—it seemed there was no railroad nomenclature missing—no possible point of the compass not indicated in one of the signs set up for the direction of travelers, that suggested the old swinging coat of arms in the days of tavern signboards.

Early evening in the St. Louis terminal is an illustration of the benefits of modern travel. Yes, we found the "Katy Flyer" sign and were soon aboard en route for Oklahoma, along that road which in early

Cotton Seed Oil Mill, Shawnee

Round Bale Cotton Gin, Shawnee

Load of Oklahoma Corn in "Katy" Yards

"Katy" Cotton Sheds at Houston Texas

Group of Cowboys Near Wagoner

SOME OKLAHOMA INDUSTRIES

times was almost deserted as a "streak of rust going nowhere." The far-seeing spirit of the pioneers knew better. They had a clear vision of the great, rolling prairies of the southwest and their development, and these dreams have been already more than realized. Once under way the railroad map glows with interest—the black marks on the map have a new significance when you are actually riding over the places they represent.

* * *

That breakfast at Parsons, Kansas—the "Katy"—the M. K. & T. railroad does verily believe in shunting at meal times, but stops the train and serves meals in that genuine home-like fashion which has something of restfulness and satisfaction in it that is not afforded by even the luxury of the dining cars. For the modest sum of fifty cents one may procure a meal that impresses the traveler with the merits of the road that has come to be known as "The Pennsylvania of the West."

Here we were fairly launched among the rolling plains of the "Cherokee Strip," where corn, wheat, oats, hay, fruit and other crops are garnered in rich abundance.

At Vinita we saw the opera house, the pride of the city, costing many thousands of dollars, showing that even on the frontiers the pleasures of life are not overlooked.

There was the active spirit of the "round-up"—a chorus of cowboy yells—at Wagoner, the great cattle centre, and off to the east was historic Tallequah, the old capital of Indian Territory.

* * *

One night's run from St. Louis is Muskogee, the metropolis of the old Indian country, located about midway of the triangle of the "Katy" railroad, which might be called the arrow-head or wedge penetrating the old Indian Territory and Oklahoma. The boundaries of the territory illuminated by the "new star" on the flag are as interesting as staking out a new claim. The once well-defined line between Indian Territory and Oklahoma is now obliterated—but the people still retain the local pride of old territorial days. The modest strip of land set aside years ago as a reservation has gradually widened out into a new state with a history all its own, and a well peopled territory larger than both of the empire states of

Ohio and Indiana. With a million and a half people, and a $5,000,000 school fund as a dower from Uncle Sam, bespeaking his paternal liberality to the self-reliant American pioneers—no prophet is needed to tell us that "Oklahoma has arrived," and that everything was ready when the statehood craft was launched.

The site of Muskogee was discovered by travelers over the waterways and here the impulsive power of the new state is emphasized. A brass band there greeted the arrival of every train, night and day. They believe in brass bands and warm welcomes in Oklahoma. With paved streets, wide boulevards, with substantial buildings and houses, Muskogee is a model new city. Each business block has its own suggestive name, recalling memories of the "old home." For instance, there were the Iowa, the Colorado and the Missouri buildings, showing that here was the confluence of the streams of immigrants who never forget the old home or fail to leave some impress of the state from whence they came. Here was a compound of transplanted Americanism, hardy plants from the Middle West, the East and the Southland. Muskogee has thriving newspapers and an active business air, and it is not surprising that she was successful in securing the annual meeting of the Trans-Mississippi Congress; it was appropriate that it should convene in the new state, soon after its admission to the Union.

OKLAHOMA CITY BUSINESS BLOCKS

Near the Muskogee station is a large convention hall, in which the sessions of the congress were held. Delegates were there representing every state and territory of the trans-Mississippi district, including Hawaii and Alaska; the guidons locating each delegation gave the conference the appearance of a national political convention.

Hon. H. D. Loveland presided and Gov. David R. Francis of St. Louis was there, and there was a "free-to-all" debate on questions of urgent interest, the speakers opening fire on the slightest provocation.

One of the new senators of Oklahoma, Robert L. Owen, with his characteristic Indian features, indicating his ancient "American" extraction, made an eloquent plea for the removal of restrictions on his people, insisting that it was necessary for the development of that portion of the new state formerly known as Indian Territory. From the trend of his remarks it was very evident that the popularity of federal control was not apparent to any appreciable extent. To be ruled by the bureaucracy at Washington as in former days, was just the thing to arouse the Oklahoman spirit, though the satisfaction of being a part of the United States was manifestly strong at this meeting. The senator resides in Muskogee, and it was gratifying to note the esteem in which "Bob Owen" is held in his home town, where he has offices in the Colorado building.

* * *

At Fort Gibson, not far from Muskogee, an historic outpost of the early days "on the plain," is the head of navigation on the Arkansas River. In the very heart of the Creek nation Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, taught school in a building that is still standing. Washington Irving visited Fort Gibson in the thirties and wrote some of his charming stories of the great Southwest. President Zachary Taylor, Jefferson Davis and other men prominent in the history of the country served in the garrison at Fort Gibson, then noted on the map as the farthermost point that could be reached by the great river and waterways of the Southwest. The new spouting oil well, near Muskogee, now directs attention to itself, and is looked upon with eager interest by all visitors as the "commercial geyser" of the times.

* * *

The two senators of the new state were on opposite sides, Senator Owen pleading for the support of the administration, and his blind colleague, Senator Gore, vetoing the adoption of the resolution. Born in Missiissippi, Mr. Gore is a powerful speaker, and worthy of his native heath. He seems to experience no more difficulty than those who have eyesight, but readily finds his way about by feeling with his cane. His outbursts of eloquence suggest smouldering fires beneath. While speaking, Mr. Gore has a habit of thumbing and twisting his watch-chain, but uses few gestures. His language is always easy and forceful, but at times he throws his head back and soars off into fiery rhetoric. His strong handgrasp and intuitive perception of personality are marked characteristics, and there seems to be about him none of the hesitancy usually associated with the sightless. He paid a splendid tribute to the Oklahoma wife who virtually managed his senatorial campaign.

One of the most picturesque characters of this congress was Moty Tiger, an Indian chief, who succeeded Porter as leader of the Creek Indians. He made an address before the convention which was a characteristic Indian oration. A quotation from this address, which was translated, rings with all the plaintive appeal of the red man, who is no longer master of the land of his forefathers.

COTTON MILL AT OKLAHOMA CITY

Oklahoma politics have all the virility of frontier life. The churches and the schools are a power, and personal ideas crystalize down into issues. Now and then a suggestion for the state constitution furnishes experimental tests of the value of the referendum and all the latest phases of governmental control.

* * *

In Oklahoma Indian blood is often regarded as somewhat of a distinction, though a difference is made between full-blooded Indians and mixed bloods, the two classes being provided for by different regulations. For instance, the full blood can lease his land only for one year, whereas a man of mixed blood can give a five years' lease; but much Indian business transactions pass through the fatherly hands of the Interior Department, yet with more and more latitude being given the state from time to time.

* * *

To gain an idea of the resources of Oklahoma, imagine a section where the roads meet and cross, touching four quarter-sections of land. In one of these portions cotton grows, in the second wheat, in the third section corn, and in the fourth hay; at one glance indicating the wonderful resources. In no other state can so large a variety of products be successfully grown. Messrs. J. P. Allan and Franklin Garland are of the live wire land men in Muskogee, of whom there are many, and they do not permit the important facts connected with their city and country to be overlooked by any passing traveler, and always have a graphic way of stating facts.

Everyone wore some sort of button or badge, and on the streets, in the stores—in short, everywhere—there was a hearty, wholesome, Western welcome.

* * *

No Western view nowadays is complete without its equipment of automobiles, and the long stretches of prairie road are a temptation to the chauffeur. There seemed to be some rivalry between the buzzing "benzine buggies" or automobiles and the fiery mustangs of Oklahoma. Dashing into town came young ladies in sombreros, riding spirited bronchos as fearlessly as though calmly sitting in a limousine, run by a skilled chauffeur.

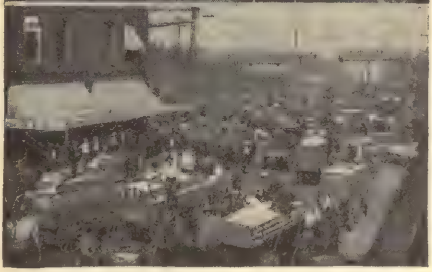
Walking along the street, one of these charming misses especially attracted my attention, because she wore a button about twice the size of a silver dollar; on it bright red letters advertised this legend to the smiling public, "Ask Me." I bethought me whether my calculations were incorrect and I had stumbled upon an unsuspected leap year, though it seemed unlikely that those young ladies would have to solicit "askings." I gathered up my courage and did some "asking" and discovered that the badge was worn by all citizens as an open challenge and hearty invitation to all strangers to make inquiries concerning the charms of

Guthrie City Hall where the New State Legislature is meeting.

Carnegie Library, Guthrie.

High School, Guthrie.

Spindle Room, Pioneer Cotton Mill, Guthrie.



Street Scene during Marketing of Cotton Guthrie.

Cutting Millet on the Farm of W. A. Tolleson.

Angora Goats near Oklahoma City.

Cotton Picking Scene, Muskogee.

New $150,000 Masonic Temple, Guthrie.

that particular city. The "home folks" are always ready to give any information that might lead to recruiting the ranks of new settlers—"more people—more people" they insisted.

From Muskogee hails the first governor of the state, Hon. Charles N. Haskell. It was here that he hung his lawyer's shingle after suffering defeat in a political campaign in Ohio, his native state. Strong and self-reliant, Mr. Haskell has had a most interesting career. He had much to do with building up the city of Muskogee, and has been a promoter in the true sense of the word. One of the handsomest office buildings in Muskogee stands as a monument of the faith and giant vigor of the man who occupies the position of first governor of the new commonwealth.

When strangers visit Indian Territory, the first thing they inquire for is "Indians" but few Indians in barbaric splendor are to be seen, though it is supposed to be exclusively populated by the red men. The allotments have proved of great financial benefit to them. At the theatre many well-dressed Indians and their families may be seen in the orchestra circle, enjoying the diversions of their white fellow citizens, though it is evident to those familiar with the thought and habits of both races, that the full-blooded Indian will never have the same ideals as the white man. There is a large intermingling of the races in the territory, and half, quarter and one-eighth "bloods" are to be frequently met with; many of whom can scarcely be distinguished from the white race.

In the early days Oklahoma was a favorite meeting-place for the cattlemen, ranging North and South with their great herds. It was selected as the ideal place for an Indian reservation, and for seventeen years from the insertion of that small wedge, when the "sooners," came upon the land, all the Creeks, Seminoles, Kickapoos, Cherokees, Miowas and other tribes reigned there supreme, virtually making the final stand of the red race against the steady onslaught of civilization: There, for the last time, they were known to possess a status of importance in the midst of an overwhelming ocean of dominant white men.

Oklahoma is unique not only in regard to its population, but as to its geological formation, for here the usual strata conditions have been reversed, and a stratum of granite sometimes appears above the sandstone; other curious phenomena puzzling to scientists have been noted.

OIL AND GAS WELLS, BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA

THE OIL FIELDS OF THE NEW STATE

THE STORY OF OKLAHOMA

LITTLE red tickets were slipped into my hand with an invitation to "come to Tulsa" at the first opportunity, so to that thriving city, near the centre of the oil fields, I went. Tulsa has insisted on taking a prominent place in the new state, where towns are "made while you wait." The settlers swoop down on the raw sod of the prairies—undeveloped real estate—and force a veritable "unearned increment" out of it. In a few years, as if by magic, streets, shops, houses, schools and churches grow up. People from various states will take certain well defined lines in exploiting sections. It is a common saying in Oklahoma that "once you have a town site, and let it be known, you will certainly find there as buyers, some people from Kentucky." Iowa, Illinois and Indiana are the states that furnish occupants for the corn and wheat lands. Mississippi, Texas, Tennessee and Arkansas are keen after the cotton area. The men from Maine, Wisconsin and Michigan never hesitate to take up new lumbering districts; Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio, as a rule, supply the oil men.

Tulsa County is very rich in agricultural resources and natural gas; the town is located in the centre of the mid-continent oil and gas fields, which are the largest in the world. In the Glen Pool district alone are about 1760 oil wells that produced in 1907 50,090,000 barrels of oil, which was 25 per cent of the world's production.

The Tulsa coal production is in its infancy, but it is known that there are rich veins, and as these are worked a flourishing industry will be developed. Another promising source of wealth throughout this section is the unlimited shale, and there is no doubt that the manufacture of brick, tile and pottery of all kinds will soon be undertaken. Still another source of wealth exists in the abundance of limestone and shale which has been found on the bluffs of the Arkansas River, which proved to be first-class cement material.

* * *

Thirty-eight miles west of Tulsa, at the junction of the M. K. & T. and the 'Frisco Railroads, is Hallett, within easy reach of St. Louis, Kansas City and the Gulf.

The location of this thriving new town, the enthusiastic residents expect will make it the Pawnee County seat in the 1910 election. Hallett has 30,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas, sufficient to supply the needs of the city of St. Louis; within a radius of eight miles there are over three hundred oil wells, while the farm land is very rich and the water supply good and abundant.

Manufacturers and capitalists are rapidly finding out the advantages that Hallett has to offer them and many factories are locating there, one powerful inducement being the cheapness of fuel, as natural gas can be obtained at a rate cheaper than coal at thirty-three cents per ton.

* * *

In the early morning I took what is known as the "oil train" from Tulsa to Sapulpa. Everywhere was evidence of the product that is bringing in millions of dollars to the country, as it bubbles up from the depths of the earth. The first well was drilled at Red Fork; after they had struck gas it was piped, and the owners felt satisfied that a pipe of real gas was better than a "prospect in oil." Later an oil expert came to examine the well. He bored deeper and deeper, and at from 1,200 to 1,800 feet he struck oil. Since that time thousands of flowing wells have been drilled.

GRAIN ELEVATOR AT PRYOR CREEK, OKLAHOMA

* * *

At the new town of Keifer, Joe Sullivan was engaged in delivering mail for the merchants about town, for Keifer has not the distinction of being a delivery post office; it is doubtful if the citizens would prefer the liveried, regular postman to Joe's daily visit. Mud was abundant—well there was an ocean of the real rich, black mud.

An Indian orphan girl at Keifer is said to have a long train of suitors seeking her hand. This sounds romantic, but the sentimental aspect is somewhat beclouded when it is understood that the young lady owns great areas of Indian oil lands.

From Sapulpa to Keifer new fields have been opened within a year, and great forests of oil derricks set up in regular rows are to be seen everywhere. Crude oil is plentiful, and seems to be in the very air. Tents and shacks of all kinds are used to enable the people to get to work, without even the loss of a few of the precious minutes, to harness the earth's liquid treasures.

At Keifer, as far as the eye can reach, are stately rows of derricks indicating streets and avenues, and the standing frames of the flowing oil wells make an interesting scene to the eye of the old oil prospector. Off in the distance, at the brow of the hills, stands the queenly "Milliken Lease," owned by the Prairie Oil Company, with its record of 3,000 barrels a day.

Great oil tanks or reservoirs, holding 55,000 barrels of oil, and costing over $8,000 each, are now being built in every direction, dotting the hills and valleys. Around each tank an earth embankment is built, like a circus ring, to save the oil in case of fire, when the oil often boils over. "Ringing" is a precautionary measure that has saved millions of gallons of oil, though immense quantities of it still go to waste.

When the oil is first struck the pipes of proper size are connected and nothing is required to force the flow, and the flow of a well can be determined by the size of the pipe at the throat. Pumping the oil may be required later with gas engine equipments, fed by natural gas flowing from the same hole as the oil. Nitro-glycerine is used to break up the stratum when oil is found.

There were a multitude of small and large pipes running at right angles in all directions. Great black blotches were everywhere on the landscape marking the places where the oil had overflowed and destroyed the vegetation. Pipes were laid on the surface to carry off the gas which comes up with the oil. Over the tops of the separator tanks was a vapor that looked like steam, but was really the gas coming from the oil. As we passed over the prairie the sizzling noise of the escaping gas could be heard from the pipes. When a leak was discovered it was set on fire and allowed to burn itself out or attract the attention of the pipe repairers.

I noticed that some of the separator tanks were made of wood. The large storage tanks are made of iron plate and resemble the sides of a great battleship. These iron tanks are sometimes struck by lightning, and when this occurs bullets are fired through the sides to allow the oil to run out, thus saving the tanks and checking the fire.

It is dangerous to approach one of these tanks with fire of any kind. It is said that a tenderfoot dude was smoking cigarettes one day, and as he lit a match the fumes of the oil caught, and the poor fellow was burned to death, the oil men cynically remarking that "he burned up a bit quicker than if he had continued to smoke cigarettes."

The tenth of the month is a busy time in the oil fields, for that is pay day.

Between the regular rows of derricks, with their lean-to engine houses, the avenues, roads and streets of the Keifer district have been laid out. Little activity is apparent about the wells, for once started, no pumping or watching is needed; the oil takes care of itself, and continues to flow on without even the gurgle of Tennyson's brook to attract notice to it. Only four men are required to drill a well that may mean a five to six thousand dollar investment.

A visit to the oil fields is essential in order to obtain full information about this wonderful natural product.

Petroleum is not a new product—or rather a discovery of modern times. In Oklahoma I soon learned that bitumen was used in ancient Egypt for mummifying the dead, and that more than two thousand years ago petroleum was burned in rude lamps by the citizens of Agrigentum, in Sicily. It seems that the walls of Babylon were laid in an almost everlasting cement, which was merely melted "asphaltum."

In earlier days oil was obtained by skimming pits and springs where it had collected on the water, but soon it became necessary to trace this valuable product to its source and wells were drilled. On the hillside near a new field an old prospector told me the story between puffs from his pipe. The use of tubing revised the methods, though in certain soils the "driven" wells are still in use, the process being little different from that followed in the province of Artois, from which the Artesian wells take their name. There has been an immense advance in the machinery used, though the principle is the same as when a log was bored out to the diameter intended for the well, and set perpendicularly in the ground, resting on the rock, in order to guide the tool. A walking beam and spring-pole were used, being so attached that human weight could raise the drill; man-power was soon displaced by steam, and steam is now being displaced by gas engines.

RED RIVER BRIDGE, CONNECTING OKLAHOMA AND TEXAS

* * *

While in the oil country, I was so fortunate as to meet with an expert connected with the Oil Well Supply Company, and in talking with him I became convinced that this company has solved the all-important problem of power, with their drilling gas engine, decreasing the cost considerably by economizing on operation. Having some experience with gas engines in the production of the National Magazine, it was interesting to learn that they can be worked economically with gasoline, kerosene, and the lighter grades of crude oil.

Aided by expert information, entertaining as a fairy tale, I began to understand the uses of the various pieces of machinery that had mystified me. Especially puzzling had been the frequent allusions to "a rig." In Canadian travel "a rig" means a horse and light carriage; in boyhood days it briefly described a complete suit of clothes; an Oklahoma "rig" is quite another matter, being the foundations of heavy timbers and the wheels and reels holding lines or cables to which are attached the drilling tools proper. It seems that all the irons, nails, bolts and other specialties are furnished the prospective well digger by the Oil Well Supply Company, but the timber is often obtained from local sources, though where desired the entire "rig" may be obtained all ready to erect. Various enthusiastic oil men assert that the Corbett mast rig is best for shallow wells, while a standard cable rig, a hydraulic rotary, or a combination rig may be needed for deeper wells, or as the strata varies. Portable rigs are popular, as they can be moved with little expense.

MAIN STREET, TUSLA, OKLAHOMA

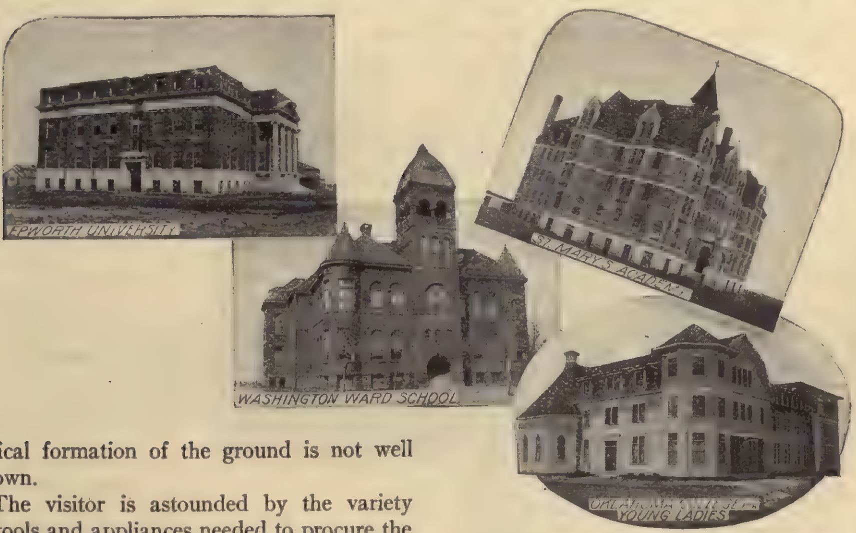
The Oil Well Supply Company sends out skilled workmen to erect the machinery, as such assistance is absolutely necessary, owing to the needs of the different strata to be worked, or the depth of the drilling. This company has supplied drilling plants to all habitable parts of the globe, keeping careful records of geological formations and physical conditions, and this data has been of immense value in deciding just what machinery is best for any locality.

Solomon's saying that "there is nothing new under the sun," came to mind when I learned that the modern method of drilling for minerals or oil is practically the same as has been practiced for hundreds of years, being merely the adaptation of steam power to a principle used for ages in China. Free falling tools are suspended by a cable operated by steam, and the weight of the tools used, combined with the force of the successive blows, is enough to pierce the hardest rock. The demand for drilling and other machinery used in procuring oil has built up a great industry, like that represented by the Oil Well Supply Company.

To drill for oil seems a simple thing, but in reality exact science is needed to determine how a well shall be sunk and what machinery is best to use in varying strata. My new friend, the oil expert, assured me that "no two oil country outfits are alike," certain details having to be carefully considered for an outfit suited to one section might be almost useless in another.

In imbibing "oil information" I soon learned that "the rig" is distinct from the "machinery," the latter term referring only to the boiler and engine; the drilling tools are another branch by themselves, being used for making the bore and clearing out the detritus, and including special appliances for removing tools which may be broken or otherwise unfastened in the well while the boring is in progress.

The demand for tubular goods in the oil fields has created another special industry, for every well needs some casing or piping. The commonest sizes are 10, 8, 6 and 4½ inches inside diameter. The most economical size of pipe to use, and the quantity, is accurately estimated. I saw wells where a single column of casing to shut off the water was all that had been required, while in others it was pointed out to me that several such casings were in use, each column being of a size to pass through the preceding column with the least possible loss of space between the two. I saw one well where it had been necessary to drive the columns of pipe, instead of merely inserting them, after the bore was prepared; in that case the pipe was of a different kind, being a heavy make known as "drive pipe," which is used as a precautionary measure where the geological formation of the ground is not well known.



OKLAHOMA CITY SCHOOL BUILDINGS

The visitor is astounded by the variety of tools and appliances needed to procure the oil and handle it after it has been unearthed from the depths where it has been stored for so many ages. There is the cordage of manila and wire, there are drilling and fishing tools, elevators, drive tools, casing heads, pumping outfits, surface equipment, gas engines, pipe cutting tools, blacksmith and derrick tools, well packers, tanks and tank cars, hardware and supplies, oil burners and steam pumps—a truly bewildering assortment to the uninitiated.

Many a picturesque scene and thrilling adventure is related in connection with oil production, when the wells take fire or "blowout."

* * *

Statistics tell the tale of what has been accomplished in the mid-continent fields. The output of Kansas, Indian Territory and Oklahoma in 1902 was 368,649 barrels of 42 gallons each; in 1906 these same fields produced 22,250,000 barrels. The output of Pensylvania and New York that year was 11,345,000 barrels, and Ohio and Indiana, 21,500,000. The only formidable rival field is California, where in 1906, 30,538,000 barrels were produced.

It appears from a six months' report for 1907 that the product of the mid-continent oil fields continues to increase, though this is not due to the sinking of a large number of wells, fewer having been dug than in the corresponding period for 1906, but to the immense production of wells found in what was Indian Territory. Last year, there were 1,853 producing wells, whereas this year there are 1,756. Only about one percent of the wells drilled in the mid-continent field failed to find oil in paying quantities, and the output has exceeded even the wildest dreams of oil men, and producers are building their own tanks to store their product pending its sale. It was said that 100,000 barrels could be produced every day for over thirty days on these fields, but that liberal estimate has been surpassed, and if all the oil of every well could be taken by the pipe line companies, the sales of the mid-continent field would be almost incredible. Last year the Prairie Oil & Gas Company laid the immense amount of 983 miles of new main line. During the first six months of 1907 the company erected 113 storage tanks of 35,000 barrels capacity each, and are planning for many more. The total number of acres of land purchased by this company in a single year, for tankage purposes, was 280.05. A singular fact is that, despite the large surplus supply of oil, the price has not dropped as low as in other fields where similar conditions for a time prevailed. The price in Oklahoma remains at forty-one cents, though in Ohio it went down to fifteen cents, in California to nine and in Texas to three cents. Wonderful things are anticipated when the Gulf tank lines are completed. Oil men think that while there may be an oil famine in years to come, it would soon be relieved by prospecting in states where practically nothing has been done. Missouri and Arkansas are regarded as hopeful fields, and Wyoming, Mexico and Arizona as possibilities. It is prophesied by the oil men that the great Northwest will furnish a new territory for "the nervy prospector" of the future.

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA

* * *

In Glenn Pool there is an unceasing rich and steady flow of petroleum, and it was said there were only a few instances in which wells did not give up oil.

Over the hills toward Glenn Pool, on what is called Bald Hill, a new strike has just been made and thirty new "rigs" are now on the ground drilling.

At Barnesville, in the very centre of the oil district, leases are held and operated by one of the early pioneers, Mr. George Barnes.

One of the peculiarities of the new oil field is that no exact map of it can be had, because those published a few years ago are incorrect, not showing the towns that are springing up almost in a night. For instance, I had what I supposed to be a reliable map, made a few years ago, and yet looked in vain for the thriving towns of Glenn Pool and Keifer; they were not on the map, though very much in evidence on the earth's surface, Keifer alone having three to four thousand people, living in tents and temporary wooden buildings.

* * *

The railroads of this section are very busy, and every few months new stations are located and live towns cluster about them. This is one cause of the great drain upon the national financial resources, for all this exploitation cannot take place without an abundant supply of money, "the sinews of war" and of peace alike.

Situated on a hill overlooking the village of Glenn Pool is a white house, with green shutters and trimmings of red, located in the centre of a field. This is the home of Mr. Glennn, whose income is said to be $100 a day for every member of his large family. A windmill and water tank are the only features that make the house more remarkable than other homes near, but such is the fickleness of fortune that the great oil fields close at hand have made this quiet Indian farmer of a few years ago a very wealthy man.

A new railroad had just "arrived" at Glenn Pool; in fact, the whole country is gridironed by rails which have been laid down to anticipate the new traffic, incident on the expansion of the petroleum trade, and with 74,000,000 barrels of oil stored in the tanks at Bartlesville, Keifer and Glenn Pool it seems that the subterranean wealth of Oklahoma is assured for years to come.

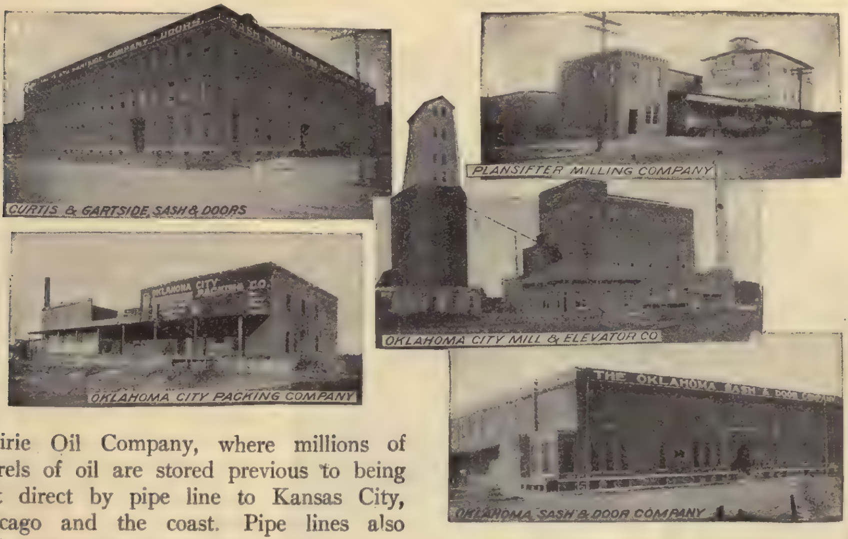
Some of the signs over the business houses in these new oil towns are suggestive, and attractive "shingles" are abundant. I noticed "Dad's Lunch Room," and "Mother's Kitchen," and even a standard that flung out the legend "Roosevelt's Ranch." A "Pioneer

Drug Store" stood up on stilts, with green and red bottles in gorgeous array.

In one place a pig was being killed in the centre of the street, and I even saw some people bringing in a "prairie schooner," suggestive of the innate perseverance and development of the "sooner" boomers of the country. Everywhere were groups of happy children at play, as content as though brought up in a gorgeous marble-fronted apartment house in Boston—with creaking back stairs.

* * *

Off in the distance was the Red Tank Farm, far out on the prairie, owned by the Prairie Oil Company, where millions of barrels of oil are stored previous to being sent direct by pipe line to Kansas City, Chicago and the coast. Pipe lines also lead southward, through Texas and on to the Gulf at Port Arthur, Texas. The marvel of transportation methods at once tells the story of Standard Oil ingenuity. The great trestle work beside the tracks, from which the tanks were filled, overlooked the old corn fields of the Indians, where the deserted straw stacks have given place to the onward flood of petroleum.


CURTIS & GARTSIDE SASH & DOORS
PLANSIFTER MILLING COMPANY
OKLAHOMA CITY MILL & ELEVATOR CO
OKLAHOMA CITY PACKING CO.
OKLAHOMA CITY PACKING COMPANY
THE OKLAHOMA SASH & DOOR COMPANY
OKLAHOMA SASH & DOOR COMPANY

SOME OKLAHOMA INDUSTRIES

The first oil in this field was struck by Guffy & Gurly in 1890, and for a long time the supply was used for the local market, when the price was $1.38 a barrel. When this market was oversupplied, and sixty-three percent of the product was sent to foreign countries in competition with Eastern oil enterprises, the price dropped to forty-one cents a barrel, and then millions of barrels were stored in the tank farms. In the east this drop in prices has been charged against the Standard Oil Company, but viewed on the spot, and talked over with the oil men of the country, it becomes apparent that the giant oil company is regarded by those who understand the situation as the founder of the oil trade—or at least as its developer.

"Of what value would be the oil, however continuously it might flow," they argue, "if there were no way of transporting it or selling it for storage? Of what use would be the surplus oil produced in such abundance in these fields, after the wants of the local buyers had been supplied, unless this unused product could be conveyed to foreign and future markets?"

* * *

Upon entering the oil fields, I was reminded that Oklahoma has incorporated prohibition in its constitution. The strict surveillance that has been maintained for years over the Indians by the federal government, has become a part of the regular conduct of the liquor traffic, and if there is any state in which this law ought to be a complete success, and receive a fair trial, it is Oklahoma. There they fight not only against the curse of the saloon, but also against the men who carry bottles and become beastly drunk on railroad trains, and in other public places. An effort is being made to curb this vice to the extent that it is a crime to have a bottle in one's pocket and give another man a drink on the train, while in the state of Oklahoma.

While reflecting on the probihition laws, as we spun along the shining rails, the train drew up at a wayside station and a lady with two children and some bundles entered the car. As the little party brushed past one of the seats there was a crash. People all supposed that the lady had dropped the baby's bottle and we expected to see a white fluid cross the floor—but it was not milk that flowed. As the amber-colored liquid meandered gently down the centre aisle there was much sniffing and one man remarked: "Haven't smelled that for years. It beats all how one never forgets a once-familiar odor."

OLD SCHOOL HOUSE IN WHICH HENRY M. STANLEY TAUGHT IN THE EARLY DAYS

So here the bottle was broken, significant of the launching of the new prohibition state.

* * *

The oil men in their corduroy suits, flannel shirts and high shoes are much in evidence going out on the morning train from Tulsa, Sapulpa and Bartlesville. They are true and stoical worshippers of Dame Fortune; one of these men may possess an abundance of money one year and be almost destitute the next, but no vicissitudes of life phase him. A story is told of a man in Beaumont, whose well had just begun to flow, and he thought that at last he was to realize the dream of years, and secure the wealth for which he had so long prospected unsuccessfully all over the oil territory. At last he "struck oil." For a little while all went well, but very soon the fickle fluid ceased to flow. It was about the time of the earthquake in Martinique and his "hard luck" was attributed by some to that disturbance. A man came running to the well owner one morning, with the news that water was running into the well and that the oil was ceasing to flow. He turned quietly over in bed and replied: "Well, move the drills to Oklahoma and we will try it again."

* * *

The map of the new state looks portentous. There is a spur reaching out toward the setting sun and pointing like the index finger of a closed hand toward the west. Strip by strip the new accessions have been made to the original slender wedge first set apart, until the new state has now assumed magnificent proportions. It seemed to me there should be some tradition as to the origin of the name "Oklahoma," but no information was forthcoming, so we fancied that "Okla" must mean good and "homa" home. There are those who believe that the word was intended to mean the "Red Land," in the language of the ancient race, but it seemed to me that Oklahoma in itself was a euphonious linking of the letters "O. K."—so suggestive in modern business life—and hereafter to me "O. K." and "Oklahoma" are identical, for I have visited among the people who are so loyal to that magic word.

Perhaps no state is more interesting in regard to the territory of which it is composed. The 71,000 square miles comprising Indian Territory were part of the Louisiana purchase, and were a portion of the United States in 1803. The first settlement on record was near Muskogee, and was made by the Creek Indians in 1827, but it was not until 1889 that an amendment on the Indian appropriation bill opened Oklahoma to white settlement, when the following counties were portioned off from the 3,000,000 acres available: Oklahoma, Logan, Cleveland, Canadian, Kingfisher and Payne. "No-man's-Land" was known as Beaver County and became part of the Territory June, 1890, when territorial government was inaugurated; this county comprised about 3,500,000 acres, and in September, 1890, 1,250,000 more acres were opened to settlement, being the Sac and Fox (the land of the fair gods) and Pottawatomie reservations. In April of the following year another large tract was added, 4,250,000 acres—the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations, and is divided into Blaine, Washita, Custer, Dewey, Day and Roger Mills counties.

Two years later, the Cherokee outlet, 6,000,000 acres, was converted into Noble, Pawnee, Kay, Grant, Garfield, Woods and Woodward counties, and in 1895 the Kickapoo reservation of 200,000 acres was made a part of Logan, Oklahoma and Pottawatomie counties. The Supreme Court decided in July, 1896, that Greer County was a part of Oklahoma. It was in August, 1901, that Kiowa, Comanche and Caddo counties were opened for settlement, and the crowning act, the declaration of statehood, came on November 16, 1907.

* * *

Wagoner is a lively city in the heart of the timber section of the new state. Hundreds of thousands of feet of cotton wood, hickory, in fact, all sorts of hard-wood timber are cut near here every year. A considerable portion of this material is worked into fellows, hubs, spokes, hauns and other wagon stock.

Three railroads enter Wagoner, two of them, the M. K. & T. and the Missouri Pacific, are trunk lines. Near this city lie large coal fields waiting only the investment of capital to develop into profitable mines.

This city has long been noted as the center of a large cattle country. Hundreds of acres of the richest lands found anywhere in the middle west surround this center. Located between the Grande and the Verdigris rivers, with the famous Arkansas river not far to the south, a great deal of fertile land adjoins the city. The rich mineral deposits lying to the east, will help to eventually make Oklahoma the Pennsylvania of the West. Professor Gould of the Oklahoma State University, an authority on Geology, states that the lead and zinc formations that exist in the hills surrounding Wagoner are among the richest in the country.

This little city reflects strongly the well-to-do conditions of all classes. None of the residents have a single case of poverty reported during all the "hard times" among its citizens and even the way-faring transients were cared for with a liberal and generous heart. Wagoner is also noted as the home of James A. Harris, one of the Republican leaders of the new state. Mr. Harris is a stout Taft adherent and his friends were enthusiastic in a campaign to make him one of the delegates at large from the new state to the Chicago Convention.

A SCENE IN THE OIL FIELDS

* * *

Honeymoons are scarce in Oklahoma. One characteristic of the people is that they are not partial to those festivities; when the young couple are married they do not spend money running about to see other places—they stay quietly at home and fix up the little nest. One of the new homes, where a young couple had just been married, exhibited a big washing on the line and the happy bridegroom was busy in the fields nearby.

THE BOLEN-DARNELL COAL MINE, McALESTER, OKLAHOMA

IN THE PRAIRIE COAL FIELDS

THE STORY OF OKLAHOMA

EACH section of Oklahoma has some product peculiar to itself—in some places the visitor hears of nothing but cotton, and the common figures of speech all relate to that product. In another section the talk is about corn; while in a third the conversation turns on oil, its quality and the machinery used to get it out of the depths of the earth. As I passed out of the agricultural districts and approached McAlester, in Pittsburg County, the talk was of coal. In every direction may be seen the coal mines, dotted on the rolling prairies.

McAlester is a thriving city located at the crossing of the M. K. & T. and the Rock Island 'Frisco Railroads, and has twenty-four daily passenger trains. The street railroads and handsome business blocks give an air of assured prosperity; the population is 15,000 but the city draws much trade from the tributary towns containing some 60,000 people, located along its sixteen miles of interurban railroad stretching eastward.

Pittsburg County has long been recorded as one of the richest coal districts in the state, and the output at McAlester is reckoned at 4,000,000 tons yearly, and it is said that there is enough coal here to supply the entire United States for one hundred years. The product is bituminous and of good quality, only three per cent. being ashes, while Illinois coal shows eleven per cent. Oklahoma coal leaves few clinkers and emits very little sulphur in burning. The coal resources of this section were first developed by Captain J. J. McAlester, for whom the bustling little mining city was named. In addition to its wealth of coal it seems that there is no kind of fruit, vegetable or cereal that cannot be grown in perfection in this county. Right around the city 4,000,000 acres of land are covered with oak, elm, hickory, and ash, and it does not require a prophet to promise success to the man who starts an industry in McAlester. Jay Gould aptly said, "There are twelve reasons why this city will be the Pittsburg of the Southwest."

It was Sunday afternoon when I reached McAlester. The Puritan Sabbath of New England is not known here; business activities were in full swing, but I did not observe a single instance of drunkenness. Near the station is the famous Busby Hotel, one of the best hostelries of the West, and the pride of Honorable William Busby, who has been prominently identified with the development of this section. During dinner at the hotel an orchestra furnished music that would have done honor to a New York cafe; while the menu and service almost convince the traveler that he has not drifted far from Pittsburg in old Pennsylvania. Mr. Busby is building for the city of McAlester, a large opera house which he intends to make one of the finest buildings used for this purpose in the Southwest. Here I met Mr. J. F. Elliott of Haileyville and a large number of the coal operators in the district who make McAlester their Sabbath rendezvous and come here to have a real fashionable Sunday dinner.

The coal fields of Oklahoma are located in the eastern part of the state and extend about one hundred miles westward from the Arkansas state line, occupying both sides of the Arkansas River Valley. The area of the field is approximately 30,000 square miles, but a comparatively small portion can be considered productive territory.

From a commercial standpoint the geographical location of this field is very advantageous, since it is the largest field producing a high grade bituminous coal, available to the territory lying between Arkansas, Colorado and the Gulf of Mexico.

The coal measures of Oklahoma are a part of the lower series of the carboniferous measures. While these measures lie at a considerable depth below the surface, through a process of folding and faulting, a part of the coal deposits have been brought to the surface, and a series of basins and anticlinals have been formed which represent the field in which developments are now carried on. The coal fields in this respect are unlike the regular stratified coal seams as found in Illinois or West Virginia, where the coal lies practically level. The Oklahoma veins have a pitch which is greatest on the outcrop and is frequently almost perpendicular, gradually sloping off as greater depth is reached. The main portion of the coal area is estimated to lie between 4,000 and 5,000 feet below the Arkansas River Valley. The available portions for development are the outcrop lines and small basins.

The coal area in the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, as segregated by the United States government, contains about 550,000 acres, but as much of this coal lies at a depth of over 1,000 feet, it is estimated that the total area of workable coal of the entire field will not exceed 500,000 acres.

The conditions under which this coal field were formed, or rather brought within reach, are responsible for a high cost of production, because the veins pitch and are comparatively thin. The coal miners find difficulty with water and the gas which is generated. Nature, in her wisdom, has favored the field as far as the quality of coal is concerned, because the intrinsic value of the coal is much greater than that of any coal produced west of the Ohio River. The coal is especially low in ash and moisture, two factors which absorb much heat in combustion; there is also economy on transportation charges.

One of the unfortunate features connected with the production of coal in this field has been the great fluctuation in the demand between summer and winter months. The comparatively small development of general industries, which are so essential to the coal trade, is responsible for an absence of the so-called steam trade, the principal use for the coal being confined to railroad fuel and the domestic trade. The McAlester coal has an enviable reputation throughout Texas and Oklahoma for domestic and gas purposes, but since the fine coal or screenings are not much in demand, the consumer of lump coal must pay a correspondingly high price for the grade which he purchases. From the standpoint of the coal producers and miners, this fluctuation is very undesirable, because the expense of keeping the mines idle is considerable; and both, the operator and miner, must earn enough money during the busy season to tide them over dull times, while the screenings are in so little demand.

The coal lands are owned principally by the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, and are a tribal property. Rental and royalty are paid to the nations, and the funds derived are used for school purposes. Prior to statehood, many restrictions existed which operated against the coal industry, such as the inability of miners to own their own homes, which resulted in a great shortage of men. Since 1903 wage agreements have been made between the coal companies and the organization of mine workers, and union wages are paid for all work. One of the most injurious factors with this agreement has been the adoption of the mine run system, which resulted in the abandonment of undercutting, and all coal is now shot "off the solid." This has increased the production of fine coal, the market for which is limited, and has increased the selling price of the coarser grades. The schedule of production of the Rock Island Coal Company gives a fair idea of the extent of this industry in the new state. In 1880, 120,947 tons were mined, and the production steadily increased, until 1907, when it reached 3,517,388 tons, and the present year will doubtless show a much larger output.

Mining camps in this field are healthy and attractive. The climate favors gardening.

Subscription schools have been in existence in nearly every town.

What a pleasure it is, in traveling through a new state or territory, feeling that "strangeness" which comes over a traveler when he enters a hotel for the first time, to find at the desk a clerk who is a subscriber to the National and at once begins to tell of the merits of his favorite magazine. This occurred in four places in Oklahoma, and I felt quite at home, although when I met the first subscriber-clerk I had been in the city only an hour or so. He told me he had formerly worked with Marshall Field in Chicago, and through the purchase of a necktie by a customer who buys her husband's neckwear, he had come to know of the National Magazine and the kind of ties the editor wore. But it was enough to know that he read the National—that proved him a friend, and the gracious lady has another long credit mark.

Though occasionally confused by mining terms, I gathered that the pitch of the coal veins makes Oklahoma coal mining somewhat difficult, the mines being usually opened to follow the slope of the coal seam, and miners have to contend not only with the steep pitch, but with poor roofs, which are common, with the presence of gas and the difficulty of eliminating the water, especially in damp weather. Good pumping machinery is especially needed in this mining district and the mining experts say that a big field is open to any company that will design machinery peculiarly adapted to increase the output. The present method is small compared with what might be done with adequate machinery.

In Indian Territory, coal lands are leased from the United States Government on a royalty of eight cents per ton. Full blooded Indians can lease for one year; mixed bloods for five years. In addition to the 120 leases granted by the Interior Department for thirty years, about 500,000 acres of coal land have been segregated from the allotments to the Indians to be sold. It is anticipated that the opening of the Territory with the possibility of actual ownership of lands will largely increase the production of this field, particularly since the surface is fertile, the climate favorable, and the region generally attractive to miners and settlers.

The miners employed in this field come from all States of the Union and many foreign countries, principally Great Britain, Italy, Russia and Germany; few Indians seek employment in the mines.

Mr. Carl Scholz, who is considered one of the best posted men on the coal situation in Oklahoma, stated that during the summer months coal could be purchased at a price that would not pay for mining it, the mine owners preferring to sell it at a loss and keep the mines working, rather than incur the expense of pumping and ventilating when they opened again for the winter. Many of the railroad companies are offering storage rates—to encourage purchase and storage of coal by consumers.

Secretary Garfield made a broad and exclusive reservation for coal and mineral rights, which is in line with the government policy of conserving all coal and natural resources for the people.

The 'Frisco-Rock Island system, including the 'Frisco, Choctaw & Gulf, have been potential factors in attracting high class and effective immigrants, who have come pouring into Oklahoma. They have a line direct to the Gulf, crossing the state north and south, east and west, extending their line to the Pacific coast. Another new line reaches from New Orleans to Houston and is intersected by a north and south line to central Louisiana.

* * *

The method of doing business in Oklahoma is instructive, for not only are all citizens busy with their own affairs, but it is taken for granted that each shall do something for the common good as occasion offers. Every citizen contributes his moiety in the way of obtaining new enterprises and new settlers for the state, even if it means direct competition with his own business interests. The Oklahoman has always in mind the desirability of enhancing the value of real estate. A public building or railway station will often be erected far out on the open prairie, in the hope of attracting settlers and stretching the street lines and houses out toward it, to cover the intervening land with dwellings and stores. It sometimes seems that buildings are being erected too fast, for it is difficult to realize the fabulous prices people will pay for real estate in a "booming" town. As long as the demand exists, values increase, and men are always found ready to create towns and develop more territory upon the slightest provocation.

New towns and cities are built, on the wholesale plan. A contractor and several cars of lumber appear on the prairie and houses spring up as if by magic; then come water works, a power plant and street car lines, all in feverish haste to get established while values are going up. As each new house is located, and the town spreads over the prairie, there is a glow of enthusiasm among the residents, even though they may not be directly interested in any of the property. Many of the settlers in the new state are men who have sold or rented their land in eastern and middle western states, and have come here to secure larger farms. In fact this class of settlers has done much to develop the territory, and during the harvest season especially affords the merchants a good market.

* * *

The state seal of Oklahoma furnishes an expression of the individuality of this new state. In the center is a five-pointed star, and in each point of the star is the symbol of one of the five Indian tribes; here is the Chickasha national seal, wherein the Indian warrior stands upright with bow and shield; the Chocktaw has his tomahawk, bow and three crossed arrows; the Seminole nation is represented by a village opposite a lake, which has afloat on it an Indian paddling his canoe; the Cherokee nation is represented on the fifth point of the star and is surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves. The Creeks also have their emblem on the shield. In each one of the indentures of the star are groups of nine stars, representing altogether the forty-five other stars; while the large star in the center indicates the new state—the forty-sixth in the Union—so that now, as in the day of Tecumseh, when the Indians referred to the American nation as "my brothers of the thirteen campfires," the full bloods of Oklahoma can gather about their tepees and look upon the great cities and towns and railroads crossing the prairies of old, and think of the Great Father now as having "forty-six campfires," instead of thirteen in Colonial days.

* * *

Imagine the surprise at one farm home in a country where natural gas abounds, to find the house illuminated with Acetylene. The natural gas burns very dim and black and the contrast with Acetylene was impressive. The farmer of Oklahoma is a home builder in the true sense of the word. There is nothing in the way of modern improvement and convenience that he does not at least hope to have very "soon" in his home.

MISS HELEN RENSTROM
The little Oklahoma "Nightingale" whose singing has attracted the attention of musical experts.

Payments are made in checks by the farmers in the new State because farming is strictly a business and home building proposition. More light and information is sought on every subject pertaining to the welfare of the home. There are well stored libraries as well as well filled barns and graneries. They are always ready for new things and always looking for improvement and betterment, not being harnessed to tradition or precedent. I could well fancy a young Oklahoman handling an Acetylene plant, and lighting a small village with a care and consideration of customers that would suggest the possibility of harmonious relations between public utilities supply and the people.

It is a very notable thing that the pioneer spirit which expressed itself in the last and preceeding generation in the mere tilling of the soil, building of a log cabin, and a long and slow but steady struggle toward settlement and prosperity, now finds expression in enterprise and business genius.

PERRY, OKLAHOMA

The settlement of a new country today means the building of substantial towns in two or three years, the opening up of the country in large tracts, the turning of the virgin sod by means of the gang plow and the traction engine. The long painful struggle, the isolation and the dangers are done away with. The boldness of the pioneer today lies in his intelligent grasp of the advantages of modern methods and machinery. His home is at once equipped with all conveniences. In no place is this change more notable than in the settlement of Oklahoma. Acetylene and its adoption here in place of the older and cruder illuminants, is but an illustration of this principle.

The stores know that good light brings business. The farm home is radiant because light makes reading possible, helps the children in school, makes the home cheerful, and dispels all the horrors of the long nights which were so tedious to the pioneer of old. It has been said that kerosene, when first introduced, emancipated the country home, and by making type readable at night, educated half the people of the United States, and that the enormous circulation of books and magazines is due to this education. If kerosene was a step in advance, Acetylene is a positive leap. Its radiance is beautiful; it can be used in every home, no matter how humble, either by means of an apparatus simply constructed and not very expensive, which will light the whole home, or by means of beautiful lamps which can be had for a modest sum. Acetylene comes from the substance called Calcium Carbide, which is merely lime and coke melted together in the frightful temperature of the electric furnace. This coal-like substance has an astonishing property; if you drop it in water, it will give off the gas "Acetylene." Therefore, the only thing to be done in the home is to have an apparatus which will drop the Carbide into the generator as needed, and the gas piped through the house the same as city gas, only it requires about one tenth as much to give equal light,—and the light is like a spark of the sun itself. By the way, my good friends, the Union Carbide Company of Chicago, who manufacture Calcium Carbide, have told me that, while they do not manufacture generators for Acetylene, they will gladly furnish the readers with reliable information on the subject without expense.

Acetylene is to the man who is establishing his home in the new country, exactly what the mowing machine is to the scythe used by his forefathers, and is in a direct line with the rapid advance he has made in other directions.

I was glad to see the Acetylene illumination throughout Oklahoma, for it certainly showed that the people were in the van of civilization, for the best light and the best civilization go hand in hand.

THE INTERVENTION OF ALMEDA

By VINGIE E. ROE

FOR land sakes, Almeda," sez my dear husband Jeremiah, "you don't mean it!" I told him I did, and I put on my bonnet with a determined air and went down the garden path.

"Almeda," cautioned Jeremiah, "them roses of mine beside the gate, I can never pass 'em without stopping to smell deep of their fragrance, they're Maiden Blushes and the soft pinky white of their modest hearts allus makes me think of the satin wings of God's youngest angels, them that has died in their girlhood and still retainin' a vague suggestion of the warm red blood of youth, as if even the glories of Heaven couldn't blot out the memory of their loss,—Almeda," called Jeremiah, "if you stick your fingers into Sary Ann's pie you'll hev to take the consequences. Don't count on me to help you out," sez he. Land sakes! I remembered the countless times I'd had to count on him and he had never failed me yet. And in this matter I was determined to act if I did have to stand alone.

You see I'd known Sary Ann Minor sence she was'nt more'en an hour old, hardly that,—me gettin' there as quick as I could when I heard Elviry wanted me, we bein' clus friends in our girlhood, and when Elviry passed and asked me to watch the life of her helpless babe, I promised and I have kept the promise,—and I knew that there wasn't a finer girl in seven counties than Sary Ann, barring her high temper and the spoiling Jake Minor and the three boys had given her all the eighteen years of her life. And I knew too that her whole heart, as deep and true and fresh a heart as ever belonged to an innocent country girl, was wrapped up in the six feet of brawn and muscle and brown curls and blue eyes and laugh that went to make up Sam Wells.

And now those two young things had quarrelled, and it was as vital and unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians to Sary Ann I knew, knowin' her disposition, and it bein' all over the country and in everybody's mouth wasn't agoin' to make it any easier to handle. I went in through the garden. I never can pass a garden if there are a dozen other ways and Jake Minor allus did raise the finest dahlias in Light's Point neighborhood. I found Sary Ann busy at her mornings work and flying round as if she hadn't a thing on her mind. She is a girl of force,—in more ways than one,—and I knew her stronghold was goin' to be indifference before I had commenced. But I went straight to the point. Sary Ann will take more from me than any one, me being allus in love with the self-willed sprite from the time I first cried over her helplessness, and the first thing I did was to ask all about it. But right there and then I see I had met my Waterloo. Sary Ann's head went up,—she had set down to chat with a pan of peas in her lap,—and her pretty dark eyes grew hard as two harrow points.

"Aunt Almeda," she said, and my heart fell with a foreshadowing of utter rout at the tone of her voice, "there is no need for us to talk about Sam Wells. There is nothing between us, and never will be again." And right there she stuck, as determined that it was all a thing of the past as I was to fix it up. I talked to that girl first like her mother would, and then like a pillar of the church as I am and have been for thirty years, but I might as well have poured water on a stone. She was mighty sweet and awful polite,—for the tender relations that had allus existed between us,—but by the time the morning was half gone the light began to dance in her eyes in two little points and I see the Minor temper was rising even to me, and so with a sigh I put on my bonnet and went back home, and I must say I was a bit out of sorts myself at what I would have to say to Jeremiah. It seemed that there had been a girl in the case, some girl over at Valley Center, and when Sary Ann had heard about it she had met Sam Wells at the gate that evenin',—and land sakes, I knew how she had met him, with her head up and all the dignity that her year of boarding school had given her,—and told him out of hand that he needn't come in, then or ever. And he, after makin' some stammerin' plea for a chance of forgiveness, and seein' her face harden more and more with each word, had held up his own head and walked away.

But big, happy-go-lucky Sam Wells was no match for that girl in pride and spunk and courage to fight it out. After a few days at tryin' to act in a carefree manner that was too pitifully thin to hold pan-cake batter, his eyes began to tell the whole thing to every one he met. He actually got white under the tan, and Mis' Taylor vowed that his Sabbath coat showed signs of bein' took up in the seems Old Mis' Wells bein' so neat that a mis-fittin' garment was a real pain to her. And how the neighborhood did talk! Not but what we have good people in Light's Point, but such a thing had not happened sence Dan Morris went to the West when Lu Mills married her man.

And Sary Ann went her way as calm as a saucer of milk, and she came out to meetin' too, though every eye was on her and she had more attention than the preacher.

I had been a bit taken aback by her reception of me that day, and hadn't got up my courage for another attack on the citadel of her stubborn little heart. Jeremiah begged me not to try again.

"You're worryin' yourself to pieces over this, Almeda," sez he, "and suppose you get Sary Ann down on you for good. You remember the feud between her father and old Si Harman," sez he, "and take warnin'." But I felt that I must take part again in this trouble of these two poor young things, for no one could do anything if I couldn't and I was just gettin' ready to beard Sary Ann again when one day I met Sam Wells in the big road. He was afoot and when he looked up and said "Good mornin' Mis' Pomroy" with them big holler eyes of his jest fairly swamped in misery they went right to my heart and I decided I'd do my beardin' in another quarter.

"Whoa Kit," sez I, and very deliberately I pushed over the basket of blueberries I was atakin' to town.

"Young man," I commanded, "you climb right in here."

And so before that early golden morning had reluctantly handed back its borrowed jewels to the blue summer skies, I had got the whole story with its inns and outs,—and it was mostly innings, if nobility and gentleness and manly chivalry and loyalty to sufferin' womanhood count for anything. And how my heart did leap with its burden for these two rolled away, for now I saw my way clear, as clear as crystal. And poor Sam Wells rode along with me to market a-tryin' to keep a stiff upper lip and pretend that it was alright to be misjudged by the idol of his heart!

There had been a girl,—you see Sam had never denied it and that was what lifted all the fire and pride and scorn of the Minors in Sary Ann, his never denyin' the charge,—a poor broken-hearted girl in Valley Center, who, being deceived by the wiles of man, had stood on that grey brink where despair and death go together. And Sam Wells, big, hearty, tender-hearted Sam Wells had stumbled upon her trouble, had helped her by wise counsel,—how I thanked the Lord for one young man in the world like him!—had promised to help her more and to keep her counsel and on this very coming morrow was starting away to a distant town to bring back, "by the strength of my hands"—he had said,—and I made no doubt that was the way he would bring him,—the fellow who was the girl's sweetheart. My eyes were wet when I set him down at the edge of town and Sam Wells had learned a good many things about women and their way of doing things, I guess. Any way his face was covered with smiles and you'd have thought he had seen the New Jerusalem by the light in his eyes. "Aunt Almeda," he sez,—they all call me "Aunt Almeda," the young folks at Light's Point, "Aunt Almeda, you're a brick!" I felt honored by the complement, comin' from such a man as I had that mornin' seen Sam Wells to be, and I made Old Kit trot all the way home, a proceedin' she resented, and I made up my mind that Sary Ann Minor should see the inside of this thing in a way she'd not be likely to forget. In the stable lot I threw the lines to my dear husband who in all the years of our married life has not learned to let me wait on myself, and I was bursting to tell him I didn't think I'd have any call to ask for help in getting my fingers out of Sary Ann's pie.

The very next mornin' I took a bucket of berries,—they don't raise 'em, bein' more give over to large fruit,—and went over to Jake Minor's. Sary Ann was glad to see me. It was the loveliest mornin', all gold and blue and light, and I couldn't help repeatin' the twenty-third Psalm to myself, the still waters and green pastures must surely have laid before David on a summer morning.

"Deary," I said to Sary Ann after a while, "I want to talk to you a bit." Her mouth set in a minute. Its too bad, the temper that poor child is hampered with!

But I hastened to plunge into my story, the story of another young girl like herself, only not so fortunate, her bein' struck down in a woman's noblest point, her great love for a man, and before I was half through I had Sary Ann a-settin' forward with her big eyes full of tears and her sweet mouth a-quiver with pity. She has the tenderest heart in the world and the greatest Christian charity.

"And now, deary," I said in finishing, and I had made the whole pitiful thing as strong as I could; showin' her how rare a thing was a good man's true affection by contrast, "it needs a woman's hand in at the finish and I am going to help this unknown child, and I'd like for you to be with me. It may help to make it all a bit easier for her with another young girl around, her bein' among strangers at her own marriage under such tryin' circumstances." And Sary Ann was all fired up with enthusiasm, ready to help in any way.

"But Aunt Almeda," sez she, "I do admire the young man who is bringing it all about! Why its splendid!" sez she, "There's a man worthy of the name,—a man one might trust!" And by the thoughtful and somewhat scornful look in her eyes I knew she was thinkin' of one not so favored. But I held my peace.

Before I went home it was all arranged, the part Sary Ann was to take in the affair, her consentin' eagerly to drive Old Kit over to a point on the Valley Center Road, when all things were in readiness, and meet and bring to our house the poor dishonored little bride. And I knew that this little touch with the pitiful every-day tragedies of life would do more to make her see some things in their rightful light than anything else.

And just as I was a-tyin' on my bonnet to start I turned to her with affected indifference tinged with a shade of sadness, and I sez:

"Sary Ann, deary, its too bad that you couldn't fix up your own trouble with Sammy before he went West." I hoped the recordin' angel was busy,—but then that town was west of Light's Point.

"What!" said Sary Ann so sharply that I jumped, though I was lookin' for something like it. You see I knew her carelessness was only skin deep. But then she recovered and began to shake the petals from the roses that lined the arbor with elaborate self possession.

A mighty strong man was spoiled in Sary Ann Minor.

At home I spent the next day a-fixin' up the old parlor for a weddin' for the idea jest took hold of me, sort of, and it seemed that may-be if some one acted as if it was all right and natural, a-givin' it in some measure the festive air that by right belongs to weddin's the world over it might be a good omen for the two young lives so wrongly startin' out on life's great sea. Sary Ann came over in the afternoon and helped and she was filled with the tenderest pity and compassion and her lips had a mighty troubled droop of their own. I felt bad for her, but I said nothin', knowin' it would all come right and that in the end she would be happier than before, havin' learned the true worth of that which she had been so quick to throw away in anger and suspicion.

Jeremiah was very willin' to help out in any way, a-hauntin' the depot to intercept a telegram if one should come from Sam Wells. He had expected to be back inside of three days, and was to let me know when they started home that I might send Sary Ann and Old Kit over to the Valley Center Road. And sure enough the very next mornin' it came and Jeremiah hurried up from the station which is over a mile from our place, faster than his rheumatiz should have allowed, all excited for the play had commenced. And it was just like a real play.

They was a-comin' on the night train, which come through at nine o'clock, and by one I had started Sary Ann on her long drive for it is quite a ways and Old Kit has notions about time and pace. I staid at home and put the last touches to the parlor,—some roses in the mantle vases and a great bowl of peonies on the marble-top center table. And I fixed up the nicest supper I knew how to, and my dear husband has allus said I am a good cook. Someway it seemed as if blessin's was to come from this thing and it was a real pleasure to fix for a weddin'. I couldn't keep from thinkin' of that other girl a-comin' to a stranger's house to marry a man under force, a poor heart-broken little girl, trembling with shame and fear and uncertainty. Sam had said her mother was dead and that her father was a mighty stern man. This world is mighty uneven in its bestowal of gifts and griefs. By dusk I was a-waitin' down at the orchard gate to welcome her and make her feel at home and when they druv up and Sary Ann jumped out and then she follored,—a dainty white-faced little thing with big blue innocent eyes that would make any one be good to her it seemed, I jest took her into my arms and kissed her before she had said a word. She went right to my heart,—and I may as well say right here that in the years that have followed that child has seemed as my own daughter, who never had one of my own.

We went in to the old house where the lights was lit and the flowers perfurmed all the air. Jeremiah was struck by her innocent face too, and as for Sary Ann,—Land sakes! she couldn't do enough for her, takin' off her big hat and her white gloves and a-smoothin' her pretty golden hair. I bustled about a-fixin' things that didn't need a touch, just to kind of take the strain off the atmosphere, and after a-while I see it was all havin' an effect, like a draught of old wine on a tired system. She began to lose the frightened look out from her eyes and to take an interest in the festive look of things.

There is an old melodian in one corner of the parlor which was my mother's and Sary Ann opened it and played and sang some sweet songs. Sary Ann has a fine silvery voice. I've listened to it many an evening in the dusk, looking out at the pale light of evening in the west where a great star stood out near and brilliant in the lavendar sky, and have seen the city and heard the far songs of the angels drifting over the bar. And the other girl leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. But the strain was there jest the same, and as it drew near to train time I see that she was gettin' nervous. Poor child! Sary Ann was a bit excited for all her usual calm, and her eyes was dilated. Sary Ann is a beauty sometimes.

"Aunt Almeda," she sez to me in the pantry where I had gone on pretext, leavin' the girl a moment by herself to maybe gather up her nerves alone, "Aunt Almeda I'm anxious to meet that young man. He must have a strong, fine character," sez she.

Land sakes! I guess he had. You see Sam had warned the girl after my talk with him, not to mention his name to the person who came for her. However I said nothing, and at that moment came the shriek of a locomotive, the train that was bringin' them in and Sary Ann ran into the parlor. And just then there came a knock at the front door and Parson Adams came in. Parson Adams is the salt of the earth. I often think that if the Lord had a few more like him in his service he'd soon have the whole of creation preserved. How he did meet that poor little girl with her scared blue eyes!

Jest as if it had all been in the regular way, talking and laughing and patting her on the head. You'd have thought that she was a princess of the realm, the way we all tried to be good to her.

Her bits of hands were shaking and her lips were trembling bravely—bravely because she tried so hard to keep them steady. I knew that she loved the man who was coming up the road with Sam Wells in spite of all. As for me,—well I own I was as excited as the rest for it was the most excitin' thing that ever happened at Light's Point. And then the thing for which I had planned so hard was about to fail or succeed, jest the minute Sam Wells opened the door. I was thinkin' what I'd say to Sary Ann in case she didn't show the deep sense of the grand things of life I was almost sure she would, and give way to the Minor temper, when I heard their feet on the stoop.

I cast one look at her and went to the door.

A slender young man with the unmistakable stamp of breedin' and good birth on his face stepped in, bowin' to me in a dignified way, and the first thing he did was to go over to that white-faced girl in the big chair and bend down and kiss her! Land sakes! you could have carried off my best chiny and I wouldn't have moved.

In the grip of circumstances,—and Sam Wells,—he had yielded with a fine grace and I could see he was determined to carry it off like a man. But when he straightened up with his hat in his hand it was plain that the odds had been heavy and the grip strong. One of his eyes was beautifully blacked. Then I looked at those other two.

Sary Ann was standin' and jest lookin' at Sam, and all I had hoped for and more was in her flushed face. Pride and wonder and a great deep gladness, and a renewal of faith, and love and some other things I didn't have time to see. But I was mighty light of heart as I hurried around takin' their things and gettin' ready for the ceremony, for the young man said that they would take the midnight train for the east.

And so they were married, and Sammy went around and asked Sary Ann as off hand as if there was nothing wrong, if they should stand up with them and she sez yes, with her eyes shinin' like two stars, and Jeremiah and I stood back and looked on at the solemn service thinkin' of another weddin' thirty year ago.

And then we had that supper and it seemed as if all was so well that we couldn't laugh enough, Sary Ann who couldn't take her eyes off Sam Wells, the little bride with her trouble lifted, the young man who I have known for years was glad for the chance to right his wrong, Parson Adams who was never so happy as when helpin' someone, and Jeremiah and I in the reflected joy.

When it come time to start the young man came to me and took my hand and said some words I have allus remembered against those times when it seems that the right is underneath, and the little girl kissed me and cried a little and said I was her best friend, next to Sam Wells, and Sary Ann's eyes grew soft with pride and adoration at that.

Sary Ann and Sammy went with them to the train, and came clear back an hour later and waked up Jeremiah and me to tell us through the winder that they was a-goin' to be married a month later and ask if it could be in our parlor! Land sakes! And Jeremiah didn't want me to put my fingers in Sary Ann's pie when it was nearly spoiled!

EASTER DAY IN GNADENHUTTEN

By ANNA BOYNTON

AN almost perfect semicircle of hills, and the broad sweep of the beautiful Tuscarawas, in the curve of which, as in a protecting arm, nestled a little frontier hamlet—that was the view that burst upon the sight of two young travelers as they reached the summit of a hill a mile distant from the straggling village.

They stopped involuntarily. It was a fair scene—early April, but, in the shelter of the hills the valley showed the flush of Spring, and the sense of growing things was in the air.

"At last!" exclaimed the younger of the two, in an exultant tone, as he realized that the long, hard journey was at an end, "Surely this is Gnadenhutten and we shall keep Easter with our brethren."

"Yes, this must be the place we seek," responded his companion, grave John Colter, his voice and manner showed none of the joy or enthusiasm of the younger man.

Both men were young to have been sent as messengers from the parent church at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to the new settlement upon the banks of the Tuscawaras, on the very site of the old mission town from which the Indians and the missionaries had been carried away nearly twenty years before.

Though the Moravian Church still had the right to control the lives of its members, in this instance it had not exercised its authority arbitrarily. Volunteers had been called for, for the perilous journey and the hard service to follow and these two had instantly responded. The younger, light-hearted Joseph Peters, because of his love of adventure and an eager desire to get out into the wide world; the other because somewhere in those western wilds was a sweet Moravian maiden,—the one woman in the world for him.

Two years before when her father, honest Joseph Erhart, had decided to join a party of emigrants going out to the Ohio, John had besought her to stay with him, and she had not said him 'nay'; but when "The Lot" was consulted, without which the church did not bless the union of her children, it had gone against them, and she, too submissive to disobey, had set out with her father's family toward the setting sun. No word had come back to tell old friends where they had found a home. They might have followed the Ohio down to a settlement at the mouth of the Muskingum, or they might have gone over the Great-Trail out into the wilds of the almost unknown territory.

"You have paid more attention to church affairs than I," began the younger of the travelers as they descended the hill. "What kind of people shall we find here? Did the missionaries, Zeisberger and Heckawelder, bring their Christian Indians back here, or is this a White Settlement?"

"From its location this must be Gnadenhutten. Brother Heckawelder lives here, he is no longer a missionary but an agent of the United States Government. He comes east nearly every year to bring parties from about Bethlehem and Nazareth who wish to emigrate, to settle here upon lands the Government gave to the Society."

"Is he here now?"

"I think so."

"Are we to seek him out to-night?"

"No, our letters to Pastor Huebner are to be delivered first. He will doubtless keep us with him to-night and to-morrow, it being Easter. After that we go to Brother Zeisberger."

"Then he is not here?"

"No, it was not thought best to have the Indians settle again on the spot where so many of their people were massacred, so a new town and mission station has been started a few miles away on the other side of the river. Our work will be there."

"The word 'massacre' brings back all the old horrible story they told us when we were boys. Could that point where we stopped have been 'Mile Hill' where the fate of the defenseless Indians was decided?"

"Probably, though it looks a long mile to the village, but I see no other point where a trail breaks over the line of hills."

The twilight deepened as they came into the valley, and lights twinkled in the windows of the rude cabins as they approached. A wondrous hush seemed to brood over the landscape.

"How still it is," came from Colter's lips.

"Yes, it is the 'Quiet Sabbath,'" responded his companion,—then after a moments pause.

"I see the church. Can it be the one that was built in Indian times?"

"Oh, no. Surely you know the custom of the missionaries; when their bands of Christian Indians were obliged for any reason to leave a settlement, they always tore down their chapels, lest savage Indians should profane them with their heathen rites."

The house of the pastor was sure to stand next to the church, so there was no question as to their destination. No traveler would have been turned away from a settler's door on the frontier, but a double welcome was extended our young friends by good Pastor Huebner when their letters were presented and he realized that he had the privilege of entertaining the messengers of the church. An abundant though plain supper was soon set before them by the women of the household, who restrained their eager desire to hear of old acquaintances and friends, till their guests' keen appetites were satisfied.

Then there were so many questions to be asked and answered that it was long past their usual early hour of retiring when the pastor, seeming to suddenly recollect all the circumstances, rose hastily saying:

"We must not keep you talking longer to-night; you are worn and need rest. Besides, tomorrow, we all rise early for the sunrise service at the cemetery."

"You keep up all the Easter customs of the church at home, here in the wilderness?"

"As nearly as possible. We have been so blessed, we have but few graves in our little burial ground, but, if we had none, we should go to read the resurrection service at the mounds which cover the remains of the Indian converts who perished in the massacre. It is not unlikely that some of the Indians may come down from the mission in the morning to attend our service, though they, too, hold one among themselves."

"Is it possible that all our church services are carried on among the Indians?"

"Surely. Brother Zeisberger is very careful about them all. The Early Easter Service is especially beautiful as he has translated it into their tongue."

As they separated, young Colter asked casually, "How many are there in the settlement now?" and the pastor replied with a smile:

"I cannot tell you just now how many souls we number tonight. You are not the only new-comers in our midst. A little band of four or five families came in earlier in the day."

"Strange that we saw nothing of them!"

"No. They came up the river from the region of the Ohio."

From the Ohio! John Colter's heart stood still one glad instant; then the blood surged to his brain till he could hardly stammer a question as to who the new-comers were.

"All families from the old home region who had friends here. I have not yet seen them all." He added two or three names—family names familiar back in Bethlehem—but not the name for which the questioner listened.

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"Very early in the morning, while it was yet dark," the pastor's family was awake, and it had only just "begun to dawn toward the first day of the week," when the church bell called them to the sanctuary.

Standing in the rude pulpit the pastor chanted the Easter greeting of the first Christians, "The Lord is Risen," and the whole congregation answered with a burst of song; "The Lord is risen indeed."

Just as the sun looked over the eastern hills, they came forth two by two, forming a rude procession.

According to Moravian custom, the trombone players came first then the old men, headed by the pastor and John Heckawelder; after them the young men among whom the new-comers attracted much attention and regard as representatives of the home church, next came the older women many of them leading or carrying young children, then the unmarried sisters and young girls.

They took up their line of march towards the outskirts of the village where lay the level field set apart as "God's Acre." A broad roadway separated the newer burial ground, where were a few rude sandstones *laid flat* from the older field where slept the martyred Indians.

Assembled here their leaders began the Litany for the day: "I believe in one only God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost—" words sacred in all Christendom; and the choir sang the response—

"We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth—"

So the grand confession of faith went on, the people adding to each confession: "This I most certainly believe;" on to the triumphant assertion of the resurrection of the dead, and the life everlasting. "He was dead, and behold, He is alive for evermore; and he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "From everlasting to everlasting," said the congregation.

Then, suddenly, in the closing hymn there was heard a new voice, pure and clear and strong—exultant—as from a heart just set free from all sorrow and fear. It seemed to rise and soar straight up and up above the forest trees, lost in the overarching blue.

In spite of the strictness of Moravian decorum, many heads turned to see who the new singer might be; but John Colter had no need to turn, he could not be mistaken. The one whom he had expected to go far to seek was surely here. He bowed his head and out of a full heart gave thanks for the answering of his prayer, but he stood quietly in his place till the hymn was ended and the benediction over. Then with quick step he turned to the little group of maidens,—there a pair of happy, glowing eyes met his, and two hands went out with the glad cry: "John!"—"Sarah!"

That was all—it was enough. No other words passed between them as they walked back at the end of the procession,—uncaring, almost unconscious that they held each other's hands,—till they neared the church then John said: "How long have you been here, Sarah?"

"Only since yesterday."

"Then yours is one of the families from the Ohio?"

"Oh, John," and the tears came thick and fast, "there is no family now."

"No family!"

"My mother and little sister died of the fever down by the Ohio, and my father gave out during the hard journey here. They made his grave—nobody will ever know where—in this great wilderness. I am all alone."

"No, never, I am here. You are mine now. I see why I was sent on this journey, it was to meet you and take care of you. You were not to be left alone in this rough, wild place."

"When did you come here, John? I did not know you were here."

"I reached here last night."

"Only last night! Then how did you know I was here?"

"I did not till I heard you sing. You must have wonderful faith to sing as you do, after all your trouble."

"But—" the confession came with a blush, and a dropping of the head "*I saw you.*

John, and then I sang without knowing it. Was it wrong to be so happy?"

John's eyes made eloquent reply, and there was a happy pause, then Sarah asked: "Why did you come, John?"

"Joseph Peters and I came together. We brought letters from the church to pastor Huebner."

"Are you going back?"

"Not now. My commission from the church is to stay six months doing whatever I can to help in building up the new Mission station with Brother Zeisberger. Then I may go back or settle here with Heckawelder, as I choose. Rather, it shall be as you choose."

"As *I* choose?"

"Yes, we shall go back to the old home or stay here, as you choose. I shall not lose you again, Sarah."

"But, John, *the lot*, it went against us."

"Will they think of that out here? Surely, there must be more freedom in these western wilds. I will speak to the pastor or Heckawelder about it at once."

"Oh, not today, John. It is Easter Sunday. It is enough for one day that we have found each other. Don't trouble the ministers with our affairs today."

John would not promise to wait longer than till the morning service in the church was over, but his patience and self-control were not tried. At the family breakfast, good mother Huebner's curiosity, say rather *human interest*, overcame all sense of the special sacredness of the day, so in reply to her questioning, John was soon telling the story of his life. How he and Sarah Erhart had loved each other from childhood, how *the lot* had been against them, and Sarah had gone with her parents to the Ohio, and the sad consequences of the two years of hardship. How he had accepted this mission from the church that he might cut loose from his old life, and of his fixed intention, when his work here was done, of setting out upon a life of wandering, if need be, and never resting till he had found her,—"And, now," he was concluding—"Now"—broke in the good mother,—"Now, you will marry her, of course. Your meeting out here is as much the Lord's doing as ever *the lot* was."

"Mother," protested the pastor,—"don't encourage the young man to be too sure about the will of the Lord. However," he added kindly to John, "I will speak to Brother Heckawelder about it, after the morning service. I make no doubt he will hear your story, and be better able to advise you than any one else here."

When the people gathered for the regular Sunday service in the church, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other,—the theme was still the glorious hope of the resurrection of the dead. It was an occasion of sacred joy and solemn rejoicing, so personal seemed the note of assurance of eternal life.

The pastor joined the government agent as they left the church and they walked together in earnest conversation.

"Brother Heckawelder will see you at his home this afternoon," remarked the pastor quietly to John at dinner, and no further reference was made to the subject of the talk at breakfast.

Heckawelder, in the work of his later years, had lost much of that austerity of manner, which in spite of great kindliness of heart, marked the Moravian ministers as a class. His cordial greeting gave John courage and hope at once.

"So, young man, I understand you think the church doesn't know how to pick out a wife for a man," were his opening words, with a merry twinkle in his eyes; "why, the church sent my wife to me, out into this wilderness over twenty years ago, and I have never complained."

"Oh, yes—but suppose they had sent another and not Sarah Ohneberg, what would you have done?"

The other laughed heartily.

"Well, well; we will not talk about myself. Tell me your story."

Stimulated by his manner, John told his story and told it well; when he came to tell of Sarah's life, the hardships she had endured, the great loss she had suffered, there was wonderful tenderness and pathos in the telling, and the older man was much moved.

Still, to try him, Heckawelder asked, "But suppose we say that we here feel bound by *the lot*, what then?"

"I shall fulfill the mission upon which I was sent, working under brother Zeisberger's direction for six months—"

"And then?"

"Then," with new firmness and dignity, "Then I shall marry Sarah Erhart, with the blessing of the church in which we were both born—if I may—without it, if I must."

"A chip of the old block, eh?"

"*You* know my father's story!"

"Oh, yes. I know it well, though I am a little younger than he. His going out of the church and away from Bethlehem rather than marrying according to *the lot* seemed a very bold thing to me at that time."

"Yet the church received him back after his marriage."

"Yes, he married while away. But though he was received back, he has never held places of trust and honor in the church as your grandfather did."

"No, but it was my grandfather who told me the story, and he finished it with the words, 'Jack, you are not as much of a man as your father was.'"

"Ah!" exclaimed Heckawelder, suddenly, as an aged man appeared at the door, "here is Brother Zeisberger, come over from Goshen for the four o'clock service. We will ask his advice."

So, after being duly presented to the venerable missionary, and greeted heartily as a messenger of the church and a new helper, John told his story for the third time that day. During its recital Mother Heckawelder slipped quietly into the room bringing Sarah with her. The tender-hearted missionary was strongly moved by the account of Sarah's loss of parents and home and her unfriended state. Closing, John made a strong appeal, reminding him of his own devotion to the wife who had shared so many years of his life of hardship and wandering. Then the old man lifted up his trembling hands, as in a benediction, saying, "The Lord hath many ways of manifesting His will. Surely it is He that hath brought these two together, here in this wilderness—and let not man keep them asunder."

"Amen," cried Heckawelder, heartily.

The afternoon or vesper service was less formal than those of the earlier part of the day. There was much singing of well-known hymns, there was a love-feast for those whose baptismal day it might be,—mothers brought their infants for baptism.

Finally, just when the end seemed to have come, the pastor came down from the pulpit, and was promptly joined by Brother Heckawelder and Zeisberger. There was a stir of curiosity in the congregation, which increased as John and Sarah walked quietly down the aisle together. Not till John Heckawelder's sonorous tones were heard repeating the time-honored words, "Dearly Beloved; we are here assembled in the presence of God and this congregation, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony"—did they fully realize that a marriage,—a real church wedding—the first since the rebuilding of the settlement, was taking place among them; then the whole congregation rose to their feet. The beautiful service went on, the pastor putting the usual questions, and the "I wills,' coming in no uncertain tones. When the beloved missionary raised his aged hands for the benediction, there seemed a tendency to gather about the newly married ones, and at its close, congratulations were showered upon them with true frontier heartiness. Impromptu wedding suppers were hastily prepared, and there was general rejoicing. In all its long history, old Gnadenhutten has known no happier Easter night.

A MIRACLE OF PUDDING HOLLOW

[AS UNCLE JOSH TELLS IT]

By ETHEL M. JOHNSON

UP at Puddin' Hollow the feelin' against the selectmen run high. Elanthan Durgin, one of the Puddingites, had been workin' with the rest of us that spring on the new bridge that was bein' built over Big Snow Brook. 'Lanthan wasn't a great sight to look at. He was one of these long, lanky critters, with a big slab of a nose on his face like a grave-stone, only 'twas sharper: you could take him any time by the heels an' split wood with his face. But whenever there was any work to do, he was right up an' comin' every time. They put him in the meanest sort of a place on the bridge; but bein' a rather risky, don't-care kind of a chap, he never made no complaint.

Well, he was workin' like all possessed one afternoon when some of the timbers give way; an' he took a header into the brook. The water wasn't deep; you couldn't drown there if you tried, an' we fished him out without much trouble. But the fall had sort of stunned him (he'd struck plum on his back) an' he never spoke a word till after we'd got him home an' fixed him up in bed the best we knew how.

We didn't any of us think at the time about its bein' such a serious piece of business; but come to find out, the fall had pretty near done for him. It hadn't broke his back exactly, but kind of sprained it so he hadn't much of any use of it. He couldn't walk; an' he couldn't sit up, that is, he couldn't sit up as folks commonly do. When he'd try to, he'd drop all together somehow, like a jack-knife that's almost shut up.

Now there couldn't have been a clearer case of the town's bein' to blame than that was. But it was a small town, a poor town, an' a timenation mean one into the bargain. An' we had the measliest lot of select-men that year that ever sprouted into office. There was Tobias Greenlaw, first; an' Abraham Dutch for second; an' Joshua Pike for third. They was any one of 'em close enough an' little enough to skin a widow's tears if they got the chance

Well they went with a measurin' stick, an' looked the bridge over; an' then they went up to 'Lanthan's an 'looked him over. He was sittin' by the table all doubled up, or perhaps down would be more correct to say; for his chin was all but restin' on his knees. Abe took out his wallet, counted out fifteen dollars an' shoved it across the table to him.

"What's this fur?" 'Lanthan asks when he see what they was offerin' him.

"Damages," says Abe.

He hadn't any more than got the word out of his mouth when 'Lanthan grabbed the money in his right hand (an' his arm wasn't broke any if his back was) an' he throwed it across the room as hard as he could throw. It wasn't no soft job for them pickin' it up again, now I tell you; for part of the money was in change

Of course that didn't help matters much on either side. Abe Greenlaw an' the rest of them vowed that the town'd never offer him another cent; an' they went off mad as a mess of old cats when you've hit one of them with a boot-jack. 'Lanthan was poor as Job's turkey, an' couldn't afford to hire a lawyer to fight the case; so there the matter stood.

About everybody except the town officers sympathized with 'Lanthan an' felt bilin' hot over the way he'd been treated. You see 'twasn't as if he'd been at all out of reason in his demands an' asked for any of these dizzy amounts such as you read of in the papers where some blunderin' idiot manages to stick his fingers in the door just as the conductor is shuttin' of it, an' then wants twenty thousand or so; or where a sour-lookin' old spinster demands a quarter of a million for her slighted affections. Why if 'Lanthan had asked for anything like that 'twould been a different matter. But all he stood out for was seven hundred dollars. Now while I don't mean to make any comparison between love and bones, still if a cross-grained old maid values her affections, which most likely she ain't got, way up in the thousands, why it's only fair to say that seven hundred ain't no extraordinary sum to set on a man's back.

'Lanthan hadn't nothing but his place to support himself with, an' of course he couldn't run that all broke up as he was. But he showed grit clean through, an' wouldn't give in while there was a breath in his body. He'd manage to sit down an' work himself round over the ground some how, doubled up though he was; for he couldn't take a step no more than when he was a little shaver a week old.

Well, we all laid to an' did the best we could for him. We got up a crew in plantin' time and went over to do his ploughing and harrowing. An' nothing would do but he must try to help too; so out he come hitching himself along in that way of his which was most distressing to look at, an' I'll be blessed if he didn't follow after the teams and hole all the potatoes himself. I don't see how he ever done it. If he'd been a common sort of a man 'twould killed him. But he was always a turrible worker an' tough as a bull's hide. Before he got that fall, he was fit to put right on forwards of a yoke of oxen.

He appreciated it wonderful having us take hold so; an' when Joe Pendexter started round with a paper to get up money to pay for a lawsuit, 'Lanthan come the nearest to crying an' not doing it, that I ever see. It was surprising how many put their names down on that petition. There was folks that had never given a cent to the church; and there was folks that had never given a cent before to anyone.

Well, things dragged along through the summer and fall till it come apple picking time, an' a party of us went over to pick 'Lanthan's apples. Joe had got most money enough signed for to start the fight; an' we'd written to a good lawyer about the matter. We was having a turrible busy spell just then. It was right after the fall rains and there'd been a freshet that washed the roads out bad; so most of us that could leave our own chores was working our highway tax. There was so much to do that we couldn't spare a week day; so we went of a Sunday.

'Lanthan was tickled to see us, an' of course, he was bound to crawl out an' try to work with the rest of the boys. 'Twas astonishing to see how he'd hitch himself over the ground, an' 'twas mighty pitiful too. It stands to reason it must have been hard on him; for 'twas visibly hard on his trousers.

Well, we all worked real steady that forenoon, 'Lanthan doing pretty near as much as any of us, though of course, he couldn't get up in the limbs. He was sliding round under the tree where I was, gathering up the apples in a basket that he was dragging along, as fast as I shook 'em down. I'd just been shaking a limb rather hard when I noticed some yaller-tailed hornets buzzing about. That made me kind of cautious, an' I began to look around. Pretty soon I spied the nest right under the tree. 'Twas close up to the apples I'd shook down the minute before. I hadn't more than made this discovery when Joe Pendexter called to me from up on the hill.

"What's the hour?" he asked.

I had to turn 'round to answer him, an' I looked back again just in time to see 'Lanthan come hitching along towards the pile of apples. And before I could open my mouth to say a word, he'd hitched himself right into that hornet's nest. Well the way them yaller-tails sailed out an' up in the air was amazing. You wouldn't believed to have seen 'em, that by the closest packing they could all been jammed inside of a bushel basket.

But that wasn't the extraordinary part of it. I've heard tell of miracles; an' I always supposed the day of 'em was long past. But just as them yaller-tails started, 'Lanthan let out a yell that must have split the ear drums of his guardian angel if he had one, an' sailed up in the air higher nor any of the hornets.

For about a minute there was the liveliest stream of man, and hornets, and cuss words flying round there that ever was met with in this part of the country. Then 'Lanthan lit out for home on the jump; an' such jumping as he did with them long legs of his ain't never happened since the days of the cow and the moon. 'Twas good forty rods to the house an' I'll be everlastingly kerflummuxed if he hit the ground a dozen times on the way. He looked as much as anything like a shooting star with a long comet tail of hornets streaming out behind him.

I was so dumbfounded I couldn't say a word; I just stared with my eyes pooping out of my head, an' my mouth wide open. When I looked around, I see, 'twas just the same with the rest of the boys. An' there we all gaped after him like a pack of idiots till he was out of sight.

"Well, I'll be blessed," says Joe Pendexter, as soon as he could find his voice, "if I ever knew before there was any magic in yaller-tailed hornets!"

An' with that we all cut for the house. 'Lathan opened the door for us himself. He was standing on both his feet; an' he didn't act as if he'd ever want to sit down again as long as he lived. His face was as big over as a wash tub an' looked all knobby, like a summer squash. His head must have been extra heavy on account of the size, at any rate, it sort of hung down; an' he kept the slits where his eyes had been, glued on the floor.

"Well," says I, acting as spokesman for the rest, "I can't tell you how delighted an' astonished we air over your miraculous recovery."

"There ain't no great call for astonishment" says he, kinder short an' burning up hot under the stings, an' he goes on, still keeping his eyes to the floor, "I guess boys, you'd better drop that petition if you will. I don't believe I want to fight the case."

LIMITATION

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WE think to drive the horses of the sun,
And rise the common herd of men above;
But glad are we, when all is said and done,
To rule the kingdom of one heart with love.

We think to search the midnight's vast of skies,
And find upon its native height the truth;
But glad are we, if in one baby's eyes,
We see the stars of beauty and of youth.

We think with notes of some great song to shake
The world, and bid the iron ages hear;
But glad are we, if dying echo wake,
Response in just one heart of friendship near.

We think to play the God, and sit and show
On high Olympus all our power august;
But glad are we, if when we've fallen low,
We've strength to rise again from out the dust!

IN AUNT HARRIET'S GARDEN

By LEONA ANSTINE SUTTER

WE were sitting in Aunt Harriet's garden, the afternoon that I told her my first great secret.

I wonder if in all the world there is another spot as sweet as Aunt Harriet's garden. I wonder if there would ever be a great crime committed or a great wrong set down in the Angel's book if every one had such a garden. I am a curious girl and I wonder. It seems to me sometimes that I feel invisible wings brush against my cheek as I sit there under the blossoming trees. Perhaps I am fanciful —perhaps they are only the soft-falling petals of flowers, but who shall say even then that they are are not the wings of bodiless souls?

I am very young and Aunt Harriet is very old—oh, very old—and between the two stages somewhere I suppose I shall "Pooh-hooh," and be matter of fact with the rest of the world. Just now Aunt Harriet and I agree. I, whc am only a few years out of the invisible and Aunt Harriet, drifting slowly from me into the invisible again, do not scoff at souls.

I should certainly think that tired spirits, doomed to wander up and down the earth would like to come to that garden sometimes to rest. You could hardly blame them for trespassing. The phlox and the marigolds and the mignonette are so old-fashioned and sweet and would nod just the right welcome I am sure.

My Aunt Harriet is very fragile. You can see through her beautiful white skin the tiny net-work of blue veins that carry the precious fluid of life. Some poet said that life was the shadow of a dream and I am always afraid that Aunt Harriet will lose her shadow like Peter Pan.

I think she knew why I lured her into the garden that afternoon. Perhaps she read my excitement in my manner or perhaps she just knew with the blessed intuition of the old.

There is something very wonderful about a girl's first love affair—to her I mean—and if it progresses far enough there are tantalizing, maddening thrills, she never suspected existed except in books. It's splendid and flattering to be called upon to be a wife as your mother was before you. It's Dignity Realized.

That is why I am surprised that I did not say, "yes" before Ned could get his proposal nicely rounded off but I didn't. It may have been the old habit of telling all my secrets to Aunt Harriet and the longing for advice.

I am bound to admit that I acted scandalously just at first. I let Ned take me in his arms! Only for a moment though—the next, I had jumped quite out of them.

"Oh, my gracious!" I gasped. "What did you do to me?" I felt like forty thousand needles dipped in honey had been jabbed into my spine. I wanted to try it again but I was afraid. I ran behind a tree and from that point of safety I promised to give him his answer in a week.

"Not that I may not be able to make up my mind, sooner, Ned," I consoled. "But I want to provide against every possible contingency. The chances are, however, that I will say, 'yes.'"

Ned brightened up at that and I went to seek Aunt Harriet. I found her sitting in a little low chair by the window, her lap full of old daguerreotypes.

"'Come into the garden, Maud,'" I cajoled.

"You disrespectful child!" She flung the words at me tenderly in her quaint old voice. Then she followed me and I told her. I had always talked to her before as a child but I am sure that day she sighed at the newly-grown up air I assumed. I'm afraid I almost patronized Aunt Harriet. I could not help being "Set-up." It was such a fine thing to be in the world with a splendid niche just opening for me. I projected myself into the future. I could see myself, busy with household cares—of use in the world. I had visions of lovely chests of linen and dainty china, mine to care for. I even saw a rosy, dimpled, pink-toed darling of my own in a crib all lace and pink ribbons. I decided then and there that the ribbons should be pink. Ned wasn't in the vision at all.

Aunt Harriet sat there quietly for a long time after I told her. I thought she sat there dreaming wistfully of the time when she was young—perhaps; when Uncle asked her what Ned had asked me. I felt sorry for her. How much sweeter it was to be just beginning to wind the pretty skein than to hold the rounded ball in a trembling blue-veined hand.

Finally she asked me an old-fashioned thing. She asked me if I loved Ned. Mercy on us—Aunt Harriet—how you startled me that day!

"How in the world do I know whether I love him or not," I ejaculated. "He makes me feel all quivery up the spine if that is love. I like to play golf with him and row on the river with him, if that is love, and I am just dying to marry him and have a perfectly sweet wedding and a cozy home of my own and leave one of my cards and two of his every place I go," I said all in one breath.

"That is what I brought *you* out here for, Aunt Harriet, and I thought I had put it to you plainly. 'Does or does not the aforesaid Annabel Harrington love the said Ned Hastings enough to be justified in marrying him?' You are a great deal older than I am, Aunt Harriet, and you ought to know. It's simply absurd for you to expect me to know anything about it."

"When you love any man enough to marry him, Annabel," she said and she looked as solemn as an owl, "Your own heart will tell you beyond any doubt. Let that be the test, dear. If there had been someone to say that to me fifty years ago, I'd have carried a lighter conscience this half century."

She made me feel all creepy as though I walked among all the dead bones of ten centuries but I waited breathlessly for her to go on.

"At the risk of not seeming quite modest," she went on. "I am going to tell you how a sad nycanthe somehow crept in among the early flowers I gathered and how all unknowing I filled another's arms with nightshade."

Aunt Harriet is a poet. I've always known that! There is poetry in the way she lays her clothes away in lavendar. Dear, sweet, little, old miniature, she seemed to float that afternoon in a mist of evaporated tears!

"I suppose it seems strange to you, Annabel, to think of your old Aunt Harriet having lovers," she said modestly. "But I was really very pretty once and two men loved me with a great love."

She paused just an instant then and her cheeks took on the faint, pink tinge of apple blossoms. Then she went on.

"I was a thoughtless, careless, selfish girl. I'm almost ashamed to tell Betsy's child how thoughtless and selfish I was. Your mother was all sweet seriousness, Annabel, while I was a butterfly, flitting from flower to flower.

One autumn night I had my coming out party. Hot and flushed from my dancing I let a neighbor's son, a splendid young fellow I had played with from a child, take me into the garden. It was a beautiful star-lit night with just that crisp, coolness in the air that tells you somewhere beyond your vision the air is full of sleet. It will always stand out in my memory for it added a positive wrong to all the negative wrongs of my girlhood. The smell of frost always brings it back. I received my first proposal that night; in the evening stillness on the banks of the old river that flowed through our father's place, heard the sweet, old tale of love.

It was new to me and I listened with fast beating heart. He was a noble fellow and he spoke to me with the pure lips of a man who had never trifled with love. The words were as new to him as to me. He plead his cause simply and with a passionate sincerity known only to high souls.

The honor that he did me—a slip of a girl—was singing in my heart, the triumph it would be to tell Betsy was racing through my veins and under all this there was something like a response to his passion. I know now it was only youth answering youth. It was so good to be young and beloved and he did look very handsome, standing there with the earnestness lighting his face. Tender, answering words trembled on my lips, but he raised his hand in warning.

"Think well before you answer me!" he said. "Remember that I want all—all! There must be nothing held back. I alone, must be your waking and your sleeping thought—I alone. I shall be terribly exacting. You had better a thousand times send me away tonight, lonely and heartbroken than to give yourself to me unless you are absolutely sure that you can give me all your heart, to be mine without wavering forever."

The devil must have been at my elbow

that night for I looked into those honest eyes and said that I was sure—absolutely sure and all the time something within me was crying, "You are not—you are not." I did not want to give up altogether that glorious thing laid at my feet and so I told him that he need not be afraid to trust me.

With a glad cry he swept me against his breast. A little hand-full of yellow leaves came floating down at our feet but he felt no omen in them. Love was imperishable, knew no seasons—could not die. I had said that I was sure. We vowed that nothing should ever separate us. The God of lovers registered our vows and the cold stars looked coldly down upon a world whose law is change.

In a little while I am going hence and yonder he is going to ask me why I broke my vow. I do not know what I shall answer, Annabel. I thought I loved him. My fault was in saying I was sure. I knew afterwards that what I gave him was only gratitude for so exalting me, the impulse of the maternal in every woman, hating to wound; the response to eloquence. What else could it have been? I had never thought of him before that night except as friend and cavalier. He went away the next day to be gone two years bidding me wait for him. Letters were of necessity infrequent. They were wonderful letters when they came full of a passion that frightened me but between times the memory of that night grew less and less distinct.

Then your Uncle came into my life and from the first I knew my mistake—knew that with his coming, love came for the first time. There was as much difference in my feeling for the two as there is between the cut and the uncut stone. There was only a promise of brilliance in the first, in the second there was the light flashing out! I never had one moment's doubt but that I loved wholly—absolutely. I struggled against it at first but it was like struggling against iron chains.

One day, into the heart of the Soudan, where a man lay ill of the insidious fever, babbling my name in delirium, went a little white letter full of a girl's confession and a girl's repentance and a girl's plea for forgiveness. There under the hot, tropical sun in one of the pauses between delirium, a man held it in feverish, shaking hands and read it with eyes that were like red balls of fire. A few days afterward, he died. I can only fill in the few details that came to me, but I think it was because he did not care to live. The news came to me on my wedding day in a letter from his friend telling how brave his fight at first against the fever and then how finally, he ceased to fight and let his life just drift out as though he were too tired to struggle. I never wholly lost the shadow of it Annabel. I can never forgive myself for the untruth I uttered when I said that I was sure. I have told you this so that you will be careful, Annabel. I love Ned as though he were my own, and I want you to be sure it is for life and death if you make him happy now."

She pressed a kiss on my forehead that was like an angel's wing brushing by, and then she floated away into the house, leaving behind her the sweet fragrance of lavendar.

I sat there with the silly tears making me look all frumpy and feeling that the wind had all been taken out of my sails. Of course, there was nothing for me to do but to give Ned up—dear old Ned with the great big jolly laugh in his eyes. I mustn't take any risk of banishing that laugh or making *him* want to die in the Soudan. I thought too much of him to spoil his life by any mistake like Aunt Harriet's.

Goodbye then to the housekeeping plans, goodbye to all the fun on the golf links and the river, for I must not keep him dangling, and oh, Boo-hoo!—goodbye to the pink-toed darling in the pink-ribboned crib.

Then a terrible thought came to me. What if Ned should be so grieved that he would go off and die in the Soudan anyway, under the tropical sun with only the black men around him, and then when it was forever too late I should discover that I had loved him all along, and my heart would have to be buried there in a lonely grave under a bamboo tree? Oh, dear—such an ending for a perfectly good heart!

Wasn't it the very Dickens that there was no way of telling whether one was in love or not? It was *surely* the very Dickens!

Just then I heard Johnny Brown calling my name out by the gate and I knew that his little round, freckled face was peering through the hedge. I kept still. I wasn't going to have my misery interrupted. Then his voice sounded nearer and I knew he'd gotten over the hedge some way. I shall always hate that Johnny Brown for the start he gave me.

"Ned Hastings is drowned, Annabel!" he shouted, "Drowned—drowned—drowned!" and the freckles seemed all bleached out white on his little freckled, frightened nose and he was crying. As though any one had a right to cry but me when Ned was dead—dear Ned—Darling Ned with the laugh in his eyes.

The ground seemed to be sinking under me —everything turned as black as night, and I guess I'd have fallen like the heroine of a penny novel and swooned away, but just then I heard the tramp—tramp of feet coming up from the river and I knew they were carrying —someone. I ran shrieking to Aunt Harriet that Ned was dead, and that I loved him—loved him, loved him, and that it was all her fault because she kept me so long in the garden.

I felt like a petrified mummy, five thousand years old with nothing but a stone where my heart had been. Then finally I came to life like the sculptor's statue and Ned wasn't entirely drowned after all—only partly, and Aunt Harriet, a very white Aunt Harriet, was getting him between warm blankets and chafing his cold hands and crying almost as much as though he had never come up from the black ooze at the bottom of the river. There wasn't any doubt in my mind any longer about loving Ned and pretty soon he was strong enough to put his arms around me and Aunt Harriet seemed tickled half to death.

"I'm so glad you fell in the river, Ned," I whispered an hour or so afterward. He looked at me very queerly a moment.

"Why sweetheart?" he whispered.

"Because if you hadn't, I would never in this world have known whether I loved you," I said.

"Why Pshaw!" he answered. "I knew it all the time."

Now wasn't that just like a man? If he knew it why didn't he tell me straight out and save me all that worry?

WHY?

By CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

THE sunset fires are dead beneath their bed of ashes
Slow-raked athwart the sky
By yon grim wind, whose wailing music clashes
Discordant melody.
And yet to me the whole vast heaven with rose-light flashes
Above me. Why?

A dark old house, forlorn, grey-grimed with dust and ashes,
Frowns 'neath the leaden sky,
Where the grim city's tumult rolls and clashes,
And roars unceasingly.
And yet such rose-light not Aladdin's palace flashes
Above me. Why?

THE "ONE-EARED FILLY"

By FANNIE C. GRIFFING

COLONEL CHARLES GORDON was descended from an illustrious and patriotic family. His ancestors had been prominent in the Revolution; his father had stood by Jackson at New Orleans, while he, in early manhood, had enthusiastically followed Sam Houston in the struggle of Texas for independence.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, he was among the first to take up arms in defense of the cause he believed to be so just. His beautiful plantation home, "Red Oaks" was but a few miles distant from the little town, that, lying directly upon the banks of the mighty Mississippi, was the scene of many thrilling and tragic episodes during the four years of terror and bloodshed.

Having an excellent wharf and a background of long, low hills, it became a favorite landing place for the gunboats, which, after the fall of Vicksburg, filled the river.

The Colonel was a keen sportsman, and the rearing of dogs and horses was his passion. Many were the fine brood mares, with their blooded colts, that roamed the rich pastures of the "Red Oaks" estate, feeding on the luxurious green "cane" that covered the hillsides.

It was a beautiful sight to see the graceful creatures quietly feeding on the green hillside or else clustered under the shade of some giant oak, to escape the noonday sun. But the most thrilling sight of all, was when wild for salt, the band came, at a quick trot down the great "Public" road that ran along the crest of the hills, and wheeled into the private one leading to "Red Oaks," with the precision of a troop of cavalry. The acknowledged leader of the band was a certain little brown filly, whose arched neck, brilliant eyes, and tiny pointed ears proclaimed her descent from the fleet footed steeds of the desert. Always unusually wild, she had successfully resisted every effort on the part of old Jason, the Colonel's "right-hand" man, to get a halter around her neck. Desiring her for a saddle-horse for his daughter, the master would frequently inquire: "Have you broken the brown filly yet, Jason?" and the reply was invariably:

"No, sah! We can't ketch 'er! De ole debble am in dat filly, suah!"

A Mexican "greaser," drifting to "Red Oaks," had been hired by Col. Gordon to assist with the horses, and after witnessing his marvellous skill with the lasso, and the ease with which he broke to the saddle the wildest colt, old Jason's hopes of subduing the brown filly revived. So he had her driven into an inclosure, and Jose, armed with his lasso, perched himself on the fence.

Instinctively scenting danger, the little creature flew madly around the inclosure, while the Mexican, watching for his opportunity, launched the lasso with unerring skill. Like an arrow it flew through the air, and settled over the head of the flying filly.

But alas! so fearful were her struggles, that the inclosure collapsed, upsetting José, and mad with rage and terror, the filly cleared the débris, and bounded away, to freedom.

One tiny ear was nearly torn from her head, and so badly damaged, that it ever afterward drooped in such a manner as to gain for her the sobriquet of the "One-Eared Filly." After this exploit, she was allowed to roam at her own sweet will the leader of the band of brood mares, half grown colts and strays.

And now the tocsin of war had sounded, the Colonel was away with his command, and his wife and daughter lived in daily expectation of the fall of Vicksburg, well knowing that once the gunboats reached the town below, they would be at the mercy of their foes. They were alone, their only protector being faithful old Jason.

Late one beautiful afternoon, Mrs. Gordon and her daughter Irene sat on the front piazza of their home, with pale and anxious faces. Old Jason sat on the lowest step with the two smallest children beside him, while behind Mrs. Gordon's chair stood a little negro boy of perhaps ten years. The old negro had just informed his mistress of the arrival of several gunboats in the river, before the town and the hearts of all were filled with anxious forebodings. Calm and lonely was the scene; the sun was just sinking, and it seemed impossible to realize that, at last, "grim visaged war" was indeed at their very door.

Suddenly, a deep, booming sound was heard, dying slowly away, and the two children, terrified, flew to their mother's side.

"Merciful heaven!" she exlcaimed, as she clasped them in her arms. "The gunboats are firing on the town!"

A second report, then another, and still another, followed, and the faces of the two women blanched with terror.

Bijah, the little negro, clung to his mistress's skirts, his great eyes rolling fitfully. He was an orphan, who had been "raised" by Mrs. Gordon, and was the constant companion of the children.

"Don't be scart, missy!" cried old Jason, listening intently. "Dem Yankees am jes' throwin' shells ober on de hills to skeer folks! Dey will lan' termorrer, an' we'd better be a hidin' yo' dimunts an' de siluer!"

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Irene, rising quickly, "We haven't a moment to lose, and should have done it long ago!

"Come, Mama, lets go and pack the things; Uncle Jason can hide them tonight!"

She disappeared in the house, followed by her mother, and, seating himself by old Jason, little Bijah whined:

"Unc' Jason, where yo' gwine hide dem tings? Can't I he'p yo' do it?"

"Clare out, yo' young raskel! What biznis it ob yourn?" stormed the old darkey, and afterwards, he was glad that he gave the little fellow a sound cuff.

The gun boats had now ceased firing, and presently, sweet and clear came the sound of music over the water:

"We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree! As we go marching by!"

Late that night, when every eye but his was closed, old Jason buried his mistress' silver and diamonds in a remote corner of the garden; not a moment too soon as the morrow proved.

Early next morning, as the two ladies sat in the sitting room, at their sewing, the two little children, followed by Bijah, rushed into the room, crying: "Oh, Mama, Mama! The Yankee's are coming!"

Rising quickly, Mrs. Gordon and Irene hastened to the front piazza. Approaching the house, were about a dozen mounted men in blue, led by an unusually tall, black-bearded officer. Drawing rein at the great gate, the Federal Captain shouted:

"Good day, Madame! Are there any Rebels in the neighborhood?"

"Good morning, sir! If there are any *Confederate* soldiers in the vicinity, I am not aware of it!" replied Mrs. Gordon, adding in an undertone to her daughter: "Would to heaven, there were!"

"Is your husband at home, Madame?"

"Certainly not! He is with his regiment."

"Dismount!" shouted the Captain, swinging himself from the saddle.

Leaving a sentry on guard, the entire company mounted the steps, and filed into the hall with trailing sabres and rattling spurs.

"Madame," said the black-bearded leader, bowing, "I'm Captain Wright, of Gen'l. E's Marine brigade from the gunboat 'Rattler' now lying at R—— Please turn over to me at once, all arms, ammunition and specie that you have in the house. Make no resistance, for it will be useless."

Trembling with helpless indignation, Mrs. Gordon turned without a word, and led the way to her husband's room. Pointing to an old-fashioned gun case, she said, curtly: "Help yourselves!"

Two soldiers stepped forward, and with shouts of laughter, took possession of the contents of the case, a pair of old duelling pistols which had belonged to the Colonel's father, and an old musket that his grandfather had carried at King's Mountain.

"Have you any specie, Madame?" inquired the tall Captain, turning to Mrs. Gordon.

"There is none in the house."

"Which means that you have hidden it, I guess, and you'd save yourself much trouble by handing it over."

The lady made no reply, and the soldiers proceeded to ransack the house, with the exception of the garret. This they carefully shunned, evidently fearing a trap of some kind.

At length, they all remounted, just as a soldier emerged from the barn-yard, leading the two handsome gray carriage horses, while a second bestrode Irene's little black mare. Old Jason had carefully concealed the horses in the swamp that morning, and how they were so quickly discovered, Mrs. Gordon could not imagine.

The eyes of the two women filled with tears, as they gazed after the retreating forms of the horses, the only ones left on the place except the band of unbroken colts and "strays" led by the "One-Eared Filly."

Gunboats soon lay at every landing along the river; the country swarmed with soldiers who plundered the surrounding plantations "confisticating" all horses and other live stock. Soon after the appearance of the first gunboat, all the slaves on the plantation, with the exception of Ephriam, the coachman, his wife, the cook, and of course old Jason and Bijah, packed their worldly goods, and under the cover of night "silently stole away" to the Yankees and freedom.

"Red Oaks" being only a few miles distant from the little river town, suffered much from the depredations of the lawless bands of soldiers, who came from every boat.

At last the time came, when, but for the faithful devotion of old Jason, the wife and daughter of Col. Gordon would have suffered for the actual necessaries of life.

And, as if their cup of bitterness was not already full to overflowing, another drop was added. Irene was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. By the aid of some Confederate soldiers who daringly ventured into the neighborhood, Mrs. Gordon managed to inform her husband of the fact, an act she afterwards bitterly regretted, fearing that he would be rash enough to venture home in order to see his idolized daughter.

And her fears were well founded, for as she sat at Irene's bedside, late one night, she was almost paralyzed with terror to see her husband enter, followed by old Jason. Accompanied only by an orderly, he had ridden many miles, and stolen to his home by a path through the woods at the back of the plantation.

Clasping his almost fainting wife in his arms, he assured her that there was no danger. No one knew of his arrival except old Jason, who would keep watch all night on the front piazza.

Bidding the old negro hasten to his post, the Colonel kissed his suffering daughter, and settled himself for a long desired conversation with his wife.

Little Bijah lay asleep on a pallet at the foot of the bed. He lay quite still, with his head muffled in the cover, after the manner of his race, and no one gave him a thought, but his eyes and ears were both open, and no word of the conversation between husband and wife escaped him.

With the first glimmer of dawn, he rose softly from his pallet, and stealing to the bedside of his sleeping mistress, he slipped his little black hand beneath the pillow, and drew forth the key of the back door. Noiselessly unlocking it, he sped to the kitchen, and after one whisper in the ear of the cook, he was back again, with an armfull of kindling, and an expression of lamb-like innocence on his face.

Colonel Gordon, inured to danger, was in no hurry to leave his comfortable quarters. After a bath and a much needed shave, he spent a few minutes with his daughter, and then sat down to breakfast with his wife and the young orderly.

Mrs. Gordon was nervously apprehensive, starting at every sound, although she strove to hide her fears from her husband.

Just as the Colonel drained his second cup of coffee, there was a sudden rush of barking dogs, a thunder of galloping hoofs, and old Jason dashed into the room, with eyes almost starting from their sockets.

"Dey air comin', Mas' Charles! De Yankees is comin'!" he exclaimed. "Run for it!"

"My horse, quick!" shouted the Colonel, springing to his feet, while Mrs. Gordon's face was like drifted snow.

Despite the immediate danger, the soldier paused an instant to bid his wife good-bye, while old Jason rushed to the back gate where he had secured the horses, but instantly returned with an ashen face.

"Dey am gone, Mas' Charles!" he wailed. "De horses am gone. Yo'll hafter hide!"

"Yes, hide in the garret, Charles!" almost shrieked Mrs. Gordon. "They will not go up there!"

"I will never be taken alive!" cried her husband, as grasping his sabre, he rushed through the house, and bounded up the garret stairs, followed by the young orderly.

The great front gate was now flung open, and a dozen magnificently mounted men dashed up to the very steps of the portico.

Flinging himself from the saddle, Captain Wright mounted the steps, followed by his men, and was met in the hall by Mrs. Gordon, who was struggling desperately for composure.

"Madame, where is your husband?" demanded the Federal Captain.

"I know he spent the night here!"

"You are mis—" began the terrified woman but the words died on her lips and her eyelids fell. Not even to save her husband could she utter the falsehood.

"I am *not* mistaken! He *is* here!" exclaimed the officer harshly.

"You need not try to deceive me! The house is surrounded and he cannot escape!"

"Who gave you the information?" asked the lady to gain time.

"One who saw him, and cannot be mistaken. There he is!" And the Captain jerked the thumb of his long buff gauntlet over his shoulder in the direction of the door. Glancing quickly beyond the burly Captain, Mrs. Gordon was transfixed with astonishment to behold Ephriam the coachman, mounted upon the Colonel's missing steed, and clad in a brand new blue uniform!

"Ephriam!" she gasped, staring at him in horror, and hurrying to the door. As he caught sight of her astonished face, the black rascal grinned.

"Yessum, Miss Ellen I done tole um!" he laughed impudently. "I'm free now an' a sojer! Mas' Charles jes' might as well cum down, we knows he's yere!"

Leaning forward in his saddle, he called loudly: "Mas' Captin', he's up in de garret!"

"Ephriam, you ungrateful wretch! How dare you betray your master?" exclaimed his mistress, her dark eyes flashing fire.

The negro, to whom the Colonel had ever been a most indulgent master, only uttered a loud "Haw! haw!" and turned away.

"Come on boys!" impatiently shouted the Captain, drawing his sword.

"We have no time to lose and must be quick about this business, for I hear that the Rebs are in the neighborhood, and they may nab us any moment! Johnson you remain below and guard the door! Up with you all!"

He rushed up stairs, followed by his men and pausing at the foot of the stairs leading to the garret, knocked loudly on the wall with his sabre hilt.

"Colonel Gordon!" he shouted, in stentorian tones, "The place is surrounded, and you might as well give up! Come down and surrender!"

"Never!" was the instant reply, and the Colonel appeared for an instant at the head of the stairs, the blood of his fighting ancestors boiling in his veins. "Come up if you dare!" he shouted.

A bullet crashed into the wall just above his head, and mingled with the report was a woman's scream. Mrs. Gordon who had followed the soldiers up stairs, now rushed forward and grasped the arm of the Federal Captain. "For heaven's sake Captain, do not fire again!" she shrieked, almost frantic with terror.

"My daughter is lying at the point of death, and the shock will kill her! I will implore my husband to surrender without bloodshed for her sake! Pray, pray, do not fire again!"

Before Captain Wright could reply, there was a sudden yell from the sentry at the gate, and a second later Johnson dashed up the stairs, shouting: "The Rebs are comin' Captin', and we'd better vamose double quick! Bill says they're comin' down the road!"

Wheeling quickly about, Captain Wright lifted his hand and listened intently for a moment.

In the sudden silence that ensued, clear and distinct could be heard the sound of many horses coming down the "Public" road, and in a few seconds they would turn into the one leading to "Red Oaks."

"They are coming, sure enough!" exclaimed Wright. "We'll have to cut this and get out double quick, boys!"

And in an instant the whole band had clattered pell-mell down the stairs.

"De Rebs are a comin' Mas Captin'!" yelled Ephriam, dashing up the avenue at the top of his speed. "But we kin git away by de ridge path! Come on, an' I'll show de way!"

In an instant, every swearing trooper had vaulted to his saddle, and led by the fleeing Ephriam, dashed around the house, leaped the back fence, and vanished down the "ridge path" that led by a short cut to the town.

Hardly had the last blue-coat disappeared amongst the trees, when coming down the road at a quick trot, appeared the trim form of the little "One-Eared Filly," followed by a troop of long-tailed, bright-eyed colts!

On reaching the gate, she came to a sudden halt, lifted her dainty head, and uttered a shrill neigh.

Then wheeling quickly, she swept gracefully, with head erect in the direction of the barn.

Mrs. Gordon had sunk, half fainting into a chair, while her husband finding that his foes had really disappeared, hastened to descend from his place of safty, and with the assistance of old Jason and the orderly, quickly secured a couple of mounts from among the few "strays" in the Filly's band. Thanks to her opportune arrival, he succeeded in rejoining his command in safety, to meet his loved ones no more, until the "Conquered Banner" trailed in the dust, and the defeated heroes sadly returned to their desolated homes.

When the Federals learned the truth regarding the Colonel's escape, they made many and fruitless efforts to capture the little "One-Eared Filly," but she fled like the wind to the deepest recesses of the swamps, or to some remote and lonely ravine, where she was safely hidden from her would-be captors.

When Peace at last came, and War became a thing of the past, she reappeared at the "salting block," bringing with her a tiny colt which was the beginning of the replenishment of her master's empty stables.

CROSSING THE PLAINS IN 1869

By E. S. CULVER

NOT long after the close of the Civil War there was found to be a disregard of tariff regulations along the line between Mexico and the United States, and smuggling goods from Mexico over the line to sell at mining camps or wherever there could be found a settlement, was frequently accomplished. About this time I received an appointment as Dept. Inspector and Collector of Customs to be located somewhere along the Rio Grande River or adjacent thereto. With this end in view I started with my wife and two year old son from our home in Pennsylvania to make the perilous journey. After three days ride we reached the Missouri river opposite Kansas City. We crossed on a ferry into the little village of less than a thousand inhabitants, which at that time gave no sign of the great Metropolis it has since become. Here we boarded a train on the only road leading into the vast unsettled interior.

We passed Lawrence and Topeka, then quite important towns and were soon whirling over the prairie whose inhabitants were wild Indians, deer, antilope, buffalo, coyotes, and whose towns were only inhabited by prairie dogs. When suddenly we ran into a vast herd of buffalo under full stampede. A few minutes brought us into the midst of them and the train was compelled to stop. For miles around the prairie was completely covered, all rushing and crowding in front and in rear. The ground fairly trembled under their tremendous weight and force, and it seemed as if they would rush over the train itself. Those in the rear crowding those in front with such force that for a time it was expected they would pile up against the train. The result of which can be imagined.

But as was the custom in those times all passengers as well as train men were fully armed and volley after volley was poured into the herd near the center, which caused them to divide, a part rushing to the front and part to the rear of the train. Many were limping, but not a buffalo came to the ground as they dashed on without a sign of faltering.

Today such a scene in Kansas is utterly impossible and it will never again be witnessed on this Continent.

Cultivated fields and farm-houses occupy the vast buffalo ranges and Kansas has become a great and prosperous state. The prairie dog towns have, in a measure, given way to brick and mortar towns of civilization and deer and antelope have gone with the Indian a little farther back.

We reached Sheridan, a shabbily built wooden town at the end of the railroad. We could go no farther by rail and there was a vast plain before us, many hundred miles in extent without inhabitants except such as I have named.

The plain Indians were on the war-path and had that very day in sight of the little town captured and run off a large number of mules and horses belonging to freighters, who were left with no way of moving a wagon.

The town was full of gamblers and desperadoes as well as many Mexican freighters, who fought with revolvers upon the slightest provocation.

The hotel built of thin boards without lath or plaster was a combination of gambling house, saloon and restaurant, with a few beds. My experience that night guarding my wife and child against bullets with pillows and bed clothes will never be forgotten. A fight was going on in the saloon below and a ball would occasionally sliver the floor. Then the Mexicans retreated across the street and commenced firing at the house. The thin siding did not stop the balls and they flew about us thick and fast but we miraculously escaped injury. The next morning two dead men were carted off and others laid up with wounds as the result of the fracas. No arrests were made and not an officer to be seen.

Lawlessness of every imaginable nature reigned supreme throughout this part of Uncle Sam's domain.

With a train consisting of ten wagons in charge of thirteen Spanish speaking Mexicans, whom we could not understand, I felt somewhat apprehensive in starting across that Indian infested country. And after we had broken a wheel twelve miles out and found while mending it that we had a ten-gallon keg of whiskey along and that the Mexicans were making very free use of it. I would have turned back had I the moral courage to meet my friends. But I had started for New Mexico and felt impelled to go forward at any risk.

We were moving by the smoky hill route and scarcely made ten miles per day. Water was almost unobtainable. At night our wagons were corralled—that is, made into a hollow square, and our little Mexican mules kept on the inside, for to lose the mules meant starvation or an easy capture by Indians with all that it implied.

One night we were attacked but drove them off without loss. One afternoon we were traveling along quietly when we saw a large party of well-mounted Indians making directly for us across the plain. Our wagons were immediately corralled and we formed on the outside. On they came as though they would sweep everything before them. But thirteen rifles were held steadily upon them with orders not to fire until they were within six rods. Suddenly they discovered the barrels of our rifles glistening in the sunlight and quicker than a flash they swung to the left before we could fire and dashed upon a train about half a mile ahead of us, which had camped without corralling their wagons, and whose mules and horses were grazing close by. The Indians spread out about ten yards apart and began circling around the train, lying close down on the outside with one leg over the horse, in true Indian style, keeping up a constant fire upon the teamsters and at the same time driving the stock farther from the train, and in spite of a brisk firing by the teamsters they captured nearly half of the animals. Three of the Indians appeared to be badly wounded, but they clung to their horses until out of rifle range. The train men suffered only in the loss of their stock. We soon after passed the despondent train crew, but could give them no assistence as we had not a horse or mule we could possibly spare, and so a part of their wagons loaded with merchandise had to be left to the Indians or destroyed.

As not a tree or a shrub grew on the plains, our cooking was done over fires made of buffalo chips, so-called, and the aroma accompanying some of our open dishes can better be imagined than described.

We were unsuccessful in getting game, antelope and deer were often seen in the distance, but it was not thought prudent to divide our little force and so they were unmolested.

The silence of the plains is oppressive. No one can realize how profound is the silence until he has traveled days and weeks without hearing a sound except the bray of the mules and then the sound seems unearthly in the extreme. The snow-covered Spanish Peaks were in plain view some five days before we reached the foot hills and we were continually traveling toward them.

Trinidad, the first village we reached after leaving Sheridan, is in southern Colorado, near the line of New Mexico. It was a Mexican town built of adobe houses. Horse-racing, gambling and whiskey drinking seemed to be the main occupation of the people, but all is changed for the better now.

We crossed the line into New Mexico in the Raton pass and soon after had a game of snow-balling on the summit of the pass, July 2d. We traveled on without incident until we reached the old Maxwell land grant, at this time a trading post called Cimeron Crossing. Here a most terrific thunder storm overtook us such as I never saw equaled in the States. Near our camp ran Cimeron Creek. A Mexican girl about sixteen years of age and a little boy were crossing it on a foot-bridge. Lightning struck the girl, killing her instantly and leaving the boy uninjured.

The next morning not twelve hours after we saw the girl killed we attended her burial service. She was buried in her clothes without a coffin or box of any kind. It was the first Mexican funeral I ever attended and the chanting, shouting and gun-firing were hideous. During this uproar stones and gravel were shoveled in upon the hapless victim. The whole performance was revolting in the extreme.

Having a carriage I concluded to take a Mexican boy and go on not waiting the slow progress of the train. At Albuquerque I bought an extra mule making a spike team, thereby making better time. At a Pueblo Indian village we were ferried over the Rio Grande river by ten or a dozen naked Indians who waded up to their armpits pushing the boat.

The "Jornada del Murto" signifying the journey of death was crossed by night. This dangerous Indian region was ninety miles wide and was without water until an enterprising Yankee put down a well 150 feet deep in the center of the plain and sold water at twenty-five cents a bucket, thereby making himself *well* off. Many men had been killed on this Jornada del Murto by Indians and we were on the sharp lookout when we heard the tramp of many horses bearing down upon us. It is needless to say we thought our time had surely come and hastily prepared to sell our lives as dearly as possible for retreat was out of the question. We could not see them in the midnight darkness and they ran solid against us, when the cry of "halt," in good English rang down the line. I have admired the English language ever since. It proved to be a Negro regiment on the way to Fort Craig. We were two nights crossing this journey of death, coming out at Fort Seldon and they were the longest nights I ever experienced. We were not then at the end of our journey but accomplished it a few days later.

This whole route can now be traversed in a palace car in safety and comfort.

'CEPH'S FARM

By WARD MORSE

THE sun beat down fervently upon the hillside where 'Ceph stood. The prospect was not nearly so alluring as he had imagined it back in Tennessee,—short, dumpy hills, for the most part covered with discouraged looking "black-jacks," with but little other vegetation upon their sandy flanks. Here and there a jutting shoulder of sand-rock gave a wierd simulation of ruined masonry, over the scorching sand many little lizards flashed, and the grotesque horned toad stalked his game.

"Hi, Betty! dis doan' pear t' be no livin' country!" ruminated 'Ceph, "But nigh's I kin jedge, dis quartah's good's airy 'un."

He gazed reflectively at the corner-stake, squinted at the sun to get his bearings and started to explore the remaining side of his possible claim. Just over the hill he struck a long slope, and as he decended the timber became better, post-oak beginning to appear among the scrubby "black-jacks" and an occasional red-oak or hickory spread grateful shade. The soil was firmer, and grass covered the surface.

But through the trees a glimmer caught his eye, and brought to it a replying sparkle. Quickening his pace, in a few moments he stood beside a shallow pool, obviously fed by a spring under the shelf of sand-rock which backed the ravine. Over it leaned elms and willows. Plum bushes, laden with green fruit and covered with grape-vines formed a tropical tangle along the tiny stream as it wandered for a hundred yards or so down the valley before disappearing into the thirsty red soil; and around the ledge in the cool, moist shade, moss and ferns clustered thickly.

That settled it with 'Ceph. Here was "bottom land"—maybe twenty acres—good water, timber, what else could a reasonable black boy ask, except, of course, a snug cabin to the left of the spring on that little plateau, and Emma's plump form passing the open door, busy with her house-wifely duties? For a moment 'Ceph let his fancy play, adding details to the alluring picture, even supplying a chubby picaninny toddling down to him,—"Th' ve'hy image of his fathah!"

But a "Bob-white!" from the thicket recalled him, and he set to work to clinch his claim upon this paradise, hidden for his coming amid Oklahoma's sand-hills. He was soon busily clearing the brush from the little flat he had selected for his shack, then the selection of logs for its walls occupied his time, until the sinking sun reminded him that supper-time was at hand, and that he had eaten nothing since morning.

His scanty ration was soon ready for the fire, and he was fumbling for a match, when a pungent tang assailed his nostrils, bringing his heart into his throat with a sickening thump. Smoke!—some one else must be located near,—someone, perhaps, who had "come in" a day or a week before! Were they on his quarter?

At a miserable little town where he had spent a night the week before, he heard tales galore of contests and "sooners,"—bitter fights and cunning tricks—all the current small-talk of a new land where might made right and a Colt's cartridge outweighed a trunkful of calf-bound law books.

All his senses alert, he noted the direction of the wind, and cautiously set out to locate the source of the terrifying smoke. He had not far to seek, for around a turn he caught the gleam of a camp-fire through the falling dusk! A white man was preparing his supper, a depression filled with seep-water deciding his location. 'Ceph thought, with a feeling of relief that the man must have arrived late in the afternoon, as a little search would have revealed the spring, with better water than the brackish pool, but with sinking heart he realized that they were on the same claim, and he stole back to a supper of crackers and raw bacon, dropping into a troubled sleep upon his pack.

It was a serious matter—this contest business, even when the parties were of a color, but doubly serious to the black boy, innocent of frontier customs and terrified with their mystery.

"Hullo here!—who—a nigger! shore's I'm a hoss-stealin' outcast!"

The men faced each other. The white man had come upon 'Ceph as he lay on the ground, trying for the twentieth time to decide what to do. At home 'Ceph would have been cowed, but here with so much at stake, the primitive man asserted itself, and he stood glaring at the object of his troubled dreams. The white man essayed diplomacy.

"How long ye been hyar, Rastus?" he said carelessly.

"No mattah 'bout mh name,—I kim onto mh claim dis week." said 'Ceph, with a dignity that frightened himself.

"Your claim!" grinned the other, "Got yer papers with ye?"

"No suh, I—" The remembrance that he did not have even the small sum necessary to file on the claim checked his reply.

"Guess ye'd better move on," said the stranger, after a pause. "I've selected this yer' spot fer my future vine and fig-bush, an' ye'd cast a shade over th' scene if ye stayed. Now move up lively, boy!" he said, with sudden fierceness, "Or somethin' mought happen to ye!" and he stalked on, leaving 'Ceph's air-castle sadly shaken.

The land-office was at Guthrie, thirty miles over the hills, as the crow flies, but 'Ceph was there in time to see the office locked for the day. After a painfully frugal supper he crept under the office, which was raised slightly above the street, and was soon sleeping as only one can who has just done thirty odd miles over pathless, timbered hills.

Perhaps it was a kindly sprite that bade him take "forty winks more" when daylight awakened him, for it grew into a nap that was terminated only by the sound of feet overhead. He started to crawl out, when one of the voices stopped him with a familiar intonation. With a start, he realized that the white man had beaten and he sank down dejectedly. No use to go up there now,—who would believe a "nigger" anyway? Likely as not he would get shot for his pains, and anyway, the other was there first.

But things did not seem to be going just right overhead, and listening intently he could hear parts of the conversation.

"Can't help it," the recorder was saying, "I didn't make the laws; better go cuss the men who did."——

"No, I don't know where you can get the money—do I look like a bank vault?"——

"Sure, if the nigger gets his money here first with the papers, he's the man. His money's good as anybody's here!"

"'Ceph had just presence of mind enough not to yell. The white man was "broke" too! No use to see the recorder now, he had heard all that worthy could tell him. 'Ceph watched his opponent disappear into a near-by saloon, then cut for the timber and started homeward, happy as an old maid at a husking-bee.

Now if Emma could get that money to him in time! They had planned long and carefully, but the money he started with had dwindled to almost nothing, despite his economy. She was to send the money due him for his winter's work as soon as she heard from him.

The allurements of the saloon were strong for Hank Beasly, and it was difficult to tear himself away from it and its easily made friends. Sympathy for a man "down on his luck" is easily found in such maudlin surroundings, and Hank's story of his "peach of a claim," the "nigger" and his financial shortage brought him a plethora of that cheap commodity.

"Tell ye, boys," said a tall, shifty-eyed member of the crowd as Hank finished, "Thet nigger'll shore come hyar t' file on Hank's claim. Let's persuade him t' drap hit,—jest put it at him sensible like, an' give him his chice o' goin' pack east er t' hell, with thirty seconds t' make up his mind!"

Of course the "boys" welcomed a chance to "have some fun with a nigger," and one of the crowd went to see if he had been in yet. Hank sat where he could watch the land-office, and the rest scattered around town, ready to assemble when wanted.

Such a crowd is never patient, and speculations on the offending black's non-appearance began to be passed.

"Ye must a 'shooed' him off, Hank!" volunteered a restless one, as he entered the saloon for the twentieth time to see if the "coon had showed up yet."

"Shoo nothin'!" snorted Hank. "He wa'nt no more skeered than I was! He'll be hyar, all right."

But even Hank's assurance waned as hours passed and no negro appeared. The gibes of the crowd irritated him, too, for as the chance for fun disappeared they waxed sarcastic.

"What ye been drinkin', Hank?" queried one, "Must been somthin' purty hefty t' make ye see niggers 'stead o' snakes!"

"Must a run himself t' death tryin' t' catch ye," chipped in another.

"Now lookey hyar, fellers," protested the exasperated Hank, "Didn't you-alls promise t' stand by me this mornin'?"

"Shore we did, Hank,—we won't let th' nigger hurt ye!" A titter greeted this sally and Hank jumped up.

"All right! I won't take any more o' yer val'able time. If I had a man or two t' go with me we'd skeer th' coon three states east in ten seconds, but I recokn I'll have t' go back an' shoot him, seein' I ha'n't got no friends."

That was a dare to return with him, but thirty miles of hill and brush are a sufficient deterrent for such friendships, and Hank stalked moodily away.

'Ceph had lost no time in getting back to the claim, and once there fell feverishly to work to get up a temporary shack before Beasly returned. With no help he had to use small logs and the great elms and oaks were left undisturbed. That night 'Ceph viewed with pride the walls of his cabin, almost shoulder high. He worked like a one-armed man eating peanuts, and the sides soon grew to the proper height. Rough shingles "froved" out of a log with his axe were tied on the roof in the peculiar manner of the negroes,—possibly an art brought from Africa by their forefathers,—the spaces between the logs were chinked with sticks, and the red clay supplied the necessary mortar. But the crowning glory of the house was the "stick-and-mud" chimney, cunningly built, and bound together with slough-grass, the wood and grass being deeply covered with the improvised mortar.

He breathed a sigh of relief as he fitted the roughly hewn door on its wooden hinges. He had built a bunk into one side of the room, weaving the bottom of elm bark and covering it with soft, dry grass, over which was spread his precious blankets. Along the opposite side was a table made of split and flattened poles, and in a corner a cupboard had been similarly constructed. In front of the fireplace he fitted a large rock and filled up the floor to its level with mud, carefully leveling it with a straight stick. A small porch graced one side of the cabin, and several thrifty grape-vines had been transplanted so as to cover it with their foliage.

To 'Ceph's delighted eyes the poor little cabin appeared more dear and perfect than a marble palace. To tell why would be to delve into one of life's most sacred secrets, for the poor black had unconsciously touched hands and souls with the great of earth, in building with his own hands the best he knew.

'Ceph worked hard to finish the cabin. He knew it would be a point in his favor to have "first permanent improvements;" besides he must have some place to keep his belongings, and fear of Beasley's return prevented him leaving, even to mail that letter to Emma, until he scored some kind of a victory.

He felt like a conqueror that first night the cabin was ready for occupancy. Rain was falling in cold, windy showers, but with dry wood piled high in the proper corner and the roaring fire cheerfully lighting up the walls, 'Ceph stretched himself on the cot and sighed contentedly.

Morning dawned dreary and wet, but he was up and ready for a quick trip to the post-office, lately established there miles away across the hills. He caught the twice-a-week mail and had the satisfaction of knowing the mud-splashed buckboard-stage contained his precious missive, as it splashed away through the rain. It had been hard work to keep from sending for Emma, but he held back on his eager pencil like a jockey.

The "opening" is yet too near us for a fair perspective,—a just appreciation of its romance. Its epic is still slumbering in some future poet's brain. Lined up on the bank of the Canadian, a shot sent the tense, waiting line of men headlong into the swift current. Up out of the foaming water; through dense, tangled river thicket; across the prairie; into the upland timber, swept the mob of frenzied men. The little wild folk of the woods watched these queer, new animals surge up the valleys, pour over the hills, cross and recross each other's paths,—shouting, cursing,—mad with lust for land, ready to slay for a pitiful square of soil!

Then the turmoil of those first few months, —rival claimants fighting out their differences with fists, craft, knives or guns as best suited them and the heat of their quarrel.

A flood of men is much like a flood of water. The first torrent quickly surges through the valleys, to be later forced up the hills by the pressure behind. The first strong tide found its level up and down the valleys and creeks of the Kickapoo, and slowly, doubtfully, fearfully the after-surge felt its way up into the timbered hills. The Kickapoo reservation had been open for settlement some months when 'Ceph came in, and if the little spring's existence had been suspected, the claim would have been taken long before his coming.

Matters had settled themselves into some rough semblance of order by the time he arrived, but the heaviest fist and quickest trigger were still the court of final resort, so his elation was mixed with misgivings, and he carefully surveyed his claim for interlopers as he returned from the post office. Near the spot where he first saw the white man, something bulked dingy-white through the rain. He made out a battered tent, and at the open flap sat Beasley, drying his soaked clothes by the fire.

"Howdy, Rastus! threatenin' rain!"

"Well suh," said 'Ceph, deciding on a bold front, "What ah you-alls doin' on mh claim agin?"

"Yass, hit's yourn,—pervided ye git hit," drawled Beasley. After a careful scrutiny of 'Ceph, he assumed a friendly attitude. "Now lookey hyar neighbor, thar's no use bluffin'. We air both all in. Let's joest be friends an' th' fust 'un thet makes a raise git's th' claim. What 'ye say?"

'Ceph agreed—indeed that was about all he could do, and it was understood that each was to go ahead with any improvements he cared to make, whoever raised the fee first to have the claim without contest.

The next few weeks were anxious ones for 'Ceph. His slender store of silver dwindled to nickles and coppers, and he cast about anxiously for some way to keep soul and body in hearing distance of each other, but as about every settler was engaged in the same laudable undertaking, poor 'Ceph searched in vain.

Besides, he, knowing the uncertainty of the mails, went to the post office every day. The postmaster called him his most regular customer, but 'Ceph's custom did not extend to the grocery department, although his eyes often wandered hungrily over the shelves.

Miles to the south a railroad was breaking into the wilderness, and ties were wanted for it, rumor said. Just as he was almost starved loose from the claim 'Ceph found a brother of color, who was possessed of a team of lean and ancient mules. With him he commenced hewing ties, receiving one-fourth of the proceeds. The ties were purchased in lots of one hundred and no money advanced until the end of the month, the payment for any amount under an even hundred being airily held over until the next month, although the ties were used at fast as delivered. They were caught short some dozen ties or so when the month ended, and thus an expected source of revenue was postponed. There was nothing to do but keep "pegging away," and try to break even the next month. 'Ceph spent his last money for corn, and aside from an occasional incautious quail or rabbit snared in the plum-bushes, his fare was decidedly simple.

But one morning his inquiry for mail brought him a registered letter. He barely stopped to sign for it, dropping his bucket and axe and starting on a run for home. As he neared his claim, he noted a tower of smoke springing skyward, and he shortly came in sight of the ruins of his shack! How it happened he could not guess, as there had been no wind and he had carefully covered his fire. The print of moccasined feet in the soft earth around the spring indicated wandering Indians, a theory further strengthened by his finding a horn match-box of Indian workmanship, which had been dropped as its owner knelt to drink. There was no time to loose, so he started for Guthrie, his precious letter in his blouse.

Early the next morning 'Ceph stood in the door of the land-office, staring blankly at Hank Beasley's back! He stepped back unobserved, but Hank's business relations with the United States land-office seemed to be filled with snags, and once more 'Ceph was an unseen listener to a controversy. The agent was saying sarcastically:

"Seems that we're not able to run things to suit you, Beasley. Suppose you'll be having me removed next, but I insist that you get the bill changed. It isn't my business to act as a cash register, so if you want to do business here you'll have to step over to the bank and get the William smashed."

'Ceph obligingly stepped around the corner as Hank turned, but was at the desk with as little delay as possible.

"Well, you got a bill to change, too?" queried the agent.

"No suh, I has d' change, an' wants t' file on th' no'th half d' eas' half of section twenty."

"Excuse me, you're a trifle late," interrupted the agent. "I've just made out the papers for that tract, and the filer stepped out to get a bill changed."

Things turned black before 'Ceph's eyes. The hope that buoyed him up so long was snatched away, and with a groan he sank into a chair and covered his face.

Over at the bank Hank was peering into the cavernous depths of a full-grown revolver. "Real kind in you to bring this in, I'm sure!" pleasantly remarked the square-jawed man behind the grating. "You see, this is the last one of the three one hundred dollar bills taken from the stage that was held up last week. We've got the rest of them and the tall, shifty-eyed cuss who had 'em. Here we have the balance,—Thank you!"

Hank and the sheriff, with as little ostentation as possible, started for the court-house, where the trial of the tall man was in progress. A man dropped in and commenced telling the recorder how the last highwayman had been trapped. The mention of the hundred dollar bill brought 'Ceph to his feet, and in a few moments he was pushing his way into the crowded court-room. Yes, it was Hank, sure enough, and he was saying earnestly to the big fellow at the desk.

"Ye see, yer honer, I kin explain all 'bout this hyar bill. Jim Huchins an' me set in a little game with two strangers last night, an'—

But just then 'Ceph, who had worked up to the railing, glanced at the prisoner's feet. In an instant he was over the railing, leaping for the startled Hank and yelling like a madman. It took half-a-dozen men to hold him down after the sheriff had tipped him over with the butt-end of a six-shooter. When he was able to speak coherently he shouted:

"Dat's d' man, yer honah—dat's him! He dun lef' his moccasin tracks 'round too plenty t' fool me. He dun burned mh house so's he could file on mh claim,—an hyah!"—shoving it towards the judge,—"is his matchbox—ax him if it ain't hisn!"

"Excuse me," broke in a man with a bandage around his head, "I believe—yes, by Thunder'—it is my matchbox!"

A stillness fell over the room.

"Where and how did you come by this?" asked the judge, and 'Ceph told his story. The stage-driver recognised the matchbox taken from him at the hold-up, and Hank was held, pending a fuller hearing.

As 'Ceph left for home—home now in fact—he lovingly patted a bulky packet in his pocket and remarked to himself.

"Doan' reckon you-all 'll buhn down mh nex' house, Mistah Beasley!"

The valley is all in cultivation now, and corn, wheat and alfalfa hold sway where sumach and wild plums possessed the land. The spring has been cleaned out and a spring-house, cool and inviting, built over it. The forbidding sand-hills, now innocent of "black-jacks," are covered with peach and apple trees just coming into bearing, while "Father Cotton" lifts his white poll between the orderly rows and stretches out beyond into the open hill-fields. Across the valley are goodly barns, and on the site of the first cabin stands a comfortable, white-walled farmhouse.

'Ceph sits in the shade of a big elm, watching a plump, bustling figure pass and repass the open door, and tousling an awkward puppy and being tousled in turn, a chubby picaninny, "th' ve'hy image of his fathah!"—rolls around the door.

THE DREAM WORSHIPPER

By ADA MIXON

THERE it is, Monsieur, the painting that made famous the artist, Laroche. You offer fifty thousand? he would not sell it for a hundred. No, it is not for sale, Monsieur. It is, you see, a shrine, a something too sacred. Yes, it has a history. Monsieur is so kind that I will favor him with the story. This is the best seat and there are some cigars from Havana.

"I had been away from Paris a year and on my return I found everyone talking about the picture in the Salon which Laroche had named 'Dreams,' but which was known far and wide as 'The Beautiful Lady of Dreams.' As you can see, Monsieur, its original conception, delicate treatment and singularity of detail attracts, fascinates, astonishes, delights, and yes, repels.

"'Its effect is rather uncomfortable' said one friend to me, 'It reminds me of something I have almost forgotten, a once familiar face, and a voice which I hear in dreams. I can't describe the sensation. You must see it for yourself.'

"'I felt as if all the pleasant dreams of my life had been condensed into one happy thought and that thought smiled out at me through a beautiful face. It was a delightful sensation,' remarked a young girl, 'but you must see it for yourself.'

"Next day I went early to the Salon. Catalogue in hand I searched for the picture and came upon it unawares. A painting arrested my attention and I paused before what I took for a portrait of Millicent Cleaver.

"'Why it is the girl herself!' I cried, much to the surprise of the throng. I looked at the number in the book. Ciel! It was 'Les Reves' by Louis Laroche!

"I recognized the face of a fellow artist, the expression, the luminous eyes, the mobile mouth, and yet the features were idealized. The strength of the real face was refined to meet the requirements of the ideal. Its impression was that of something on the point of vanishing away, yet soul stirring enough to transfix its image permanently; something fleeting, too bright to last, too sweet to forget, too beautiful for earth. You can understand all this, Monsieur, when I inform you that it was the face of the only being I had ever loved. If its image imprisoned on canvas could stir strange hearts, small wonder that it held me spellbound. For hours I hovered near, my eyes filled with tears which came to veil my pain.

"At first the sudden sensation of seeing her thus thrilled me with so many emotions that I could only stand and drink my fill, but gradually it began to dawn upon me that this was the picture that had made Laroche famous, that he had dared to paint her, my Millicent; had secured access to her for the purpose, a privilege which, alas! was denied me, that he had seen her many times. I was consumed with fierce rage. I could almost have killed him.

"'If he has seen her, so can I,' I murmured. 'I will go at once.'

"A year before she had been too ill to see me, but now I had little trouble and was admitted. The sunlight streamed through a casement and lit up a mass of red gold hair that framed a face whose counterpart you may see there. She sat as she does in the picture, dream haunted.

"'She sits thus for hours' said the maid,'It is best not to disturb her. She will see us presently.'

"'Millicent! Millicent!' I whispered sadly. She started up wildly.

"'Now he has gone!' she cried. 'You drove him away! Where is my dream?' She was gazing at me with a strange look. Monsieur will understand that something was wrong with her in the mind. Suddenly she recognized me, and spoke in a different tone.

"'Why, if this isn't LeRoy! Where have you been all this time? I'm glad to see you.'

"I took her hand and for a few moments she conversed rationally concerning our old life in the Quartier. It was hard to believe she was not the same Millicent. I could not resist a question.

"'Millicent, you said your dream would come back. What did you mean?'

"She laughed lightly, then suddenly became grave. Then, sometimes in a rapid whisper, sometimes faltering as if on the threshold of her dream world, she spoke, and her words were anguish to my soul. For the first time I stood face to face with a woman's other self, I trod within the sacred sanctuary of her soul, read the words written upon the tablets of her heart.

"'You never knew why it was I never despaired even when disasters came upon me in battalions, when poor father died, when my home was unhappy. We were very rich then, but ah, riches do not bring joy. I was happier when we were very poor, dear father and I, long ago, back in America. It was then I learned to cheer myself with dreams. They dispelled all ills like magic.

"'Sleeping or waking I ever dreamed. My attic chamber stretched into palatial halls at my fancy's will and my crust of bread was a feast. I lived in a world of my own creation where the people who were unkind to me became my slaves. You used to wonder why I never resented unkindness; you did not know that I kept my pain hid away and healed my wounded heart with dreams. I had only to say a thing was false or real and it became what I wished.

"'Why did I never look cast down?' you ask; because the dreams alone gave expression to my face, I suppose. I have never really lived, I have only dreamed, you know. It began so long ago,when I was a little child. I often walked and talked with the fairies.

"'Later on, I dreamed constantly of a hero who was always handsome, brave, and noble. By this time we were very rich but I found that wealth only curtails liberty and happiness. It is a trial to me who had long roamed at will, to be restrained by conventionalities, to feel that I had no friend.

"'But was I not a friend?' I could not help asking, 'don't you remember how much I loved you, Millicent?'

"'Yes, you told me so more than once. It was while we were studying together in Paris. But my dreams were filled with one image, one hero, whom I loved. When he left me, then I really awoke. My dreams were scattered by the giant Despair. It was not you, LeRoy, you were always kind, but I did not love you as I did the—

"'But then my dreams came back and I wrought them into plastic marble. So perfect had my empire become in fancy's realm that I could summon the angels, the gods, the fairies, the very imps of hell before me until I had formed their lineaments in stone. You have seen them all? my Genius of Unrest, my Lucifer, my Galahad. Your favorite was the Dream Worshipper; I called it the Lotus Eater at first. Too cold, too lifeless, the critics said. I know why. It was a revelation of my own soul, and I was afraid to reveal myself too fully.

"'You remember how they used to laugh at me for dreaming over my work? I would sit for hours chisel in hand, idle they thought. They did not know I was marshalling my dream subjects to and fro, studying them, before I imprisoned them in stone. They envy me now, I suppose. I have everything I want, you see. I have attained all the success for which I used to long. I wish for nothing. I am happy. Why? When I pine for music I have only to listen to be regaled with some heavenly symphony, the divine strains of an ethereal chorus. Do I wish to see pictures or scenery? I have only to close my eyes to revel in them all. Happy? I alone live. It is you who dream.

"'Are you ever lonely?' I asked in despair.

"'Ah, well may you think of that. I am never alone. He is ever at my side cheering me with words of love. Who? my hero, the one who has always been with me, my dream, you know,—I told you— He was here when you came. You drove him away. His name? His name was—the Rock. Where has he gone? I can't find him. But he will come back. He was a dream but he will come.

"Her tones grew louder and the maid entered.

"'Happy?' she cried, 'I alone live. It is you who dream.'

Sinking upon a chair she resumed the same attitude in which I had found her.

"'Listen!' she whispered with the gleam of dethroned reason in her eyes, 'he is singing to me. It is Miserere. Isn't it beautiful?'

"Monsieur, I could bear no more. I fled, my soul consumed with one thought, one name, one desire. The name was Laroche which means the Rock, and he should die! I would kill him. At that moment had I met him—Monsieur will understand my rage no doubt.

"He whom I had called my friend had trifled with this sweet confiding creature, had caused her ruin. Why had I not seen all along that she loved him? I recalled the time he used to sing for us. He sang Italian songs.

"With the bitterest pang of all I remembered the circumstances connected with the commencement of her illness. It was on the same day that Laroche had announced his approaching marriage. Some of us were gathered in the studio which Millicent shared with two other girls, when Laroche entered and told us of the intended step. After some minutes during which we tendered the usual congratulations, some one raised a curtain to enter the adjoining room and discovered Millicent on the floor insensible. We had seen her chisel in hand, at her work, a half hour before. From that hour began the long illness which had left her reason shattered.

"That she had ever loved him, Monsieur, was painful enough, that she had always loved him was torture, but the fact that she still loved him in all her innocent madness, Laroche who had deceived her, who had made capital of his deception by painting her portrait, who had visited her in seclusion, gloating over the ruin he had wrought,—these things maddened me with rage and despair.

"Laroche was out of town, but I kept watch on his rooms. As soon as he returned I would see him and as surely as I saw him so surely should one of us die. My only relaxation was practicing with foils for I knew what his choice of weapons would be.

"At last my hour came; he had returned. I entered his rooms with the assurance of an old friend. I gave his servant a piece of gold and sent him away without announcing me. Well I knew he would spend the next few hours at the nearest cabaret. I locked the door and put the key in my pocket. Soon after Laroche entered the studio from an inner room.

"'Voici my friend! This is a pleasant surprise. I didn't know you had returned. What, you refuse my hand?'

"'I have not come to take your hand. I have come to kill you,' I said with clinched teeth.

"'Decidedly pleasant news. Won't you sit down.'

"I declined.

"'Have a cigar?'

"I declined.

"'Excuse me if I smoke. You won't sit down, you won't smoke; maybe you'll take a drink. Michael! Michael!'

"'Michael is gone. I sent him away.'

"I fancied he turned pale at that.

"'Ah, you wished to see me alone. But this isn't the way old friends should meet. What's the trouble, my friend?'

"'I've found you out, that is all. I thought you a noble, courteous gentleman; I was once glad to call you my friend. I have come back only to learn that you are a blackguard of the deepest dye, a scoundrel, a liar, a deceiver of women,—'

"'Enough! No man can say that and live.'

"'What do you choose?'

"'Swords. When?'

"'Now!' I thundered. 'The door is locked. We are alone and only one of us goes out of here alive!'

"I grasped the sword which I had brought with me and waited. He coolly laid aside his cigar and picking up a weapon, tested its keen edge. He even paused and calmly tossed off a glass. All the time I could see he was thinking, thinking. Was he afraid or was he simply gaining time?

"But he did not hesitate when he finally took position. Cautiously he parried my fierce thrusts. It seemed as though he feared to hurt me, and that idea infuriated me. I knew him to be a skillful swordsman but I also knew that mine was the superior strength. We were well matched. It would have been better had I not been so fierce in my attack, had I tried to tire him out, but that process was too slow; I was impatient.

"Once my sword was caught upward with such force that it fell from my hand. Had he been as bloodthirsty as I the duel might have ended there. But he stepped back haughtily and waited. Another moment and I rushed upon him with fresh fury. I was younger then, Monsieur, and I was maddened by his coolness and forbearance. I knew if no one disturbed us, it would end as I wished.

"At last by a swift thrust I wounded him in the right arm, thus forcing him to use his left. I had also been wounded in the shoulder. Finally I struck him in the temple, and, blinded with blood, he sank at my feet.

"'Quits!' I cried, as I stood waiting for him to rise, but he did not stir.

"'Leroy' I heard him murmur, 'before I die, tell me why you have killed me.'

"'Your picture of Millicent, the one in the Salon, how dared you go to her and gloat over the ruin you had wrought?'

"'I have not seen Millicent since I was married. I painted her from memory alone. It was not so hard, for her image is engraved forever upon my heart. How much I envied you, Leroy!'

"'You envied me when my love was not returned? I of all men the most miserable.'

"'I loved her too. I know now that I always shall. You heard that my wife had left me. Yes, she was jealous of the painting 'Les Reves.'

"'Did you love Millicent all the time?'

"'Yes, but I knew you loved her too, and I thought your love was returned."

"'And that was why you never told her? My friend, my brother!' I cried, 'Noblest of men!'

"Laroche had fainted from the loss of blood.

"All this was years ago, Monsieur. No doubt you have heard of LeRoy Gaspard, the friend of Laroche. That is my name, Monsieur. We are inseparable. Once a year we go together to see Millicent Cleaver who never recognizes us but says:

"'Don't drive my dream away. He is singing to me. Happy? I alone live, it is you who dream.'

"You see the painting, Monsieur, and now you know the story, you will understand why it is not for sale. There are many things in the life of man that come to snatch away his ideals and will do so unless he carries some pure dream in his heart. This is our shrine, Monsieur; both Laroche and I can love the portrait without jealousy. We, too, are dream worshippers."

IN RETROSPECT

By WILLARD PACKARD HATCH

"The love of one's kind is the only true love."

FROM all my life this thing I know,
True love, like an ancient pyramid will grow;
Shaped by a million toiling hands—
Monument to a single thought, it stands.
Still perpetuating through the ages;
Tomb of Fools, and Kings, and Sages,
Cenotaph of souls that love decried—
Proof that love has never died.

And we will end our life-span too,
Having builded the little we could do—
And Hates, and Worries, and things we said.
Like King and Fool, will lie there dead.
While up above—piercing the skies—
The point of Love's Pyramid will rise;
Shaped by a million toiling hands—
Monument to a single thought, it stands.

LOWER MAIN STREET, ARDMORE, DURING THE COTTON SEASON OF 1907

AT THE TURN OF THE FURROW

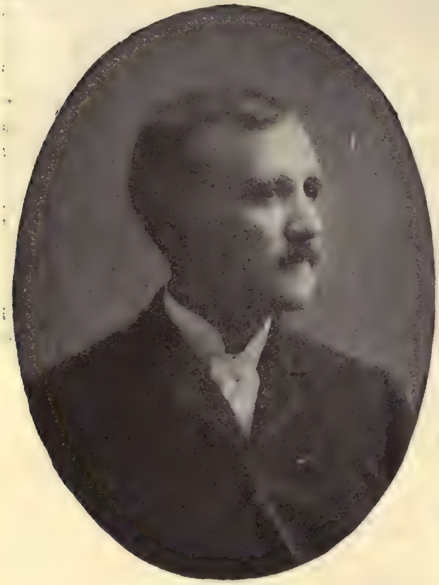
THE STORY OF OKLAHOMA

THE new state of Oklahoma naturally falls into three distinct divisions, and Cæsar would have made the same record concerning this territory that he did of Gaul. The oil fields are one of the "three parts." Coal beds might be said to constitute another, but the most picturesque feature of the new state is seen in "the turn of the furrow," the pastoral strength and the agricultural resources of Oklahoma, which will always remain the great glory of its inhabitants. With a rainfall that exceeds that of Illinois and Iowa during the growing season, the varied crops of the new state, from King Cotton to Queen Corn, might well be considered a bountiful blending of the riches of the famous farms of the North and South. Here the products and energies of North and South meet and combine. The deep, black soil of the oil fields is in vivid contrast to the red loam of the cotton and corn belts, or of the rolling prairies of Kay County, where wheat flourishes as far as the Southern boundary, where cotton bolls dot the fields.

* * *

Nowhere is the spirit of progress more apparent than in the City of Oklahoma the metropolis of the new state. To hear old pioneers tell of the early days, their discouragements, the difficulties of building the railroads, the watching of every turn of the wheel of progress — all that has made Oklahoma City the prize city of the West — is indeed veritable history, but it is impossible to realize that eighteen years ago railroads were still to be laid and houses erected on the virgin sod.

There was a personal reason for my eagerness to reach Oklahoma City. Eighteen years ago, a friend talked with me on the shores of Lake Superior and told how he had invested his money in five carloads of lumber which he was going to ship to a place on the southwest prairies which he had never visited and knew little about, though he was convinced that it would some day become the site of a great city. That lumber reached its destination over a railroad hastily laid on the virgin sod, where now stands Oklahoma City. As we drove down one of the principal streets, he pointed out a row of buildings painted red.



HENRY OVERHOLSER

A pioneer citizen of Oklahoma City, and one who is closely identified with the city's remarkable growth

"There is the lumber that I shipped eighteen years ago."

The history of Oklahoma City must always include in it the name of Mr. Henry Overholser, whose enterprises are so well-known in Oklahoma. Some years ago he built a handsome opera house, the marvel of the West, the finest between Kansas City and the coast. As we passed it the afternoon that I was there, there was a row of automobiles that looked like a Fifth Avenue afternoon parade; the machines were waiting for their owners who were inside witnessing the production of Ibsen's "Doll's House." Yes real Ibsen in Oklahoma.

Farther on we reached an eminence that overlooks the magic city; here I saw the home of my friend, which had cost over $100,000. It was fitted inside and out as luxuriously as heart could wish with every detail well chosen, in perfect harmony and artistic taste. From the windows we could see rows of business houses, the owners of which live out here on the hill, in the residential section, and ride in every morning to the busy marts of trade. These homes are surrounded by beautiful lawns and trees, and are reached by streetcars that ply in every direction.

Here Henry Overholser, Charles G. Jones, commonly called "Grist Mill Jones," B. F. Yoakum, now president of the "Frisco" line, and other men who have won distinction, seize every opportunity to aid in pushing Oklahoma forward to the very front rank among the great states. Every stranger is welcomed, and investment is conducted systematically. The Chamber of Commerce is an amalgamation of all the different public interests, and when any one branch of trade is filled, new comers are not encouraged to locate in the city, but when there is an opening for a new business, the members of the Chamber of Commerce hustle around and make known that fact and candidates soon appear. I had not been an hour in Oklahoma before that irrepressible representative of public interests, Mr. A. W. McKeand, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, put in an appearance. He had a button, on which was inscribed, "Oklahoma City, 150,000" in blue and gold, and the visitor who looks on that button is likely to feel mighty sociable and as though he had been adopted into some new and strange mystic order.

Anything that concerns the interest of the city at large is promptly taken up in the most public-spirited manner at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. There had been three meetings held—to deal with railroad rates, conventions and new industries—on the day that I was there. Oklahoma City is truly a centre of lively trade in a land of great promise.

One man has done much toward securing statehood for the territories, and was one of the very first who concluded that it was better to merge the Indian Territory in the one state of Oklahoma. It was Mr. C. G. Jones who worked so earnestly for this purpose, and did more than any other one person to bring the people of the two territories into unison. When the republican candidates for the United States Senate were under consideration, a graceful tribute was paid to Mr. Jones in mentioning him for this office in the new state, being a recognition of his services rendered in securing statehood for the new commonwealth.

* * *

There is a seven story hotel, all ready for the transients of a city of 150,000 people, which it is confidently expected will have settled here within the next five years. The spacious quarters of the Chamber of Commerce are always open, so that meetings of citizens may be held at any time in somewhat the same spirit that has characterized Faneuil Hall in Boston.

In March, 1889, the site of this city was occupied by a watering station for trains; in May of the same year there stood a city of 5,000 people; in July, 1907, a federal census showed a population of over 40,000, with over $3,000,000 invested in buildings for that year.

Oklahoma is the headquarters for Eastern companies doing business in the Southwest. Flour mills grind out over a million barrels of flour a year; the only packing house in the state is located here; there is a market for 100,000 bales of cotton every season.

* * *

Oklahoma jobbers' and manufacturers' business for 1907 aggregated over $28,500,000, and they hope to bring the total sales for this year up to $40,000,000. The convention hall seats 5,000 people, and the municipal water works will be valued at over a half-million when completed. Over 4,000 busy telephones connect houses, offices and retail stores, and the city promises to rival Kansas City and St. Louis as a wholesale mart.

There are over one hundred and forty miles of cement walks and thirty-six miles of paving and the same number of miles of street railway, and the schools of the city and state are certainly entitled to the distinction claimed for them. The churches are valued at $1,000,000; the Epworth University and numerous schools at $1,000,000. Students are adequately accommodated at the uni-

OVERHOLSER OPERA HOUSE, OKLAHOMA CITY

versity at Norman and the Normal Schools at Edmond, Weatherford and Alva. The sprightly School Herald is under the management of S. M. Barrett, and is a flourishing indication of Oklahoma pedagogy. Edward Cameron, State Superintendent of Instruction, resides at Sulphur, Oklahoma, and is busy devising plans to make Oklahoma the prize school state of the Union.

Four miles from Oklahoma lies Belisle Lake and a beautiful natural park which is the admiration of visitors and citizens alike; but the citizens seem to take more pride in their fire department than in their park. One gentleman remarked that he supposed some obliging person turned in the alarm the day I was there because he knew I wanted to see what a real "prairie town fire rush" was like.

C. G. JONES

President State Fair Association. Pioneer citizen, statesman and financier. Member of the first State Legislature

One of the first things that Congress will have to meet in the present session will be an appropriation for a public building in the City of Oklahoma. The Oklahoma post office now does the largest business of any city in the country, for its population, and it is doubtful if Uncle Sam fully realizes the extent of his own interests here.

The Oklahoman, which has Mr. R. E. Stafford and Mr. E. K. Gaylord in charge, and the Daily Times Journal under the generalship of Messrs. Brown, are certainly newspapers looking well after the interests of the people, who have reason to be proud of the aggressive spirit of these publications.

The agricultural papers of the new state reflect the modern methods of farming, and advocate the development of live stock interests and new crops in cereals and fruits of all sorts, encouraging also the interchange of ideas among the farmers. One of the new crops developed in Oklahoma with splendid success has been the Bermuda grass which grows freely everywhere, increasing the pastoral acreage of the state a hundredfold within the past few years. It is a profitable grass for the new state and there is never any uncertainty as to the yield. When started from the roots it is readily acclimated and does not need to be resown. It is said to be better for horses than for dairy stock.

One significant fact was pointed out by the editor of an agricultural paper—that thousands of checks for subscriptions were constantly being sent direct from the farmers, and that there had never in one instance been a notice that the account was overdrawn. The fact that the farmers are doing business so extensively by checks, without any of the disreputable practices too often found among those who follow other callings, is indeed a strong tribute to the integrity of the agriculturalists of Oklahoma.

* * *

Passing through on the train en route from Oklahoma City to Guthrie, the state capital, I thought of a pledge made to a subscriber at the Jamestown Exposition, that I would visit his town, which I knew to be in the vicinity of Guthrie, but the name eluded me until the brakeman called, "Edmond." Off I got, and felt well repaid for stopping off, for if there are any brighter towns than Edmond in Oklahoma, I did not see them. There is an educational spirit there that has made the normal school at Edmond a notable institution, entitled to all the enthusiastic praise showered on it by visitors.

* * *

The foliage seemed to cling longer to the trees in Oklahoma than elsewhere. Many sturdy oaks, veterans of the forests that never release their leaves until they are sure of a new spring dress, rustled in the cool wind as if proclaiming the virtue of hoarding what you have until something better is assured.

A notable feature of Oklahoma farming is that everything possible is done to lessen the cost of production. Instead of shoveling corn in cribs, at a back-breaking pace, loaders are used, and many other labor-saving devices may be seen in the agricultural districts.

Steam plows are used to break the land, turning over many furrows at a time, instead of merely one as in the old method, whereby the poet Bobbie Burns discovered the mouse, and an inspiration for immortal lines. Nothing could be more attractive than the modern machinery used in the fields here. I met a farmer who was the proud possessor of a steam plow, made by the Geiser Manufacturing Company of Waynesboro, Pa., who are certainly to be commended for successfully meeting this urgent agricultural necessity. To the farmer his new plow was evidently the apple of his eye, and he insisted that "the city man" who had never seen such an implement at work, must be shown just what it could do.

He showed me that the cranks of his "Geiser" plow are in such relative position that it can be started without the application of any external force upon the rim of the fly wheel. The driving wheels are six feet in diameter, and, like the front wheels, are made entirely of iron and steel, being strengthened by double rows of spokes made of extra strong steel pipe. The boiler is jacketed with asbestos and covered with Russia iron. It looks like a railroad locomotive, and has rocking grates which make it easy to keep a good fire.

RESIDENCE OF HENRY OVERHOLSER AT OKLAHOMA CITY

The engine has two water tanks, with a capacity of 540 gallons, and a coal box holding 1,000 pounds of coal. The frame is equipped with twelve plows, each cutting a strip fourteen inches wide, and adjustments are provided for controlling the depth of the furrow and throwing the plow in or out of the soil. The plows are raised and lowered by steam; there is a safety arrangement by which one or more of these plows may be automatically disconnected, in case of meeting with obstruction. The owner assured me that this device prevented breakage and saved many dollars on repairs.

This seemed to me the "top notch" in

plowing, but my admiration was increased when the young farmer explained that the "Geiser" frame can be detached from the engine, which can then be used to drive other machinery, a thresher, shredder, sheller or saw mill, or for heavy hauling or any other purpose for which steam power is desired. We all quite agreed with the farmer's small son, who said:

"It's as much fun to see our steam plow at work, as it is to watch a circus parade."

* * *

With every improvement in machinery that modern ingenuity can devise, and good farm land at a cost of from $25 to $50 an acre, the success of the Oklahoma farmer is assured, and agriculturists are eagerly seeking the new state. In Southern Oklahoma there is a larger tract of unimproved land, which may be purchased at from $15 to $35 an acre.

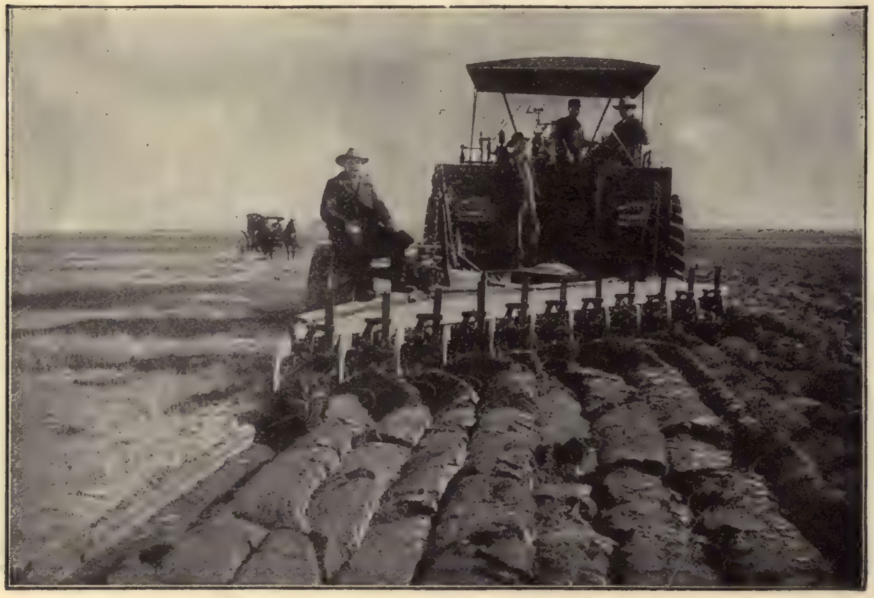
* * *

Oklahoma City entertained the Farmers' National Congress during the past year; it was a great regret to the Oklahoma farmers that there was not a bumper yield to show to visitors, but even as it was there was ample to rivet the attention and excite the admiration of those interested in agricultural development.

The governor is an *ex officio* member of the county farmers' institutes throughout the state, and there are seventy-six counties all of which send delegates to an annual meeting. This is considered the most extensive and remarkable organization of farmers known in the world.

The proposed parcel post measure seems to have a very meager support among the farmers. It is agreed that a general parcel post service as urged by Postmaster-General von L. Meyer, carrying goods at twelve cents a pound instead of sixteen, and providing for a still lower rate on routes originating at rural free delivery points, will make the Rural Free Deliveries a paying proposition for Uncle Sam, as well as aid farmers and stock raisers to secure supplies without loss of time, which is a matter of vital consequence in the conduct of work in Oklahoma.

The state constitution provides for teaching agriculture and domestic science in the common schools, and there will not be much time wasted in the Oklahoma rural school houses, for the course of instruction laid out is voluminous. The farmers in the



A GEISER PLOW IN OPERATION ON AN OKLAHOMA FARM new state are determined to make the pursuit of agriculture attractive to the boys, and it is probable that they will succeed in keeping them on the farms. The state board of agriculture has jurisdiction over all matters affecting animal industries and animal quarantine regulations. In fact, the organic law of the territory is essentially agrarian and the ambition of Oklahoma today is to excel in the development of these interests.

* * *

SHAWNEE is located in Central Oklahoma, on the eastern border of what was known as Oklahoma Territory, and only eight miles from the western line of the great fertile but yet undeveloped country known before Statehood as the Indian Territory.

Being located within a few miles of the center of the State, Shawnee is known as the "*Central City*" of the new State. No city in the southwest is making greater substantial gains.

Shawnee according to the Federal census, is the third city in population in the State. With a population of 15,000 within her incorporated limits, but with an actual population of 20,000 including the thickly populated section immediately surrounding the city and reached by a splendid street railway system.

Shawnee's population like the population of the southwest, is cosmopolitan to a high degree, having been gathered from all parts of the United States. The small number of negroes in Shawnee is quite noticeable and a subject of comment, their disposition to "pass Shawnee by" having been persisted in since the early days of the city's history.

The story of the growth of Shawnee is quite remarkable, the growth in population and commerce, and it's solidity as a financial center, has been coincident with the settlement and developement of the agricultural, commercial and general business interests in the vast territory tributary thereto.

In January, 1894, there were 277 people living within the borders of the village of Shawnee, and in June, 1895, the city of Shawnee was platted; in June, 1900, there were 3,660 people living within the city. There has been no boom since 1900, but there has been a growth in commerce and population most astonishing. And we find

Digging Potatoes near Shawnee.

A Potato Farm near Shawnee.

Shipping Early Potatoes from Shawnee, Okla.

Picking Blackberries, Durant, Okla.

Apple Orchard of A. J. McKillop, Muskogee, Okla.

ON THE OKLAHOMA FARMS

in 1908, a city of 20,000 people, and no indications are in evidence that the remarkable growth is at an end.

The growth and development of Shawnee, is the direct and positive product of the wonderfully fertile soil of Central Oklahoma. The *city is the child of necessity;* the resources of the country needed a city at this point, *nature produced it,* and it is *worthy of its creator.*

* * *

Shawnee has never been favored with the expenditures of public funds, either from the Federal Government or the State of Oklahoma; growth here has been wholly in response to natural conditions, which are permanent.

Taken as a whole, the territory 100 miles in circumference around Shawnee is the most densely populated portion of the southwest, and as density of population in an agricultural country always corresponds to the fertility of the soil, it follows that here in Central Oklahoma is the soil best adapted to general farming. It is evident even to the traveler who looks hurriedly over the country that the reason for the substantial progress in the territory about Shawnee is fertility of soil and diversified farming. It is on that rich soil that the farmers from the north and the farmers from the south have prospered beyond their expectations, raising corn, alfalfa (five crops annually) and hogs. Cotton, potatoes (two crops annually), and fruit. Well, the fruit and truck farming industry are expanding so fast that the farmers themselves are astonished at the results. Elberta peaches from Shawnee are of rare flavor. A large cold storage plant for fruit and vegetables has just been established by a Louisville firm in anticipation of the crop of 1908.

* * *

Shawnee is the mule market of the southwest. It is in this region that mules are raised equal to the "Missouri mule." The superior railway facilities enables the buyer to concentrate at this point the animals as purchased, and when a market is favorable, to ship to the point offering the best profits.

The wholesale and jobbing business of Shawnee is quite extensive and has been expanding with the same record breaking rapidity which has characterized other lines of commercial development.

The city has direct railway connections with all points of Oklahoma, and the great commercial centers north, south and west. The Rock Island Railway, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway are all here, and have been dominating factors in the wonderful growth of Shawnee. The tonnage handled last year by these roads as a direct contribution to their business from Shawnee was 17,427 carloads; an increase of forty-two per cent over the previous year.

There are twenty-seven factories in Shawnee with 1,502 employees, and they are paid in wages annually the substantial sum of $1,223,000. The Rock Island shops at Shawnee are the largest maintained by any railway systemin the southwest, having over nine hundred employees. The Santa Fe system has extensive yards and shops in Shawnee, making the tin bucket brigade very large and the pay roll very attractive. It is from the substantial pay roll—the products of the farmers in the vicinity, and the jobbing and wholesale trade that Shawnee draws the never ending supply of ready cash that drives her on to greater achievements each year.

The growth in manufacturing has been most rapid, yet the growth has been of a substantial and permanent character, and the immediate future promises even greater gains. First-class steam coal and natural gas are factors in the growth.

The commercial resources of Shawnee and the productive soil of Central Oklahoma combining, form a solid rock foundation of Shawnee's financial strength. Capitalists of the older and larger cities marvel at the rapidity of the growth in the Oklahoma financial centers, and it is hard to realize that all the growth in Shawnee has been within twelve short years. The resources of the Shawnee banks are $3,043,192.09. Deposits $2,746,298.33.

The city is well governed. It operates its own water plant, an enviable fire department equal to any emergency that may arise, with a complete inspection; eight miles of its streets are paved with brick and asphalt, they are all lighted and well cleaned; the sanitation of the ctiy is unexcelled, and the sewer system costing $200,000 now being put in, touches every section of the city, and the natural drainage is excellent.

A movement for further street paving was inaugurated a short time ago and a contract providing for the paving of 110 blocks of residential streets with asphalt has just been entered into and the work will be completed this spring.

The city was built in a forest, and thousands of the native trees have been preserved and others are being cultivated, so that from a birds eye view Shawnee seems to be set in a park.

The street car service in Shawnee is the wonder of all who visit the city. There are twelve miles and a half of track, which radiates in all directions. The Shawnee-Tecumseh Traction Company's interurban road connects Tecumseh, a town of 2,500 population, six miles to the south of Shawnee, and a twenty minute service is maintained This short piece of interurban road was the first built in Oklahoma and is perhaps the most prosperous.

Benson Park, which is two and one-half miles south of the city, on the Interurban road, is one of the most beautiful Interurban Parks in the West. There are in the park twenty-six varieties of forest trees, which is most positive evidence that the city is not on a barren prairie.

The advantages of residence in Shawnee include many things which attract the attention and compel the admiration of every visitor, and which serves as a powerful magnet to hold the loyalty of all who reside there.

There are splendid four and five story hotels and office buildings, with elevators. All religious denominations are housed in commodious church buildings. The public buildings are above the average, and the general architectural outline of the city is at once pleasing and attractive. The public school buildings are eight in number and 2800 children are enrolled.

Shawnee is regarded as the retail metropolis of a large section of the State. It has the largest retail store in Oklahoma. People come to Shawnee from all directions to trade, and uniting there crowd the stores, shops and places of amusement, giving to the city the prestige, trade and standing of a city of twice it's size.

The people of Shawnee are inspired with a spirit which balks at no enterprise, and welcomes every man, rich or poor, who comes to add his efforts to the energetic life of this rapidly growing city of homes, churches, schools and commerce.

Shawnee is an active candidate for the permanent capitol of the new state of Oklahoma, it being provided by the act admitting the state into the Union that the temporary capitol should remain where it is now, until 1913, and since it is generally understood the question of the permanent location will be submitted by the legislature now in session, to the people for their decision, at the regular election in November, 1908, Shawnee is leaving nothing to chance in the contest. With it's central location in a densely populated part of the State, with transportation facilities equal to any possible competitor's, it's chances of ultimate success are worthy of serious consideration.

* * *

Every visitor to Oklahoma is impressed at once with the idea that nothing but the best methods prevail in farming. There was many a farmer who brought his old style machinery from the far and middle West and East only to throw them away after being convinced that he would save time and money by using labor and time saving machinery.

Much interest was manifested in the Naylor Harrow which has made good on its claim of enabling one man to do two men's work. The shrewd Oklahoma farmer figures it out that this means $3.00 a day and in a short time his harrow is paid for. The Naylor Harrow is a combination spring and spike tooth harrow and furnishes an effective seed bed for the crops.

* * *

The trip from Shawnee, over the Rock Island, formerly the Choctaw & Gulf Railroad, which runs west from Memphis, Tennessee, and passes through the Indian reservations, reveals what can be done in the way of fruit growing. The Rock Island is the "Mason and Dixon line" in Oklahoma—northerners above and southerners below—with customs from the "old home" states predominating. The land in eastern Oklahoma along this road is similar to that in Arkansas, rather swampy, but is rapidly being developed into small fruit farms.

On the train I heard some farmers discussing how to treat the different trees, and obtained an insight into the best mode of fighting parasites, spraying and grafting in order to get first-class fruit crops.

On the same train I heard an animated argument, worthy of a first-class debating society, as to whether the railroads or the wonderful new agricultural machinery had been the more effective in developing the new state. One farmer recalled how numbers of reapers, mowers and agricultural machinery of all kinds were hauled by wagon from Wichita, Kansas, and Dallas, Texas, and from other points on the Santa Fe and "Katy," and how at all these points all the well known harvesting machine companies had established agencies several years before any portion of Oklahoma Territory was opened for settlement. He pointed out that it was not until just prior to the first opening in 1889 that the Rock Island Railroad completed work on its line into the Territory, in order to carry the great numbers of people who were eager to find homes in this fertile region. The Santa Fe road then ran through later. The Red River at the south was the dividing line between the new state and Texas, according to the old Mexican grant at the time Texas was brought into the Union. The speaker on behalf of the railroads claimed that lines thus diverging to almost all points must of necessity have a great effect on commerce and agriculture, but he was promptly reminded by the opposition that, prior to the time this portion of the southwest was organized into a territory, and for some years thereafter, the whole region was overrun with great cattle ranches, when the first white settlement was made at Fort Sill, near where Lawton now stands.

He declared that as early as the beginning of the seventies grain was grown and several harvesting machine companies established agencies at Ardmore and Durant, Indian Territory, prior to the opening of land for settlement in Oklahoma, and even then agents were scattered through the small villages and were selling harvesting machines in a limited way to ranchmen. He insisted that after the railroads were built through this rich section of country many settlers flocked to what is now the great state of Oklahoma, and that these pioneers of the seventies and eighties supplied themselves with mowers and reapers and began in earnest to cultivate farms and open new lands; as emigrants came in at a lively rate, many reaping and mowing machine companies established agencies among the new settlers.

In the new state of Oklahoma there are approximately 100,000 farms, aggregating some 23,000,000 acres of land under cultivation. In 1906, 220,000,000 bushels of grain —wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, etc.—were produced and 900,000 bales of cotton, while the value of the livestock was estimated to exceed $100,000,000, and all this from land that a quarter of a century ago was a howling wilderness, populated almost exclusively by Indians. The enthusiastic young farmer insisted that this success is due not only to the indefatigable pluck and infinite skill of the sturdy sons of Oklahoma, who have carved out an empire, but to the improved agricultural machines, which have made possible the successful in-gathering of these rich harvests. As the train rushed past great farms where the furrow was plowed for miles and where the line of binders had swept across wheat fields embracing thousands of acres, he had an apt illustration of his point, and reminded his companions how in this immense new territory the hay fields were so large that means had to be taken to handle the crop faster and to better advantage; and how the several companies that now comprise the International Harvester Company of America were quick to recognize the needs of agriculturists in this new country, and opened up the trail across the vast stretches of prairie lands, which was afterwards followed by the railroads.

It is not difficult to understand that the development of Oklahoma was due in no small measure to the harvesting machine. The representatives of the harvester companies closely studied the requirements of the farmers and furnished them grain and grass cutting machines suited to handle their large crops. I felt inclined to agree with the argument that Oklahoma could never have raised and harvested such enormous crops, and this great state would never have become so famous in history had it not been for the various harvesting machine companies that supplied the binders and mowers to garner the produce of the vast farms. During the pioneer days the reaper moved civilization westward at the rate of thirty miles a year, and it was the reaper that enabled the early settlers of Oklahoma to achieve their industrial independence. Later, as the trade grew and the demand for machines became greater, several of the companies established agencies in Oklahoma City, in order to place their stock of extras and machines near the new settlements. From 1889 to 1900 Oklahoma Territory was enriched by an influx of farm immigrants who made the raising of wheat a specialty.

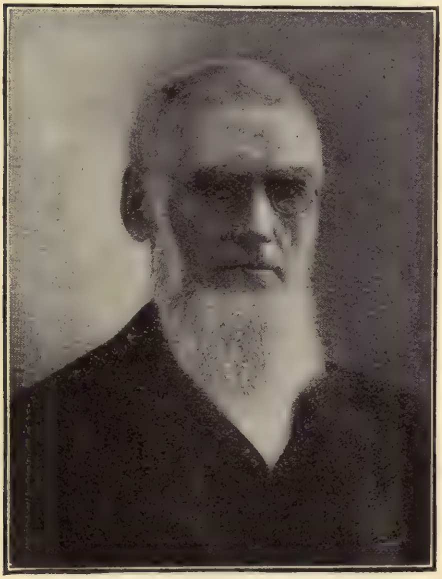
As the somewhat heated argument cooled off, concerning the relative developing power of railroads and harvesting machinery, the talk drifted into comment on the evolution of farming machinery, and the speakers told how, after the passing of the self-rake reaper and similar devices, such of the harvesting machine companies as manufactured wire binders and harvesters sold that class of machines and enjoyed a large trade. Later the twine binder replaced both the reaper and the wire binder, as well as the old hand harvester, and afforded the Oklahoma farmer marvelous facilities for harvesting his grain crops—in short, the Champion, Deering, McCormick, Milwaukee, Osborne and Plano harvesting machines have been powerful agents in the development of the great southwest country; and inversely Oklahoma has repaid the advantages given her, because this great agricultural state has been the birthplace of many of the most important improvements that have been made in agricultural machines during the last two decades. New machines were sent here for field trials, for manufacturers knew well that if a machine would work successfully under the varying conditions to be found in Oklahoma, it would succeed anywhere. One improvement followed another and not infrequently unusual conditions were encountered that necessitated a specialty—thus Oklahoma has been instrumental in developing and perfecting a vast line of modern agricultural machines and implements. In addition to the binders and mowers—with which I now felt well acquainted—I learned that the Oklahoma farmer cannot carry on his business without headers, header-binders, hay tedders, self-dump hay rakes, sweep rakes, hay loaders, hay stackers, hay balers, feed grinders, cream separators, gasoline engines, manure spreaders, wagons, threshing machines, tilllage implements, and binder twine, all of which my debating farmer friends assured me, could be secured through the retailers who are supplied by the International Harvester Company of America.

"WHERE THE LINE OF BINDERS SWEEPS ACROSS THE FIELD"

The great warehouse constructed in Oklahoma City not only meets the demand for quick shipment to the local agencies throughout this district, but is a credit to the International Company and an ornament to the new state and the city in which it is located. In these handsome buildings are kept on hand at all times, duplicates of every part of the machines, which insures a very great saving of time in making repairs when a breakage occurs in the field.

* * *

A nice poultry farm has always had a special charm for me, and when, in Oklahoma, I was shown a picture of Mr. M. M. Shellaberger, inventor of the M. M. S. poultry fence, who is yet hale and hearty and still, at the age of ninety, inventing useful devices, I began to think that the fencing was as interesting as the fowl. Those zig-zag rows of wire were an ideal fence for the handsome birds that I liked to watch. It is not surprising when poultry keepers say that Mr. Shellaberger would be a benefactor to the race if he had invented nothing but this remarkably strong, cheaply-constructed fence, which requires no top or bottom rail, can be erected for half the cost of an ordinary poultry fence, and is never known to sag as the ordinary wire netting does.



M. M. SHELLABERGER
Inventor of Fifty Valuable Devices

While standing with one of the ladies of the farm, inspecting the poultry and their well-kept enclosure, I happened to remark that poultry has an especial attraction for me. She said:

"That's all right, but let me show you something that, if not quite so attractive as fowl, has lots of money in it."

She led the way to an enclosure surrounded by a fence differing from any I had seen, being made of wires, put together in a peculiarly strong manner.

"That's the De Kalb field and hog fence," she said—"we have it all over the farm. Father bought fences from the company fifteen years ago, and he says with their quarter century of experience, they know all there is to know about fence-making."

Then we looked at the hogs inside the enclosure; they were all under six months old; the farmer was working out a proposition that looked to me more complicated than Euclid or Algebra—producing a certain weight of pork for a certain amount of corn, on the basis that a bushel of corn adds more pounds of weight when fed to a pig under three months old than at any other time in its life. In leaving I admired the De Kalb fence around the lawn, and had mental visions of just such a farm and just such fences some years hence, so I carefully noted the address and could almost see myself sending a large order to De Kalb Fence Company, 748 Shukert Building, Kansas City, Missouri, and receiving a fine consignment of their fences to enclose the poultry, hogs, lawn and yards on my dream farm.

* * *

One of the most promising towns in Oklahoma is Chickasha, which was especially called to my attention by an enthusiastic resident I met. This was by no means the first time I had heard of the thriving little city. The fact is that the National has subscribers there, and when one of them, Mrs. John W. Brown, paid a visit to Boston last summer, she took pains to come and see the National in its own home. I carefully placed her card in my book, and in my usual fashion, had made the tour and was sitting again in my office chair before I could remember where I had put that card; then I discovered it in the pocket of my office coat;—but, anyhow, I saw Chickasha.

Chickasha, the gateway to the new Southwest, is a city of 12,500 people, and has an altitude of 1,100 feet above the sea level. Like many of the new Western cities, it has miles of uniform concrete walks and asphalt-paved streets. The city also has seven railroad lines diverging from it, and has an abundant supply of water power plants, furnishing manufacturers with cheap power.

The specialty of Chickasha is its cotton trade, for it is the cotton market of Southwest Oklahoma, and has cotton compresses, cotton seed oil mills, cotton seed oil refineries, flouring mills, railroad shops and many other industries, constantly keeping employed an army of laborers. The beautifully-built business district in the valley, and the residence portion on the hills make a veritable dreamland; the handsome churches and schools are a monument to the character of the citizens who erected them, and who never fail to see that they do good service in the work for which they were planned.

The country surrounding Chickasha is destined to be one of the most productive in the world. Corn, wheat and cotton are each grown here with success equalling that attained in any one-crop country. Garden trucking promises to be a great industry in the future, for fruit of all kinds and of excellent quality grows luxuriantly; in fact, Grady County, of which Chickasha is the county seat, is pronounced the garden spot of the earth, by those who live here. Linking with these important features the fact that the climate is perfect the year around, there is but one explanation for the city's not being overrun with people seeking a desirable country in which to locate—those who read descriptions of Chickasha doubt the plain truth—however modestly it may be stated—for it is difficult to believe until it is seen that any one place can offer so many advantages as are to be found in this rising city in the new state.

HARVESTING AN OKLAHOMA CORNFIELD

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Going around the triangle of the "Katy" road, I arrived at Guthrie, the capital of the state. At the Hotel Royal, in room 47, I found Governor Charles N. Haskell; in these first days of statehood he was meeting the incessant demands for offices, consequent on the launching of the new ship of state. Determined to serve the people well, he held with firm grip all the popular interests, and had proclamations ready and guns prepared to go off the moment President Theodore Roosevelt's pen dropped from his hand after he had signed the paper giving statehood to Oklahoma. At sixteen minutes past nine, Washington time, Oklahoma passed into the bonds of statehood, and the proclamations began to pop—one of them stopping the work on a pipe laid to the Gulf.

Guthrie, the capital, is a city of which its residents may well be proud; with a population of 20,000, paved streets, numerous cotton mills and other factories, nine lines of railroad and forty-two passenger trains leaving and entering the city daily, the most magnificent Masonic Temple in the Southwest, fine city hall, federal building and Carnegie library, and close to extensive coal, oil and gas producing districts, there seems no reason why the citizens of Guthrie should not realize their brightest hopes for their city, the beautiful capital of the commonwealth which is already proclaimed one of the brightest stars in the sisterhood of states.

The new county court house has been leased for state offices, and is occupied by the state legislature. The sessions of this governing body never abate in interest to Oklahomans at morning, noon or night. There is no lack of ideas and suggestions, for everybody thinks what is best to be done for the common weal, exemplifying the sturdy spirit of those pioneers who implanted a state capital in tents; with that intense energy and push characteristic of "Sooners" who builded better than they knew.

With a spirit of prophecy, the first day of opening, in 1889, the settlers of Guthrie laid out a hill in the center of the city, four blocks, for a future building and named it "Capitol Square." Having been a territorial capital, Congress in providing for statehood, retained the seat of government at Guthrie, and there is already a state fund, resulting from the rental of school lands, for a capitol building.

The Daily Capital has, under the management of Mr. Frank H. Greer, developed into one of the best and largest newspaper plants in the new state. In Guthrie is also published The Leader, under the aggressive management of Mr. L. G. Niblack; the State Register managed by John Golobie, the Oklahoma Guide, Oklahoma Odd Fellow, Oklahoma Workman and several other thriving publications speak eloquently of the high intelligence of the people of the new state.

The new hotel, The Ione, is also ready to present its claims as being one of the best in Oklahoma, and furnishes a favorite rendezvous for those who gather at the seat of government.

The hills and valleys, the wide-spreading, fertile fields, the bustling air of industry in the city, the many advantages educational and social, all combine to make Guthrie a very delightful residence city and an attractive location for home builders.

Arriving just after the law enforcing prohibition, adopted by a majority of 18,103, had gone into effect, there was something mirth-provoking in the dejected air of the deserted liquor saloons. In many places the brewery plants have already been turned into mammoth cold storage houses. I saw, standing in a deserted saloon window, a lonesome whiskey barrel which some wag had appropriately draped in mourning, with the sign "Nothing Doing." The ornate furnishings of the saloons and bars that had been gay with foaming glasses and resplendent mirrors that Carrie Nation fain would shatter, were covered with dust. Oklahoma prohibition appears to be backed by public sentiment.

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Clustering about many of the farm houses I visited were the Studebaker wagons—sturdy reminders of the pre-eminent part they have played in the pioneer days of the great West, Southwest and Northwest. The prow and stern of the old prairie schooners and the spanking new wagons glistening in green and red contain that unfailing reminder of sturdy Studebaker construction. Studebaker has become a familiar household word with the beginnings as well as the triumphs of the farmers of the country. What fortunes those revolving wheels of a Studebaker might tell cf the unflinching spirit of the new settlers, from the days of the "sooner" rush in '88 to the splendid christening of the new commonwealth of Oklahoma in 1908. The seal of the new state of Oklahoma bears the Latin quotation "Labor Omnia Vincit," and the same apt words have decorated the Studebaker trade mark for over a half century.

The farm wagons which I observed coming into the many new thriving towns laden with the bountiful crops of the new state, with its million and a half sturdy citizenship, was indeed a caravan conveying more riches across the rich, fertile prairies of the West than the fabled wealth of India and far-off Cathay, creeping along over the burning sands of Sahara.

This is not poetic fancy, but stern facts furnished in the crop statistics garnered under the official seal of Uncle Sam. Unlike the gaily caparisoned camels conveying jewels, silks and precious metals across the desert, the caravan of Studebaker wagons was laden with the foodstuffs that feed the world and bring prosperity and happiness to the Oklahoma homes and radiate peace and plenty in the market.

As I was about to board the train at Guthrie a friend introduced me to the state superintendent of instruction. A pleasant-faced gentleman, evidently overhearing the names spoken, said to me:

"Well, I felt sure that Joe Chapple would come our way some time," and I turned to greet an old subscriber, Mr Jasper Sipes of Oklahoma City, whom I had never before met. Mr. Sipes indeed is entitled to the distinction of being a pioneer, for he has done business in the same offices for fourteen years past, and is still a young and aggressive man. Everybody seemed to know him, though fourteen years in these swift-passing times is a short period in a new state.

WHEN IT COMES TO WAGONS OKLAHOMA WANTS THE BEST

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To the west of Guthrie is Kingfisher, and farther to the west the Wichita Mountains and the Wichita national forest. An effort is being made by the Bureau of Forestry and the Forest Association in Washington to foster these woodland tracts, and also to encourage the planting of new trees throughout the state. A project is now under way to provide for growing forests, exempt from taxation, so that the owners may be able to hold land for full tree maturity. This plan, it is believed, would do justice to the owners of land and be a benefit to the country at large.

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Ardmore is the largest city in a radius of seventy-five miles in Oklahoma, and as such is not only the principal trading point, but is also the jobbing center. The wholesale grocery business at this point alone exceeds $1,000,000 each year. Ardmore has a first-class school system, with four public schools and an attendance of 2,250 pupils, a sectarian college, conservatory of music and a business college. The city owns its water works system, has extensive sewer system, natural gas for domestic and manufacturing purposes, and a street and suburban railway system was almost completed when I was there. The four national banks of the city have a splendid record. Ardmore has no foreign population and few negroes, but every state in the Union has contributed its quota to her population.

As the county seat of Carter County, this city is the headquarters of the federal land office and circuit court. It is also the home of Honorable Charles D. Carter, congressman from the fourth district, a seven-sixteenth Chickasaw and Cherokee Indian, who has been prominent in the affairs of the Chickasaw nation and also in those of his district and city. He is a man of striking appearance and strength, and while he has the facial characteristics of the Indian, there is no severity in his temperament. His merry laugh is contagious; in politics he is conservative. Mr. Carter is a valuable member of the Committee on Indian affairs in Congress, having an intimate knowledge of the red man and the conditions which surround him. He is in favor of the removal of the restrictions on the sale of all Indian lands except the homesteads of full bloods, and believes that there is no reason why an Indian should not work and take care of himself. He maintains that the present paternal system, by which most of the Indians hold their lands and are not subject to taxation, has a tendency toward degeneration and is a policy that has outlived its usefulness.

In the development of Eastern Oklahoma the Missouri Pacific Railroad has been one of the pre-eminent active forces. The story of prosperity is told in a few words. Land is now sold for $15, $20 and $30 an acre. Within a few hours of the great markets of the Middle West are opportunities for homes that Mr. T. C. Kimber, immigration agent of the Missouri Pacific at St. Louis, Missouri, is kept busy telling the people about. Mr. D. E. King who has charge of the industrial interests of the Missouri Pacific is located at St. Louis, armed with stunning and attractive information as to factory and numeral opportunities.

The Indians in Oklahoma are now selling their land for $15 to $35 an acre and the advance in value of these lands can be easily determined by the present value in the adjacent states to the North. The land ordinarily belonged to the Indian tribes and has been kept in their possession by the watchful eye of the Government for many years past. Only one-third of the land is now excluded from sale which means a large increase in population and development of Eastern Oklahoma.

In the towns of Wagoner, Claremore and Fort Gibson, an idea is furnished of the most phenomenal growth and development of Eastern Oklahoma which has been aptly described as the "newest center of industrial and agricultural activity."

In Claremore is located the famous Radium Springs, a sanitarium, and several good hotels for the especial accommodation of guests. With a soil and climate adapted for the raising of almost every crop known in the United States and with resources of more minerals of the kind than known in any other similar area; with a great supply of natural gas, oil and coal, the future industrial and agricultural wealth of Eastern Oklahoma is as certain as any thing can be on this mundane sphere. The restless and progressive spirit of the average American will not permit such a rich country long to lie dormant and undeveloped. The Missouri Pacfic Railroad has done much to bring this to the attention of the people and to attract the capital that has converted the wild and undeveloped lands and resources of Eastern Oklahoma to a state of development surpassing many older sections of the country.

THE TOUCHSTONE

By FLORENCE MIRIAM CHAPIN

NIGHT was coming on. Winfield Cameron drew rein and looked about him. Far below, the lake lay sparkling in the last rays of the sun; and the north and south stretched a long white line that marked the dusty road. It was a wooded, hilly country, sentinelled by blue-ridged mountains whose distant peaks rose in sharp outline against the sky.

Cameron caught the high treble of a racoon's call and the liquid notes of a whippoor-will, but no human voice broke the stillness and his brows came together in a frown. His errand was urgent, and he had no wish to be trapped by the darkness in a strange wood.

All at once his eyes were caught and held by a tricolored flag that waved above the trees half way up the hill, and through the pines, he made out the roof of a house.

Riding on a little way, he came upon a bridle path leading abruptly from the road; and, rightly guessing that this led to the house he had seen, he urged his horse forward.

He had not ridden far before the path merged into a wood-road whose cool loveliness forced admiration even from his hasty glance.

The house, long and low, was built of unstained shingles and surrounded by wide, covered verandas overhung with rose-vines. The latticed casement-windows, swinging outward, gave a glimpse of comfortable rooms within; and Cameron's quick eyes, as they noted these details, widened in surprise. In place of the farm house he had expected to see, this artistic dwelling hidden among the hills was like a mirage.

He dismounted and crossing the piazza, lifted the great brass knocker. As the dull, heavy sound broke the stillness, he found himself speculating as to what sort of person would answer his summons.

It was full a minute before he heard any sign of life, then someone laughed and the door was quickly opened.

A girl in a gypsy dress stood on the threshold, scarlet berries in her long, loose hair.

At sight of Cameron she drew back and glanced in confusion at her fantastic dress, but there was laughter in her low voice when she spoke.

"Won't you come in,—father is at home."

The man smiled. "I came only to enquire the way—I think I must have missed the right road somehow. Can you direct me to James Morton's camp?"

The girl considered. "Why, I know of no such party—unless—can you mean the artist?"

Cameron nodded. "None other."

"In that case, you have indeed missed the road. His place is miles from here, on the other lake."

The man wheeled impatiently. "Is there no way but the road I have come?"

She came out to him on the veranda. "Could you find your way back—as you have come—if the moon does not hold?"

Cameron smiled, remembering the tortuous ride. "I am afraid not."

"The other road, though shorter, is more difficult—really hardly more than a trail at times—and would be impossible to a stranger. I think you will be forced to accept the hospitality of The Hermitage to-night."

"That is impossible, though I thank you." He bent to tighten his saddle girth and she watched him silently.

When he straightened, she threw him an amused glance.

"For the sake of your horse it seems to me a little rest is unavoidable."

"I'm afraid you are right, though I have been hoping against hope that he would hold out." He looked at the jaded animal in dismay.

"He isn't good for very many miles just now," laughed the girl. She held the door and inclined her head. "Won't you come?"

Cameron hesitated. "If you don't mind, I'd rather—"

"Well?" tentatively from the veranda.

"Don't you think that perhaps the horse—" he pointed lamely.

"Oh!" She came back, a gleam of amusement in her eyes. "I wasn't quite sure whether you—"

He nodded. "I see,—my desire to push on with such a weary animal makes you doubt whether—"

She interrupted him, and led the way to the barn. "How was I to know?" she asked stoutly.

She had forgotten her strange dress, but when she caught his glance of unmistakable admiration her eyes fell in dismay. A deep flush burned through her tan, and she toyed nervously with the beaded chains she wore. Cameron, fearing to offend still more, was silent.

On the way back to the house the girl called to her father and he met them at the door—a strange little figure, white-haired and hunchbacked, with a face of unusual strength and beauty.

"My father, John Calvert," said the girl proudly as she placed herself beside him.

The man came quickly forward. "I am Winfield Cameron, late of New York, and at present very much astray in these woods of yours."

As the hunchback's face lighted, Cameron saw that the girl's rare smile was her father's gift. "Haven't you some slight skill as a surgeon?" he asked, extending his hand to the stranger.

Cameron nodded. "I must plead guilty," he returned; "that is my profession."

"Then I have heard of you before. You are welcome." Turning, he led the way into the house, and Cameron, following, watched him curiously. There was nothing unpleasant in his brusqueness, it seemed a part of the man's nervous, intense nature.

An old colored woman was laying the table in one corner of the room, and the girl went forward to make the few necessary changes that Cameron's presence demanded.

Again she had forgotten her costume, and as she moved about the now-darkening room in her gay scarfs and sashes, her brown face gleaming beneath the bright berries in her hair, Cameron thought regretfully of the absent painter and his lost opportunity.

"How far is it from the village to Morton's camp?" he asked a little later, looking up from his plate.

"A good fifteen miles," replied John Calvert. "And a rough road too."

"And from here?"

"A generous thirty."

"Our man will be back tomorrow and he can take you over the trail, if you like," put in the girl.

"I should like a ride over that trail you speak of, Miss Calvert, but I must go tonight."

"Tut!" said Calvert quickly. "T'would be fool-hardy."

The girl's eyes lifted in surprise. "You mean that you are going to try—in the face of almost certain failure?"

"There is one chance and I must take it."

Calvert got up and crossed to the door. He glanced quickly down at the lake and then up at the western sky where a bank of shifting clouds were gathered about the mountain-top. When he came back he shook his head.

"I am sorry, Doctor, since your business seems urgent, but the moon will not hold tonight and in the blackness you could never reach town."

"Sentenced, plainly against your will, to a night at The Hermitage;" laughed the girl, then something in Cameron's set face checked her merriment and she sobered. "Is it a matter of life or death?" she asked, bending forward.

"Yes, of death, Miss Calvert."

She caught her breath. "Is it someone you—care for?"

"A girl hardly older than yourself—my sister," he returned slowly.

"And you—forgive my questioning—you are going to her?"

"No, she is in New York. I came South for my brother-in-law."

"He does not know—of this?"

Cameron shook his head, and there was silence in the room for a time. Then the physician pushed back his chair and rose.

"There is no time to be lost and I think the horse must be somewhat rested by now."

The girl laid down her glass. "Wait," she said suddenly. "I will go with you—over the trail."

Cameron stood motionless, staring in amazement into the glowing face, and Calvert studied her silently. Finally he put his hand on her shoulder.

"Can you do it, Beatrice,—remember it will be dark by mid-night?"

She nodded. "Perhaps we can make the worst of it by that time, and I can trust the horses to take us through. You won't forbid my going, Dadda?" She turned to him impulsively. "It is only what you would want some woman to do for me, you know."

He brushed the hot face with his hand. "I believe you can do it, little girl."

Turning to Cameron, his searching eyes intent upon the latter's face, he challenged him. "She goes in my stead tonight—for the sake of the dying woman—and perhaps because of your own unconscious appeal to her,—will you answer to me for her?"

Cameron's hand grasped that of the hunchback, and the girl slipped from the room to make ready for their long ride.

The physician was silent as he went with Calvert to the stable;—the strange ride before him, this quiet, masterful cripple, and the slender girl with her great, calm eyes and her man's courage, all stirred in him a sense of the unusual.

She was back shortly, the fantastic garb replaced by a short kilted skirt and a white jersey, and where the berries had been she wore a wide, gray sombrero.

As he lifted her to her saddle, Cameron could not repress a smile. "In spite of the change you have not disguised the gipsy, Lady Babbie."

Her eyes laughed. "You knew me, then?"

"As though you had stepped from the book, Miss Calvert."

"I wonder," she mused, still smiling, "if I am true to the character,—would Lady Babbie have ridden the trail?"

"I am inclined to doubt the Scottish girl on that point, Miss Calvert."

"Then perhaps—there is yet time to turn back, Doctor Cameron."

Beneath his quiet scrutiny the girl's eyes fell. "Pardon me, Miss Calvert, but would that be possible?"

She looked up at him from under arched brows. "You mean—?"

"I should hardly have said that withdrawal would come easily to you, Miss Calvert."

She was silent for a moment, then her head lifted and she flicked her riding crop. "You are right, Doctor—we cannot turn back."

They turned into the wood road and up the mountain, the horses breaking into a brisk canter as their way opened out before them. It was almost dark now but a dull, white glow ahead foretold the rising of the moon.

"In a few minutes we can see clearly and then we must push on swiftly," said the girl.

Cameron was riding one of the Calvert horses at the insistence of his guide, who had declared herself unwilling to go over the trail with a strange horse.

"I'm ready," he returned. "It's like child's play now—on such a mount."

"We'll have more than child's play before the night is over," laughed his companion.

Suddenly the horses sprang forward at a low whistle from the girl, and they gained a clearing in the woods just as the moon broke over the hills.

"Look!" with a quick intake of her breath, and pointing with her riding crop.

"Heavens! what a night!" breathed the man.

For a little they gazed in silence, the soft wind blowing upon their lifted faces; then the girl turned, her eyes burning with the spirit of the heights.

"Now!"

The silence of the hills was broken, and down through the valley and across the lake rang the echo of galloping hoofs as the horses leaped forward into the woods again.

There were no words spoken as the riders bent low over their saddles. Once Cameron turned to the girl, and the memory of that glowing face beneath the wide sombrero went with him through all his life, down to his grave and—who knows—perhaps beyond.

Finally, as they climbed slowly up the steep road that led around the mountain summit, Beatrice spoke: "Ah! it is life to ride like that!" Then, with the swift transition that seemed natural to her, her mood changed and her face grew grave. "Is there nothing anyone can do to save the girl?" she questioned.

Cameron bridged the long silence that lay between their last reference to his sister with an ease equal to the girl's own, and shook his head.

"If there were, I should hardly be here."

"I don't understand even now how you,—" she broke off in confusion.

"How I am here, you mean?" he finished for her.

"Yes," agreed the girl slowly.

"Why, you see—she would have no other messenger."

"Was her illness sudden, that her husband knew nothing of it?"

"No—o, not exactly that, but there was no thought of danger until within a few days."

"Could you not have sent then, at the very first?" Her quick, impulsive questions held all a child's earnestness.

Cameron smiled. "Again—we followed the invalid's request. Not until yesterday was I given permission to come for Jim."

"And—can you do it?" She was leaning forward eagerly, her lips parted.

"Only by a miracle, it seems to me—and yet—sometimes I think that the girl's will-power will hold her."

Beatrice's eyes filled. Cameron's words had stirred her very nature. "Is there not something of the infinite in a love that can thus hold a life no longer earth-bound?" she asked reverently.

"There is something of the infinite in every love," the man answered gravely. "But where its power has been denied, as in this case, in the hour of renunciation comes its one supreme moment of triumph."

The girl rode near; she touched his bridle-rein. "And is there not a chance—may it not prove great enough—"

She did not finish, but he understood what she would say and almost envied her her daring faith. The man had struck the key of romanticism in the girl's high-strung nature, and every fibre of her being vibrated to the wild, sweet note.

"Perhaps not all that," he answered gently. "But great enough to span the wilderness of their doubt, misunderstanding, separation, and to make it all as though it had not been—it will be great enough for that."

They did not speak again for awhile, and only the soft thud of the horses' hoofs broke the stillness as they rode slowly around the mountain. On the other side the road was rough and in places overgrown with grass and low tree-shoots, showing little sign of travel.

"The carriage road ends here at the summit and this is the beginning of the trail;" Beatrice explained, as he raised himself in his stirrups and looked down at the steep road-bed. "And you and I are probably the first riders to go through this season."

As they commenced the slow, tortuous descent, Cameron realized for the first time the full strength of the girl's courage—a courage almost foolhardy in the light of the risks she ran;—and yet there was nothing reckless about that slender figure riding her mount so easily, her steady eyes intent upon the rough road, the bridle-reins held firmly in the little gray gauntlets; she seemed as much at home as she had back at the camp in her father's presence.

They were soon in the woods again, the moon-light filtering through the interlaced branches in great white patches on the ground before them.

Now and then the girl looked up anxiously at the sky and urged the horses forward. "We must get through the valley before the light fails us—I am afraid we are going to get caught." She pointed to the west where stray flashes of lightning revealed a bank of dark thunder-heads.

At the foot of the hill they came upon the trail—a narrow, rocky way bordering a ledge. Here Cameron took the lead, and as they wound carefully over the treacherous pass, he recognized the girl's wisdom in not daring to ride a strange horse on such an unsteady path.

She sighed with relief when the road widened and they again rode abreast. "We're over the worst of it now, but the storm is coming." She struck her horse and both animals sprang forward. "There is a cave about three miles farther on and we will try for that."

They rode swiftly, but the sky was nearly overcast, and the mutterings of thunder grew momentarily louder and more insistent. The wind had risen, and as the great trees swayed wildly to and fro, a mighty roar rang through the forest, hushing even the sharp ring of steel as the hoofs struck the stony path.

"That was a run!" panted the girl, reining in and slipping from her saddle. "Here we are, just in time."

A great boulder with a cave in the center loomed before them out of the darkness.

As Cameron swung from his horse, the animal reared his head suddenly with a snort of fear. "Hello!" he exclaimed with more ease than he could lay claim to; "wait, Miss Calvert," and he held the girl back. "We may be forestalled."

The darkness was now intense, they could barely distinguish their outlines. Stooping, he gathered a handful of dry leaves and struck a match to them. Holding his improvised torch above his head, the man peered into the gloom of the cave and made out a pair of angry eyes moving slowly toward him. He jumped back with a warning cry to the girl as the feeble glow of the dry brush flickered into darkness.

There was an angry growl, two pistol

shots, and something sprang by Cameron through the air, howling with rage and pain. They heard, above the onrush of the storm, the heavy thud of the great body as it fell into the bushes, then a loud peal of thunder shook the forest, the horses plunged madly, and the rain came in a heavy cloud-burst.

The man groped blindly about. "Miss Calvert—where are you?"

Something soft and warm brushed his face, and he caught the perfume of her hair as the girl tumbled into his arms.

"Are you hurt?" he caught her and tried vainly to make out her face in the darkness.

She steadied herself and stood up. "I—are you sure I did not hit you, Doctor?"

He laughed reassuringly and struck a handful of matches. In the wavering light he saw the girl standing just inside the cave, the bridle slipped over her left arm and in her hand a little, silver-mounted revolver.

She threw her head back and tried to smile as he peared closely at her, but her face twitched and she let the pistol slip from her fingers.

"You are hurt, Miss Calvert!" he cried, crossing to her. "What—"

"It—it's only my wrist," she answered faintly. "I wrenched it when the horses reared."

"Oh, hang this blackness!" He fumbled for the bridle and drew it over her hand, then he led the horse into the cave.

The girl gave a plucky laugh, "What luck, if your horse doesn't come back. I tried to hold them both but my wrist—" She leaned back against the rock and Cameron, as a vivid flash of lighting revealed her white face, feared that she would fall.

"Here," he touched her gently; "which wrist is it?"

"The left one, luckily for us—the one I held the horses with."

"Well, at least it isn't broken," he said, after he had examined it as best he could in the darkness. "Now for a bandage!" and he made a handkerchief serve. "That will do for a makeshift until day-light."

"What was it that we disturbed?" asked the girl, after a silence.

"A wild-cat, I think. That was a clever shot, Miss Calvert—do you always go armed?"

A quick flash of lightning revealed her laughing eyes. "I was after strange game tonight, Doctor Cameron."

Her quiet words pleased him, as did also her slightly imperious manner. At no time had there been any unwarranted intrusion of self, yet always he knew that she was mistress of the situation.

"Quite true," he returned; "yet the careful soldier would have re-armed before this, Miss Calvert."

."Even though the danger—supposing there had been any—were passed?"

"In times of peace, you know—"

Beatrice kicked the little weapon with her foot. "You are right, there may be other wild-cats, of course," she retorted: "but I will turn the arms and ammunition over to you as the spoils of this nights adventure."

The storm continued for nearly an hour while the two riders sat leaning against the wall of the cave watching the lightning as it crackled in zig-zag outlines across the sky. The rain fell in torrents, and finally drove the physician and his companion into the farthest corner of the rock where they found their hands full in quieting the now thoroughly-frightened horse.

Beatrice shivered and Cameron wrapped her in his coat in spite of her protest. "I can't afford to disable my guide, you know."

"We could ill afford this long wait—is there any chance now that—"

"This darkness can't last forever. Perhaps we can make up what we have lost."

She knew he was speaking with more confidence than he felt but she made no attempt to contradict him. It was some time before either spoke again, then the girl said, dreamily:

"Only think—she is waiting all this while, watching and praying,—and we sit idly here, shut in by the darkness and the storm."

The man made no reply, and she knew that in thought he was back beside his sister's couch of suffering. In imagination she too, saw that frail life throbbing its heart out in longing and dispair, and with a little half-smothered cry she pressed her wet cheek against her horse's neck.

When Cameron rose, his foot struck something hard that rang like the click of steel on the rock floor of the cave.

Beatrice gave a little, catchy laugh. "After all, you chose to abandon the spoils?"

He groped for the revolver and held it up. "I have already captured something of greater value, though I am far from being ungrateful for this."

"What else—"

"Never mind now—I believe the storm is lifting."

The rain ceased as quickly as it had begun and when the clouds shifted, they saw the sky in its first gray mantle.

"Now then, for the horse!" exclaimed Cameron, emerging from the cave.

"He must be just outside—I heard him a minute ago;" and Beatrice followed her companion into the open.

They peered through the gloom, but the girl felt the animal's warm breath on her cheek before she could distinguish him.

There was a touch of color in the sky when they mounted and rode on, and from the woods about them came the first shrill piping of awakening birds.

The physician drew out his watch, and his lips tightened.

"We're too late?" She voiced his fear but her tone demanded reassurance.

"Perhaps not—if Jim is about the camp."

"There will be time if we meet him," she put in suddenly.

"Jim!"

"Yes. Suppose she has called him?"

"Called him—you believe in that?"

In her eager, flushed face he read her answer.

"Don't you?" in a low voice.

"I never did before," he returned slowly.

They galloped on in silence through the rain-drenched fragrance, their faces splashed by the wet branches that brushed across them. As they mounted a bit of rising ground at the opening of the woods, Cameron caught the gleam of water in the lake ahead.

Beatrice nodded. "We are nearly at our journey's end."

"Journey's end—can you complete the quotation?" he asked riding near her.

For a moment her eyes answered his, then she turned her head. "Ours ends at the cross-roads—I shall go back through the town."

They cantered down the hill in silence, and at the foot the girl reined in.

"Look!" she cried, pointing ahead. "There is someone coming."

Following the direction of her whip, Cameron made out a horseman riding toward them. "It looks—it is Jim!" he exclaimed, as the rider drew nearer.

He turned to the girl in amazement.

She was watchng him through swimming eyes. "Oh! he did hear her, Dr. Cameron!"

"I almost believe you are a witch, Miss Calvert, or was the dress of the Egyptian no disguise, after all?"

"Trust a woman's intuition, be she gypsy or no!" She was laughing at him now, but her eyes shone.

When Morton recognized the physician he rode up quickly. "Winfield! Then something is wrong with Helen?"

"She is ill, Jim—and I have come for you."

"I knew—I knew," the man repeated slowly. "I was going to her—is she—"

"We've got to get that train, old man," answered Cameron gently.

Morton glanced at his watch. "We can't do it Winfield—we're too late," then at sight of Cameron's grave face his own whitened, "You're not going to tell me—"

The girl broke in. "Can you paddle swiftly—both of you?"

Cameron looked up in surprise, but Morton answered, divining some new expedient; "Yes, yes!"

"Then go in your canoe to the head of the lake—the engine coals there and you may just make it.

Morton's face lightened. "We must!" he cried, turning his horse about. "Come, Winfield!"

They watched him race back over the road to his camp, then Beatrice spoke: "He is going to get back to her—and you didn't need to come."

"Oh! yes, I needed to come."

The girl's eyes fell. "You will make him late,—see, he is getting the canoe out," and she pointed to Morton's figure in the distance. "And here," nodding to where a road forked their bridle path, "is my home stretch."

"Do you think I am going to say goodbye, Lady Babbie?" He drew from his pocket a little, gray gauntlet and held it up. "I am coming back for its mate."

Her wistful face flamed and her great eyes met his. "Perhaps then," she smiled, a little hesitatingly; "shall we say, Auf Wiedersehn?"

He rode near and their hands clasped. "Auf Wiedersehn—Beatrice!"

A moment they stood thus, then the man spurred his horse forward, and the girl turned and rode slowly on.

As she climbed the hill the sun broke over the mountain-top, and below, on the lake, a man with lifted paddle stood motionless in a canoe watching that slender figure beneath the wide sombrero as the girl rode slowly over the mountain into the sunrise.

THE WOMAN WHO HAD BEEN A GIRL, AND FOOLISH

By BEL ELLIS

IT was ten years later, and the Woman who had been a Girl, and Foolish, was older and wiser.

The allurements of print and picture characteristically displayed between the covers of the "Illustrated Paragon" were a failure as far as her interest and appreciation were concerned. She allowed the magazine to slip from her grasp and began to wonder how much longer the optical nerves of the youngster just ahead would stand the strain their owner was inflicting upon them. A fuller realization of the numerous attractions a gray suit and jaunty hat must possess for the eyes of childhood gradually percolating the density of her comprehension, a smile of amusement crossed her features, and she stared back with all her might.

After a while, though, she forgot her admirer, and the ennui of her surroundings threatening to reach an unbearable climax, turned to the window.

Outside the shadows of dusk were stealing across the flying silhouettes of hill and meadow, and beyond in the eastern sky the golden-eyed goddess of the night showed a red disk above the horizon.

However, the scenery of the world, as viewed from car windows in general and this one in particular, had lost its attractions for the Woman who had been a Girl, and Foolish. Even the moon and its witchery which no swiftness of steam and locomotive could outrace, were an old story; a very old story.

The train rumbled across a bridge, and the muddy waters of a river came into view. She rested her chin in her palm and looked down, and because she had been a Girl, and Foolish, a comparison between the ever-receding view and her youth came into her mind.

She sighed and moved restlessly, a frown of displeasure marring the soft lines of an extremely beautiful face, and then, despite the fact that the landscape without and her environments within corresponded precisely with a hundred similar landscapes and similar environments, felt that a ghost from the past had suddenly risen between her and the outside world.

It was not a new ghost, nor were the sensations it evoked new or rare. Often within the last ten years it had clanked its bones and paraded its wretchedness for her delectation, but always with reason; always in response to some accident of time or presence. But why its presence tonight? She was alone, and, as far as her knowledge extended, a stranger among strangers. The fast express thundering northward had never before claimed the especial privilege of her presence upon its green and gold upholstery. Of her fellow travelers, individually and collectively, she knew nothing and cared much less. Then why the bitter waters of memory that suddenly and without warning were engulfing her.

She pulled down the blind, hoping by this means to exclude the intangible force disturbing her peace, and determined to seek distraction in the observation of the other occupants of the coach, although previous experience in that not very hilarious occupation warned her of its inanity.

A school girl occupied the seat across the aisle, a heaped-up miscellany of text-books beside her bearing testimony to the length and breadth, also height and depth of the curriculum of her alma mater. Her face looked fresh and happy, and she appeared to enjoy the proximity of the military-garbed youth hanging over the back of her seat. Scraps of their gay chatter floated across to the older woman, recalling reminiscences of her own school days, reminiscences she particularly desired to avoid, and her eyes strayed from them to a young widow with long veil and alert eyes, just ahead, but whose general appearance of smartness and interest in her surroundings precluded the idea of recent bereavement.

After watching a small boy in Buster suit deposit himself upon the floor of the aisle with unvarying and monotonous regularity, in his efforts to assume and maintain an upright method of locomotion, the Woman who had been a Girl, and Foolish, stifled a yawn and was preparing to again lose herself in the already familiar fascinations of the "Illustrated Paragon," when the square shoulders of a man several seats in front caught her notice. They and the poise of the head above them seemed familiar.

There was a woman beside him with a baby in her arms, and the child in the Buster uniform evidently completed a family group, for at this juncture, despairing of ever being able to accomplish the perpendicular long enough to attain the goal of his desires, wherever or whatever that might be, he hurled himself upon his father with a howl of disgust.

That person, in accordance with an established precedent, recognized by all male parents of the genus homo, immediately handed him over to his mother, and, after a brief colloquy with her, rose and walked down the aisle.

She knew him the moment he turned, and when his eyes met hers in mutual recognition felt that the blood she resolutely kept from her face had deserted her heart also.

When he reached her seat he stopped and extended his hand with a smile.

"This is a pleasant surprise. I did not know you were on the train. "

"No?" she said, a note of interrogation in her voice. "Mine has been the advantage, you see. I have been studying your profile for several minutes, and was wondering when you would respond to telepathic influence and rise and recognize me." Her tones were cordial, and her features unembarrassed.

He scrutinized them keenly, and with a half-surreptitious glance at the group he had left, slipped down in the vacant half of the seat.

"Was that the reason I concluded to get away with a cigar in the smoker behind?" he questioned lightly. "How little we understand the real reasons underlying our movements! You should have sent out your telepathic messages earlier," bending toward her and smiling the smile he had used with such satisfying effect in the past.

A sudden revulsion of anger and disgust flamed up in her breast. Disgust of the conceited self-complacency with which he had greeted the first words at her command, bitter anger for the smile that showed perfect recollection of a past that had been so much to her, so little to him.

"That is your wife, I presume," she said coldly, indicating the woman ahead, and ignoring his words and manner.

"My wife and children," was the ready response, but his voice had lost some of its easy assurance, and she understood the reason for its change.

He had never loved her, The Woman who had been a Girl, and Foolish. In that long dead and miserable past his had been the character of a gay Lothario; and he had ridden out of her life years ago, while with the wisdom of maturer years she knew that the love her girlish ignorance thought perfect was but an intermittent emotion.

Neither did he love the woman who sat across the aisle and bore his name, and who had borne his children. She was thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances of their marriage *des convesnance.* Moreover, she now knew that men of his stamp never love anything on God's earth save themselves and their own evil passions.

Yet, added to her knowledge of all these facts was the deeper self-acknowledgment that, until this night, her heart had clung to the fragments of that old delusion. Moreover he knew it, she saw it in his eyes, read it in his smile.

The crown of disillusion that the bitter travail of years had at last fashioned for her wearing was scorched by the flames of this final and keenest humiliation.

The child who had been contentedly munching cake squirmed around in his seat and discovered his father's proximity.

"Papa and pitty lady," he announced, with startling distinctness, pointing a sticky finger in their direction. Clambering down, he began again his alternate efforts to stand on his head and feet. His mother looked over her shoulder, and her husband rose with an uneasy laugh.

"I am delighted to have seen you once more, and sorry our conversation must be so abbreviated. The next station is ours, so I will say good-bye," and he held out his hand.

She had slipped her own between the pages of her magazine, and did not remove it.

"The little boy has fallen," was all she said. He picked up his offspring and succeeded in getting him back to his mother.

The next station was not theirs, nor the next. When they left the coach, she pushed up the blind and saw them standing outside in the uncertain radiance of the station lamp. The boy was clinging to his father's hand and staring at the confusion around him with the open-eyed curiosity of babyhood.

She looked down at the man, and instead of the ghost that had been, a wave of contempt surged up in her breast. Remembering how he had beguiled her girlish heart, and broken it as carelessly as he would have crushed a toy within his grasp, she thanked God he was not her husband and the father of her children.

The night wind blew cool against her cheek; the moon had dropped behind the horizon, and the skies were brilliant with many stars. For the first time in years, she felt the peace and protection of the guiding Power behind them.

The group below still lingered. The woman had a shawl of antiquated design drawn around her shoulders. She was thin and awkward, and when she spoke to the child the nasal twang of the country woman of the hills was perceptible in her voice, although its accents were modulated. Her beauty did not exist, never had existed, but as she looked up at her husband the light of blind adoration shone in her eyes, and then the baby put up its soft little hand and caressed the mother's cheek.

The Woman who had been a Girl and Foolish pulled down her blind sharply and opened her magazine, but its print and illustration were dimmed by a mist of tears.

THE SAP

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

HOW like a stream that threads a desert land
 The rising sap moves through the waking tree!
  How like the loosened waters bursting free
When Nilus rising gladdens Egypt's sand!
How all its currents widen and expand
  The while it sweeps through darkness and through gloom!
  And lost at length in ocean arms of bloom.
How white it foams along the orchard's strand!
So, too, within our narrow human soul,
 Like river fair, like bright aspiring stream,
  Love with its wave of hope sometime shall swing:
And ever and forever in its roll,
 Its tide shall clothe our common days with dream,
  And to our lives of emptiness bring Spring!

THE POTION SCENE

By F. BOYD VAN ALLEN

I WAS facing a revolver.

Calmly, with no trepidation, no feeling of poignancy, as sweetly serene as if I were in my own boudoir, I looked straight ahead.

The light from a dying fire gleamed upon its barrel. How polished it was, how cold it looked! And yet I was not afraid.

What lent me power to face this instrument of death? From whence did I gain this sense of mastery—aye, mastery though my vis-a-vis had the advantage of arms?

My vis-a-vis?

As I stood near the fire place, the rays of light fell upon my figure, placing me in bold relief. Opposite within a few feet of me as though delineated by the spotlight of my profession, shone the nickel. Beyond it I could not see.

A hand heavily gloved gripped the butt firmly, but other than this, the covered hand, the flashing barrel, was lost in shadow.

I wondered at my calm. Surely here were all the properties for a scene of melodrama. The stage was charmingly set, the principals were ready and the climax at hand. Who would give the cue?

Laughter irrepressible assailed me and I burst forth merrily, hysterically if you will, I know not which, but it seemed to come from my inmost self.

Silence. Unbroken, awesome silence, the silence of a presence known but unrecognized. In contrast to my piercing laugh it became gruesome.

Fear rushed in, seized me and I wavered. My hand grasped a chair but my eyes never moved from the shining arbiter of my fate.

A faint click! The revolver was cocked. The angle was changed to keep the range but there was no advance from my visitor. The shadows still possessed him—or her.

Was I facing a man or a woman? Then, not until then arose the question in my mind. Was I to be played with by a man or cowed by one of my own sex?

The hand! It was of medium size and the heavy glove hid every indication of its possible character. Whether the hand of a large woman or that of a small delicate man, I could not tell. I would wait.

A flash of light! I shrunk back and held my ears. The cold lead! I could feel it in my breast, cold no longer but burning—burning—ah—

What a fool I was. The fire burning low had given one final spurt and died down to glowing embers, glowing brightly—faintly and then—darkness. Darkness, alone with a wraith and its instrument of death.

In that final burst of flame, shrinking as I was with my ears held against the report that came not, I saw for one fleeting instant the full figure of my aggressor.

What had the light told me? I asked myself. And still trembling with ever-growing fear, I answered perforce—nothing. Cloaked completely in darkest black and wearing a full mask of the same color, I had seen in this one view no more than a shrouded form. The striking detail, the one that dominated all my impressions, gained thus as by a searchlight, was the headgear.

My nocturnal visitor wore a hood!

Why did I feel that in that article there lay the solution of this scene? What intuitions forced me to this as the crux of the situation?

A hood. Women wear them. Did men? Aye. Not the man we meet on the street, not the man of business intent on earthly gain, not the man of war fighting for a cause or a nation, but the man of peace, the man of solitude, of renunciation—the Monk.

My difficulty was in part lessened. The colors of my enemy were known. The erstwhile man of peace had assumed the mask, had seized the weapon of his war-brother to interview a weak woman. The irony of it. Peace with the instruments of war to intimidate a woman.

A woman, but let him beware. I was a woman in the fullest, largest sense—an actress.

Now that I had gained assurance from this knowledge, the scene wearied me. I decided to put an end to it at once. Since he steadily refused the line, it was for me to give the cue.

I fell back in my chair, fearing to move, as I knew that the swish of my skirts would bertray me. Reaching to the full extent I found what I sought. Immediately the room was filled with light.

Curtesying extravagantly I began, "Monsieur le Capuchin, at last we have the lights. Let's ring up the curtain and begin the scene."

He stood in the same position, the revolver at his side partly concealed by his wide sleeve.

"Actress," he hissed. "Fiend! Destroyer of mens' souls! Your judgment awaits."

"Oh it is melodrama then." I laughed gaily. Was it forced? You see I have always essayed comedy. I raised an imaginary glass. "To my debut in melodrama."

"Enough!" he fairly shouted. His form seemed to tower above me like a shadow of ill omen. "Sit there and listen." His hands went to the back of his head as he lay the revolver on the table between us.

"What," I asked pleasantly, "are you going to occupy the centre of the stage alone? It's not fair. I'm not—" But I stopped. The mask had dropped from his face, the cowl slipped back and I beheld—whom?

No one that I had ever seen before—and yet? That full orbed brown eye? The turn of the chin? The almost classic conventionalization of the nose? Where had I seen them?

He caught my look of scrutiny. He smiled. For the only time during our interview, he smiled. "You appear to recognize me. Yet we have never met."

"Yes," I whispered and was surprised at the hoarseness of my voice. Why did his face haunt me?

"But you knew my brother."

I started. What a change in his voice. From biting coldness it had gone to vindictive hatred. The poison of it! I felt engulfed in a torrent of hate. Those five words burned into my heart and to this day they come to me as the echo of a Past.

His brother. Pietro Donatelli Within an instant it came to me and I knew why the face haunted my soul.

Again I answered hoarsely, "Yes."

He leaned toward me supporting his hands on the table. His face was within a few inches of mine. His eyes held my gaze. The hissing of his voice sent thrills up and down my spine.

"You are the murderer of my brother." My shriek was muffled as he clapped his hand across my mouth and again took up the weapon.

He continued after a moment standing before me in the attitude of an accusing judge. I sank into the chair.

"He died in Chicago last night in a gamblers brawl. The news reached me this afternoon. Tonight I am here to demand reparation."

"Demand?" I arose quickly. "By what right do you dare connect me with this?"

"A brother's right. He was my twin, yet younger than I in heart and soul." Spartan-like he strove to master his voice. "A trusting nature, easily enticed, the evils of the world have quickly led to his damnation. Damnation, I say for that it is.. He died, at the hands of an assassin, his sins unforgiven."

"Demand then your reparation of him, not of me—a woman." I tried to steel my heart against the blow for blow it was, that Pietro Donatelli had died a violent death. Pietro, whom I—

"Woman," he broke my thought with the scorn of his voice, "Your weakness will not save you. It is you who shall answer to me, the priest. That man killed his body, but you," his breath fairly scorched my cheek, "you, woman—damned his Soul."

The awfulness of those words. I hid my face to blot that figure of retribution. My cheeks burned, while a bar of ice seemed to press against my back.

"Aye, damned his soul, sent that happy boyish life," a sob, a great manly sob caught his voice, "to eternal oblivion—to Hell." And he repeated the last word, such emotion stirring his voice that I raised my head and fascinated, looked at him.

As I gazed, mixed feelings of fear and scorn swept over me. What attitude should I take? To me there were a number of parts. The weak woman. The scoffing adventuress. The careless soubrette. Which?

His next words decided me. His voice had cleared, the emotion had passed and firmly, inflexibly, even monotonously, he continued.

"It was you who first led him from the path that he chose—the priesthood. It was your face that ever came between the prayer-book and his eyes. Your bewitching artful smile led him on, on and away from his true destiny. Actress, vilest of your sex, you who parade the sacred emotions of mankind before the public eye, it is you and you alone who have robbed the priesthood, and have lost a soul to Heaven. It is you, it is you." His hand raised in gesture fell upon my shoulder and lingered. His hand, the glove had been removed, felt hot upon my bare arm. I drew back but he followed.

"Hold! Not so easily do you escape the brand of Cain. What have you to say before—," he paused and I knew that I was to play my most difficult role. I chose the weak woman. I bowed my head and sobbed as he finished, "before you die." His hand left my arm. How the skin chafed! I raised my face to his, mustered the smile which had made good in "The Spectre Bride," and began my defense.

In order that you may realize my situation, I will take time to describe the *mise en scene.* I was twenty miles from New York in a lonely house, all the occupants of which had departed before my arrival. The estate belonged to my brother, a widower who lived there with a number of servants, but who was at this time in Europe.

The house fronted the Hudson and was separated from it by a large park. To the west were the lodge gates. Between them and the dwelling were several acres laid out as Italian gardens.

This was my home when in town during rehearsal. I had been going there for about a week at the time of this adventure, leaving the city every evening at eight and departing mornings around ten. My maid and the lodgekeeper's wife who came up to cook my breakfast and returned to the lodge to sleep, were my only companions.

This was my position. Absolutely alone, for I had given Marie permission to visit relatives just arrived from Paris. I had nevertheless determined to remain at Ashwood, as the place was called. Fear had never been one of my attributes and I scorned to ask Hopper, the lodgekeeper, or anyone else to stay with me.

Shortly after eleven I entered the drawing-room and although the September evening was not cold, I lighted the fire already laid, and prepared to enjoy a meditative seance in the firelight. For an hour or more I sat thinking of the plans which were before me. I was rehearsing a little comedy preparatory to presenting it early in November, but an offer had just come to try Juliet.

Imagine it! Juliet! Shakespeare had ever been my goal, my passion. I had studied the character, (what actress has not?) but had never contemplated appearing in it. A well-known manager thought me capable and gave me twenty-four hours to consider. Do you wonder then that I sat pondering?

Success was assured me in comedy, for that had always been my line, but tragedy, could I do it? Thus ruminating I sat before the dying fire, head bowed, when suddenly I felt the presence of another and rising to my full height, discovered myself in the light and directly opposite, the cold nickel of Death in the gloved hand.

"Your brother." I guaged my voice so that its emotional powers were dominant. "How well you have characterized him. Sweet, loving, pure. What a heart, what a sweet firm innocence. It touched my heart." I cried a little. "You say that I enticed him from his path, that I led him on. Did you ever think, priest that you are, that perhaps I—a woman of the world, a woman about whom admirers throng, for whom flatterers spread their most tempting feasts—did you ever think that perhaps I found one man, different, oh, so different from the rest—whom I might have loved? Yes, he and he alone, of all that throng appealed to me." I stopped overcome with emotion. His passive face showed no sign but I felt that I was reaching him.

"Pietro," the name caused him to frown, "was indifferent to me at first, and though my heart beat faster when he was near, I tried to reflect his indifference, but love, love such as ours could not be hidden. We are created for love." He scoffed. "Aye, you take refuge in the cloister, but does it not sometimes follow you there?" Did I imagine that he winced?

"There are many kinds of love?" I continued. "Mother love is one, and you knew that for Pietro has often spoken to me of her. The flower of Olatro, she was called, was she not?" His head was turned from me. Was I succeeding? Hardly had I dared hope when he faced about suddenly.

"An end to this," he cried. "You are not before an audience. Your art cannot entice me. I have forsworn women."

"You have forsworn your mother!"

He hesitated. "Yes." His voice broke I am sure. "My mother, my sisters,—all. I am a Son of the Church. The brand of its holiness is upon me. I am marked."

"But your brother bore a truer, a nobler mark, the mark of Love. He—"

"Stop! Blasphemer! My brother's life was marked, yea but marked with ruin, his soul with eternal suffering and you marked it. You must pay the penalty." The way in which he emphasized the "you" struck me like a blow.

"Why should you demand the penalty? You whose creed teaches that 'Vengeance is mine saith the Lord.'" I dropped my role of weak woman. Scorn him I did, for I hated his repeated denunciations.

"Vengeance? I ask for justice. This is a case that earthly courts cannot judge. Woman, I can force you to atone and I will here and now." He opened his cassock.

The absurdity of his seriousness struck me. In the twentieth century, would one expect this? Yet I knew the hot Sicilian blood that flowed in his veins, the passionate revengeful spirit of his race.

The hand came forth from the cassock. The fingers, tightly clasped, held a vial.

I laughed.

"What if it be a poison, which the friar subtly ministereth." The lines from "Romeo and Juliet," with a slight paraphrase to suit the occasion, came to me immediately.

He took no notice. Feel serious, I could not. I had, at first I will admit, some fear of the man, but the feeling ebbed and flowed upon my spirit like a surging tide. Now I felt its ebb. Would the ensuing flow engulf me?

He searched the room with his eyes for a moment and finally they rested upon the table. Following his gaze, I saw him step forward and examine a small cup which stood on a tray with several biscuits and a pot of sugar, probably brought there to offer refreshment to some visitor and through the carelessness of Mrs. Hopper, not removed.

Then I remembered. The previous afternoon I had had a call. But there should be two cups. Trivial thought. Even thus in the midst of great dangers travelers are said to notice little things.

The friar quickly raised the cup and poured the contents of his vial into it. I seemed to realize his plan, he would force me to drink that drug. I must outwit him. Immediately I began to look for the other cup. A plan was half forming in my mind. To carry it out I must have the other cup.

He was again searching the folds of his robe. I was straining my eyes everywhere. The tragedy of the moment was upon me. All thought of humor or play-acting fled. It was a struggle for life. I knew that this determined man would be relentless. The revengeful Italian look was in his eyes.

The time had come for action. I continued my ocular search and was at last rewarded. Under the table on a shelf which connected the four legs, lying tilted among a few magazines lay the second cup. I walked nearer the table and pulling a chair very near, sat down so close that my hand could easily reach under it. My friar stood at the end, tugging at a flask which he had succeeded in drawing from his cassock, in such a position that he could not see my left hand as it sought and grasped the dainty demi-tasse.

My plan was formed. I took a lump of sugar and nibbled it peacefully. Surreptitiously I crushed a second piece in my palm. He had no eyes for me. Instead he was busy at the flask.

The flask! Then it dawned upon me that my plans were for naught. What did that pretty bottle contain?

He said no word but at last his turning ceased and the metal top lay in one palm while with the other hand he held forth the flask as if to pour.

The thing had saved me once. Would it yet, would its contents undo me? His close attention to the resisting screw top, his half turns as he endeavored to loosen it, gave me my opportunity. The sugar I had crumbled in my hand as finely as I could and placed in the cup under the table. Quickly I changed the cups and dumped the drug into my handkerchief, tucking the fragile cup up into my full loose bodice.

I arose. I heard the gurgle of the liquid as it poured from the flask. What could it be?

A poisonous liquid? My only chance was that it might be wine for I had often read of poisons being so dissolved and their potency strengthened.

I walked to the fireplace, threw my mouchoir among the ashes and was about to turn when—

What was that? I almost cried out.

That pale face, those drawn features, that heaving breast—they were mine. The mirror over the mantel spoke the truth. The reaction of the last half hour had told upon me. I looked like a ghost.

"Now we are ready." He spoke and I felt glad that it was to end. Not that I was safe; for the flask—what did it contain?

"You will sign this sheet. There is no need for you to read it." He handed me several typewritten pieces of paper. "They explain that you have taken your own wicked life followed by remorse for your mode of living."

"Suicide! What a diabolical plan. I refuse to sign."

He seized the weapon. "Sign," he said.

"Coward! You dare not kill me. A man would do it but you, priest hypocrite,—

I felt the cold metal at my forehead. He might shoot and then my chance was gone. I must take this lease of life and so I signed.

He handed me a fountain pen. Even the last words of the writing which were visible to me, I did not read. I hungered for the end. Whatever it might be, it would mean his departure.

He slipped the paper into his cassock, adjusted his cowl and held the mask in readiness.

"Drink." I took the cup. Sugar, I smiled to myself and—what? My anxiety was visible. The revolver was again leveled and as I knew the climax, my old self came back.

I was an actress once more. "Romeo and and Juliet" was not beyond me now. The potion scene seemed very real and summoning all my powers, I answered him.

> "Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
> I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
> That almost freezes up the heat of life."

"Come vial." (I took up the cup.)

"What if this mixture does not work at all."

I saw that he was following me. He evidently knew the play. But that last line had a meaning to me which he could not know.

I finished.

"Pietro, I come. This I drink to thee."

I drained the cup and flung it at him. It struck the trigger of the pistol. A report sharp, hissing broke the silence. Far, far away I heard a voice—

"My brother, justice has been done."

And all was still and dark.

It was daylight when I awoke. Mrs. Hopper was bustling about in the hall. I had fallen across a sofa and was very comfortably placed among its pillows. I turned the lights off quickly before she entered.

"Well, Miss, did you sleep here?" She stood in the doorway, her hands upheld in amazement.

"Why I must have," I laughed heartily. "I sat there dreaming last evening before the fire. I awake this morning greatly refreshed. Ergo I must have slept here."

Had I had the nightmare? It seemed so to me.

Mrs. H. busied at the table. Suddenly she stooped and picked something from the floor.

"Is this your whiskey flask, Miss?" It had not been a dream then.

"No-o." I hesitated. "Let me see. Is there anything in it?"

She sniffed at it. "Something, but it ain't whiskey. Don't smell like it." She tipped it up as if to drink. "Huh," she grunted, "Its nothing but water."

And I laughed, laughed long and uproariously. My judge and executioner had thought of everything in his midnight case. What a consummate criminal he would have made. And wasted in the priesthood!

"Bring me a few telegram blanks with my breakfast," I ordered her. "Serve it here."

Why did I say "here," I wonder. Fascination chained me to the spot.

"I will write a moment first," I said as she entered and spread the cloth. As I moved against the table, my dress touched its marble top and there was a little snapping and cracking. The forgotten cup within my bodice had broken.

The first telegram I wrote with a feeling of gratitude.

FATHER DONATELLI,
Capuchin Monastery,
Hazleton, New York.
Dress rehearsal a success. Am sure of my triumph as a tragedienne. VERA D'ARMONDE.

The second, with more hesitation but withal great assurance.

KAW & ARLENGER,
Broadway Theatre, New York City.
Accept offer to play Juliet. Have had one rehearsal on my own account. Hope for success.
VERA D'ARMONDE.

Need I add that I achieved the histrionic coup of that season?

THE MANAGEMENT OF MOTHER

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

MOTHER had decided that something must be done. Father, being a man, could not be relied on in the more delicate phases of the situation, though he might play his part even while resenting the fact that his wages had been lowered and declaring that he would throw up his situation at Grier's. Of course, he should not do that, he would never be satisfied in any other factory; though she must say nothing to dissuade him in his determination, he was too much like Gladys to take advice in the raw.

She had lain awake the better part of three nights thinking it out. No matter what cause Gladys had to be angry with Harry Mackintosh the quarrel must be made up, though it would not do to even hint such a thing to her.

The week previous mother had been to the house of her husband's employer. The Griers were moving their goods and chattels to a suburban habitation and there was a possibility of some of their unwanted effects being of use to others. Looking through the store-room at the top of the house mother, because of troubled thought, discovered nothing that she cared for, not even the cumbrous disabled piano which she wondered how on earth they had toted there—and for years she had harped on the joy of owning a piano. This morning after the trio of wakeful nights that piano obtruded itself on her consciousness. Father was more determined than ever to throw up his situation,—Gladys was perfectly wretched, and Harry Mackintosh—She knew she might have the piano for the asking, and Harry Mackintosh was in the piano department of the store where Gladys had a position. Of course, father would notice the piano when he went today to dismantle the Grier house, and if he was the man she took him to be he would remember her desire for such an instrument.

There was confusion in her mind, but she struggled with it. As a preliminary to the putting into execution of her plan she kept back breakfast as long as she could, knowing that father was in a hurry to get away. When at last she seated herself at the table she was taciturn, not to say sarcastic, till father would have said she was in a bad humor. Johnny, a man in embryo and thus susceptible to atmospheres evoked by femininity, was uncomfortable and guessed he must hurry to the store where he also found an avenue for his abilities through the recommendation of Harry Mackintosh.

Mother's eyes were as bright as diamonds as she slowly poured the coffee.

Said father, "Time's passing. You know I promised to be at Mr. Grier's early."

To have seen mother!

"Certainly," said she with scathing suavity, "go and break your back lifting heavy furniture for a man who cuts you down to ten dollars a week."

Father frowned.

Mother smiled out of the corner of her mouth.

"How that man winds you around his finger," she went on. "I only wish I was a man, I'd show you independence."

"Oh, gee!" guffawed Johnny. "Wouldn't mother make a dandy man!"

"Johnny," complained Gladys, "your laugh makes my head worse. Father, will you have some potatoes?"

But father did not care for breakfast. He rose from the table remarking that it was time he was off, and left the house. Out in the street he argued that mother was right, he was a poor sort of man to go and do as he expected to do today; he had had his wages cut down to ten dollars a week, and never before last week had he drawn less than fourteen. Very likely the old city neighborhood was no longer good enough for the Griers and they were going to the country along with many other fashionables, there to set up an elegant establishment, and wages at the shop were reduced in order that the extra expenses be met.

"Though," Mr. Grier had said when the reduction was broached, "if you can better yourself, Cleaver, do so."

Better himself! He had made up his mind to quit the coming Saturday—he said he would dig on the streets rather than work for ten dollars a week in order that another man might live in a finer house than he had lived in.

It was a rather bad time to leave, too, for not only were situations scarce, but Gladys had been laid off three weeks on account of her headaches. Naturally, Gladys was sick, for she had given up Harry Mackintosh because of a neglect of her in which theatre tickets figured—she said if a gentleman engaged to a lady could not afford to take the lady to see a play "all the other girls" had witnessed he could not afford to marry, and they might as well come to an understanding before it was too late.

Father could imagine her saying that, her head in the air, every letter of her speech accurately sounded.

Harry had taken her at her word, and no longer came to the house of evenings, and she had sent back the engagement ring. Naturally, mother upheld Gladys; she said that a girl had a right to insist on what was her due in refusing to marry a miser who put all the money he could rake and scrape together in a building association and made his intended ashamed to face her friends who had seen the play. For all that, Gladys was wretched and staid at home and complained of brain symptoms, though father was positive this sequestration was desired in order to fit herself for the time when business should throw her in the company of Harry. Thus absenting herself from commercial pursuits Gladys brought in no money, and ten dollars a week would go only so far and no farther. True, Johnny's wages were three dollars, but then Gladys wished him to leave the store where he had been promoted to Harry's department—she said Harry would "just gloat" over the boy's remaining and think the family could not get along without Johnny's pay.

But remain with Grier? Not much, Saturday would be the last of it. He frowned; he had not seen his way to refuse when Grier asked him to assist in clearing out the house, for the request had been put so pleasantly, as though to an old friend.

He sighed. He wished mother had not been quite so sharp this morning. Acknowledge it or not, it was a wrench to quit the place where he had worked twelve years, though mother said he was right in standing up for himself and not be put on. Her agreeing with him made him think all the more of old times, though he was not cognizant of it.

He rounded a corner and faced the Grier house. A pretty fine house it was, and yet not good enough for its present occupant and his wife. He wished he had one-half as good, four stories high and two servants, while his own was in a blind street, and he did not know how long he could keep even that up. He never had felt poorer than at that moment.

Some one came out on the house-steps. It was Grier.

"Morning, Cleaver!" he said. "You're the first to arrive. "We," and the "we" was quite in the way of comradery, "we might as well go in and see what we will take and what leave. The wife, she has gone to the new house with the maids and wants me to clear out the store-room, sell what we do not want to a cheap-John. The lower rooms are all right, the movers attend to them tomorrow. But upstairs there is an ancient accumulation of trash. Have a smoke?"

Could Cleaver refuse the cigar? He did not light it, though, but slipped it in his pocket. He looked around at the furniture all ready for transportation, handsome sofas and chairs, pictures and bric-a-brac. He was much impressed by a gold cabinet, he thought it would be fine in his own parlor filled with the plaster images mother bought from the Dago who peddled them in the street and asked a dollar and was satisfied with fifteen cents. Then the top of the cabinet might support that magnificent red plush album that did not cost mother a cent, merely trading-stamps. Let mother alone to get bargains. Though there was little time for more than a passing glance, for Grier led the way up stairs. Flight after flight to a long apartment filled with a heterogeneous collection of discarded things.

"If there is anything you want here," said Grier, "speak out. Though your wife did not appear to care for anything when she came. Maybe she was modest. You may have *anything*."

Cleaver would have bitten off his tongue rather than ask for anything, he hated the man for the suggestion—any one owning the elegance of this house to cut down wages to ten dollars! He helped pull the things apart.

All at once Grier called a halt.

"After all," he said, "the second-hand man might as well take the whole lot, there's nothing I care to save. We'll just move everything down into the lower hall and get the junk man in." He laughed. "There's an instrument of torture. By the way, Cleaver, you don't happen to know anybody who is hungering for a piano do you?"

A piano! The thing mother had wanted for years! A piano! Johnny was musical, could whistle any tune he heard and asserted that he had learned to play at the store. Besides, Gladys had a voice—

"It's an old soldier," Grier went on reminiscently, "belonged to an old aunt of mine. She used to play "The Maiden's Prayer" on it when I was a boy. There it is."

And there it was, square, bulky, a piano! Mother to have a piano!

But dared Cleaver say he would like it when he had determined to leave the shop on Saturday?

Grier seated himself on the window sill, as people will do when they are moving, no matter how many other seats there may be.

"I wish Johnson and Brown would hurry along," he said. "They are going to help too. That's what I like about you, Cleaver, you're always on time."

Cleaver gnawed his mustache, praise from its present source was just then distasteful.

And there was that piano, his for the asking!

Grier was barking the surbase with his swinging heels.

"What's the matter, Cleaver?" he asked. "You're so quiet. Sick?"

Cleaver cleared his throat.

"I'm all right," he said.

"All well at home?" inquired Grier.

Cleaver wished he would let the family's health alone.

"They're all right," he said.

He carried chairs and tables down to the first floor hall, each time he returned to the store room his eyes seeking the piano. Mother to own a piano!

"Cleaver," all at once Grier said on one of these re-entrances, "I think I know what ails you. You don't like the little money you are getting. You're worth more. But I want to tell you something. Matters haven't been at all bright with me of late, I've had losses, and you know business is slack. I'm moving out of town to a cheaper place than this. I might have let you fellows go, only I knew how hard it was to get positions these days, so I held on to you."

This was a rather new aspect of the situation—losses, a cheaper house out of town.

"I hope," pursued Grier, "in a month or so to see my way clearer. I am dickering for some contracts, pretty sure of getting them, and then your wages will go up. Though, as I told you last week, if you can find anything to do that will pay you more than I am giving you don't hesitate to take it—don't let old associations stand in the way, for while you were the first hand I engaged when I inherited the business from my father I don't want to keep you from bettering yourself if you can do so. I thought I owed you this explanation, and so I make it. There they are," for the electric bell below whizzed. He left the room and rattled down the bare stairs.

Cleaver stood there, his ears warm, a prey to contrary emotions. The boss was in difficulties and yet held on to him because he knew how hard it was to get a job anywhere! And mother thought him a poor sort for helping to move a man who had cut him down! And there was that piano!

He heard Johnson and Brown coming up the stairs. Grier was not with them.

"He said you'd tell us what to do, Cleav," said young Brown, who always had so much to say for himself. "He seems to think you're the whole shooting match."

Cleaver informed them that the storeroom was to be cleared out, and they set to work.

"Hi!" all at once young Brown sang out. "A piano. It's a beaut. Look at the strings, rusty as they make 'em. What are we to do with it?"

A psychical moment had been reached, on the instant there came a clarification.

"That," said Cleaver, "is to go to my house. It's mine."

"Cut it out," incredulously cried young Brown. "Going to learn?"

"That's all right," returned Cleaver. "I've got a boy that can play the lid off a tin kettle," jolly all of a sudden, seeing a way he hoped would square things. There was evidence of Grier ascending. Cleaver went to the door to meet him, fearful that the piano might be offered to one of the other men. "I'll take it," he said. "My boy's a born musician."

"So you get it out today," the gift-maker replied.

After that Cleaver worked like two men, hauling heavy loads from the top to the bottom floor and bargaining with second-hand men. At noon he left for dinner.

He entered his house rather dubiously. Mother, jerkily putting the edibles on the table, took no notice of him though there was a strange alertness about her. Gladys's head appeared to be at its worst. In came Johnny. He was whistling.

"Stop that noise," complained his sister.

His music tabooed, Johnny attacked his dinner as though that should respect his rights at all events. There was silence.

Suddenly mother spoke: "If anybody likes the quiet of the grave let them come to this house," she said bitterly.

Here the husband and father opened his lips as though adjured to do so.

"By the way," he observed generally, "I'm to have a raise in a month or so. Work's slack, but it'll be brisker after awhile. And Mr. Grier's moving to a cheaper house to lessen expenses. I was the first hand he took on when he went into the business, and —and—say, Johnny, how would you like to have a piano?"

Mother's head went up.

"Who, me?" cried Johhny. "Oh, gee!"

"I would not," commented Gladys, "have him make a dunce of himself, father, letting him think such things."

"It's true," said her father. "Mr. Grier gave me one. It's got splendid legs, all carved. It belonged to his aunt."

"We've got no room for a piano," objected mother tremulously.

Gladys pushed aside her plate.

"We can make room for it," she said, more alive than she had been for weeks. "Harry Mackintosh needn't think nobody can have things but misers."

"Oh, gee!" laughed Johnny. "I'm the boy can play on it too!"

"When can you get it home, father?" asked Gladys boldly.

"Today," answered father. "Today," and looked from one member of the family to another, hopefully, doubtingly.

Mother took the center of the stage.

"A piano!" she said witheringly. "What will we do with a piano?"

"It's the very thing," cried Gladys.

"Well, have it your own way, you three," said mother. "It's plain to be seen I'm of no account in this house."

Father looked crestfallen.

"Oh, let her have it, Joe," said mother, "if she's crazy about it. All I could do or say wouldn't alter her when she wants a thing. Get it, I insist on it. That's the last word I've got to say about it."

"It's the very thing," insisted Gladys.

Father felt less poor than had been the case in the early morning, he knew if Gladys were made happy mother would also be happy.

"It's rather big, though," he demurred, siding with mother. "It'll take up a good deal of room."

"The bigger the better," said mother, "I hope it'll take up all the parlor—I never have time to sit in the parlor. But I will say one thing, Joe. Mr. Grier's a gentleman. I take back what I said about him."

Father put his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat.

"Oh, gee!" delightedly cried Johnny. "I can play it tonight. You ought to hear me play "Angels Ever Bright and Fair!" Harry Mackintosh showed me how."

"If," Gladys began severely, "you have anything to do with "Angles Ever Bright and Fair" I'll—I'll—" and burst into tears and left the room.

Father took his thumbs from his waistcoat armholes.

"Johnny Cleaver," asked mother, "couldn't you think of any other tune than the one Harry Mackintosh taught you? It's too bad. It's time for you to go back to the store, any way. And, Johnny," she spoke insinuatingly, "if you should get the chance tell Harry Mackintosh we've got the piano. The idea of him not making it up with a girl like that!"

"Would she let him make up if he wanted to?" asked father.

Mother shook her head compassionately.

"Joe," she said, "I'm afraid you'll never know women. But we must clean the parlor ready for the piano if it *must* come. I understand Gladys, and she'll help sweep, poor child." She was clearing the table. She came around and put her hand on father's shoulder. "Joe," she said, "I haven't been in a good humor lately, and I may have said things—"

"No, you haven't," he interrupted. "I know how it is myself."

"Well, have it your own way," she retorted. "And goodness! Look at the time!"

Cleaver got up in haste. He went back to the Grier house. He was surcharged as with a new atmosphere, and his employer remarked on the change in him.

"It's the piano," lamely explained Cleaver.

Of course, Cleaver got it home early, riding in the car that brought it. Gladys was waiting for it, a wry smile on her face, for mother had told how Johnny would take Harry Mackintosh down a peg in speaking about the instrument.

The piano took up a good deal of room in the parlor and you could not open the front door the full width in consequence of it, though as mother remarked, if the rest of the family did not mind squeezing themselves flat when they went out or came in it was all the same to her, especially as she was so busy over the range she seldom had time to leave the kitchen.

They sat down and contemplated it, Cleaver solemnly satisfied, mother noncommital, Gladys bitter.

"The wires might have less rust on them," criticized mother, "and no harm done."

"But mind the legs," said father, "all carved. Now you've got something to sing to, Gladys."

"Sing!" repeated she. "I'll never sing again in this world. But it is a sort of retaliation and—" she left the room abruptly her handkerchief up to her eyes.

"I'm sorry," father said blankly. "I only meant to cheer her up a little."

Mother laughed easily. "She'll come around," she returned. "It's rather dark, let's light the lamp and see how it looks that way."

The piano took the lamp-light very well.

"I'm glad my wages go up in a month or so," said father.

"Somehow or other everything comes right," replied mother, with an air of conviction. "There's no use fretting, I say."

Cleaver pulled from his pocket the cigar Grier had given him in the morning.

"One of the kind he smokes himself," he said.

Here Gladys came in, putting her handkerchief up her sleeve as she did so.

"Mother," she said, "I've been silly staying away from the store so long. I'm going back tomorrow. I will let no man see that he can hurt my self-respect."

Mother nodded dryly.

"Suit yourself," she returned. "Don't go if you don't feel like it."

"Indeed I will then," retorted Gladys. "Nothing could prevent me."

And here was Johnny.

"And no supper ready!" mother cried in consternation. "It all comes of father being home since five o'clock—it upset the time of day. Well, Johnny, what do you think of it?"

"Oh, gee!" commented Johnny, seating himself at *it* and touching the keys whose emitted sound might have been sweeter and louder.

"Play," commanded Gladys with the air of a martyr who refused to consider her own feelings, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." I see you're just crazy to do it."

"No," objected mother, "that's the tune Harry Mackintosh taught him."

"Play it!" reiterated Gladys. "Play it!"

"Oh, say," cried Johnny, wheeling around and facing his audience, "I told Harry. I didn't dare to say so before, Glad, but he's asked after you every day. He wears that ring you sent back on his watch-chain. And he's buying a house through the building association, and—"

"Go on with your music," interposed mother. "Can't you see Gladys don't care?"

And Johnny made melody.

Though he had not gone very far in the Handel selection, and father was looking at his wife in astonishment at his son's proficiency, when there came a rap on the door.

"Oh, I forgot," said the performer, muting his fingers, "Harry said maybe the piano needed a little overhauling, and he'd stop on his way home and see. That's his knock—it's the way he always used to knock."

Gladys rose to her feet.

"He will not see me," she said, "I don't need overhauling."

"Gladys," and again mother took the

center of the stage, "I never oppose you, and you know it. But I've tried to bring you up like a lady. The idea! Are you afraid of him?"

"Afraid!" and Gladys resumed her seat. "Afraid!"

"As for me," mother went on hurriedly, "I don't look fit to see a living soul in this frock. Father, we'll go and see about supper. Gladys, you can ask him to stay if you want to. Johnny, you go and wash your hands before you touch those keys again, go at once." Then over her shoulder, "Gladys, there's nobody to open the door but you."

In the kitchen mother turned to father. "Joe," she said dreamily, "I once had a copy-book that said music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, and after all a house you own yourself is better than theatre tickets. There's not a sound in the parlor. They're making it up. He won't have that ring on his watch-chain when he leaves this house. And the piano has done everything! Kiss me, Joe!"

Then father struck a match and lighted his cigar which he proceeded to consume with the air of a millionaire. He was only a man and could not comprehend the far-reaching of the feminine mind.

FEDERAL MINING BUREAU

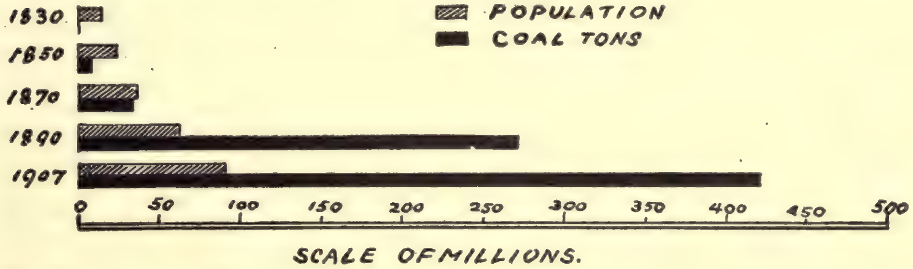
By CARL SCHOLZ

THE President's message delivered to the Sixtieth Congress at the opening of the session contains several paragraphs which are of special importance to the mining and coal industries, and it is the object of this article to invite the attention of those who are not directly interested in mining or mineral lands to the importance of the President's recommendations.

It is only reasonable to suppose that the first part of the message, referring to corporation control, railroad legislation and the currency question, will prove the most popular, because these subjects have recently filled the daily press and have been the topics of general conversation. It is, therefore, possible that members of Congress will devote a majority of their time and attention to these matters. The various trade papers will undoubtedly comment more or less on that part of the message referring to the industry which they represent, but since trade papers are not read by the general public, it is desired to place before the readers of the National Magazine the President's recommendations on the subject of mining, because the mining industry and the question of fuel enter into the economy of every household to a greater or lesser extent, and it is a subject which merits much more general attention than it has been given. For the purpose of emphasizing this statement, it is well to say that the spot value of the mineral resources in the year 1907 will exceed the sum of $2,000,000,000. This is an increase of fifty per cent over the year 1902, and for comparative purposes it may be said that the value of agricultural products in 1907 was $7,000,000,000. Very few appreciate the relative value of these two products, mainly because there is so little said about the mining industry, the work being performed out of sight and by a comparatively small number. The coal mining industry alone has grown from a production of twenty-two tons in 1814 to 420,000,000 tons in 1907. To convey this information more clearly the graphic table on the opposite page illustrates the ratio of increase in population and production of coal in tons.

In 1907 five tons of coal were produced for each inhabitant of the United States; in 1870 the production was less than one ton per capita. Whether this rate of increase will continue at the same pace is, of course, problematical; it is hoped, however, that it will not diminish, because the consumption of coal characterizes the civilization and industrial status of the producing country.

President Roosevelt's recommendations to conserve the fuel supply are, therefore, most timely. According to the data collected by the United States Geological Survey the supply of coal still in the ground is sufficient to furnish our fuel requirements for many years to come. It cannot be denied, however, that the best and most accessible coal areas are now being worked and depleted at a very rapid rate and future generations will be obliged to go to deeper lying veins or mine thinner seams at a material increase in expense. Mining in the true sense of the word is a process of depletion, and in this respect differs from manufacturing and agricultural industries. We may fertilize the soil to bear increased crops or supply raw material for manufacturing purposes from afar or even foreign countries; we may maintain a reasonable timber supply by replanting our forests, but we cannot replenish the coal supply or create new iron or gold mines after the deposit is once exhausted. A careful study of the principal coal fields of the United States, which have been furnishing the major portion of cheap fuel, will readily convince the investigator that before many years the cost of producing coal will increase considerably. It is obvious that the operators of mines will endeavor to obtain every possible ton of coal from their holdings, not alone for the purpose of being reimbursed for the original cost of the land, but also for the cost of improvement and development. It is believed that by development on a larger scale this can be more readily accomplished than by small mines, and especially such as are developed without sufficient capital and are obliged to depend upon immediate profits for an existence. Small mines are but short lived and frequently are so located as to render large coal areas inaccessible or at least make the operation of adjacent territory hazardous on account of the accumulation of water and gas in abandoned workings.



Aside from the protection of the remaining coal area by complete extraction of the territory under development and the protection of adjacent areas, there are many other methods which properly come under this head. In coal mining degradation of the product is of much importance. An essential feature in mining coal is to obtain the largest possible percentage of lump coal. Coal of this size is more in demand and has more intrinsic value than the smaller sizes. The method of pick mining has changed materially in the last ten years. Heretofore, where coal was mined by hand, an undercut or kerf was made in the face of the coal vein, either in the bottom or on the side and the blasting holes were so located as to readily bring down a large quantity of coal with a small amount of explosive. The miners were paid for lump coal only, which was weighed, after it had passed over a screen, to eliminate the slack. The mine laborers, however, insisted upon the adoption of a mine run basis, whereby they receive pay for all the coal mined irrespective of size. The undercutting of coal was discontinued, the entire output of mines not using undercutting machines being produced by blasting "off the solid." It is obvious that this system eliminates the premium which had been paid for producing coarse coal. The mine run system has increased the production of slack at least ten percent, with a corresponding reduction in the production of lump coal. Careful experiments in a three and one-half foot vein of coal show that by shooting "off the solid" one keg of powder, containing twenty-five pounds, is required to blast down twenty tons of coal; where the coal was undercut by hand or with a mining machine, 110 tons of coal were shot down with the same amount of powder.

The determination of conditions as to ownership, waste in mining, and safety of the miners engaged in this work, are questions to which it is hoped Congress will devote considerable attention. There is at this time no special department of the Federal Government interested in the operation of mines. The purpose of the Geological Survey is more especially to map the mineral resources of the country and furnish descriptions of the deposits. The establishment of mining laws and enforcement thereof is left to the state legislatures. In connection with the St. Louis World's Fair, in 1904, a technologic branch was established by the United States Geological Survey to test fuels as to their relative value and adaptability for coking, gas, briquetting and other purposes. It is believed that the appropriations allotted for this work have been well worth the money expended. It is only regretted that they have not been extended. The permanent testing plant established by the German government near Berlin has demonstrated the value of such an institution.

Another and perhaps the most important function which should be looked after by the Federal Government through a Bureau of Mines, as suggested by the President, is the safety of the miners. Within the last few months several horrible accidents have occurred and over 1,000 men have lost their lives, leaving many widows and orphans. Apart from the humane side, these accidents impair seriously the value of the property and create expenses which must be borne by the coal consumer. Foreign countries, where mining has not reached such large proportions, have experienced the advantage of governmental institutions to examine into these important matters. England has its Royal Mining Commission, France its Department de Mines, Germany and Austria their Bergwerk's Commission. The press accounts of these explosions usually conclude with a paragraph that the Governor of the State has ordered the Mine Inspectors and other experts to the scene to report on the disaster. This may be all that the Governor can do under the circumstances, but no reports will restore the lives lost and bring back the wage earner to his dependents. The proper course is to ascertain in advance what leads to these explosions and adopt precautionary measures. The Technologic Branch of the Geological Survey had expected to conduct some experiments during the fall of 1907 at Pittsburg to determine certain data on explosive mine gases, coal dust, etc., but the appropriations were not sufficient and the work was incomplete. These very observations perhaps would have prevented the loss of life which occurred in that field during December. It is very evident that no one confined to a restricted territory is able to grasp the diversity of conditions and needs existing in such a large area as the coal fields of the United States cover. The data from various fields, including the status of atmospheric conditions, must be correlated and deductions can then be readily made as to the causes. The Weather Bureau collects data from all parts of the country to compile their weather forecasts for the benefit of business and agricultural interests. The United States Agricultural Department expends about $10,000,000 annually in its work, which is purely of a commercial character. Why should the Government not be willing to spend a considerable sum if lives can be saved thereby? It is sure to follow that without concerted action and assistance by the Government the coal operators alone will be unable to overcome these conditions, which will certainly become worse as mining operations extend to greater depths. Experience has demonstrated that state legislatures are not always capable of deciding the best methods, and frequently in their anxiety to adopt measures of safety, they impose unfair burdens on the operators, the expense of which must finally be borne by the public. Reference may be made to the shot firer's bill which was passed in Illinois two years ago, it being a well known fact that this measure is costing several million dollars a year in degradation of the coal and additional timbering required, which is paid for by the coal companies and the wages of shot firers borne by the miners. There may be certain mines in the state which require shot firers; the great majority do not, yet the law has to be enforced on all irrespective of conditions. The Governor was undoubtedly influenced by the miners who are of greater number than the operators; solely perhaps for the reason that he did not wish to bear the responsibility for loss of life. Had a Federal Bureau been in existence to advise him, he could have safely acted upon its recommendations because of impartiality to the interests involved. The study of explosives and the establishment of a charge limit, such as exist in most European mining countries, is absolutely essential.

The most important part in the mining of coal is the subject of labor. The largest portion of the bituminous coal is produced by members of the United Mine Workers of America, and the strength exerted by this organization has been keenly felt by all coal operators, including the fields where this organization is not recognized. In 1906 a close down of all mines resulted on account of the inability of the operators to effect a wage agreement with the representatives of the Mine Workers' organization. In anticipation of this close down many thousand tons of coal were stored by consumers and speculators, involving large expenditures. Strikes and lockouts in any industry are damaging and expensive. There is no reason why the coal industry should be harassed with them. While it may not come within the jurisdiction of this mining bureau to adjust questions involving labor, familiarity with the subject will enable it to furnish impartial advice to the proper authority, irrespective as to how it may affect either side. At this writing there is in session a conference committee representing the bituminous miners of western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, to form a new wage scale, the present contract expiring April 1st, 1908. The states above mentioned form the so-called central competitive field, and it is the claim of the mine worker's officials that these wage agreements stimulate the markets and assure uniform conditions for all operators within the four states.

Without going into the merits of this agreement, the underlying principle is to arrange the mining price so that the coal from the more distant parts of the field can compete in the western and northern states successfully with the coal produced in the fields which are geographically much nearer the larger markets. Nature provided different qualities of coal and varying mining conditions, which in the end may equalize competition more fairly than can be done by adjusting wages.

COLOMBIA

FOR ages past, o'er wide Pacific's breast,
The waves, in vain, assailed Colombia's shore.
The storms of wild Atlantic's stern unrest
Have lashed in vain her Eastern rock ribbed door.
Two mighty oceans, severed by a span,
Have surged in vain: They rest where they began

The coming age shall view a different scene;
The fight by nature lost, by pluck once won,
Pacific's blue will mingle with the green
Of dark Atlantic, toward the setting sun.
One giant's arms around the earth be hurled;
One mighty current circle all the world.

Ellen Sergeant Rude.

A TALE OF SPOONS

By Emily Hewitt Leland

THE late Sunday dinner was often an ordeal for us after our long suppression through Sunday school and church service. We abounded in what is mildly termed animal spirits, which often contrived to burst forth during this repast which was made by our father a deliberate and rather solemn feast.

One summer Sunday a visiting minister came to dine with us. He was an extremely odd looking man with a very round smooth face, long "almond" eyes, and a genial mouth which extended, even in repose, well into his cheeks.

Just after we were seated and the minister had given thanks, father was called away by an urgent neighbor to see a very sick horse, and we were left alone with our guest and our poor little mother.

We were all helped and behaving beautifully eating not too fast and responding with solemn "yes sirs" and "no sirs" to the minister's beaming questions, when the unfortunate Edward—one of the twins—picked up his dessert spoon and contemplated his features therein. These spoons were very new and bright and brought out in honor of our distinguished guest. Edward gave one intent look—widening his mouth slightly—and then sent a "wireless" to his twin brother across the table who proceeded to examine his spoon. It was too much. There was a choking cough which napkins tried to smother, and then a desperate effort to resume—for we were half famished, and it was mean to make trouble for mother—but eleven year old Ellen was also moved to examine the new silver, and being a very spontaneous child and quick to see any possible point, there was an immediate explosion—outward on her part but inward with the poor twins who grew purple and swelled until their buttons were ready to fly.

"Children!" said mother in her gentle admonishing way.

Being the eldest I glared at the reprobates, kicked Ellen's foot and casually looked in my spoon. I caught the infection. I beheld the striking image of our visitor, most comically aggravated, the smiling mouth a little wider and the almond eyes more almond! How I suffered! I felt my mouth twitch and a cold sweat steal over me. I knew the eyes of Ellen and the twins were fixed upon me goadingly, defying me to "hold in." I ventured half a glance at mother. She looked pale and scared and was trying to reply to our guest on some grave question concerning the church. Then one of the twins choked violently and withdrew with staggering steps to the kitchen.

The look of his vacant chair and the mouthful of meat poised on his fork only added to the idiotic mirth swelling within us. The other twin soon followed his brother as a matter of course—they were always "two souls with but a single thought"—and Ellen and I were left to our own struggles. Poor Ellen, how bravely she tried to be calm! She was almost succeeding when the minister, kindly essaying to help matters, said something about happy childhood and its all too fleeting years. Then Ellen gave one of those hard dry sobs we read of.

"Ellen please see if I closed the pantry door," said mother with heavenly tact. She was a good deal like us—when there was no father or minister around.

Ellen fled with alacrity—and did not return. I was left alone. I still felt twitchy, and when our visitor asked me some commonplace question about my school I answered in a trembling excited voice entirely out of keeping with the theme. Still I was calming down. The sense of my elderly superiority to childish weakness was doing a good deal for me, and I was almost ready for the dessert a delicious "floating island" with whipped cream—when I saw mother cautiously looking into her spoon behind the shelter of the coffee pot. I saw her mouth suddenly shut tight and knew that she would instantly steal a look at me—her sympathetic eldest.

"Please excuse me, also!" I gasped. "I think I hear—" and I speedily took my way into the far recesses of the orchard, where I found Ellen and the twins, and lectured them severely on their silly lack of control, their horrid disrespect to a visitor and the pain they had given poor mother.

We waited there a long, long time until we heard the minister's buggy rolling over the meadow bridge. Then we stole back to the house—very careful not to disturb father who was settled for his nap on the east veranda—and had our floating island in the kitchen, with lots of whipped cream.

Dear mother's kind-cure always worked better with us than the other thing.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the little helps found suited for use in this department, we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

COAL ASHES FOR CLEANSING

By Mrs. John Humphrey, New London, Conn.

Some of the uses I have found for coal ashes are these:—For china dishes that have been discolored, rub well with a damp cloth dipped in powdered ashes and they will look like new. For cleansing brass faucets, etc., it will give a more lasting and better polish than the preparations which one buys, and is also excellent for cleaning and polishing steel knives.

TO KEEP PICKLES UNFERMENTED

By L. C., Long Island, Kan.

Buy at the drug store ten cents' worth of sodium benzoate (powdered). Then when you make pickles use one teaspoonful of the powder to one quart of vinegar. This will prevent all fermentation, is perfectly tasteless, and my druggist tells me it is perfectly harmless.

RELIEVE THE COW

By Mrs. Henry Salisbury, Murrietta, Cal.

Put nine drops of liquid extract of ergot in half a glass of warm water, and with this bathe the cow's udder thoroughly five or six times a day. The swelling will soon go down. It works like magic when the udder is badly caked.

LINIMENT FOR CROUP

By Mrs. M. B. Jenkins, Willow Hill, Ill.

To make a liniment for croup, fill a half-pint bottle one-third full of sweet oil, one-third of ammonia, one-third of turpentine; shake well. Bathe the throat, breast and bottoms of the feet. I have often cured my little ones with this alone.

BLANKET COVERS

By Mrs. J. Ginther, Louisville, Ky.

Worn all-wool blankets make splendid covers if darned carefully and patched where necessary. Then cover with light or medium weight outing cloth and tie with wool.

NEW WAY TO SCALE FISH

By Mrs. M. M. Dudley, Eureka, Cal.

Use a curry-comb when scaling a fish. It is easier to handle than a knife, and prevents the hands from smelling fishy and the scales from working under the nails.

TO PREVENT LOCKJAW

By Mrs. W. O. Merrill, New Jersey

As soon as a wound is inflicted get a light stick (a foot-rule or knife handle will do; I have used a flat celluloid paper cutter) and commence to tap gently on the wound. If it is a punctured wound (such as running a nail in the foot) do not stop for the hurt, but continue tapping until it bleeds freely, and becomes quite numb. When this point is reached you are safe. *Do not on any account close the wound with a plaster.* Protect from dirt by covering with a clean cloth,—that is all that is necessary. I have tried this remedy for rusty nail in foot, puncture from hay-fork tine in leg, and for many other wounds of like nature, and never knew a single instance where the wound became sore or inflamed. For a hard bump on the head, where the above method could not be administered, I have prevented all soreness by *vigorously rubbing* with the hand for a few minutes.

—

TO CUT HOT BROWN BREAD

By Mrs. Geo. A. Dow, Laconia, N. H.

Take a piece of common wrapping cord and put around the loaf where you want to cut it. Cross and draw through. You will never use a knife again.

SALTPETER PAPER

Five cents' worth of saltpetre and one pint of water; put in a flat tin and heat until dissolved. A package of best toilet paper must then be soaked, about six sheets together. Take up and twist, but *do not ring out*, and lay to dry. When dry it is stiff and coated. If anyone suffering with cold in the head or asthma will burn one of these candles in an old tin with a little earth in the bottom, upon retiring at night, with bedroom door and windows closed, they will be greatly relieved.

—

AN HYGENIC KITCHEN TABLE

By Mrs. Chester A. Gay, Tenafly, N. J.

Cover an ordinary kitchen table with a piece of zinc, lapping carefully over the edges and tacking neatly on the under side. Easily kept clean, absorbs no grease, always ready to set hot things on. If once tried, the only wonder is how you ever kept house without it.

—

FOR A COLD

By Mrs. A. N. Lee, Canton, Ohio

Procure a five cent bottle of vaseline and have druggist mix five cents' worth of "oil of mustard" with same. Place between cloths and apply to afflicted parts. This will not blister and has been well-tested and found to be invaluable in drawing out cold.

—

TO WHIP CREAM

By Mrs. C. F. Mohr, Mahoning, O.

When cream is rather thin to whip, add the white of an egg to each pint of cream; the whipping can be accomplished much more easily, and the flavor of the cream will not be changed in the least.

—

QUASSIA CHIPS FOR INSECTS

By Pearl R. Jones, Riverside, Cal.

Buy quassia chips from any drug store; boil them for twenty minutes. This tea will keep the lady-bug and other insect life from destroying young cucumber plants.

ROOTING SLIPS

ROOTING SLIPS

In rooting geraniums and other soft wooded plants, it is best to take a box that can be easily lifted around. Have one side three inches higher than the other, after putting in good sharp sand, fill it with slips and tack a piece of white muslin over the top, leaving it so that the cover can be laid back while wetting the slips, for they must never be allowed to get very dry. Set where the sun will shine on the box at least half of the day, and if you are as successful as you should be, ninety per cent. will grow. The muslin allows the air to reach the slips, and is far better for the amateur than glass.

—

TREATMENT OF PIMPLES

By Elsie Holcombe, Los Angeles, Cal.

After bathing the face with soap and water nightly, a five-minute application of hot towels followed with cold the same length of time will prove excellent for the pustule condition, keeping it from spreading over the face. Ether rubbed over the complexion at night and washed off with green soap in warm water in the morning, is very beneficial. The following lotion used by a specialist, is excellent. Shake and rub over affected parts.

LOTION:—Sulphur precip., one dram; acid salicylic, one-half dram; alcohol, two drams. Add enough rose-water to make three ounces.

—

TO WASH FEATHER PILLOWS

By Mrs. W. P. Wilkinson, California

Choose a bright, windy day; fill the washtub with hot suds, and plunge the pillows (with feathers) in them. Put them through several waters, shaking them about briskly, then hang on the line in the open air. When perfectly dry, shake well. They will be light, fresh and sweet. After they have been washed in this way, they should be hung out in the warm fresh air every day for a week, but they must never be put directly in the hot sun.

—

KIDNEY SUET FOR LARD

By Mae E. Swetman, Phoenix, Arizona

Instead of buying so much lard, get kidney suet; fry out slowly, and add a pinch of salt and one of sugar to each five cents' worth of the suet. The result is much superior to lard, and you are sure it is clean and pure.

—

CURE FOR CORNS

By Mrs. Geo. H. Wilson, Lemoore, Cal.

Take equal parts of wheat flour and pure lard; mix thoroughly, and bind on corn at night. Three or four applications may be necessary, but one night's treatment will draw the soreness out.

—

SAVE YOUR APPLE PARINGS

By F. B. Nelson, Wheelock, Vt.

If the parings of your apples cannot be used at once, dry them; they will be found good for making jellies, sauces and syrups.

—

TO REMOVE IODINE STAIN

By Mrs. A. B. G., Washington, D. C.

To remove iodine stain quickly from white goods, rub with liquid ammonia as long as any spot remains, then rinse in clear water.

A GUEST BOOK

By Cora June Sheppard, Shiloh, N. J.

A guest book is an easily-acquired addition to any home, no matter how humble.

I have a pretty leather-covered book (a cheaper one would do) and in this have recorded the names of all guests who have stayed over night. To have the names in their own chirography adds to the interest. We have been married but three years, and it does not seem as if we had had very many guests, but when the names are all together they make a very entertaining list. You will find more states and cities represented than you imagined you had entertained representatives from. Some say anticipation is better than realization—but in this case you will find the pleasant memories which linger of the guests are the best of all.

—

FOR IN-GROWING TOENAILS

By W. J. May, Nicaragua, C. A.

Scrape the center of the nail from the end back towards the root. Or, when trimming the nails cut the end square; or cut a small notch in the center of the end. Nature will lose no time in remedying the disproportion of the nail by speedily growing to the center, thus drawing the nail away from the oppressed sides. Relief will be obtained in forty-eight hours in the worst cases; and by always thinning the center of the nails a little when trimming them, they will never give trouble.

—

CUTTING THIN CLOTH

By Mrs. Earl Tappan, Waverly, N. Y.

When cutting thin cloth which is slazy and pully, lay it between two sheets of thin paper and cut out paper and all. This is a great help.

HEAT LEMONS BEFORE SQUEEZING

If you will heat your lemons well before squeezing you will get almost double the quantity of juice.

—

"SHORTENING"

By Mrs. E. A. Baker, Milwaukee, Wis.

A shortening that is good for pies, cakes, coffee-cake, hot biscuits or most anything that needs it, and which is much more economical and healthier than either butter or lard:—Take equal quantities of leaf lard and beef suet and render out together; put away and use as you would lard.

—

TO KEEP PEARLS BRILLIANT

By Mrs. M. L. Rummell, San Diego, Cal.

Keep in common dry magnesia instead of the cotton wool used in jewel cases, and they will never lose their brilliancy.

—

ENGLISH WALNUT GRAHAM BREAD

By Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson, Savanna, Ill.

Add a cup full of chopped English walnuts to your sponge for graham bread and you will find it more nutritious and delicious.

—

OLD BLACK HOSIERY

By Mrs. S. M. Hitchcock, Lewiston, Ill.

When black hosiery is worn out, save the tops to clean black goods or to wipe off furniture. They leave no lint.

NEW WAY TO BAKE POTATOES

By Mrs. G. H. Moulton, Nebraska

Wash potatoes, cut out all bad places. Large-sized ones are best. Place them in a spider or skillet, dry; let stand on top of the stove, covered closely with a pan, and they will bake much quicker and with less fire than it requires to bake them in the oven, and they will be mealy and plump, not dried and shrunken as they often are when baked in the oven. I have often placed an asbestos mat on top of the stove and put potatoes on that, covering closely with a basin that just fits over them, and they bake equally as well.

—

FOR TIRED NERVES

By Nina Bard Creamer, Shiloh, N. J.

If overworked homemakers whose nerves are "worn to frazzle edge" would acquire the habit of sitting or lying absolutely still, relaxed and motionless, for five or ten minutes twice a day, they would soon see improvement. The mind must be relaxed, worries dropped, thoughts wandering to pleasant things. You will probably try this several times before you get it right, but after a little practice you will find that it yields large returns, far surpassing the sacrifice of the time it takes. Try it, nervous ones.

—

FOR STRAINS AND BRUISES

By G. I. C., Milton Junction, Wis.

After having done an unusually hard day's work or undergone some unaccustomed strain such as is likely to leave the muscles sore and stiff, mix fifteen drops of the tincture of arnica thoroughly in one-half glass of water and take one teaspoonful of the mixture every hour until relieved. This will give much quicker relief than when applied externally. It is also one of the best remedies to promote absorption, remove soreness and prevent inflammation in any wound or bruise of the soft parts of the body.

—

HOT WATER FOR A COUGH

By Mrs. S. L. Harrison, Brookville, Ind.

For a tight, hoarse cough where phlegm is not raised, or with difficulty, take hot water often, as hot as can be sipped. This will be found to give immediate and permanent relief.

TO RELIEVE ASTHMA

Wet blotting paper in strong solution of salt petre, dry it and burn a piece three inches square on a plate in the sleeping room. It will afford quick relief.

—

TO STARCH THIN WAISTS

By Mrs. W. L. Rousevell, Clifford, Mass.

Thin muslin waists will take starch much better if dried first and then dipped in boiled starch and dried again.

—

EASY WAY TO SPRINKLE CLOTHES

By J. L. Ritchie, Northfield, O.

Remove the cover from a quart can, perforate, fill with water and replace the cover; you have a very good sprinkler.

—

TO KEEP CHEESE FROM MOULDING

By Leola L. Markus, Duluth, Minn.

To keep cheese for some time without becoming mouldy, wrap in cloth dipped in vinegar and keep in covered dish

THE HOME

NEW METHOD OF WASHING

By Mrs. F. J. Wilkinson, Reinbeck, Iowa

Try this, and you will never wash any other way:—Take a pound cake of parafine cut into twenty pieces; use one piece of the parafine and one bar of laundry soap, cutting both up small and putting in a boiler with two or three quarts of water. Boil till all is dissolved and add this to your water in which you intend boiling the clothes. Put your soiled clothes into cold water a few minutes and squeeze out with the hands; rub soap on the soiled places, and put in the boiler and boil twenty minutes; wring out and rinse in the usual way. They will be clean and white as snow, and no rubbing is required.

STORM DOORS

By L. W. Rice, Jericho, Vt.

If you have no storm doors, your screen doors may be very easily transformed into as warm a protection from winter gales as any one need ask for. Fit pieces of building paper to the outside of the screens and attach securely with cleats, using screws so that your door may be converted at will from "screen door" to "storm door," and vice versa, and there you are. This saves the work of taking off and putting on heavy doors, which, in many cases, would be quite an object.

A NEW USE FOR A SCRUBBING-BRUSH

By C. M. S., Bangor, Me.

The possibilities of a five-cent scrubbing-brush are unlimited. Having a dress of which only the bottom of the skirt was soiled, the thought came that with care it might be taken on a table, with plenty of space, and with good soap in the water, the hem scrubbed gently, then rinsed, wetting only the portion needed, having irons ready to press at once. Try it and be convinced. Any part of wearing apparel can be cleansed in the same way,

TO CLEAN LAMP BURNERS

By S. South Fallas, Oakley, Kan.

If the lamp should fail to burn brightly or smoke, then the burner should be removed and placed in vinegar into which a quantity of salt has been placed. Allow the vinegar to simmer over a slow fire.

TO DRESS A DUCK

Wring a woolen cloth out of boiling water, wrap the duck in this and lay aside for several minutes. It will be found that the feathers and down may then be easily and quickly removed.

CLEANING TRIMMING

By Mrs. Irene Edwards, Harris, Colo.

To clean white or light trimming on dark dresses: cover with cornmeal which has been saturated with gasolene. When the gasolene evaporates brush off the meal and the trimming will be clean.

TO CLEAN ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

To clean artificial flowers cover with flour, let stand for several days, then shake out, if not entirely clean repeat the process.

THREADING A NEEDLE EASILY

By Bertie Norrell, Augusta, Ga.

Char the end of cotton or silk thread to facilitate threading a fine needle.

A NEW USE FOR OLD STOCKINGS

By Mrs. Irene Parrott, Washington, D. C.

Have you ever thought of this use for your nice, warm, winter stocking tops when the feet are too badly worn to admit of further darns? Make them into drawers for the little tots. For a small child one pair of stockings will make a pair of drawers, using an old garment as a pattern. For the older children up to eight years, it will take two pairs. Use black sateen or dress lining for the bands. For little girls' winter wear they are unequalled, saving washing and always neat. They are very little trouble to make, and you will be surprised at the wear you can still get out of your old stockings.

COOKING BEANS

By Dr. Z. T. Hawkins, Swayzee, Ind.

I send the following as an addendum to the contribution on "Cooking Beans" by Olive Johnston in your November, '07, issue:—

The above recipe all else surpasses
If you add two tablespoonsful New Orleans molasses.
Then two tablespoonsful of sugar brown,
And you have the best in Boston town,
Add also a spoonful of mustard ground,
And then to make the seasoning sound
And the beans to taste a whole lot better,
Add a sprinkle of salt and a pinch of pepper.

REMEDY FOR BURNS

By Mrs. Geo. R. Bight, Elizabeth City, N. J.

Cover a cloth of the required size with a thick layer scraped raw potato (Irish) and apply to burned part, with potato next the skin. Tie in place with bandage. The potato should be renewed as often as necessary to keep moist. When other remedies have failed, this relieved a hand badly blistered by grasping a red hot poker.

FOR RELIEF OF EYES

By J. B. H., Bentonville, Ark.

One drop of castor oil dropped in the eye will immediately remove any foreign substance.

TO WHITEN FLOORS

A little blueing added to the rinse water when scrubbing will make the floors much whiter.

WHEN USING COLD STARCH

By Mrs. H. M. Rowland, Lenark, Ill.

When starching by the cold starching process, if the starch is mixed with quite hot water instead of cold, it will not stick to iron and garment can be ironed in one-half the time.

SUBSTITUTE FOR APPLES

By Mrs. M. E. Kingsley, Carlton, Ill.

If there is a scarcity of apples when making mince-meat, use finely-chopped green tomatoes instead, and when well-cooked none could detect them.

RELIEF FOR SICK HEADACHE

By Mrs. G. O. Hatch, Belfast, Me.

A towel or flannel wrung from hot water and applied to the back of the neck will relieve sick headache in a few minutes.

FOR WASHING SOILED LINEN

By C. O. B., Elmira, N. Y.

For washing any soiled linen, more especially such as one does not wish to handle, a great improvement on the old 'pounder' can be made as follows. Take a piece of pine plank two inches thick; make a round block three inches in diameter; bore a hole in the center to receive the end of a piece of broom-handle two or three feet long as desired (depending on whether a tub is to be used on the floor or a bench). Now take a tin basin six or seven inches in diameter and two inches deep and nail securely to the block bottom to bottom. In using, press firmly down on the clothes and then lift each time entirely out of the water. The suction produced by the basin in being lifted draws the water through the clothes and washes them.

MOVING MATTRESSES

By L. W. R., Jericho, Vt.

In cleaning chambers do you not think that moving the cumbersome mattresses is the hardest task? It is not because of their great weight, although they *are* heavy, but on account of the difficulty in getting hold of the unwieldly things. Just try roping them with a clothes-line and see how it simplifies matters. Put the rope around, book-strap fashion, knotting in such a way that you have rope handles to get hold of and then see how easily the mattress can be moved.

TO BAKE POTATOES IN A HURRY

By Mrs. C. E. Ayer, Underhill, Vt.

To bake potatoes in a hurry, pour warm water over them before placing them in the oven, where they should be an inch or two apart. They will bake much quicker than if put in in the usual way.

FROZEN WINDOWS

To prevent windows from freezing at the bottom, spread a thin layer of salt on the sill beneath the sash, adding more salt when needed.

LEAKY HOT WATER BOTTLES

By Mrs. O. S. Sweetser, Brockton, Mass.

Hot water bottles that leak and are past mending may be filled with *hot* sand and this will retain the heat as well as the water would. The sand can be bought for a small sum at any grocery store, and after heating in the oven can be poured into the bottle with a tunnel.

TO PREVENT SYRUP FROM THICKENING

By Mrs. H. D. Evans, Baltimore, Md.

Syrup for table use made of sugar and water often 'sugars" or thickens, after standing. This can be prevented by putting a piece of alum the size of a pea into the syrup while it is boiling.

CAMPHOR GUM IN CUPBOARDS

By Mrs. E. E. Goodenough, Vermont

Camphor gum laid upon the shelves will keep ants and mice out of cupboards.

MAKES CHICKEN TENDER

By Mrs. A. M. Hall, Spokane, Wash.

When cooking chicken that may be tough, cook a fig with it and it will make it tender.

HOLDERS MADE OF TWINE

By Mabel C. Daggett, Elmira, N. Y.

Save all your pieces of bright colored twine and knit garter stitch. Knit it long enough to fold over. White may be used underneath. If the holder is to be used for ironing, put in an inside lining. This makes a good pastime for old ladies. My grandmother saves every piece of pretty twine, and knits these holders by the hour.

SURE TEST FOR BOILED ICING

Take a clean straw from a broom, tie a loop in the end and dip in the boiling syrup. When a coating forms over this loop and you can blow it into a good-sized bubble, the syrup is just right. One who has practiced this for years is always complimented on her boiled icing.

MOTHER'S SUET PUDDING

By Mrs. Jay D. Nichols, Mason City, Iowa

One cup finely-chopped suet, one cup water (cold), one cup raisins (seeded), one cup figs (cut up), one cup New Orleans molasses, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful salt, two and one-half cups flour. Steam three hours. Use any good pudding sauce. I consider this an *uncommon* recipe, on account of not having either sugar, butter, milk or eggs among its ingredients, and one trial is convinced proof of its excellence. It is equally good to steam any remaining portions, by cutting in slices and steaming twenty minutes. Will keep in cool place for week or ten days.

DEVICE FOR HULLING WALNUTS

By Florence St. Pierre, Malloax, Va.

Take a piece of oak plank one inch thick, and long enough to lay across the top of a barrel or box. In the center bore a hole with an auger the size of a walnut with the hull off. Place board across top of box or barrel, put nut side downward on hole, and with a hammer drive it through. If the hole is the right size, there will be only a small piece of husk left on the nut, which will do no harm if the nuts are left out in the sun and thoroghly dried. Try it.

TO CUT WHALEBONE

By T. C. Howell, Barston, Cal.

To cut whalebone, warm by the fire, when it will cut easily.

EATING ONIONS

If you enjoy eating onions, eat them, only *afterward* munch a sprig of parsley dipped in vinegar.

STRETCHING NEW SHOES

By Ella Lewis, Roy, Wash.

It is not always convenient to get to a shoe store when you have a tight shoe that needs stretching. Put on the shoe and take a cloth wrung from quite warm water, and wrap it around the shoe over the foot. It will give the needed room and will not injure the leather.

FRYING MUSH

By Mrs. H. T. Chappel, Pueblo, Colo.

Before pouring mush into vessel to cool for frying, wet vessel in cold water; mush will turn out without sticking.

WHEN GREASE IS SPILLED

If grease is spilled upon the stove, at once sprinkle upon it dry salt, and all odor is thus avoided.

THE HAPPY HABIT.

THE very thought of Easter implies happiness and joy, so it is not necessary at this time even to suggest the happy habit to the members of the order, as they listen for the first carol of the song birds that herald the springtime or sit and smell the fragrance of the lilies, in their white beauty or golden petals, and look upon the palms and sweet spring blossoms, first among them, or the hardy daffodils, that, as Shakespeare hath it:

> "*Come before the swallows dare, and take the winds of March with beauty.*"

There are the fragrant flowers of the trailing arbutus, blooming like the happy habit, even under apparently unfavorable conditions, and before the snow is almost gone, lifting their dainty heads and distilling perfume to charm the wanderer in the woodland. Spring flowers have a scent and a beauty peculiarly their own, and are especially fitted to typify Easter because they grow in the teeth of the east wind and are the most enduring of all blossoms, lasting many days after they have been cut from the parent plant.

On Easter Day, the flowers have a special radiance, perhaps because they are the first floral decorations of the new year; the music, too, is distinctive in character, due doubtless to the three weeks' effort of the choir whose members having been subsisting on a diet of sharps and flats and musical scores surely deserves success. There is a joyousness about Easter expressed in the "Gloria in Excelsis." Concentrated in this one day is the joy of twelve months; it is expressed in the music; in the dress of the congregation; in the fact that now appear at public worship the battalion known among church goers as "Christmas Day and Easter Christmas;" and that now, too, the societies come out in force. Here are the Knights Templars in all the glory of their white plumes, aiding in the exemplification of the joyous, hopeful, optimistic spirit of Easter.

There is a spirit of consideration on Easter Day. The sharp, carping of other times is not heard, and if there is a flaw in the music there is no criticism on it, but rather the suggestion that the "choir did its best and an angel can do no more."

That is the time when Rossini's Stabat Mater is given, by special effort of the choir; when the obligato is carefully practised, and the solo is "taken" by the new singer "fresh from the conservatory." That was the time when it was extremely difficult for one choir to decide who should sing the solo, and the only settlement that could be arrived at without making "a fuss," was to have one soloist sing the verse first and the other famous local singer take it afterwards. This compromise of repeating the solo had the double advantage of preserving the harmony of the choir in other ways than on "the staff" and of permitting the congregation to hear the music of the famous master rendered twice on the same day. It was also important that the families of the two soloists should be placated, as both were pillars of the church, so on Easter Day Margaret's parents sat in full view of the choir on the left and Sarah's in an equally conspicuous position on the right, to listen to the double solo.

Our choir had a theory that we sang better on Easter Day than at any other time of the year. Perhaps this was due to frequent rehearsals. I know of a youth who attempted too much one Easter, aspiring to a high G which at another time of year he would not have attempted even in imagination.

"You can always reach the high notes when you work up to them all together—hold each other's hands, figuratively speaking," said the earnest old musician who was choir master in our church.

So, on Easter Day, the young aspirant for musical honors was prepared to produce high G fortissimo, while by his side Bob, less aspiring and more comfortable, ambled contentedly along on the lower notes. The singer felt a proud elation. Had he not been called on again and again to chant that high note as an example for a choir that anxiously strained up to the required musical altitude. Verily "pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall." With proud complacence the part was sung until the "heights" were approached—now for that G—the voice ascended and *cracked*—instantly in a loud whisper Bob said:

"Eggs—Easter eggs."

Both singers giggled aloud, and the minister turned and shook his head reprovingly while a wave of disappointment spread over the face of the choir master, as he looked, "more in sorrow than in anger," at the culprits, who hastily retired behind the anthem leaflets. For many weeks thereafter it was a disputed point which of the two boys was the more in fault, and that knotty point has not been decided "up to this writing."

Yes, that is the day when the ladies look down the aisles to see the new "creations" in millinery, and perhaps a sprinkling of new dresses, indicating that the lighter shades of color are creeping in, the purples, reds and dark garb of winter time is being laid aside. This morning there is a blending of colors seldom seen at other times, for now the tints of spring, summer and winter all appear in the raiment of the congregation.

That day there are flowers not only in the church but in the home. That is the time when "mother's calla lily" blooms; how tenderly and carefully the plant has been nurtured, so that it would be sure to blossom in time to aid in the church decorations at Eastertide. Who can forget, no matter how many years have past, that calla lily in the bay window at home, standing out like a sentinel on the watch for springtime? What boy has not been called upon to do duty in carrying the big plant carefully to the church, and bringing it home to take again the place of honor in the bay window.

There is the Easter breakfast, sure to include eggs, the Easter dinner and the Easter walk, during which it seemed that everyone within a radius of five miles is out, dressed in their best—the lasses and the lads, father and mother and all the children, even the baby, are abroad, resplendent in new ribbons and gowns; the young men's necks are encircled with gorgeous neckties, their heads adorned by shining "tiles" and "father has his new suit of clothes"—all in readiness for the mild days of spring.

The mention of Eastertide recalls the time when you went out to the hen house and found in the nest little, yellow-headed fluff balls peeping up, with a suggestion of creative force that calls up the vexed question as to which came first, the hen or the egg.

* * * * *

Easter has always implied the breaking of the shell and the commencement of new life, and this season no profound arguments, no flights of eloquence, are needed, to convince the listeners that immortality is an established fact—everything tells the story: The lilies that have bloomed again; the grass that once more is springing and another batch of eggs that has produced another "clutch" to be guarded from damp and carefully nurtured during the early days of their existence.

* * * * *

Easter time is the season when the egg and spoon races begin in agricultural districts in England. I shall never forget the prize winner in a race I saw; he was a man of perhaps fifty years of age; everyone was glad that he won the prize because his egg met with and survived more mishaps than any other there. How comical those great, strong ploughmen and farmers looked with a small spoon, holding a big egg, firmly grasped in the right hand, all standing in line awaiting the word to be off. The young fellows cast a sly glance toward a feminine hat that nodded to them among the crowd, but my elderly friend gave his whole attention to his spoon and egg, which seemed possessed with the spirit of motion. With outstretched right arm, spoon in hand he started; half way down the track the egg suddenly disappeared; a hasty glance revealed it unbroken on the soft grass, and it was promptly replaced and the race continued. Another slip, but this time the spoon was dexterously lowered and the egg caught before it reached the ground; next time the egg took a journey underneath the dividing rope and off among the spectators, but the competitor would not give up. Reaching out among the feet of the onlookers he spooned up that egg, cracked but not broken, and after all reached the flag first of all the line. I heard afterwards that for twenty years he had never failed to win the "egg and spoon prize" at the Easter races.

On the lawn of the White House shortly after Easter I watched the happy children enjoying egg and spoon races. Their little faces sparkled with a happiness that made the grown people cheerful.

That gay scene recalled an experience of a few nights before, when walking along a quiet street I saw a little girl crying over some eggs broken on the sidewalk. Before I could offer assistance, along came a stalwart, burly boy, on roller skates. He was about to sweep past, but seeing the broken eggs and the child in tears, he swung about and asked brusquely:

"What y' cryin' for?"

"I've broke the eggs I was taking home to color for Easter—my mother was a-goin' to show me how, and now I won't ever know."

The burly youngster's face softened; he proceeded to expound the code of honor of his kind.

"Eggs or no eggs you don't want to be a crybaby."

He inspected the bag and saw that the contents were hopelessly broken.

"They was for tomorrow," wailed the girl.

"I know," he nodded. "We have 'em at our house."

Leaning against a lamp post he pulled out an astonishing collection from his pocket, and among bits of string, tops of various patterns, bootlaces, scraps of tin, fish hooks and what not, he unearthed some small coin.

"*Now* you come along and we'll get some more eggs for tomorrow and you can pay me some other time; you won't miss the fun tomorrow."

There was no I. O. U., no legal form or promise to pay: She simply nodded and smiled, wipping up her tears on her little handkerchief as they walked off to the store together. That was confidence worthy of Easter time, and I know as "sure as eggs is eggs" that the boy was duly paid back his loan.

This brings to mind the old, old suggestion that "money is the root of all evil." It may be that if there were no such thing as the spirit that money stands for we poor mortals would be perfectly happy.

"If each one of us had to manage for himself and herself on just what can be obtained on individual merit and ability, things would be different," said a philosopher to me, the other day. "The trouble is that lots of people live on sanguine hopes that sometime or other they will get something for nothing. They trade on the confidence of friends rather than on the value of what they have to offer."

That may be so, but what a sorry old world this would be if we never needed to help a friend. Talk about kind words and kind acts—it often happens that these are forthcoming until it turns out that the suppliant is also in urgent need of money. That is the time to produce "the cold shoulder;" the famous dish on which the poor in this world's goods are invited to be feasted pretty often, while the fellow with the coin digs in the depths of his pocket and hesitates to draw forth any of the loose silver he may find there.

At festival times this spirit is for the time in abeyance and better impulses prevail; this is always a good old world but we don't always know it, until Easter or some other red letter day brings the truth home, and a great wave of the happy habit overspreads the world.

Joe Mitchell Chapple

WILKES-BARRE'S DIVERSIFIED INDUSTRIES

A most remarkable showing, indicative of the importance of location. In the group above are shown lace and silk mills, milling company, iron works, locomotive works, axle works, adder machine works, factories for the manufacture of automobiles and wire rope, and a brewery.

IN AN ORCHARD OF FIVE-YEAR-OLD MAGNOLIA FIG TREES AT FRIENDSWOOD, A QUAKER SETTLEMENT IN THE HOUSTON-GALVESTON DISTRICT

See "The Rush Into the Southwest," page 195

AN ACRE OF SEVEN AND EIGHT-YEAR-OLD ORANGE TREES

Owned by Mr. P. I. Gill at League City, in the Houston-Galveston District. This Acre yielded a Revenue of $1,000 in 1907. Six Acres of Three-Year-Old Trees in Mr. Gill's Orchard yielded $150 an Acre the Same Year

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE Maytime moving spirit is on in Washington. The furniture vans passing to and fro on the avenues fringed with virgin leaf indicate change of lease-hold; but there are "moving spirits" on the floors of the Senate and House at the Capitol that presage early adjournment. The alluring prospect held out to members of Congress of going home to look after the "political fences"—barbed wire and otherwise—has accelerated the speed of the legislative mill. The springtime attractions about Washington in Maytime have the same restless influence on members of Congress as upon the small boy "winding his way unwillingly to school," but the work is dispatched in relays from the various committees.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

Roosevelt Root Straus Garfield Metcalf Cortelyou Taft Von Meyer Wilson Bonaparte

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS CABINET

The two round stone castle turrets on the Capitol grounds, from whence fresh air is pumped into the Senate and House chambers, are kept humming with strong currents in these days. Picturesque and reposeful are the languorous scenes about the Capitol grounds, perfumed with blossoms from the Botanic Gardens across the way. All this does not conduce to the alertness and snap of the earlier days of the session, but as the closing days approach, the splendid generalship of Speaker "Uncle Joe" comes into play,—and things move.

Located in his new rooms, from which the Ways and Means Committee were recently evicted, Speaker Cannon works away with the characteristic grim good-nature of this sturdy veteran. On his desk in the private room stands an old circular wooden ink-well, with a cork in it—and what stories it might tell—and that ever-present box of matches, to keep the cartoon-famed cigar alight. When he looks up there is a fascinating twinkle of merriment in "Uncle Joe's" eye; or it may be a stern expression with a flash of annoyance as he swings his left hand around with a swish of coat-tails.

* * *

THE flag floating over the Senate or the House is a signal that the bodies are still in session, or at least proclaims that there has been no adjournment. There was a party of tourists rushing to the hill at the Capitol at 9 a. m., to see the House in session, "because the flag was flying," they said,—but the great chamber was empty. To facilitate the progress of business, the House is occasionally "recessed" during debate on important bills. The flag was still there "by the dawn's early light," but the House had simply been "recessed" over night, and had not adjourned. The term "recessed" is not generally understood by visitors. "Recess" does not necessarily mean an adjournment. It eliminates the daily reading of the long journal at the morning session; consequently, the Congressional Record is not printed every day. This gives the "Record" another distinction as a periodical. It can skip days and dates without losing subscribers or revenue. The recess is a part of one continuous session dating from the day when first taken.

The delegation of visitors on hand at an early hour this particular morning were of the inquisitive sort, and insisted upon knowing the reason why they did not find the House in session when the flag was still unfurled. They did not know the process of a congressional recess. During a recess, the House meets at 11 a. m., instead of at 12 o'clock, the usual hour for convening a regular session.

Vigorous cloture rules were recently adopted by the House of Representatives, anticipating the rush during the latter part of the session, when matters are apt to move rather slowly under the filibusters' tactics.

The general debate on the Naval Bill was exhilarating as it progressed. A certain amount of time is allotted on each bill for general debate—say ten hours—five hours to the majority and five hours to the minority, which is divided into fractions of five minutes each, which are handed about as so much ownership of time by the various members. In the final debate, every member on the floor including delegates from the territories Hawaii, Porto Rico and Alaska, are entitled to five minutes in the final discussion, when each section is taken up until a motion to close debate on pending measure is carried and the chairman of the committee, who has reported the bill closes the debate in due form.

* * *

MANY bright boys and girls have asked the National how a bill is passed. So many new customs and usages have developed from session to session, that many of the text books on civil government used in our schools are soon out of date. As this question was recently put to me by a chance visitor whom I met in the corridor of the Capitol, a bright young man from the West remarked quickly, looking toward the door of the Speaker's room, "Uncle Joe knows how a bill is passed." When I requested an article from Speaker Cannon for the National, he insisted that he was not a "magazinist;" but the article in this issue from the pen of "Uncle Joe" Cannon as to how a bill is passed is one of the most comprehensive and instructive articles on the subject that has ever been printed. It takes into account all the customs and usages of the past and the present. It is the work of a veteran who has seen many years of public service in a career that reflects great honor to his country. Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, known affectionately as "Uncle Joe," is certainly a towering figure in the national life at this time, and one cannot be in his presence long without realizing that few men in the prime and vigor of life have a greater capacity for virile and powerful work. One must not mistake by the affectionate nickname "Uncle Joe" that Speaker Cannon is not a power in the making and the moving of things. He is one of the rare type of men with the virile characteristics of Lincoln and the men of his time.

* * *

IN the debate which clustered about the Naval Bill, there were exciting times when Congressman Richard Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac, made his passionate appeal for four battleships. As in the case of the Aldrich Bill in the Senate, there was a breaking up of the party lines on the vote. The President's known wish to have four battleships did not seem to impress itself upon

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MRS. EVANS, WIFE OF ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS

Congress. The Naval Committee had concluded, after threshing the matter out, that two battleships were sufficient for the present needs. The President's plans were championed by Longworth and Bourke Corcoran.

Congressman Tawney, chairman of the Appropriation Committee, presented some comparative figures in reference to the war and naval appropriation of European countries where large navies and standing armies are maintained. His amendment asking for only one battleship was voted down. The amendment was debated that one of the battleships should be built in the navy yard and another by private contract, furnishing opportunity for determining the value of government construction or private contract.

Congressman Charles Landis of Indiana eloquently appealed for the four battleships. It was quite evident that the President was determined to push through the naval project for his chosen number. Congressman Willett asserted that the President had told the committee that unless he was given four battleships, the Public Buildings Bill would be vetoed. It was a battle royal between the administration forces for four battleships and those who insisted that the strength of the nation was not altogether to be measured in naval armament, but that the resources, and character of the people themselves had something to do with measuring the inherent strength of the nation. John Sharp Williams, the minority leader, insisted that he was tired of having the greatness of this nation measured merely by battleships. This most interesting and lively debate of the month was closed by Congressman Foss of the Naval Committee, when the sentiment of Congress was expressed for only a new battleship duet instead of a quartette.

* * *

SEVERAL years ago a young man accepted the position of appointment clerk of the Twelfth Census and in that capacity he was a chief factor in the organization of the Twelfth Census Office, as well as the permanent office which was organized July 1, 1902. From that time until he was nominated for Congress in 1906, he performed the vigorous duties of Appointment Clerk and Disbursing Clerk.

During the time from the organization of the Twelfth Census in 1899, he was the legal adviser to the Director, in fact the law clerk of the office, although there was no statutory position of that kind. So, as a matter of fact, the young Kentuckian, John Langley, performed the duties of three distinct positions. His work during the Twelfth Census was so satisfactory to Congress that his salary was twice increased by special act of Congress. Without even a solicitation his friends in the good old home district nominated him for Congress and he accepted the nomination. He had already served four years in the Kentucky legislature and was the minority nominee for Speaker. He has been a delegate to the Republican National Conventions on two occasions and was re-nominated to Congress without opposition. An assured prophecy can be made that this young Kentuckian will continue as a member of the 61st Congress.

* * *

SOME modern philosopher has remarked that any man who can look down the barrel of a pay-roll for ten years and meet the view unflinchingly, is worthy to wear the armour of knighthood in the twentieth century and be accounted a worthy foeman. The gigantic pay-roll of Uncle Sam is certainly enough to make the old gentleman wince. The earliest issue of financial registration of employes in the United States was dated 1816, and in that year there were 6,327 names receiving money from Uncle Sam's coffers for service rendered. In 1905 the record was printed in two volumes, weighing twenty-five pounds, containing a total of over 4,100 pages—the aggregate of names was then 306,141, and in 1907 it was estimated that the printing and binding of an equally extensive record would cost $78,000, but, by condensation, about $50,000 was saved in this catalogue work. The book contained the name of every person then serving the government in any capacity—over 300,000. Strictly within the departments at Washington only 29,000 employes are registered, of which the executive office has only forty-three, the smallest number in any department; and the largest number is in the treasury department, which has a muster-roll of 6,996. This is a pay-roll that Uncle Sam has to meet every two weeks of the year, vacation time or not.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MISS JANE A. BIRDSALL, DAUGHTER OF CONGRESSMAN BIRDSALL OF IOWA

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILSON

ONE of the scientific enthusiasts in Washington, who year after year seeks interesting information, was recently apprised of the fact that every twelve months from fifty to sixty thousand horses are slaughtered in Paris. He thought he would introduce the new meat into this country and organized a dinner party, at which no meat but horseflesh was used, no one being in the secret except his chef. First came the soup, which he gravely announced was made from an extract of the new meat—lips were smacked and the first course was pronounced a decided success; the crowning triumph of the dinner was a magnificent joint, which might or might not have passed for a genuine "Sir Loin" of beef, flanked by side dishes and entrees that were also favorably commented on. Everybody remarked, "What tender meat," "What a delicious flavor, just like rare old venison," and the host was petitioned, after the guests had retired to the parlor, to tell them all about the new meat. Somehow, after he announced that they had partaken of horse flesh, the gaiety and contentment began to subside—the mere idea of having eaten horseflesh was too much for even the American stomach, however manfully it might withstand a diet of ice-cream and frozen pudding. Pigs and rabbits can be assimilated, but horse-meat promises never to be popular at American tables. It is argued, moreover, that it would be a somewhat costly food, considering the price of even an average steed.

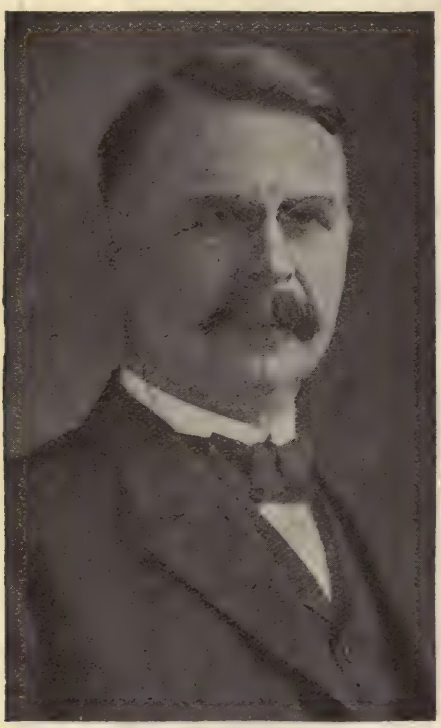
* * *

STURDY old farmer that he is, it is always a delight to talk with Secretary Wilson. After a somewhat strenuous day at the Agricultural Department, we had one of those old-fashioned chats, suggestive of a winter's evening on the farm after the "chores" are done. Enthusiastic in his work, the Secretary never tires of talking about the doings of his department, and never wearies of the investigations required in matters agricultural.

The farmers have witnessed a marked evolution in their avocation during the past ten years, and today every intelligent agriculturist is a specialist in his line—a veritable scientist, dwelling close to nature, and as ever a worker and producer. With over one billion and a quarter dollars' worth of farm produce to export in one year, averaging over four millions of products every working day, there seems to be no fear of panic among the farmers. This enormous export value is in addition to the five billions consumed in the home market. The farmer of today profits

MR. S. D. N. NORTH, DIRECTOR OF UNITED STATES CENSUS in every possible manner, and contrives to make even a "poor year" bring out a profit balance, for he is a thorough business man, and this evolution is due to the efforts of the Agricultural Department more than to any other one thing.

The results obtained on the great federal farm which Secretary Wilson operates are indicated in the following annual report on crops, which does not include stock, poultry and some other products of the farm, but merely gives some idea of the growing crops on Uncle Sam's vast national farm.


CONGRESSMAN C. R. DAVIS OF MINNESOTA

CROPS	Acreage ACRES	Production BUSHELS	Farm Value Dec. 1, 1907
Corn	99,931,000	2,592,320,000	$1,340,446,000
Winter Wheat .	28,132,000	409,442,000	361,217,000
Spring Wheat . .	17,079,000	224,645,000	193,220,000
Oats	31,837,000	754,443,000	334,568,000
Barley	6,448,000	153,317,000	102,058,000
Rye	1,926,000	31,566,000	23,068,000
Buckwheat	800,000	14,290,000	9,975,000
Flaxseed	2,865,000	25,851,000	24,713,000
Rice...........	627,300	18,738,000	16,081,000
Potatoes	3,124,000	297,942,000	183,880,000
Hay	44,028,000	63,677,000	743,507,000
Tobacco	821,000	698,126,000	76,234,000
Total	237,618,300	528,357,000	

A most astonishing total for acreage and production, and the figures on farm animals give an equally convincing demonstration of national prosperity.

FARM ANIMALS	Per cent *	Numbers	Average price per head	Total Value
Horses....	101.2	19,992,000	$93.41	$1,867,530,000
Mules	101.4	3,869,000	107.76	416,939,000
Milch cows	101.1	21,194,000	30.67	650,057,000
Other cattle	97.1	50,073,000	16.89	845,938,000
Sheep.....	102.6	54,631,000	3.88	211,736,000
Swine.....	102.4	56,084,000	6.05	339,030,000

* Compared with Jan. 1, 1907.

The 16,500,000 pieces of literature sent out every year direct to farmers have been good seed, bringing forth many-fold. These publications are also turned over to the superintendent of documents at the Capitol, to sell at ten per cent. above actual cost. Each congressman is allowed 12,000 to 15,000, but this has by no means supplied the immense demand. High schools, colleges and other educational institutions have found the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture the most effective text books—right up to date—that can be purchased. These leaflets are exercising a potential influence in keeping the sturdy young men "on the farm," and inducing them also to seek new farms in undeveloped sections. When a man "knows how to farm," and can make it pay, the allurements of city life and occupations are strongly offset. Daily papers, a daily mail delivery, private telephones for social gossip, as well as business, place the average farmer in closer touch with world-affairs than his city brethren can have in their ceaseless routine work and desk discipline, where car rides use up all the leisure moments, and "the noise habit" makes it difficult to digest even the best reading matter.

* * *

Through the leaflet interchange, the Agricultural Department has been able to secure much useful information concerning the personal experience of the farmers, and the efforts of the department have stimulated an exchange of information obtained by personal investigation, on the same basis as the interchange of ideas and discoveries passed across the fence, or the mutual accommodation with products of which one farmer had an abundance and the other had fallen short.

"That is the idea," said the Secretary;

"ordinary neighborly interchange of good advice that is sure to be helpful—the passing on of information concerning every improvement that might be thought out by one and not occur to another—that is what is needed."

* * *

Not long ago the Agricultural Department received a sample of a weed which had annoyed the farmers in the Montezuma Valley, Colorado, and was forwarded with the request that the department would suggest a means of eradicating it. It proved to be a fine specimen of wild tobacco, and of as good a quality as is cultivated in the South. The climatic conditions were such that the spotting of the leaves by the force of the sun was eliminated. Here was revealed the advantage of having a bureau that can bring profit from what would otherwise be a noxious weed.

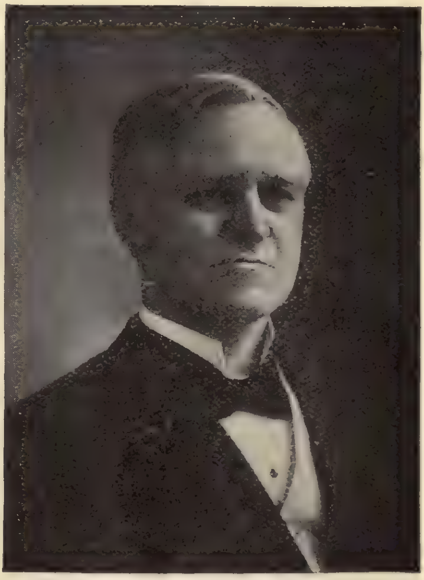
For years we annually **imported** $17,000,000 worth of Egyptian cotton, but experiments have long been carried on in various parts of the country, at the suggestion of the Agricultural Department, and it has now been discovered that in certain sections of California this beautiful cotton can be produced in quality and quantity equal to that coming from the Delta of the Nile.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

FRED L. FISHBACK,
SECRETARY TO SENATOR W. MURRAY CRANE

The large area of irrigated land thrown open for settlement presented a problem as to what could be raised with most profit on this newly-fertilized territory, and here also the department has done valuable work.

In one section the "loco weed" was doing damage to horses. Specimens were sent to the chemists of the Agricultural Department. Tests were made by burning the weed to ashes, which were found to contain barium, the antidote for this poison is strychnine—and there you are—a remedy was obtained for the ill effects of the loco weed, and a valuable drug compound was also discovered, as has been the case in the analysis of more than one weed; many drugs are thus cultivated within the boundaries of the United States, and this feature of the work has been taken up systematically with the purpose of growing all necessary drugs on Uncle Sam's own territory, thus continually adding to the wealth of the nation. The cultivation of Bermuda grass and other new crops by the Agricultural Department has added millions of dollars yearly to the national wealth.



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CONGRESSMAN FRANK M. NYE
OF MINNESOTA

While in Oklahoma I heard two farmers talking as affectionately about their peach trees as though they had been human beings. A tribute was paid to the Agricultural Department for the information it distributed and the tests made had saved the orchards from pests which threatened their destruction. One of the farmers was making a specialty of the growing of asparagus, and had just learned, through the department literature, what to do to prevent "rust."

Secretary Wilson is not only interested in increasing the material wealth of the agricultural districts of the nation, but is earnest in his study of sociological conditions as regards the American farming population.

Photo copyright, G. V. Buck, Washington, D. C.

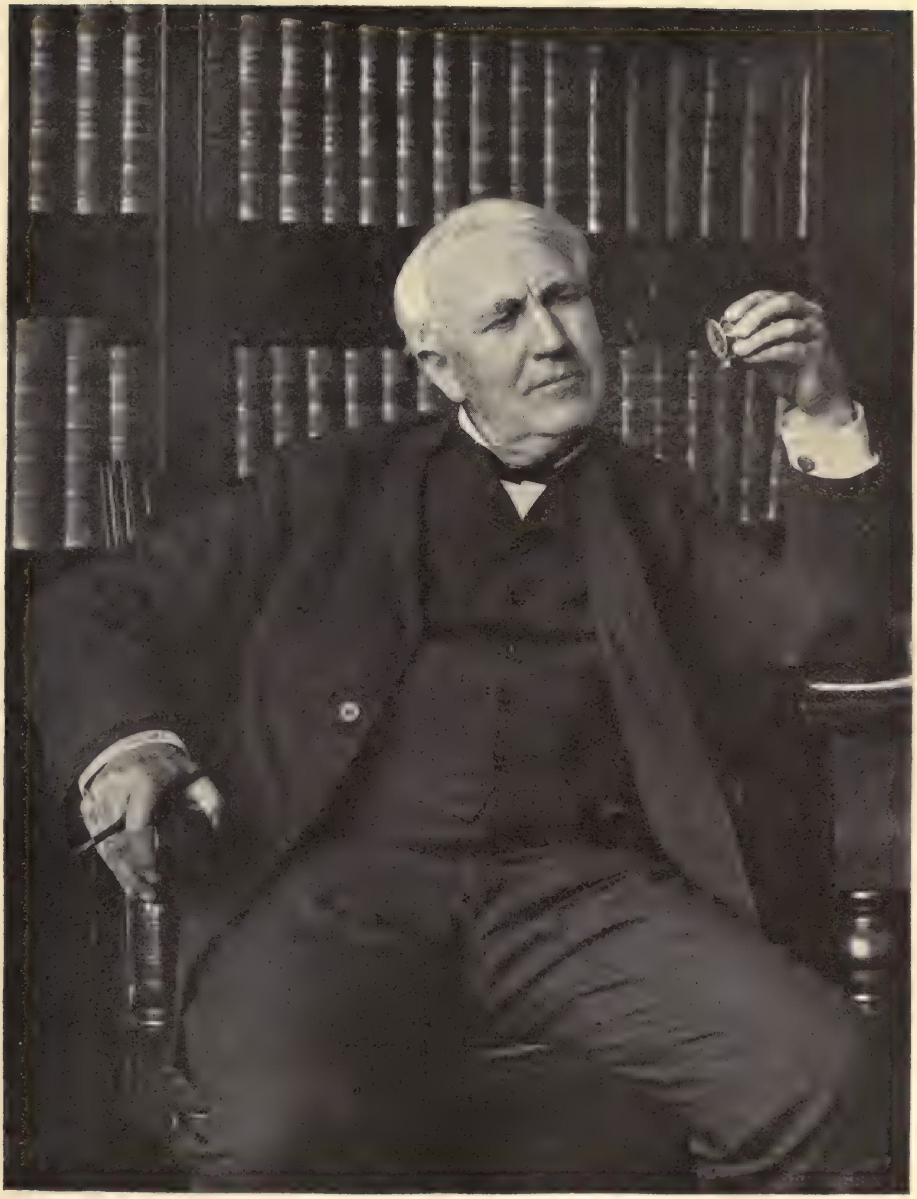
CONGRESSMAN JOHN W. LANGLEY OF KENTUCKY

LOOKING at the tall, stately form of Congressman Frank M. Nye, of Minneapolis, no one would suppose him to be the brother of the inimitable and immortal Bill Nye, who did more to dispense laughter and cheerfulness among mankind than any other newspaper writer of modern times. It seems that Mr. Frank M. Nye is the reverse of his brother in disposition, being serious and sedate as a parson, but yet the possessor of a genial manner that is winning him many friends. Born in Maine, Mr. Nye was educated in River Falls, became a lawyer and was elected district attorney for Polk County, Wisconsin. He made the nominating speech for Senator Spooner's first election to the United States Senate. Mr. Nye has also been county attorney for Hennepin County, Minnesota, in which office he conducted many important cases. Minneapolis may well be proud of the statesman who is making for her and himself many enduring friendships.

* * *

FRED L. FISHBACK, secretary to Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, is one of the most experienced private secretaries in Washington, having had extensive service with congressmen and also with Cabinet officers. The unusual acquaintance thus gained, both with congressional and departmental methods, is naturally of great value. Mr. Fishback was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, coming to Washington as a boy, and being educated in the public schools of the nation's capital. He is an expert stenographer and a graduate of the National University Law School. His first service as private secretary was with Honorable Marriott Brosius, who represented Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in Congress for many years, and he was also secretary to the late William M. Springer of Illinois during the latter's last term in Congress. Mr. Fishback was clerk of the House committee on reform in the civil service while Mr. Brosius was its chairman, and served several years as clerk of the House committee on banking and currency. For the one term which the late John K. Cowen, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, served as representative from Baltimore, Mr. Fishback was his congressional secretary. He was also secretary to Justice William H. Moody while the latter was a member of the House of Representatives from the Sixth Massachusetts District, and while he was secretary of the navy and later attorney general of the United States. Mr. Crane succeeding Senator Hoar at the latter's death in 1904, and desiring a secretary with wide experience, engaged Mr. Fishback, who resigned his position with Attorney General Moody and resumed the work at the Capitol with which he had been connected for so long a time. He has filled his position with Senator Crane with marked ability.

Through his congressional positions and those which he has filled in the executive departments, Mr. Fishback has become thoroughly informed as to the course of procedure in governmental affairs and during his almost life-long residence in Washington has taken



THOMAS A. EDISON IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE

a deep interest in the development of the city and acquired a valuable knowledge of the seat of government, its historical associations and the administration of its affairs. As a result of this, he is frequently sought as a lecturer on that subject. He has a very beautiful and complete set of stereopticon views, and exhibits pictures of the places in the various cities where the Continental Congress met prior to the adoption of our Constitution of 1787, and where it held its sessions subsequently. He tells the story of how the fathers "took to the woods" in establishing a seat of government on the Potomac, for the region was then a wilderness, describes the laying out of the city, the steps taken to erect the Congress House and the President's House, as the Capitol and the White House respectively were called in the early day, and outlines the growth of the city, the improvements of later years, including the paving of the streets, the systematic planting of trees to the number of more than 93,000, the development of the park system, and refers to many historical points in the vicinity of Washington, speaking of Mt. Vernon not only as the home of Washington, but as the extensive country seat of a rich Virginia planter of the olden time. He awakens in old and young a deeper love of country through his story and his pictures of the country's capital.

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CONGRESSMAN BUTLER AMES
OF LOWELL, MASS.

* * *

AFTER a rush lunch in the Senate restaurant, some of the senators retire to the committee rooms for a cigar before hurrying back to the "smoke of battle" in the deliberative chamber.

The Committee on Rules occupies about the only room in the old Capitol that is dignified with a vestibule—which dignity it shares with the Committee on Cuban Relations. In this committee room was Senator Knox, the same genial, courteous gentleman and prodigious worker as in the old cabinet days. The people are beginning to comprehend the essential greatness of the little giant of Pennsylvania. No one can read the Philadelphia Press of December 19 with double-leaded headings, without being impressed with the editorial concerning Senator Knox by the late Charles Emory Smith, one of the last of his brilliant writings. The ringing plea for the fellow citizen of Pennsylvania will not soon be forgotten. In his own clear way, he insisted that the logical successor of President Roosevelt ought to be none other than Senator Knox.

If President Roosevelt should be re-elected for a third term, it would be for the purpose of carrying on the great originative work which has been inaugurated protecting the people against the questionable aggrandizement and abuse of corporations. The President has won his laurels in this work, and the fruits are shared by the members of his cabinet.

Charles Emory Smith insisted that the one man, above all others, who is associated with the origin, evolution and success of Roosevelt's policies, is Philander Chase Knox of Pennsylvania, and for that reason he is peculiarly fitted to carry on the work. He pointed out the simple record to prove his position. When the President made sundry attacks and assaults, it was the cool-headed general, Mr. Smith insists, whose penetration and skill secured positive results for the plans of the chief executive.

In the conflict on the injunction on railroad rates, the overthrow of railroad legislation, the dissolution of the Northern Securities merger, it was Knox who faced the legal front and in 1905 pointed out positively that Congress must in justice to the public exercise more fully its power in respect to railroad rates and regulations. This work was recognized by President Roosevelt long ago in a frank and hearty way.

With his even poise, reflection and judgment and judicial temperament, if the nomination were to be merely a question of logical ability and good record, the name of Senator Knox should be a tower of strength at the Republican Convention. The Pennsylvania friends feel, without any question, that "the little Giant of Pittsburg" is the man who should be the logical successor of Theodore Roosevelt.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MRS. BENJAMIN P. BIRDSALL, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN BIRDSALL OF IOWA

THE dinner given by Congressman Frank D. Lowden, to the Gridiron Club, was one of the social events of the session. It was a gathering of senators, diplomats, members of the Supreme Court and many prominent officials of Washington life to do honor to the host and the occasion. The genial Gridiron spirit prevailed,—even to the presentation of the flowers to the Children's Hospital—with "ladies present and reporters absent."

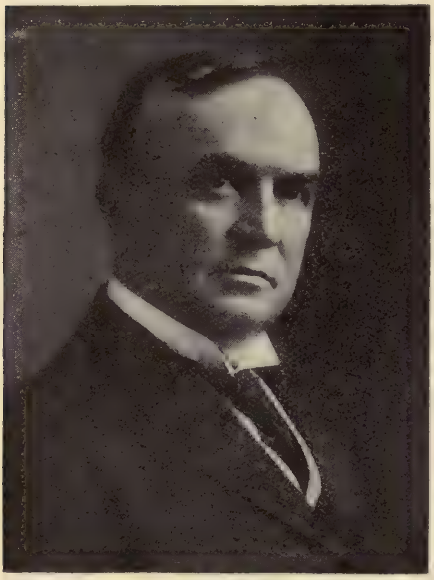


Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.
CONGRESSMAN W. S. HILL OF MISSISSIPPI

There were speeches by members of the Supreme Court, and the songs and choruses alone would have made a hit in any opera. "Farmer" Frank Lowden was carried back to the fields of his home in the West, and the tribute stating that his district is one of the best in the land met with hearty applause. There was fun—plenty of it—and all that sparkling comment of present day affairs that makes one almost forget that there is anything at hand to eat, for it was indeed a memorable "feast of reason." In all respects, it was one of the notable and successful dinners of the session, for whenever the brilliant electric bulbs flash out the form of the "gridiron," over the speakers table it is a signal for a hot time—one of those rare occasions where the spirit of candor, of fun, good cheer and good jokes (new joaks) prevail with a flash-like of wit and satire on men of the hour and passing events.

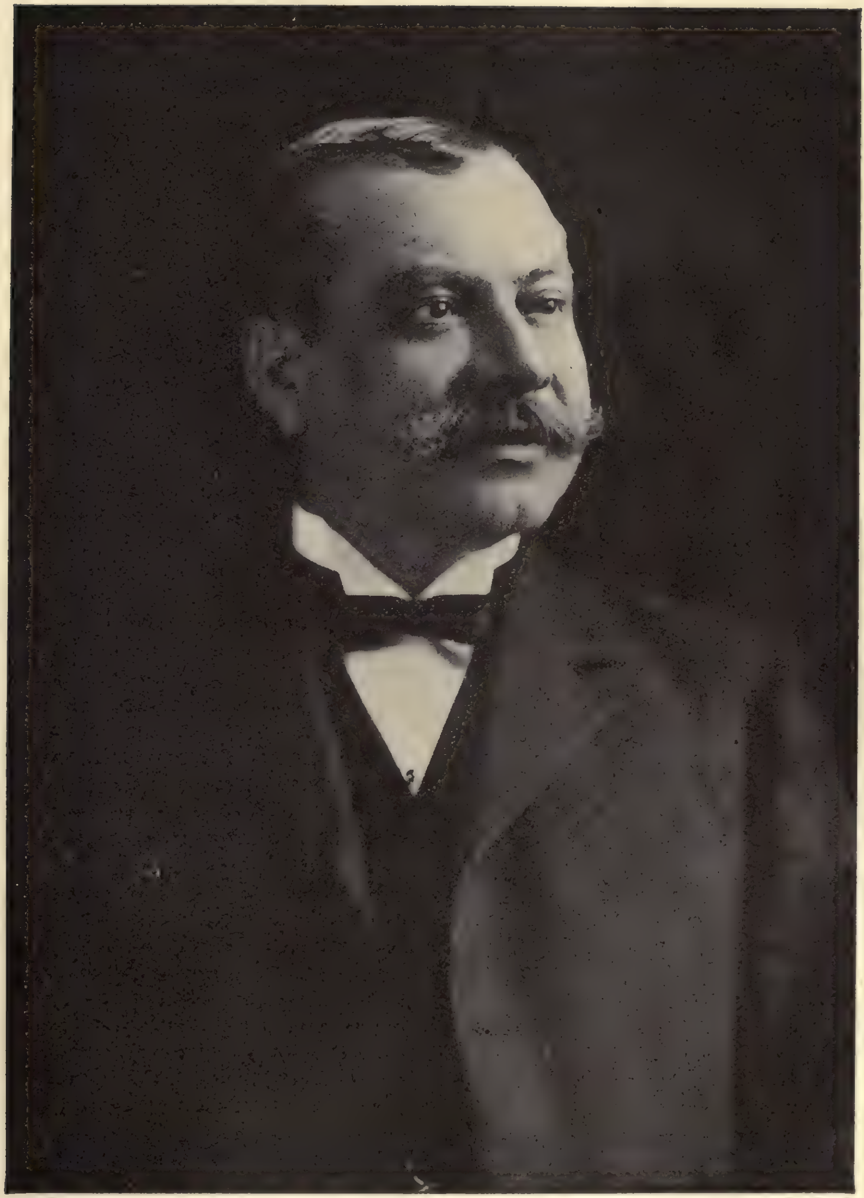
* * *

FOR several years it has been my custom to make a call on Thomas Edison on his birthday. He has passed three-score, and at sixty-one I found him the same genial, sweet, kind and busy man as in the days of yore.

In conversation, he touched on many subjects, as we talked in the great laboratory, and his blue eyes sparkled as he came upon some old task with which he was thoroughly familiar.

"Many things," he said, "which I was obliged to thrust aside as of no value commercially, though important as a purely scientific proposition, if carried out in the laboratory to a definite conclusion would prove of great value. No doubt you have met with these side issues in your own literary work, but were compelled to set them aside and drive straight to the commercial end. There is a time when business may be set aside for ideals, even though this is the age that insists upon practical results. It is these side glances that are so charming, and the idea comes again and again that when I can get

JUSTICE FRANK H. NORCROSS,
Who wrote the $1,000 prize article on "Why Roosevelt Should Serve Another Term," published in the April *National*



By permission International Bureau of American Republics

SENOR DON FEDERICO MEJIA, MINISTER OF SALVADOR TO THE UNITED STATES time I should like to go back and retrace my steps and follow all these side paths until I discover whither they lead. When you write you use a great many authorities and require several books to look up doubtful subjects, and then you dream of the time when you can spend whole months feasting in a good library, instead of snatching stolen moments from absolutely necessary work. But when the time does come, it will be delightful."

MISS GRACE KELLOG
Author of "A Keeper of the Door," the intensely interesting serial now appearing in the *National*

Sometimes it seems as though Mr. Edison's work must ever be focused upon the secret of life, aside from the commercial aspect. Hitherto his genius has given us such inventions as the phonograph, the incandescent light, the stock ticker, which means so much to modern business men; the duplex and quadruplex telegraph system; the microphone and the carbon transmitter for the telephone; the phonograph which he made at first from a tinfoil cylinder, working out an idea absolutely his own; the incandescent light, which before its completion cost him years of work with very little sleep; the megaphone, the kinetoscope, or moving picture machine, a magnetic treatment of iron ore and a new storage battery which it is believed will solve the problem of vehicle traction in cities—all inventions of a more or less commercial character, but now Mr. Edison proposes to devote himself to a human life problem which has been baffling him in the brief time he has been able to give to it.

The greater the man the more interesting and simple his beliefs. Mr. Edison holds tnat man is an aggregation of nervous influences, and behind him is a supreme intelligence which he believes he can conclusively prove. He is a firm believer in evolution, and most graphically compared New York City to a man, drawing his deduction from the great aggregation of influences and energies which combine to make New York. He believes that man is an aggregation of cells, each of which plays its part in life.

The wizard is still enwrapped in the mysteries of electricity, and he hopes to transform coal directly into electricity without the medium of steam engines, as at the present time, when coal is burned to generate steam, and that again goes to make the dynamic force of electricity. He drew a wonderful word picture of a great electrical power house at the mouth of a coal mine, transmitting electricity to all parts of the country, and looked at with his enthusiasm, it seemed a not improbable dream.

Mr. Edison has already obtained electricity direct by burning carbon with an oxygen acid; although this was scientifically a success, it was too costly to be considered as a commercial proposition. Last year Mr. Edison gave much attention to aeronautics. If another war occurs, he believes "America will do great things," and he pointed to an experiment in the way of aerial torpedoes and submarine ships.

To look upon his fresh and almost youthful face, suggests the thought that he should be asked for a prescription for longevity. Forty years of concentrated work, with an average of sixteen hours a day, under the following rules, is apparently what has kept Mr. Edison young:—

Eat lightly; sleep lightly; work, for work is more restful than sleeping or idling. Four hours of good sleep is better than eight of restless slumber. Alcohol scatters thought; tobacco stimulates it.

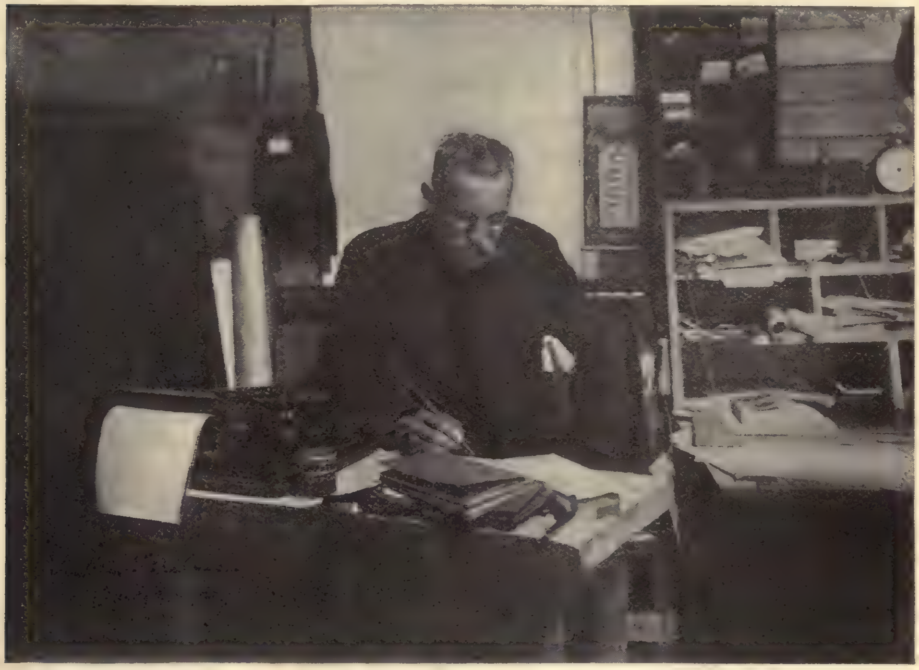
It seems that Mr. Edison usually arises at five o'clock in the morning, walks among the trees and birds in summertime, and does some little odds and ends of reading until the people arrive on the scene. Breakfast is at six-thirty, and then he works until noon, when a light lunch is sent to him in the laboratory, and he eats nothing more until his six o'clock dinner. He usually arrives when the dessert is being put on the table, but he leaves the dining room with the rest of the family, as about five minutes at the table suffices for his modest wants. Mr. Edison says:

"Between eleven and twelve at night I have the best time with my note books, and then, last of all, comes good, sound sleep.

This is the recipe for good health that came from the lips of a man who has been the wonder of his age, who has invented over a thousand separate inventions, whose life is accounted a brilliant success, and who is crowned with triumphs such as have rarely fallen to the lot of an inventor during his life-time.

The career of Mr. Edison was determined by an act of heroism. Standing before a railway station one day, he saw an engine bearing down on a baby playing on the track. He leaped in, grasped the child and pulled it, screaming, away, just at the moment the engine passed. The child's father was a telegraph operator, and he taught the lad the secrets of the telegraph keys.

"In those telegraph keys you may find the real key to whatever success I have since attained." said the inventor.

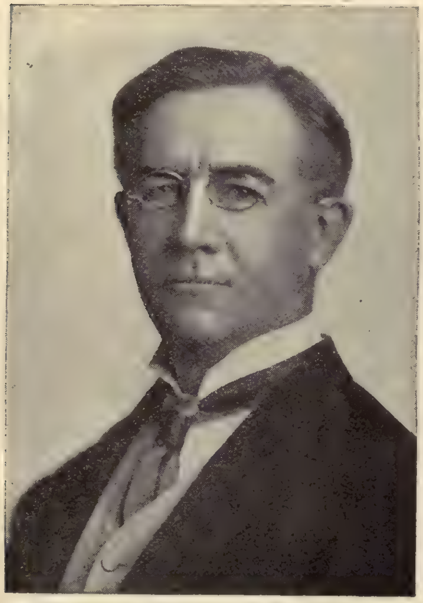


WALTER WELLMAN IN THE RECORD-HERALD HOUSE, SPITZBERGEN, A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE TRIAL OF THE "AMERICA"

* * *

HALE, hearty and as jolly as ever, it seems as though the wheels of government could not go on if Walter Wellman were long absent from Washington. He is doubtless the same philosopher soaring in his airship toward the North Pole or about Spitzbergen as when he strolls about the hotel corridors, interviewing the statesmen of the day. One thing is certain, Walter Wellman has as large and loyal a following as any newspaper correspondent who ever walked the streets of the capital city. He can look back over a record of political prophecy and feel in it a great deal of pride, for he has a way of always hitting the nail on the head.

It does not require more than a cursory conversation, a passing interview with the great interviewer, to glean his conclusions, for Mr. Wellman does not keep his opinions shrouded in mystery. His firm belief at present is that when the proper time comes Theodore Roosevelt will be renominated at the Republican convention. If Mr. Wellman is as true a prophet as in years past, we may look forward to Theodore Roosevelt as the logical nominee of the Republican party for a second elective term in 1908.



CONGRESSMAN GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Mr. Wellman's life is bound up, apparently, in his North Pole project, and he still maintains his enthusiasm on the subject, though it hardly seems possible that the genial newspaper man, attired in frock coat and silk hat, is really the hero of so many adventurous cruises of the icy Northland. When he takes out that lead pencil or begins to hammer on his typewriter, thousands of readers in the Middle West and elsewhere will eagerly follow his dissertations with all the avidity that their forbears read the installments of some thrilling continued story in the old New York Ledger. Mr. Wellman is known in Washington as "the man who is making Spitzbergen famous as a summer resort."

* * *

NEAR Judiciary Square you will find the home of Admiral R. Dunglinson Evans, commander of the largest fleet ever concentrated in the history of the American navy. Here lives Mrs. Evans, the Admiral's wife, and no one can know, except the wives and loved ones of naval officers and men, of the hours of suspense that are passed while awaiting news from the fleet.

Mrs. Evans is one of those good old-fashioned women, who believe that the women connected by home ties with the navy serve Uncle Sam just as truly as their husbands, brothers and sons who wear the uniform. She laughingly refers to her "forty years of naval service." She also spoke feelingly of the old days when the wives were permitted to go to sea with their husbands: times of which she had heard from her mother.

Mrs. Evans is a great admirer of the Japanese, and in her home are many curios and souvenirs brought from the Flowery Land as mementos of her tour there. The walls of the dining room are covered with Japanese silk, and there are draperies and portieres that reflect the magic deftness and rare coloring of Tokio weavers. She is also especially interested in colonial history, being a descendant of that Colonel Simms who served on the staff of General Washington. A maternal ancestor was Daniel Morgan, a teamster in the famous Braddock campaign, and later a rifleman with Arnold at Quebec. Mrs. Evans has his war chest as a relic of old Revolutionary days. She is a native of Washington, having been born in the city, and is the daughter of Frank Taylor. A dainty little lady, with waving white hair and blue eyes, she is, like the Admiral, devoted to her grandchildren, and the greatest delight of the little people is to go to walk with Grandpa or Grandma.

* * *

THE Post Office Savings Bank proposition, suggested by the Postmaster-General, George Von L. Meyer, has found an enthusiastic champion in Congressman Gilbert

M. Hitchcock, of Omaha. He is one of the original advocates and introduced this measure in the Fifty-Eighth Congress, and is now co-operating with the Postmaster-General toward the enactment of a law that will make this bank an established fact.

The bill provides that all money order offices are to receive deposits, and the minimum deposit shall be $1; no deposit to be over $100 in a calendar month, and no total deposit to be over $1,000 in all. Interest will be paid on no more than a total of $500 to any one person. The rate of interest to be a sliding scale of from two to two and a half percent, and the interest to be fixed at no higher rate and computed every six months.

Deposits in turn are to be placed in the national banks giving security of paying two percent on the daily balance, with all funds subject to the checking of the Postmaster-General, and payments and deposits all under the control of an investment board, which would consist of the postmaster general, the secretary of the treasury and comptroller of the currency. It is estimated that the interest received from banks and investments would more than pay the interest on the savings deposits and expense of administration. It is also provided that savings deposits of $200 and under shall not be subject to attachment or other legal process.

Congressman Hitchcock, although a democrat, is joining forces with the Postmaster-General to secure action on this bill during the present session, and make these academic suggestions of successive P. M. G.'s from time immemorial an assumed fact.

There are two things that the people insist upon—parcels post and postal savings; the result is inevitable.

* * *

IN his snug room, devoted to the Committee on Public Buildings, Senator Scott has been kept busy looking after Uncle Sam's building interests. Now the bill has passed for the new building for state, commerce and labor departments; they will be located on Pennsylvania Avenue, between Fourteenth and D Streets, near the Treasury Building.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

HELENE BARCHFELD, DAUGHTER OF CONGRESSMAN BARCHFELD OF PENNSYLVANIA

The new government edifice is to be classic in design, three or four stories in height, and will occupy a full square. It will be one of the new sights of the National Capitol when completed and add one more souvenir postal card to the list.

A MEASURE that is attracting the attention of educational bodies throughout the country has been introduced by Congressman C. R. Davis of Minnesota, who is planning to provide for secondary technical education in agricultural high schools and city high schools and branch agricultural experiment stations. The bill is a broad recognition of the trend of the times toward the revival of agricultural pursuits, and will result in effectively popularizing farming. The Secondary Educational Bill recognizes the need of these schools in every state of the Union. By some it is feared that a federal appropriation would take away from the states and cities their local management of these schools, and thus tend to lessen their interest and responsibility, but this is controverted by Mr. Davis, who uses as an illustration the manner in which all federal appropriations for educational purposes, beginning with the Land Grant Act of 1862, which was the initial step in the establishment of agricultural colleges, have been handled and directed by the several states. No one has maintained that these institutions have passed out from under the control of the states. The federal government originally gave to each state the lands, from the proceeds of which an aggregate annual income of $15,000 to every state is now derived. Subsequently this appropriation has been increased for agricultural and mechanical colleges in each state, which will ultimately aggregate $50,000. Ten years ago these colleges received from their several states $2,218,100, and in 1906 this amount was $7,531,502, showing an increase of 240 per cent. In 1896 these institutions received twenty-nine per cent. of their support from the national government, while in 1906, owing to increased state appropriations, the national treasury contributed only fifteen and four-tenths per cent. of their total support. These figures show that national appropriations have not tended to relieve the states of a sense of responsibility, but have, on the contrary, quickened their responsibility. These appropriations by Congress also uphold Mr. Davis' view in justification of federal aid for secondary technical educational purposes, which would be but an extension of the principle established by the passage of the Land Grant Act of 1862 and subsequent legislation.

SENATOR BRANDEGIE OF CONNECTICUT AND COL. RAMSDELL, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS OF THE SENATE, JUST "CONFERRING"

* * *

AS manager of the Commercial Bank of Salvador, Central America, Federico Mejia, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary for that country in Washington, has devoted his life to the study of financial questions. At the time of his appointment he was secretary to the treasury of his republic, which office he resigned to accept the diplomatic mission to Washington. Senor Mejia is known far and wide as an expert and an authority on the cultivation of coffee, and has given much time to the study of agriculture; he considers the great Agricultural Department in Washington a benefit not only to this country, but to the world at large, and was surprised to learn that S. N. D. North and his staff are versed not only in all products raised in this country, but also in those brought in from abroad, for consumption in the United States.

Mr. Mejia also takes especial interest in the financial legislation now pending, and it is believed that whatever is done by this country will have a far-reaching influence in establishing a uniform system of currency throughout the American republics.

ATTENTION has been called to the fact that much confusion in the House is occasioned by the "card play." That is the sending in of frequent cards to congressmen. It is computed that congressmen are called out—by cards being passed to them—on an average during the session ten or twenty times a day at least. This makes it impossible for them to listen to the proceedings, much less to participate. Perhaps in the midst of an important speech a page will come running in with a card, for the doors are constantly thronged with people desiring to talk with some one or other of the congressmen. It is hoped that this will be obviated now that the congressmen are established in their new offices. Each member of the House has a secretary who can always be found ready to take any message to his chief after he leaves the floor of the House. If constituents will consider a moment, they will take this course rather than interrupt the proceedings unless it be a case of extreme emergency. The average congressman is solicitious lest some constituent from a distance may come to see him to whom he does not care to send out a refusal, lest he lose an opportunity to discuss important matters—hence nearly every card is attended. The National Magazine ventures the suggestion that those who visit Washington—and the readers of the National constitute no small number of those who go to view the Capitol—shall not send in their cards between the hours of twelve and four o'clock, when the more important business of legislation is going on. It costs half a million of dollars a day to keep congressional wheels in motion, and if the people will observe this simple rule, much loss of time will be obviated.

Few people appreciate the strenuous duties involved in congressional work. First there is the mail from constituents to be cared for in the morning; committee meetings at ten o'clock continuing up to half past eleven or twelve; from twelve to five the House is in session, and after that there are usually some functions in the evening. Besides this it takes the average congressman or senator an hour or two to read up the Congressional Record, and keep informed as to just what is going on —all this without any allowance for the tremendous work done by many committeemen and in the various departments which require time as well as conferences. In addition to all other duties, a congressman is expected to appear at a large number of functions in his own district, and to make speeches: Altogether it appears to me that every legislator in Washington who does his work earns his money from Uncle Sam.

* * *

ALL kinds of geniuses are to be found in the Capitol, but when the colleagues of Congressman Ames discovered that he was an automobile builder, he immediately had several orders offered him. He is using his spare moments to construct a machine for his own use. Some years ago he built a touring car for himself, but his enthusiasm for that type of car has been diverted to a runabout, which he is now working on at his home in Lowell, Massachusetts. In Washington he hopes to continue the work on his new-styled automobile, as a recreation in his leisure hours. Mr. Ames was educated in the technical schools, and has acquired a reputation as an expert engineer. He spends many hours in machine shops, and insists that he would rather preside over a lathe than over a committee of the whole in Congress.

* * *

THE Bureau of Information in the Congressional Library indicates the growth of paternal interest and the people's demands on federal institutions. Every American who calls there is an elongated question mark, and "wants to know" something the moment he passes inside the door. Ten thousand letters were received last year, to say nothing of those inquiries made in person at the bureau. While the Congressional Library was primarily for the purpose of serving members of Congress, Mr. Griffin and his assistant in charge of the information department are kept very busy, for they acknowledge the right of every American to ask questions. There is apparently no query that has not been answered by this bureau. Foreign ministers apply for material on American institutions or even in reference to their own country's history. Questions are propounded about Browning, Abou Ben Adhem, Abruzzi, Balzac, various manufactures, and inquiry has been made for the best way of catching mink; in fact, as the clerks about Mr. Griffin remarked between sneezes and sniffs that indicated influenza, "The only thing nobody wants to know is how to catch cold."

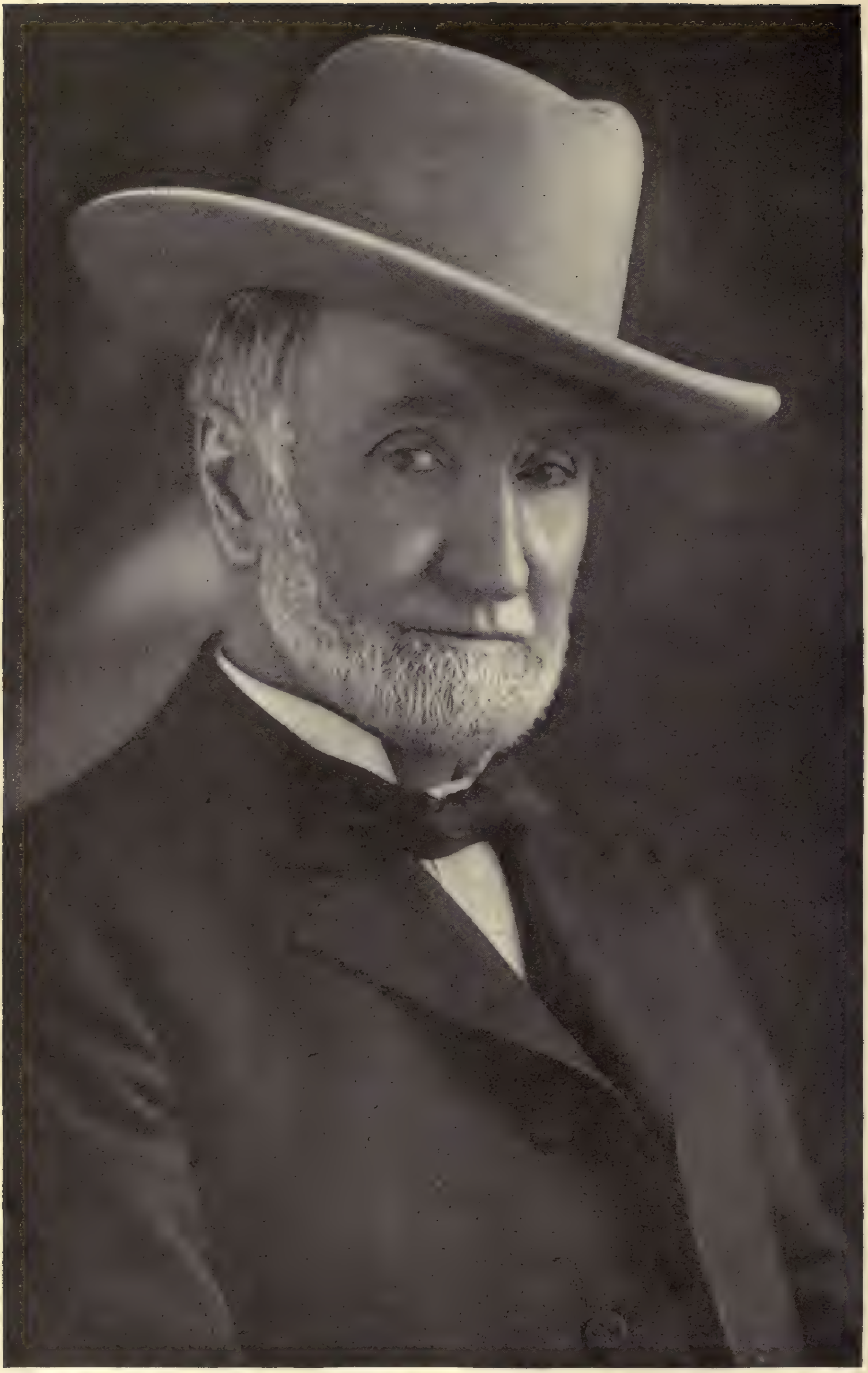


Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D.C.

"UNCLE JOE" UNDER THE HAT WHICH HIS FRIENDS INSIST IS JUST THE PRESIDENTIAL SIZE

HOW A BILL BECOMES A LAW

By J. G. CANNON

Speaker of the House of Representatives

THE action of Congress, as a whole, is expressed usually in laws, and the inquiry naturally arises, "In what form does the law begin to exist, and what are the various processes by which it is perfected?"

Either house of Congress alone may express itself by orders or simple resolutions. These forms are not used, however, for the making of laws, but are employed for expressing the determinations of the house as to its organization or its opinions. Sometimes the two houses by concurrent resolutions express their opinions, it being understood that such expressions do not have the effect of law.

What, then, are the forms assumed in its early stages by that which afterwards becomes the law?

If one looks over the calendars of the House, he will find them largely filled with the description of documents or papers called "bills." Among these, also, will be a few called "joint resolutions." If these bills and joint resolutions be examined, it will be found that each contains a project of some proposed law. It will also be discovered that generally the joint resolutions are used when minor matters of legislation are proposed, like the correction of an error in an existing law, or a declaration of the government as to some matter, while the bills contain the larger and more important matters. But when finally enacted by the two houses of Congress, and signed by the President, a joint resolution has the full effect of law, and in whatever description is to follow as to the process of the House, the word "bill" will be understood to cover "joint resolutions" also.

There are various ways in which a bill may be originated. The ancient method, and one which to some extent is in use at the present time, is most in harmony with the ideas of a government by the people—the origin through petition. Certain people who feel that they are aggrieved by some existing law, or lack of law, address a respectful petition to one or the other of the houses of Congress, praying for the legislation which they desire. This petition, if addressed to the House, is forwarded to some member of the House or to the speaker, and is in due time introduced into the House and referred to a committee, which committee may draw up a bill embodying the legislation desired by the petitioners. But in the later practice of Congress this somewhat slow, although safe, action from the people, is not awaited; but a member informed by conversation with his constituents, or with other persons who make representations as to existing grievances and the desire for legislation, draws up a bill and introduces it into the House for reference to a committee. The committee may report this bill to the House, with or without amendments.

The President of the United States frequently suggests legislation that is desirable, and sometimes transmits drafts of proposed bills. Frequently, also, the heads of executive departments, who are members of the President's Cabinet, by communication, suggest to one or the other of the houses of Congress legislation that is desired, and even communicates the forms or drafts of bills, the enactment of which they would recommend. During the most strenuous years of the Civil War much of the financial legislation was drafted by Mr. Fessenden, secretary of the treasury, who had had long experience in the Senate and was familiar with its methods. In later years, the Senate has shown some sensitiveness at the activity of Cabinet officers in drafting bills for its consideration, but in the House these drafts have always been, and still are, received as suggestions for legislation.

All petitions or drafts of bills, whether made by members or transmitted by communications from heads of departments, are, upon receipt in the House, referred to the committees. There are sixty-two of these committees in all, each having by rule certain subjects assigned to it. There are, for instance, the committee on ways and means, with jurisdiction of bills on subjects relating to the revenues and the treasury; the committee on appropriations, which reports a number of bills appropriating money for the great public services of the government; the judiciary committee, having jurisdiction of subjects relating to the courts and the laws of the United States, and others. Each committee is composed of from five to twenty men, according to its importance, the greater number of these men serving on the committee from year to year, and becoming experts on the subject with which it has to deal. Many members make their public reputations in the work of one of these great committees. Some of the committees, also, have clerks who remain in their service year after year, and who become authorities on the subjects considered by them. Thus, Mr. James C. Courts has served the House committee on appropriations for thirty years, through all the changes of party control in the House, and under many different chairmen. Mr. Thomas P. Cleaves has served the Senate committee on appropriations as long or for a longer period. These two men are thoroughly informed on the fiscal policies of the government, past and present, and their services are invaluable.

It is plain, then, that a bill or petition referred to one of these committees will usually receive a searching and careful investigation, and when it is reported to the House, the House will feel that there is back of the report information and an intelligent appreciation of the subject. After a committee has considered a bill, its chairman, or some other member, is directed to report it to the House. It is not usually considered at once when first reported, that method having been given up long years ago, because of the congestion of business which it produced. But the reports are placed on lists or dockets called calendars. There are three of these calendars. The House calendar, which stands first, is for bills public in their nature which do not involve expense to the government—such bills being considered by the House itself, as distinguished from the committee of all of the members of the House. Other bills, also public in their nature, but involving expense to the government, are referred to the great committee composed of all of the members, and known as the committee of the whole House on the state of the Union. This committee has a calendar of its own, called the Union calendar. There still remains a third class of bills, private in their nature, which, on being reported, are referred to another of the great committees composed of all of the members, called the committee of the whole House. This committee also has a calendar of its own, on which the bills referred to it are listed.

Thus, all the bills which receive the approval of the committees of the House are placed on three lists, and the House begins to work away at these lists, daily considering as many bills as possible. In order that its energies may be divided impartially, and between the different calendars, and in order that there may be a due regard to the relative importance of the bills, so that small matters may not impede the pathway of great public measures, there has grown up through the years of the past a system of rules which prescribe the order of business. These rules for the order of business are so framed that the House may take up and consider any bill which is on the calendars, provided a majority of the House so will. Much misconception exists in the public mind as to this point, it having been asserted many times by men who assume to know, that the consideration of bills by the House depends entirely upon the will of the speaker and the committee on rules. This is true only to the extent that the speaker, or the committee on rules may sometimes assist in bringing before the House a bill that would not, upon its own merits, be able to overcome the inertia of the House. But it is not true that the speaker, or the committee on rules, can bring the House to consider a bill which it does not wish to consider, or prevent it from considering any bill on its calendar which it may wish to consider; and when the words "the House" are used, a majority of the House, expressing itself by a majority vote, is meant, and not a minority or small fraction, or individual, who may conceive the measures which they champion ought surely to be enacted, and that the failure of a majority to consider them is to be charged up to tyrannical rules.

The order of business works away at the mass of bills on the calendar like a great machine, and like a great machine does not always produce just the result which good

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"UNCLE JOE" LEAVING THE SPEAKER'S ROOM TO GO INTO THE HOUSE
Taken expressly for the National Magazine

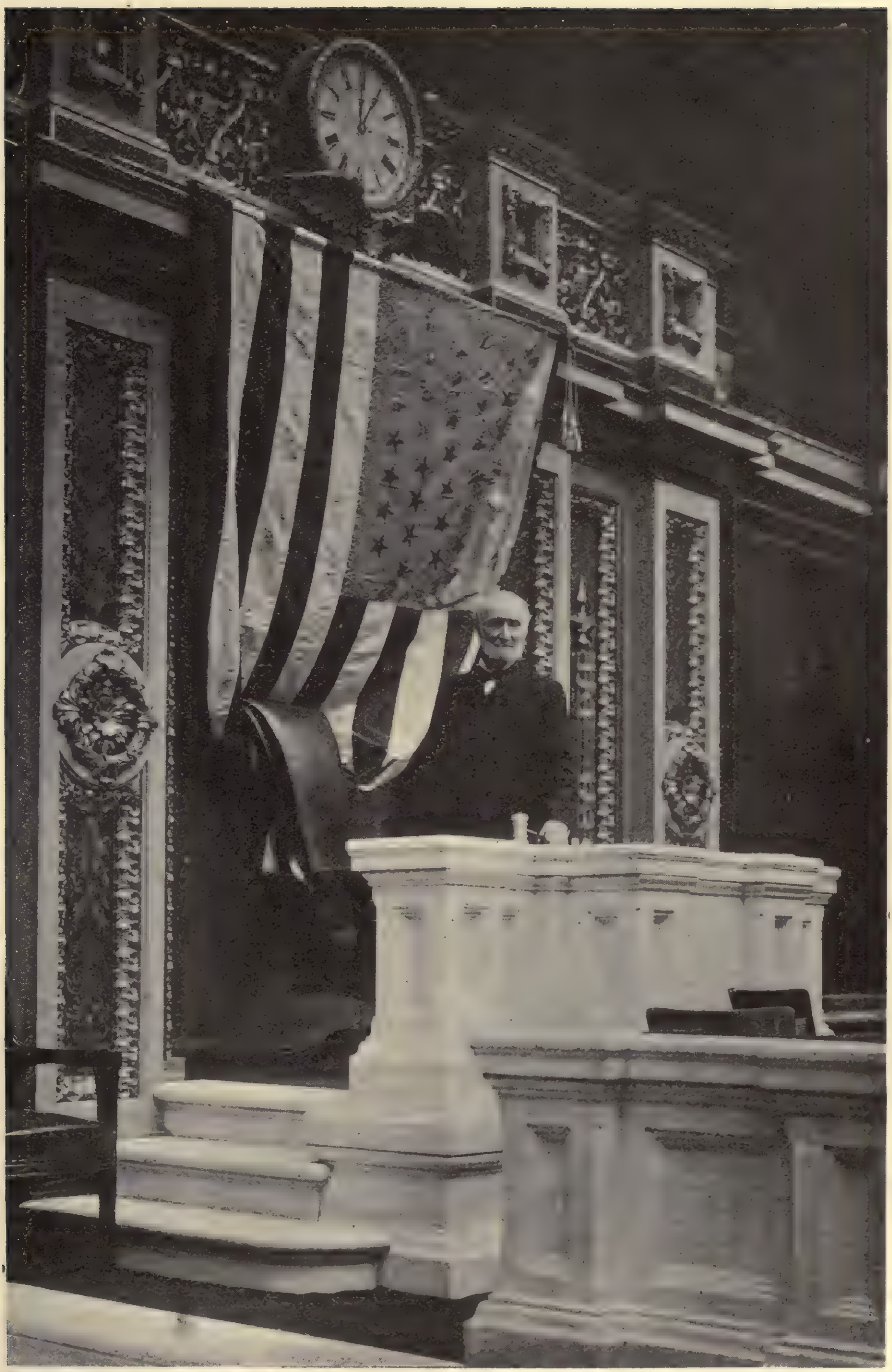
judgment would suggest. Thus, the rule for the order of business may bring forward and give aid to a certain class of bills which ordinarily would be very proper for consideration, but which the exigency of the moment may render subordinate to some other measures; or there may be a bill, of itself very meritorious, but belonging to a class of bills that as a whole are not particularly pressing or meritorious. It is manifestly desirable to have in the House some method of correcting these little inequalities. One method is by the recognition for "unanimous consent," which usually takes place for a few minutes each day, after the meeting of the House, and also for a few moments before adjournment. The speaker recognizes members who ask "unanimous consent" of those present that the rules for the order of business be temporarily suspended, in order that some bill may be taken up out of its order. The speaker puts the request to the House, if the bill meets his approval. If it does not, he exercises the right which he has in common with every other member of the House to object to the disarranging of the order of business, and manifests his objection by his refusal to recognize the member. But if he does recognize him, then any other member of the House may object. If no member objects, the bill is usually passed.

This function of the speaker, in recognizing for unanimous consent, is often misunderstood, and his refusal to recognize has even been denounced as "tyrannical," by men who declared that he was preventing the passage of their measures. It is true, in a certain sense possibly, that the speaker in such a case is responsible for the failure of the bill to pass, because by the use of his power he might overcome the indifference of the House toward the bill. But there is another way for the bill to go through, and if the member in charge of it has sufficient address to overcome the indifference of the House there is a way provided under the rules. The truth is that, in most cases, the bill is one as to which the House would not bother itself at all, unless the speaker should put it before them upon the request for "unanimous consent." There is, however, still another way by which the House sometimes takes bills out of their regular order. This is upon the report from the committee on rules, which report must be agreed to by the House before it becomes effective. Still another method is by a motion to suspend the rules, which may be made on two Mondays in each month, and which must be agreed to by a two-thirds' vote.

When bills are considered under the regular order of business, there are two leading methods, one in the House itself, under the rules which govern the action of the House, and the other in the committee of the whole, under certain peculiar rules which govern that committee and are not in use in the House itself. Public bills, which do not appropriate money or property, are considered in the House, have their readings, are amended, passed to be engrossed, and finally passed, under the rules of the House.

When the committee of the whole sits, the speaker leaves the chair, a chairman is called to preside, and the bills under consideration, which are bills appropriating money or property, or private bills, are debated generally and then are read by sections or paragraphs for amendment, under a rule which limits debate to five minutes on a side. This method of amendment and five minute debate is one of the most admirable systems of procedure ever invented for a parliamentary body, and one that has grown up and is peculiar to the House of Representatives. Under its provisions, long and prosy speeches are excluded, but there is concentrated on each paragraph of the bill an intelligent discussion always to the point and usually sufficient to develop any weak place that may exist in the proposed legislation. After the bill has gone through the searching process of the five-minute rule, the committee takes a vote on the question of reporting it to the House, and if that is decided in the affirmative, the committee rises and the bill is accordingly reported. In the House it is possible if the House so wills, to consider the bill again both for debate and amendment, but usually there is no desire to do this, and the question on the several readings and passage of the bill are taken at once.

When the bill has passed the House, it is sent to the enrolling room, where trained clerks prepare it for the printer, who prints it on a good grade of paper, in large type; and thereby it becomes an engrossed bill. The clerk places upon it his certificate to show that it is a true and bona-fide act of legislation of the House, and then takes



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"UNCLE JOE" CANNON, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Putting down the Gavel with his "mighty left" and casting a glance over the Democratic side of the House. The clock has struck high twelve, the hour that convenes, and the chaplains's Prayer has just been finished

"UNCLE JOE" STARTING OUT FOR A WALK ON A WINDY DAY

it by message to the United States Senate.

In the Senate, the bill is usually referred to a committee, and after consideration therein is debated and may be passed with or without amendment. If the Senate pass it without amendment, they stamp on it a certificate to that effect, and the bill is then returned to the House by message. If they amend it, their amendment is printed neatly on heavy paper, and pinned to the bill. House bills are engrossed on light blue paper. Senate bills are engrossed on white paper, and the Senate amendment, which is pinned to the House bill, is also engrossed on white paper, so that it is easy for the members and clerks in handling the bills to determine at a glance whether they are Senate or House bills, and whether the amendment is a Senate or House amendment. After the Senate amendment has been engrossed and pinned to the bill, the bill is then returned to the House by message. In the House the Senate amendment is acted on without reference to a committee, if it be such as does not carry a new appropriation of money or property. If it does carry such an appropriation, the bill is referred at once to one of the committees of the House to be considered and reported upon before action by the House.

When the House bill with Senate amendment comes up in the House, only the amendment is considered. Various motions may be made as to this. The House may at once agree to the amendment, and if this action be taken, the bill is thereby passed and is a law so far as the action of Congress can make it such. Or the House may disagree to the Senate amendment, and in such a case the bill is returned by message to the Senate, with a statement of this fact. The Senate then has open to it two courses; either to recede from its amendment, which action has the effect of passing the bill, or it may insist on its amendment. If it insists on its amendment, the bill is then returned to the House, with a notice to that effect. The Senate may accompany this notice that it insists with a request for a conference. The House on receiving the message may recede from its disagreement to the Senate amendment, and agree to the same, in which case the bill will stand passed. Or it may insist on its disagreement and agree to a conference, if the Senate asks for one. Or it may ask for one on its own account, if the Senate did not so request. Sometimes conferences are not asked, and the two houses pass from the stage of disagreement to the stage of adherence in their disagreement, and after both houses have adhered the bill is lost and cannot become a law. But usually the conference is agreed to, and three managers are

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IN THE SPEAKER'S ROOM

Here is where "Uncle Joe" clears the Speaker's desk every day of a mass of correspondence, and keeps handy that box of matches to keep the same old cigar going

appointed from each house. The managers meet in a room, usually on the Senate side, and endeavor to come to an agreement as to the matter in dispute. These conferences, while always amicable, are sometimes quite spirited affairs. The managers of each house often represent that they will never yield, and endeavor, by an aspect of obduracy, to so impress the managers of the other house that they will yield. It is a tradition that the Senate is more likely to be successful in conference, because the senators are usually more experienced men, and hence have the advantage in these duels. But this, perhaps, dwells in tradition rather than in fact, because in many notable instances it has been found that the conferees of the House, though of less experience, have the qualities of intellect and temperament which prevail over the older senators. If the conferees are unable to agree, they so report to their respective houses, and one or the other may then recede, or a new conference may be asked.

Sometimes the managers are not able to agree and do not have time, on account of adjournment or otherwise, to make a report. In such a case, the bill is said to have died in conference. If the managers agree they draw up a report, which they all sign, or which a majority of the managers of each house must sign, if it is to be valid. This report is first brought into one house and then into the other. If either disagree to it, the matter must be again sent to conference, or must be settled by one or the other house receding. If both houses agree to the report, the differences are settled, and the bill is thereby passed, and is a law so far as the action of Congress can make a law.

After the last action has been taken on the bill, in the way of agreeing to the conference report or Senate amendments, it is sent to the enrolling room, where a copy is prepared for the printer, who prints it in large type on sheep-skin parchment. The enrolled bills have been spread upon parchment from the earliest days of the government. Up to about ten years ago, they were written by engrossing clerks, and some of the enrolled bills of the early days of the House, especially those enrolled in the early part of the nineteenth century, are beautiful examples of penmanship. About ten years ago, printing was substituted for handwriting, as less likely to favor errors or changes. After the bill has been printed on parchment, it is examined by the committee known as the committee on enrolled bills. The committee upon finding that the bill is truly and strictly enrolled, pins to it a certificate of this fact, and the bill is then reported to the House, whereupon the speaker signs it. The chairman of the committee on enrolled bills then takes it to the President for his signature. The President has, by the Constitution, ten days in which to sign the bill, and if he does not sign it within that time, it becomes a law without his signature, unless Congress in the meantime shall have adjourned. The tariff bill, known as the Wilson Bill, is a notable example of a bill which in this way became a law without the President's signature. If the President does not approve the bill, and does not wish it to become a law without his approval, he returns the bill to the House if the measure originated in the House, with a message stating that he does not approve it, and usually giving his reasons therefor. This is called a veto message. The House may, if it so wills, pass the bill over the President's veto by a two-thirds vote. Where a bill commands such a two-thirds vote in the House, it is then sent to the Senate, and if it commands a two-thirds vote there, it then becomes a law, the President's disapproval to the contrary notwithstanding. During the administration of President Johnson, a considerable number of very important measures thus became laws by a two-thirds vote of both houses. But ordinarily it is very rare that a bill disapproved by the President can secure a two-thirds vote even in one house.

When a bill is sent to the President for his approval, within the last ten days of a session of Congress, it is plain that if he does not sign it, the provision that it may become a law without his signature does not prevail, since the Constitution provides that this shall not happen in case of an adjournment of Congress. So the President sometimes does not veto a bill, sent to him the last ten days of a session, but allows it to die by reason of the adjournment of Congress. This is called a "pocket-veto," and has been often employed as a means of preventing a bill from becoming a law. In the Fifty-fourth Congress, at the last session of that Congress, President Cleveland permitted several of the great appropriation bills, which contained matters he did not approve, to fail in that way.

After the President has signed a bill, or after a bill has been passed over his veto by action of two-thirds of each house, it is sent to the secretary of state, there to be preserved among the archives of the government, and for reference in future time if a question should arise as to the exact wording of the law, or if by any inconceivable contingency all the other printed copies of the law should be destroyed.

J. G. Cannon

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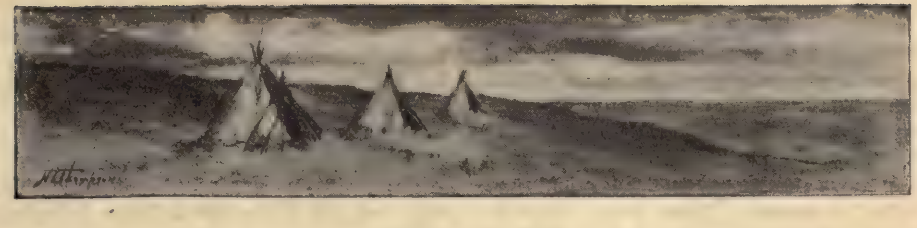
MRS. E. W. LE SURES DAUGHTER OF SPEAKER CANNON

I unrolled my packet, slung on my quiver and drew an arrow therefrom. The herd came on.—Sagchjowa, in "A Keeper of the Door," page 164



A KEEPER OF THE DOOR

By GRACE KELLOGG

CHAPTER I

SAGEHJOWA* to the White King in the Land of Vines, this white-talk: Majesty—It is long since Sagehjowa fled from the land of Vines to return to the land of his birth: the Land of Monster Trees. During the many moons of Sagehjowa's wandering, certain vassals of the White King have followed on the long trail of Sagehjowa. One of these vassals now feasts by the great fire of Sagehjowa. The scalps of his hundred comrades swing on the rattlesnake skins in a hundred wigwams. He alone has escaped to bear to Sagehjowa your Majesty's dear love and pardon and wishful permission that Sagehjowa drink the King's wine once more in the Land of Vines.

Your Majesty has squandered lives to no purpose. Sagehjowa feasts no more in the lodge of the White Man. Sagehjowa's people shall see your Majesty's messenger in safety to the great ship that lies anchored on the far coast. The great ship shall bring to your Majesty the white-talk of Sagehjowa; but Sagehjowa it shall not bring.

Let not your Majesty therefore doubt the love of Sagehjowa. I, Sagehjowa, lose not my love on small cause. Sagehjowa would not drive one he loved from his lodge; yet, neither, being driven from the lodge of his friend doth he lose his love. It is because of Sagehjowa's great love for you, his friend, that he makes this last white-talk, which your Majesty's messenger shall bring you.

Sagehjowa was not patterned to be a King's favorite—a King's idlewile—dupe in the intrigues of snow-skinned, pale-eyed women. Yet these things Sagehjowa might brook for his great love of the King. But a greater love—three-fold and yet one—has come to Sagehjowa: the love of the Land of Giant Rivers, the love of the dark-eyed people, the love of a woman.

Sagehjowa sends the White King his loving gratitude; gratitude for that the White King took him, a sullen little brave, ill-brooking the staring eyes of a curious populace, and sheltered him in a lodge; gratitude for that the White King forgot him for many years, during which time priests and books were his companions; gratitude for that the White King yet remembered him when he had come to manhood, and, loving him with sudden love, set him as the central precious jewel in his court. Yet Sagehjowa's chief measure of gratitude is for that the White King plucked forth this jewel after a time and flung it out upon the far waters.

Your Majesty does not understand this. No. But when Sagehjowa's white-talk is done, your Majesty will understand, and forgive in your heart.

The tale begins in verity, in the last moon of Falling Petals, on the day when Sagehjowa stood alone, and as yet nameless, upon that bank of the Sioto which lies toward the dawn.

[NOTE—The story, "A Keeper of the Door," is founded on the massacre of the Eries by the Iroquois in 1685, but is otherwise not historical, except that the episode of the Great Heron is a combination of two actual occurences, and the running down of the wild stallion is an incident in the captivity of Col. James Smith. The names used do not necessarily apply to historical characters, but I have been most careful to make the story accurate in its picture of life among the People of the Long-House.]

*Sa-jeh-how'ah

Below me the prairies, islanded here and there with woody clumps, rolled out and out, a placid sea. Away to the north a little creek wound, no wider than the thread of turquoises I gave Madame Valérie the day before—huh!—odd how my mind kept running back to Valérie that day. I stood there motionless. There were disastrous happenings the day after I gave Madame the thread of turquoises. One is a daredevil youngster at nineteen, Your Majesty, particularly when one is a squaw's youngling and ripened swiftly in too sunny a climate.

I had completely forgotten the little creek and the plains, when a low muttering, very low and far away, came from the direction of the squat hills which trace the course of the hidden Oheeyo. A dark cloud the size of a finger-nail lay out on the Pickawa Plains. That means stampeded buffalo.

The muttering deepened into a rumble as the cloud crept nearer, murky and mingled with smoke-puffs of grayish white. At its present course the herd would pass me within bow-shot. My eye lightened, not so much that the sport is all that is to be desired for risk as that a buffalo steak is not to be despised after a fortnight's diet of roots and hurtle-berries.

The rumble swelled into a deep-toned roll and roar above which shrilled the hoarse cries of hunters and the yapping of dogs. The earth began to shake under foot. I unrolled my packet, slung on my quiver and drew an arrow therefrom. The herd came on. Now the leaders were opposite me, running with heads lowered and thrusting at the dogs, who, snapping at their very noses, took nimble care to keep beyond reach of the savage horns. The herd was slowly scattering. Already a hunter had brought down one bull. In a moment my chance would come.

To another, unmounted, I would doubtless have recommended caution, but for myself,—tschuk! I fixed my eye on a giant bull that was heading in my direction, drew my bow and held ready to let fly. Nearer and nearer—when suddenly a slim brown form a-horseback darted out from the troubled mass of tossing manes and rising dust, and swung after my bull.

The pony was a fleet one—nose at the bull's heels before he reached me. Now she crept up on his flank—now on his withers—now neck to neck. Suddenly, leaning forward, the hunter drew bow and set an arrow into the bull's shoulder.

An arrow too weakly sent—the bull snorted with pain and rage—wheeled and charged.

"Chakoh, Chakonaugh!" cried I, unheard.

The pony was a wiry little dodger—this way and that under the buffalo's lightning plunges.

Another arrow—the great head lowered with a jerk, the little wicked eyes bleared, the black mane shook with rage, the infuriated brute seemed possessed of sudden sinister intelligence. He stopped, watching cunningly with an under-glance the hunter, who was drawing another bow. Then he hurled himself forward. The pony dodged again, the cruel head almost at her flank, another dodge, close pressed, once more escape, and then a scream of mortal agony as she went down beneath the savage horns. The hunter had leaped from the pony's back as she fell. His agility was marvelous, but he was hard-pressed. It was a matter of seconds only till he too should go down under the slender hoofs and cruel front.

I sighted and drew.

The bull bellowed, pitched forward into the ground, shuddered, and lay still. The young hunter leaped forward with his knife. On the instant I was beside him. There was the death plunge yet to come. I caught him in my arms and jerked him backward off the ground. At the instant the bull plunged. There would have been little left of one who had been a hand's breadth nearer the carcass, but the young hunter, with scant gratitude, wriggled and bit like a true son of Matchemanito.

He was as slippery as a lizard. I should have had to crush the bones in his body to hold him. In another instant he was out of my arms and had driven his knife into the bull's throat.

His two arrows he pulled out ruefully.

I judged it was their maiden bath in buffalo blood. Mine he left in to reserve as mine the carcass when the squaws should come out to help carry the meat to camp, but he turned and cast upon me a wrathful glance. With what reason I did not pause to ponder, for my sharp-toothed little hunter of the slim, brown body and agile daring was a maiden, a keegsquaw.

I had scarcely comprehended this astounding fact when I comprehended another, and having small mind that the knife of a girl should send me to happier hunting grounds, I caught her by both wrists and held her so, looking down into her fierce young eyes.

"Well, young Hot-Blood," I said laughing, and, I confess, admiring with all my might the smooth pretty brow, the blood flushing beneath the clear dusky skin, the firm soft contour of cheek and chin, the tense-delicate muscling of the arms. "Is not thine own life enough for me to give thee?"

"Pontilogah* had rather die like a brave than be saved like a papoose," the girl retorted fiercely, yet with a trembling of the full lower lip which showed how near unbrave-like tears were.

And all at once—I have never been able to make out quite how it was—something was happening. First, I think, the prairie melted into the sky, and everything was a chaos of burning molten green and blue, shot zig-zag with fire-gold, and her eyes and mine were drawing upon each other as the sun draws the lake, suddenly hers began slowly closing. Everything swayed and darkened smokily, still flame-shot;—and then I was gathering up my pouch and mantle on the bank of the Sioto, and a girl-hunter was running like a deer across the prairie.

I sat down and meditated. An Indian girl was not Madame Valérie, neither was I any longer nineteen, nor breathing now the passion-laden air of France. Besides, Madame—I could laugh now—had known her power and used it, while this girl had set her fierce little teeth in my arm.

Well, she was a girl, black-eyed and free-limbed, and my blood was over-heated.

Still one must admit that my blood was rather more frequently over-heated than otherwise; and I had seen many a girl of the forest, black-eyed and free-limbed, in the past seven—eight years; aye, and being so long sulky from the episode of Valérie as to get out of the habit of wishing for such things, had never desired so much as a kiss from one of them. Then what—? Tschuk! This questioning was unprofitable. And meanwhile I was desperately hungry.

I skinned the buffalo and cut from it a juicy steak which I took to the other side of the stream. There, with ravenous haste, I built me a small fire and feasted over-plentifully.

I did not know that I was sleepy, though I might have suspected it, since I had lain two nights sleepless watching a raccoon trap in the hopes of some meat food. (I caught nothing but rattlesnakes both nights. It is indeed true that at the crevices of the same rocks where during the moon of Frost and Snow the raccoons are caught, during the moon of Blossoms these reptiles come forth; wherefore they say that the raccoons change into snakes; but I do not think that this can be true.)

At any rate, however this may be, had I taken aught more edible than rattlesnakes these two nights it is probable that sleep would not have held me, as it now did, without so much as a stirring till dawn of the next day.

When I awoke, I found that I was once again the only habitant of the vast prairie. Hunters and buffalo had disappeared. The only traces of the hunt were two charred, black circles where they had hung the kettles and boiled the buffalo-paunch for soup, scattered entrails heaped on the curly buffalo grass, and a single carcass near at hand with my arrow still sticking in the shoulder.

I looked out over the deserted plains, and all at once it came to me that I was alone. For the eight years that had passed since my return from France, to this the land of my birth, I had been an Indian without a tribe: I knew not what my mother's tribe had been and I had taken none for my own. I had wandered from town to town, hunting a season with the Creeks or the Pottawatimies, smoking and dicing a fortnight with the River Crows, feasting with the Kewanees, warming myself at the camp-fire of the Rees, worshipping the Carreyagaroona now and again in the holy lodges of the Caughnewagas, but building a lodge among none nor taking to myself a wife.

Now I looked across the solitary plains stretching unbroken to the wet clay flats of the Great Hock Hocking, and I was oppressed by a sudden sensation of loneliness—of incompleteness. I had a quick desire for human warmth—for brotherhood—for—Tschuk! I was beginning to waste more thought than usual upon myself.

Nevertheless another hour found me breakfasted, a packet of roasted buffalo slung over my shoulder upon my raccoon's skin, my tobacco pouch hung round my neck,

*Pon-ti-lo'gah

my quiver and bow at my back, and my eyes on the trail.

It was easy to follow. Obviously, no need of concealing tracks had been felt and the hundred horses, braves, and squaws, laden with dragging tent-poles, kettles, hides and meat, left a trail almost as plain as a wagon-road. Nevertheless I followed slowly—why, I do not know.

So it happened that the sun was in the west when I crossed the Great Hock Hocking. I made me a supper of cold roast, hesitated a while whether to go on or to turn aside, and ended by going on with quickened pace.

There is a strip of most beautiful prairie for a few ten-miles on this bank of the river, and the trail drew a furrowed line straight across it into the levels beyond, where it wound through timber and over little ridges, till finally it came out in a narrow bottom on the Muskingum. On the opposite bank of the Muskingum the hill rose steeply, tufted with pine. Evidently the whole party had here taken to canoes. Tomorrow I would make me a canoe of elm bark and follow down stream till I came to their town or to a renewal of the trail. For the nonce, it was near to dark night, and I must find me a spot to spread my mantle for a couch.

The bottom was trampled and damp. I followed down the river-edge till the land rose gently into the hill which alternated, opposed to another long narrow bottom on the opposite bank. I climbed the sparsely-wooded hill slope a little way and determined to couch for the night in its shelter without fire, for the air was warm.

I had scarcely wrapped myself in my mantle when a slight sound, different from the forest sounds, led me to reconnoitre.

An Indian was setting a musk-rat trap below on the river's edge. I watched until he had finished and hidden on the bank below me to watch his luck. Then I wrapped myself in my raccoon skin and speedily forgetting the solitary watcher, I fell into a confusion of thoughts and dreams, through all of which ran a pretty up-turned face, red mouth flowering up to me, dark eyes slowly closing.

II.

Early morning, and the river sparkling and flashing over glistening sands. In the great woods, fern and fresh odors, cobwebs of dew wanly shimmering in the half-light, dark pools lain a moon-long among the saplings and blackberry bushes; under foot, black earth oozing with spring drenchings. From the leafy grottos came the quick *tow-he, tow-he*, of the little chewink, and the thrilling matins of the swamp-sparrow,—all the morning songs of wood-thrush and turtle-dove and starling pouring forth in pure ectasy; while from some dim scarce-awakened glen of shadows came the last cry of the night-hawk.

I crawled soundlessly forward. Among the boulders lodged in the great white roots of the big sycamores bared by the freshets, extended at full length, with his head raised, every fibre tense with watching, was the solitary red man who had been my unwitting bed-fellow. His eager gaze was fixed on the solemn antics of a flock of Fly-up-the-creeks, who, unconscious of the human audience, were making a leisurely breakfast on perch and white-eyes.

The great chief of the heron was a magnificent fellow with his proud crest and splendid bearing, his lustrous plumage shimmering with bronze and toning downward to ash and white, his shadowy green and tawny of wings and quills, his dusky throat-line. A swift downward dart of a black bill, an upward toss, a silver flash in the sun, a gaping throat, a swallow and a gulp of river water, and one bite of breakfast was accomplished. The black bill darted too swift for eye to follow, and fish after fish, pierced in its very flight, turned somersault in the air, and dropped head-first into the capacious waiting throat.

Suddenly the river leaped in dazzling foam at a stroke of the chief's mighty wings. Breakfast was over. Frolic was in order.

There was a mighty splashing and chasing and sportive advance and rebuff. A rushing of water, a beating of wings, flight, and again splashing and foam.

Finally the great chief left the water and stood proudly poised on the edge of the sand below us. Instantly, without apparent provocation, a smaller male charged him. The two closed, struck, separated, closed again. I was fair open-mouthed with the suddenness of it all. My unknown companion lay motionless, quivering a little from head to foot, like a dog scenting game. The whole flock hovered squawking about the two combatants.

Both birds stood poised a moment. Then they flew at each other in deadly earnest. The great chief struck blows like hail, but the smaller bird confused him by the lightning rapidity of his attack and the storm of blows fell on the air. The challenger dodged, struck up from below, flapped his wings, struck down from above, circled round, struck from behind, struck from in front, played a circle of blows from all sides at once. The great chief's plumage began to be draggled with blood and sand; a white-tipped quill fluttered out from the mélée and went skipping down stream. Suddenly he seemed to leap together, and watch. His opportunity came. The great bill struck once and again with unerring aim, and he flapped his wings victorious over the ruffled heap of feathers that had been the rash challenger. Hoarse plaudits rose from the flock, screams of acclamation, flapping of wings, wild raucous jubilation.

The victor, with mien composed and grave, paid no slightest heed to the applause, but stalked solemnly away down the strand, while the others fell into line and swaggered after, flapping their wings and lifting their long legs with ridiculous braggadocia.

The catastrophe happened just as the great heron reached the juncture of the hill with the adjoining bottom. He fell, struggled, beating with his wings in a terrific effort to fly. He was caught in the musk-rat trap.

The flock hovered round him squawking anxiously. Then, as if simultaneously panic-stricken, they rose in a body into the air, circled once, and sailed away into the forest, their alarmed *crunk-crunk-crunk* coming back fainter and fainter from the wooded depths.

The deserted bird's struggles became horrible. He battered the trap with his giant wings. He flung his great body from side to side. Blood spattered the wet sand round about.

The Indian below me rose, drew an arrow from his quiver, fitted it to his bow, and then replaced it. I had sprang to my feet, but he was before me.

He stole cautiously up upon the bird, and stood motionless at a little distance watching it. The great chief, in turn, lay still for a moment fixing its wild and frenzied eye upon him. He approached a step; instantly the heron renewed its struggles with yet greater violence. The stranger seemed to meditate. It was impossible to approach the bird, crazed as it was with pain and fear. For myself, I had some thought of ending the magnificent creature's agony with a swift arrow, but before I could carry my impulse into action, the stranger had darted off into the woods.

I withheld my arrow on the chance of his return. I had not long to wait. Hardly was he gone, when he was back again, carrying a lopped-off branch thick with leafy twigs. This he dropped over the heron, pinning the bird to the ground. Deftly then he reached his left hand down through the leaves, grasped the bird by the neck, and, with his other hand and one foot, freed it from the trap. Its legs he seized with his right hand, then kicked away the branch.

The bird rested quite passively in his hands, exhausted from its struggles, and half-smothered by his grasp. He held it so a moment, looking down upon it with a strange expression in his eyes: a glow of tenderness; the fitful tenderness of savage strength for savage helplessness.

At length he raised it shoulder high and removed his hand from its neck.

The bird darted its neck back and struck.

Then, feeling itself free, it circled twice and sailed slowly off into the forest, its deep *honk—honk* dying away in the distance as it went to join its mates.

But the Indian lay motionless on his back on the damp sand—a round, black hole through one eye-socket.

I went down and laid him straight. It was as pitiful a sight as I had seen for many a moon.

I put a length of the Muskingum between us and strove to forget the pity of it. Yet I came but slowly, for my heart was heavy.

It was a strong man to be laid so low.

Therefore, because my foot went slowly, it was nigh upon midnight when the evening breeze stealing out of the darkness bore to me the beating of a drum and the high epic chant and swelling chorus of the warriors.

The fires gleamed stealthily through the locust trees. Cautiously I came nearer, little minded to be shot through the heart for a foe, yet greatly minded to catch a glimpse of my little keegsquaw of the buffalo hunt.

The ruddy light flung its glow over tossing limbs and prostrate bodies, and reddened sombrely the long double row of wigwams standing along the river-bank like grim skin-clad sentinels.

At last I saw her. She was sitting, her chin resting in her hand; the glow warmed her cheek and smouldered in the depths of her eyes.

By and by she rose and went to her wigwam.

An hour passed. I lay motionless and sleepless in the long grass. Another hour, during which I became aware of a living presence near. The grass not six feet away had moved slightly, and not with the stirring of a partridge. I lay motionless. Another hour passed. There was no more movement. The song of the warriors died away, the dance broke up, the fires burned low. The town was asleep. Not so Sagehjowa. Every nerve was tense, my form rigid, my ears intent, my eyes piercing the darkness. Another hour passed, and another. Still silence. The heavens grew light in the east. Suddenly the grass was alive with invisible creeping forms, wriggling lithely forward to ward the sleeping town.

It was to be a surprise then.

For an instant I hesitated. It is not good to be a spoil-sport, and moreover I knew not what might be the straight of this coil. And yet—a vision swept across my mind: an Indian pony, a lithe young hunter lying along its neck, with upraised arm; a dusky oval face, black hair straightly braided with white swan's feathers, black eyes unafraid, glowing with the ardor of the chase, or blazing with hot defiance, or smouldering with new-kindled passion.

"*Coo-wigh*! *Coo-wigh*!" I called out the alarm-halloo, and was answered by a shout from the town.

"*Singalusit*! *Coo-wigh*! *Coo-wigh*!"

My red brothers fight not except at the advantage. A moment more and not a moving form was to be seen. The river—the prairie—the forest—something had swallowed up the lurkers and it was as if they had never been. Except that the two who had flung themselves upon me when I gave the alarm-halloo, lay quite still beneath the blackberry bush that had sheltered my couch.

III.

Morning came on apace. The cool clear light slowly flooded the grove, throwing into relief every leafy twig. Within the town all was grim caution. The women had been secretly sent out of the river-doors of the wigwams to make good their flight while yet there was time. The skin flaps of the doors opening upon the clearing hung stiff and forbidding. How many warriors crouched warily behind the flaps, one could scarcely guess.

I was in no haste to rouse myself. I cared not to present myself at an inauspicious hour. It must be full day before I should enter the town.

Two hours of sleep then—for I have ever been able to sleep when I will, however strange and uncanny be my bedfellows.

When I awoke, the sun-gold was trickling through the leafy green above and dripping into the sea of fern below. I rose and entered the town. The wigwams had relaxed their grim watchfulness. The long double row sat along the river-bank, tent-flaps rolled back hospitably, a handful of warriors lying before the doors smoking placidly or dicing. The women nowhere to be seen—probably out at work in the fields. How should I be received? I should shortly know.

I was in the midst of them before they were aware of my approach. I stopped short and stood still, my arms folded above my chest, subjecting myself to their impassive scrutiny. At last a warrior rose. He was a tall, well-made young redskin, possibly a half-dozen years younger than I. His form, finely muscled, narrow-hipped, tapered downward from the broad shoulders in strong fine lines. His eyes, which met mine straightforwardly, seemed less to betray the cold crafty spirit of my people than a certain unrecking heat and generous fire. I liked him and my eyes showed it, for there flashed responsive a quick light in his, and he took one step forward uttering with a certain hearty warmth the familiar salutation, "*Elangomellan*, thou art Waupeka's* friend."

I responded as heartily, "Truly, *Elangomellan*, I am Waupeka's friend."

He conducted me past the idly staring warriors to the town-house.

"Would the stranger eat of the hominy and brown potatoes dipped in raccoon's fat, and the maple sugar melted in bear's grease?"

Yea verily the stranger would, being nigh unto famished.

A white man might have sought with

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*Wau-pe'-ka

skillful questions to draw out my name or story, to discover whence I had come or whither I was going, with what purpose I had passed that way. Not so my red brother. In grave silence he ministered to my wants; when all was supplied he seemed to wait my pleasure. As for me, but one thought possessed me: to see her as soon as might be. With that in mind I opened conversation with my host.

There seemed to be but few braves in the town?

"My guest-friend speaks true. The braves are but few here now. The many are out in the hunting grounds."

And the women were seen not at all?

"The women are out in the fields hoeing the corn."

The corn was coming on well?

A modest shrug of the shoulders. "It is not for Waupeka to boast the favor of Hawenneeyu. Will not the stranger come and behold the growth of the corn with his own eyes?"

Verily again, the stranger would: were not the women at work in the corn-fields?

We went out from the guest-house, crossed the clearing in front of the wigwams, passed through the deep fringe of trees beyond and were in the corn-fields. I looked with scant attention at fertile earth and green blades, for my heart's eyes were on every woman, seeking her. In every slim keegsquaw I saw her. But always when I came near it was not she.

In fact she was not here. The dreary truth dawned upon me at last, and with suddenness I lost all interest in the prospective corn-crop. My guide was swift to perceive my lagging interest, and he at once proposed a return to the camp.

As we entered the town again, he inquired politely, "Will my guest-friend shake the plum stones?"

"Waupeka reads the heart's desire of his guest-friend. Yet I have but small luck at the plum-stones."

He waived the disclaimer courteously and brought out the small gourd and the plum-stones, black on one side and white on the other.

I shook the gourd and cast, calling "*hits*, *hits*, *hits*, *honesey*, *honesey*."

The stones skipped and lay still on the ground, both whites up.

Waupeka's eyes applauded silently. He took the gourd, called "*hits*, *hits*, *hits*, *honesey*, *rago*" and lost on two whites.

Again I called "*hits*, *hits*, *hits*, *honesey*, *honesey*." and again the two whites lay uppermost

Waupeka shook and cast and lost on a "*rago*, *rago*" for the whites freaked up again.

I shook slowly "*hits*, *hits*, *hits*"—a sudden fancy took me—men had tried their love fortune before on the dice—let the two whites turn up once more and I win—the maiden. "*Hits*, *hits*, *hits*, *honesey*, *honesey*"—the gourd dropped over the stones, concealing the throw.

She stood before us.

She gave me one swift glance and beckoned Waupeka to her.

I caught one word, "*Singalusit.*"

Waupeka shook his head gravely. "He is my guest-friend," I heard him say.

"I tell you he is a foe, a spy," the girl returned passionately. "Were not the Senecas attacked this morning? He is a spy left among us."

"He is my guest-friend," returned Waupeka obstinately.

"And because he is thy guest-friend, shall the poison-tooth dogs be let loose upon us by his treacherous hands? My life against his if he be not a spy. Let one of us die the bad death—I or he. My life against his!"

Smiling sternly, for it hurt a trifle that she should so urgently desire my death, I interrupted, "My cousin offers rashly. The stranger will not die the spy's death."

She deigned not so much as a flicker of the eyelids in my direction. "My life against his," she repeated coldly, as if she had not heard me.

Waupeka turned toward me and spoke reluctantly:

"Oh my guest-friend, the heart of Waupeka is good. From its depths doth he regret thus to suspect him who has eaten of our *sapaen* within our guest-house. Deeply doth it shame us that thy words should not be as truth to us, and thy face as the face of truth.

"But oh my guest-friend, my cousin saith discreetly that this morning was a surprise planned upon the town, and prudently doth she demand proof that thou be not a spy upon us."

I stood with my head sunk upon my breast.

Finally I straightened up and looked Waupeka in the eyes.

"Oh, my friend, you do right to distrust me, though," I added slowly, "the maiden wrongs me by so doing." I looked her fair in the eyes, and she threw back her proud little head, and looked me back, fire for fire.

"It is for me," I continued, "to clear myself. Come, I will show you what I shall show you."

"No! No!" cried the girl passionately. "Do not go, my cousin, it is ambush."

"*Ksin*, cousin, *ksin*!" answered Waupeka lightly. "Is one man worth an ambush? Does the sparrow spring the trap that is set for the raccoon? Waupeka goes alone. *Atam*! Let us go!"

We set off without further words. The girl stole silent-footed after us.

Just within the outer edge of the fringing trees was a blackberry bush that I knew well. I had couched beneath it not many hours agone.

Near this I stopped and making my words as clear as a stranger's may be, I told my tale.

"By the sun mid-high, two suns ago, a stranger comes alone across the plains. He is alone. He seeks a town. He follows a trail. It will lead to a town.

"I come. *Nillawi:* by night: in the dark. I couch. I perceive something lives, near. *Nenachihat:* I watch. At dawn, *makelohok:* there are many. I cry *'coo-wigh'* thrice. The town awakes. The many go. One and one more spring upon me. *Nihilla:* I kill. *Linquechinok*!"

I pulled aside the blackberry bush, beneath which lay two brown bodies stretched one across the other, the faces black and congested, the swollen tongues protruding from the gaping mouths.

Waupeka bent over them closely.

"Uh! Uh!" he said. "Eries. Saluted, I seek your pardon. You are Waupeka's friend."

"*Elangomellan*, I am your friend," I returned gravely.

The girl came out of the grove.

"*Elangomellan*, saluted," she said, "Pontilogah was wrong." But the fierce rage in her eyes belied the humility of her words. "Pontilogah's head is bowed to the knife of the stranger."

"Tschuk! Tschuk!" I returned, scarce able to keep from smiling. "The stranger wants not the scalp of Pontilogah. Is the stranger an Erie, that he should take the scalps of women?"

"Will a wanderer scorn the scalp-lock of Pontilogah, daughter of the Sachem of the Senecas? Will a wanderer refuse to dip his insolent knife in her proud blood as one refuses it to a nameless one? Is it so little an honor to have taken vengeance from the noblest daughter of the Senecas? Ah!"

Waupeka stood by, mute, not interfering.

I took the girl by the wrists, firmly, and looked at her till her eyes unwillingly met mine.

"Did the stranger save Pontilogah's life yesterday that today he might snatch it from her?" Her eyes faltered and dropped. "Tschuk!" I laughed and freed her.

She darted away, like a wild thing.

I watched her flight with fading smile.

So! She hated me that I had once forced my passion upon her. She feared me that I might force it again upon her.

In truth, I did not mislike her hating me. In a woman hate is often a good omen. Yet because I had learned in France a thing called chivalry, I was sorry and chagrined that she should fear me.

IV.

The sound of the tom-tom roused me from my reverie.

I looked inquiringly at Waupeka, who had been standing motionless as a statue, observing me.

"The rest of the braves are returning," he replied to my glance.

I shook my head. "There is mourning." And indeed even with the words there rose the wail of women's voices.

"Huh," said Waupeka. "*Atam:* let us go."

In truth the warriors had returned. The clearing was thronged with them and their squaws, some still laden with the great packs of meat, others stretching their weary bodies in the midst of hastily dropped tent-poles and kettles and skins.

Everywhere was hubbub and confusion. Runners were being despatched to the Senecas, the Oneidas, the Mohawks, the Onondagas, and the Cayugas. Certain of the squaws were setting the untidy wigwams in order for the reception of the rest of the family of the Long-House. Some were painting their husbands with the black and white of mourning. Some were already making preparation for the grave-digging. Others were standing in groups before the town-house, filling the air with lamentations. I made my way through the midst of the disordered crowd.

Before the door of the guest-house, upon a rude litter of buffalo hide, knelt Pontilogah, dry-eyed and silent, her hands playing uncertainly over the form of a dead warrior, dusting the dried swamp-mud from his limbs or seeking to straighten the tuft of scattered feathers on his head, or close the stiffened eye-lids. The dead warrior was not unknown to me. He and I and a great chief of the heron had stood in the ante-chamber of death one sunny morning, as men stand in your ante-chamber, Majesty. The heron and Sagehjowa had turned back, each to seek his mate, but the unknown brave had entered the grim door that opens inward.

And Pontilogah?—

"I should mourn my father more," I heard a young squaw observe spitefully, and I felt a sudden great compassion for the girl there, bearing her grief as she had hunted her bull —like a brave.

I went and stood beside her, and said, by and by, "Let me raise him that Pontilogah may wipe the dust from the shoulders."

"Yes," she said in a strained odd voice, looking up at me without seeing me. But as I bent down to raise the body in my arms, Waupeka sprang forward, and, with a word of apology to me, performed the office himself, and then went back to his wigwam, leaving the girl again alone. I also withdrew, and stood apart, letting my eyes dwell upon her from a distance.

Pontilogah—a name guttural to an ear used to the sweet-tripping names of maidens in the Land of the Song-Tongue, yet withal having something of stateliness, and necessary to be translated more by a picture than by a phrase: Flying Clouds—tiny white clouds, shell-tinted, breeze-blown, fleeing across a sky sun-lit and blue—radiant April blue; all this, the name Pontilogah means: clouds like heaped and drifting flower-petals, white violets and heliotrope-tinged hepaticas and apple-blossoms; sky, lighted as the shy sweet smile of a girl, and blown as the fine strands of a girl's hair in the roistering winds of spring.

So she was the daughter of a Sachem. I had rather she had been a nameless one; but the nameless ones are not built as Pontilogah, slender-limbed, slim and supple, with lines and girlish curves softly rounded, not too maturely.

I foresaw trouble for myself, a nameless stranger, in loving this daughter of Him-who-was-Sachem.

V.

Eshtumleah* is a handsome *keegsquaw*, of a dark southern beauty mellowed with soft passion. Her hair is thick and braided heavily with clay beads, red and green. Her forehead is low and straight. Her brown eyes, drowsy and heavy-lidded, give her the name which signifies "Sleepy Eyes." Her mouth is full and drooping at the corners and red as paint-root. Her white teeth are tiny and square like babies' teeth, and cruel. Her eyes and nostrils daringly lined with red, suggest, without comprising her as one of them, the women who paint their faces scarlet.

Eshtumleah is selfish, and as discreet as she is selfish. She has no husband, no children, and not a brave can boast her favor. Meanwhile she courts whom she will, works little, and lives a care-free life. Had I known of Eshtumleah's shrewd discretion, perchance, being not averse to the chatter of a pretty girl, I would not have passed by when she beckoned lazily from the door of her wigwam.

However that may be, when I again passed the wigwam and Eshtumleah again beckoned, I, who did not know her name, but perceived that one might address her easily, replied, "Come out, Eagle of Delight, and I will talk with thee."

Eshtumleah shook her head. "No, saluted," she replied placidly, "Men come to Eshtumleah when Eshtumleah beckons."

"Tschuk!" laughed I, idly, knowing what would happen when I turned away. Scarcely had I gone seven paces when there came a swift running of mokawsoned feet upon the dead leaves and a warm touch upon my shoulder. I turned. Eshtumleah stood before me. She was almost as tall as I, and her eyes looked straight into mine with audacious sweetness.

"Well?" I said.

"Who are you?" she asked directly.

"A sometime pursuer of slender-limbed game," I parried, "who ever prefers the doe to be fleet in flight rather than too easily run down."

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*Esh-tum-lee'ah

Her eyes showed that with childish inconsequence she had not followed the reply. One pretty finger of her soft lazy hand was tracing the stripes across my breast.

"Why does the stranger paint green and white?" she asked with the naivest curiosity.

"The stranger holds the belief that peace and harmony is to be the ultimate relation between brothers, and between those greater brothers, the people of the earth; that this relation was pre-intended by the Creator, and that all things are working together thereto. For thus was the stranger taught by the Holy Fathers. Therefore he wears the green and white peace-paint." So many great and learned words I had not strung together for many a year.

"Oh," she replied wide-eyed.

There was a pause. Then—

"Do you like women?" she asked.

"Uh! Well," I replied, "One."

Eshtumleah's sleepy eye-lids quivered.

"Eshtumleah?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"Oh," said Eshtumleah again.

She wrinkled her brows over it for a few seconds, but finally smiled complacently, as if arriving at an agreeable solution.

"Then come into Eshtumleah's tent," she said coaxingly, slipping one warm hand through the stranger's arm.

"Well, no," replied I, removing her hand quite gently. "Pretty one, I admire the Eagle in the clear air, but I like not its nest."

"Is not the stranger coming?" she asked, pouting dubiously.

"Well, no, Eagle of Delight, to be frank, the stranger is not coming."

"Not today?"

"No, not today."

"Tomorrow?"

"No, never."

"Oh, yes! Sometime!" And nodding in blithe confidence, she ran gaily away.

I continued my slow walk down the length of the clearing, before the wigwams. Twilight was falling as I entered the dusk of the grove.

There was the girl of the heart's desire, resting wearily against a great tree-trunk, her head leaning back against the tree, her long black hair unbraided and falling heavily about her like a mourning garment. I stood at a distance and watched her with aching heart, for I knew nothing of comfort to do.

I thought she had not seen me, but at last she spoke, without looking at me. "Who are you? You stand by my bed at night, you wait upon my mat by day, you walk with me in the forest. Who are you?"

It was more as if she were addressing a phantom than a man of flesh and blood. She looked not at me, nor seemed to wait an answer. So I spoke very gently, lest I alarm her.

"I have no name among thy people, Pontilogah, but I am one whom in the land beyond the dawn men have sometimes called the Half King."

She seemed scarcely to have heard me, yet called me by name when she answered, "Your eyes—O Half King—why are they gray and strange, and what strange storm-fury is prisoned in thy pulses that their beat sets the blood in my veins rushing madly as a river beneath lashing tempests—"

"Cousin," I interrupted, "perchance the sun of other lands changes the color of the eye; as to the other, I pray you speak not of it, for your words are as those same lashing tempests to the fire-rivers of the Half-King's blood."

She seemed suddenly to awake.

"Oh, I hate you!" she cried breathlessly.

But I—I who loved her with my whole heart and soul and strength, knew that it was not hate that had stolen her breath away. Verily the ways of a maid with her own heart are strange. Why should hate be ever for them the first fruit of the seeds of love? Well it be for the man if he withhold his hand in patience from the bitter fruit, knowing that if he suffer this to fall of its own heaviness unplucked, another bearing will be sweet to the taste.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GATHERING CRY

By PHILIP BECKER GOETZ

THE graves of all the fallen dead are green,
And eyes of those who long lamented these,
Their husbands and their sons, are dim or closed.
The gaping seams of nature and of hearts
Have kissed themselves together in one sleep.
We later ones who heard not with the sense
The outward cries of anguish, hate and rage,
Move quietly within our narrow rounds,
And, pausing, hear tradition's faint report.
But one short generation since the bombs,
Blood-sputtering, limb-raping, ramped the field;
And yet we here, one kin, apparent live
Embosomed on one peace and to one aim
Alive; this open sky and level sea—
Hush for the daring of our searching minds—
Nourish within their hearts a fateful lull.
Methinks I hear their monitory lips
Meet in white fear and frantic augury,
Mid-aired, disthroned, and losing law's restraint,
To pour appeal into the souls of men.
I hear the rising voices of the crushed
Whose bony fingers pantomime their woe,

THE GATHERING CRY

(CONTINUED)

Who struggle but to learn new miseries,
Whose wakened faculties instruct new pangs
Their ancestors lived out in nightmare palsies,—
Assault the stony front of social pact
Impatient of its strong and silent stare.
It cannot be this fabric will endure,
Repel appeal of those who shout to us,
Our brothers near the trench a-hungering.
They shall not vainly beg us batter down
The barriers we build and hold secure;
For menace is the tooth of poverty
And vainly shall time's goad persuade them yield
To us that we may slaughter them like foes.
Nay, for their human cries make their cause just
And, clog our ears, the human beasts are there.
Beat down your gates, O once more slaves to Baal!
The sickened ire of myriad hosts lies here
Besieging desperate and slowly sure;
For in your hearts lives truth that shall prevail,
Betraying wrong of chill and solid might
Unto the starving brothers whom we forced
Thus to the open, thus imbruted quite
With morbid, foolish, grossest discontent
Until in common truce and amity
We put aside old banners and anew
Agree and exercise calm liberties
Allied and potent toward the best for all.

CASSIDY'S REGENERATION

By ORR KENYON

Author of "Amor Victor" and "What God Hath (Not) Joined."

CAP'N CASSIDY, foreman of a shift working on the great North River Tunnel, was a hard man. Even his mates agreed that the "Cap'n was a howler." Broad of shoulder, deep of chest, swarthily muscular of arm and leg, nearly a head taller than the biggest man in all the gangs, bristly and rugged and rough, Cassidy was a man to inspire physical respect anywhere, and to suggest fear when he was in the least roused, or had more than half a gallon of "inspiration" aboard. But he was a tremendous worker; the men stood in awe of him, and actually did more positive work for him than for any other foreman in the Company's employ. Hence, when Cassidy was a little later than usual on Monday morning, the strict discipline of the Company was strained a trifle, and nobody appeared to notice his tardiness.

"He's too valuable a man to lose," growled the Contractor. "And the devil in him jumps so quick you can't blow him up. Might as well fire him and save your bones if there's to be any row."

The work on the tunnel had progressed beyond the experimental stage, and the public was greatly interested in it, and in the various devices used to overcome the tremendous natural obstacles to the undertaking. Accidents occurred, of course, but so far nothing had been reported from Cassidy's gang. The "Cap'n" was so alert; his eyes were on all sides at once; his resources were so great, and his personal courage so undaunted, that nothing seeemed able to conquer him.

There was one thing, however, that proved more than a match for Cassidy, as it has with many better men than he; the bottle was his little god; at the bottle's shrine Cassidy worshipped. Most of his hard earnings soon found their way into the fat purses of the dive keepers along the river shore.

Cassidy was generous when "inspired," and reckless to the limit when really drunk. But his magnificent health and strength had stood the strain thus far, bringing him through many a fearful debauch, with only red eyes and a bad headache to show for it when he came to work Monday morning. But woe betide the man or beast that got in his way for forty-eight hours thereafter.

"The Cap'n's all right after Wednesday," the men often remarked, "but he's the devil himself before that."

There was one man in his gang that Cassidy thoroughly detested. An Englishman named Thomson, addicted to drink, like his foreman, a broken down snob whose family connections were located in Ireland near to the spot where Cassidy first saw the light. When the big Irishman found out that Thomson belonged to the family of the hated landlord of his own district his eyes flamed with sudden wrath. His big hands knotted themselves together and he shook with a side-to-side movement, as if strangling an enemy.

"The dhirty blackguard," he growled, "it's mesilf wud loike to w-r-r-ing his thr-r-ottle. Blank-blank his blank sowl! Be the powers, Oi don't loike to look at 'im."

Thomson soon felt this antipathy, for Cassidy was a poor hand at dissembling, and the Englishman early had occasion to fear the gigantic foreman. The second day he worked in the tunnel, he was placing a short, thick beam as a support, and failed to get it evenly in position. Cassidy was beside him in a flash.

"Blank, blank your blank head for th' fool yez are," he thundered. "D'yez think Dinnis Cassidy'll let worruk loike thot shtand in this tunnel?"

The heavy beam went into position with a jerk, and the foreman moved on, still growling and cursing. Thomson was white, but he only muttered under his breath. A few days later, when a similar scene was enacted, the Englishman swore roundly when Cassidy got out of hearing.

"I'll settle things for him, blank him!" he exclaimed. "Wait a bit and see."

At night Thomson drank heavily, and slept late next morning. This meant he was tardy at work, and was "docked" for the lost time.

Snarling and raging he went below only to encounter Cassidy, who was still suffering from his recent weekly spree. Even in spite of the noise made by the machinery, and the hissing of the compressed air the men heard Cassidy's oaths as he ordered the Englishman to take hold.

"It's Dinnis Cassidy thot ha-ates the gr-r-ound a blank-blank dog loike you walks on," he yelled, swinging his great arms like flails. "Shpake wan worrud, an' Oi'll ma-ash the face av ye, till your mother could'nt r-r-recognize ye fr-rom a gor-r-illa."

Thomson quailed before the giant, but later said significantly to his mate:

"I'll get even with that infernal fool mighty soon, and stop his mouth for good. He's only fit to eat the river mud," he added, pointing to the end of the drift where the partitions and the air driven machinery kept out the soft mud of the river bottom.

"Better let Cassidy alone," advised the man addressed. "He's too blank able to take care of himself. You'll get the worst of it."

"I'll be blanked if I don't fix him today," doggedly replied Thomson.

An hour after this remark the men were electrified by the appearance of a party of visitors in the tunnel. Three gentlemen connected with the work had come down to see for themselves just how things were progressing, and to the utter astonishment of the gang, a young lady accompanied them. In the light of the electric lamps they clearly saw a round, fair face, the forehead fringed with golden curls, the blue eyes gleaming with interest, and not showing a trace of fear; the figure enveloped in waterproof wraps, but showing strength and grace in spite of the awkward dress. They gazed at her open-mouthed till Cassidy roared:

"Moind yer worruk bi-iys! luk out fer anny danger; there's a la-ady to see yez do yer best."

Grace Cairns, daughter of one of the directors, herself half Irish by descent, caught the words, and glanced at the big foreman approvingly.

"Thank you sir!" she said, sweetly; "I am sure we are safe in your hands."

Cassidy straightened himself to his full height, and then bowed with a sort of clumsy grace.

"It's Dinnis Cassidy thot'll always do his best fer a la-ady loike yersilf," he said earnestly. And then he sprang to the partition, where the men were striving to prevent too much mud getting through on the tunnel floor.

"Cap'n Cassidy is all right," remarked one of the party, who had heard the little dialogue. "We can trust our skins with him if we can with anyone. That's the reason I brought you down when he is on duty. He's a hustler, and the men stand round for him. Pity he will drink so hard. I am afraid he won't last much longer. Turns up now late every Monday, and we can't let that go too far, you know."

Miss Grace's eyes were full of interest at once.

"He must be reformed, Mr. Duncan," she cried impulsively. "Surely such a man can be touched somehow."

Mr. Duncan shook his head incredulously.

"He's only a big lout of an Irishman," he said, "can't do anything with such a beast. When they start down with the whiskey bottle, it's all up with them. Seen it too often." And Duncan turned away to watch the efforts of the gang.

In a few minutes Miss Grace found her way near the foreman, and in a lull in his exertions, she turned her gaze straight into his eyes and said:

"Captain Cassidy, won't you let me ask you to come to my Saturday evening class at the River Settlement Mission?"

Cassidy opened his mouth in astonishment.

"An phwat could a mon loike mesilf do there?" he asked.

"I want to help you to be a better man, Captain," replied the girl, directly. "Don't you want to do better?"

"Anny mon wud be betther fr-rom just shpakin' wid yez," replied the foreman, true to his blood.

Grace laughed merrily.

"How delightful!" she exclaimed. "You are a true Irishman I see, and that pleases me, for I am half Irish myself."

"Sure an I thought yez looked loike an angel fr-rom the ould sod," protested Cassidy. "But Oi'm afraid there's no help for Dinnis Cassidy. It's whiskey's got the better av me.

Grace looked at him winningly.

"But Captain, you'll try to reform? Say you will, you'll do your best won't you Captain?

"Yes Miss, Oi'll do me best to be a betther mon," suddenly exclaimed the giant. "Blank me if I don't! I axes pardon, Miss; never anny mon shpoke to me loike thot before. For your sake, Miss, Oi'll do my best."

He sprang away to the gang, for his practiced eye saw that things were not just right. Thomson had been working behind the partition where the greatest care was required, and in setting a great beam had failed to secure proper support for a big cross-timber in the roof. One end of this timber dropped down several feet, and, as Cassidy reached the spot he saw like a flash that unless the fallen timber was raised immediately there was imminent danger of a blow out in the soft mud overhead. With an oath he struck Thomson aside and seized a prop to support the dangerous beam. But even while he did so the danger increased so rapidly that he instantly dashed to the side of Miss Grace, seized her bodily in his arms, and crying to the alarmed gentlemen to follow him, plunged into the air-lock at the end of the drift. Slamming the door the foreman himself worked the levers that opened the outlet from the lock, and pushed his visitors through.

"Hurry!" he cried hoarsely.

Then glancing through the bulls-eye in the door next the drift, he saw what blanched even his cheek.

"The roof's caving," he yelled. "Sind down help. Quick now; the min will dhrown."

Stumbling in their mad haste the visitors climbed the ladder in the shaft, crying loudly for assistance. Grace Cairns, looking back, as she started up, called in a clear ringing voice to the giant foreman who was preparing to close the lock and try to save his gang:

"Now Captain do your best. Save them all Captain!"

And Dennis Cassidy answered with a hoarse shout: "Oi'll do it, Miss. Oi'll do it."

It seemed an age to Cassidy before the air pressure in the lock allowed him to force the door opening into the tunnel. As he bounded through the men with one consent ceased their efforts to restrain the impending disaster, and started for the lock. But Cassidy yelled at them:

"Back to your worruk, min! back to your worruk."

In an instant he was at the point of greatest danger, where the big beam had fallen so that one end rested on the tunnel floor. Above, in the space left by this timber, the mud and water were pouring down, and the space rapidly enlarging. Cassidy saw that if the beam could be raised and forced into position there was just a ray of hope. All his pride rose as he remembered that nothing serious had ever happened to his gang before, and with tremendous energy he lifted the end of the beam, calling to his men for help. The brave fellows responded instantly, and the timber was pushed up nearly into its place, although a small deluge of slushy water poured out over its edges.

Cassidy left his men to hold up the replaced end, and sprang to the other end, which he saw threatened to fall also. Thomson was nearest him, and Cassidy called him to help. In a moment it became apparent that it required the united strength of all concerned to hold the timber in place, and there was no one else to try to stop the flow of water. The men began to weaken, and, as a fresh rush of water fell over them, one workman dropped his hands and ran for the lock. Others followed, but before leaving their post, one of the strongest managed to stand a big prop under the beam. The next moment Cassidy and Thomson remained at their end alone, and the certainty that the timber would fall if either or both let go flashed across both minds at the same moment.

"Moind yer eye!" roared Cassidy. "Shtep over a fut, an' let go whin I give the worrud."

Thomson's evil genius whispered to him that his time had come. The men had all crowded into the lock, and were yelling to the foreman to come. The deluge was increasing. Thomson acted promptly and, with a sudden start, shot from under the beam and darted for the lock. The farther end of the timber fell heavily to the floor, and the deluge trebled in an instant. The Englishman had counted on the end he and Cassidy had sustained falling first, and crushing the foreman under its weight, and the rush of water could be depended on to do the rest, for he saw the men feared to reenter the tunnel.

The quick witted Irishman caught the whole situation in Thomson's glance and action. Like lightning he understood that the Englishman meant to kill him, stunning him with the falling beam, and then leaving him to drown like a rat in a cage. All his wrath flamed mightily within his broad breast, and, even as Thomson sprang aside, he acted.

The other end of the beam, thanks to Cassidy's tremendous strength, fell first, and, with one gigantic effort, the Irishman toppled the end above his head towards the lock, throwing it clear of himself, and leaping across it as it neared the floor. In the same instant the falling timber struck the running Thomson and felled him to the earth, pinioning him down in the muddy water, which was almost two feet deep already. The wretch shrieked for help, struggling to raise his head above the frightful death which was so close that he almost quaffed the filthy cup at his very lips.

"Hurry Cap'n," yelled several men, and eager hands were stretched out to drag the foreman into the lock. "We can't shut the door in half a minute."

Cassidy turned, right on the threshold of the door, and glanced at his enemy. The words started from his lips: "Sarved you right, you dhirty—"

But something cut them square off. Down the shaft he seemed to hear a sweet, strong young voice, calling:

"Do your best, Captain; save them all."

It was only the quarter of a second, but Cassidy did three things simultaneously. He grabbed a crowbar that stood in the lock, and, ordering the men to find another and prop the door against the flooding tide, he leaped to the side of his enemy, and thrust his bar under the beam, giving a mighty heave. The men were afraid to leave the lock, but with rising wrath the giant tore at his bar, got his shoulder under it, going down on one knee, the water at his throat, and covering the choking Englishman entirely. Another heave, and the timber moved slowly; Cassidy seized Thomson's arm, and with a powerful jerk, tore him from under the impending weight, and staggered towards the door of safety, dragging the Englishman after him. A dozen hands reached out to help, and, just as the whole end of the roof caved in, and a large portion of the North river descended to fill the cavity, the united strength of the gang closed the lock door, the men standing huddled close together, the dirty water at their breasts. But they were saved.

It required all their strength to get the shaft door open, but at last it was accomplished, and the gang slowly climbed the ladder, assisted by the men who had rushed to help when the visitors carried the alarm. Thomson's leg was broken, and the relief party hoisted him up in a sling; but Cap'n Cassidy, grim, undaunted, and with a strange look in his eyes, came up last of all. He limped painfully, and evidently suffered greatly from a terrible wrench in his back. Unheeding the praise that was roughly showered upon him by the crowd, he allowed himself to be taken in the ambulance, with Thomson, to the hospital, while the men vied with one another in extolling his courage and wonderful strength, not suspecting in the least the motives of Thomson in springing from under the beam, for, to an observer, that action seemed pertectly natural.

For two days the giant lay quiet, and seemed to sleep most of the time. Then he roused himself, and with difficulty rose on one arm, and gazed long and silently on the face of his enemy, who lay in the next cot, his leg splinted and bandaged. Under his scrutiny Thomson grew uneasy, and at length opened his eyes.

He started and flushed as he saw that Cassidy was watching him. Evidently afraid of the giant Irishman, Thomson began to speak, just as Miss Grace Cairns, and the gentleman who had spoken with her about the foreman, came into the ward to see how the men were progressing. Their approach was hidden by a large screen, and, as the voice of the Englishman sounded clearly in their ears, the young lady laid a finger on her lip, and stood still. They heard Thomson say, deprecatingly:

"Cap'n, I reckon I deserved what I got, but, Cap'n, I hope you don't think I meant—"

Cassidy stopped him with a threatening clenched fist.

"Quit thot, ye blank skunk," he growled, "an listen to Dinnis Cassidy before ye lie anny more. Oi saw ye, ye blackguard! Oi saw it in yer eye, the whole blank lot av it; so Oi did."

Thomson cowered down in his bed and held out one hand as if to ward off a deadly blow, but the giant continued:

"It's mesilf saw thot beam wud mash me in the mud; but the death yez meant fer m come on yersilf; an whin Oi see ye layin' there in the wather, Oi seys to mesilf, says Oi, Dinnis, it's you he meant to dhrown in thot black mud loike a r-rat; bad cess to him fer a blank, blank coward."

The Irishman paused, and the listeners

waited, breathless. Presently the rough voice went on, but there was a touch of tenderness in it.

"Oi promised the la-ady to do my best, an' to save all av yez. It come soundin' down the shaft loike the whisper av an angel. Thin, Thomson, Oi forgave ye, so Oi did, an' yez knows the mud wud have been thick in yar throat right now if it had'nt been fer the mon ye thried to dhrown. Oi says to mesilf, says Oi, yez promised the la-ady, Dinnis, to do your best, an' to save a mon thot's just thried to dhrown ye is a job bigger'n anny Irishman iver tackled in the worruld. Now's yer chance, Dinnis, now! An Oi jerked ye out av the wather, ye dhirty schoundrel; but Oi thot Oi'd tell yez av it, so ye can see ye can't fool Dinnis Cassidy."

There was silence for a moment and then a hoarse sob came from behind the screen.

"My God! Cassidy, I give up. You're a better man than me. When I get over this I'll try to show you I mean it."

The giant stretched out his great arm across the space between the cots.

"Shake mon," he growled in a kindly way.

Grace Cairns moved from the other side and approached the men just as they grasped hands.

"I am so glad to find you both better, and such good friends," she said cheerfully, trying to hide the tears in her eyes. "I just wanted to ask if Captain Cassidy will come to my River Settlement Class; the doctor says you will be able to get about in another day or two. And Mr. Thomson must come too when he can walk. Won't you, Mr. Thomson?"

Cassidy rose upright in his bed and took the lady's proffered hand.

"Oi'll be there, Miss," he said earnestly. "But it's a new Cassidy thot's talkin'; Oi've got to get betther acquainted wid mesilf Miss. But Oi'll come shure; an' so will Thomson, or Oi'll break his leg again, an' his neck into the bargain."

THE PROBLEM

By ALICE CALISTE WILSON

THE Intelligence office was alive with business upon a certain May afternoon. Its reception room was crowded with well-dressed women of all ages. There were some who possessed an air of familiarity with the place. They moved about, peered cautiously into the waiting room where sat the applicants, and then asked questions of their acquaintances. The air was oppressive, and there was the usual buzz and hum which accompanies a gathering of women. A faint odor, as of a mingling of perfumes, and ripples of laughter, pitched in a high, feminine key, floated through the door, as the women gathered together in little groups, and talked over their common troubles with their domestics.

One heard snatches of conversation above the general murmur.

"And really! She was the worst thing!—so slovenly," or, "She absolutely refused to wear uniform," and again, "We just fed the whole family. Why, it was scandalous!"

In the adjoining room sat the applicants. A few were in neat, trim costumes, but for the most part it was a heterogeneous mass of colors, cheap ribbons, shoddy silks and satins that were, to say the least, appalling. In this room silk skirts crackled instead of rustling, and the fragrance which floated from the room was a mixture of boiled onions, bologna sausage, sauer kraut and musk.

In the main reception room, at her desk, was the secretary, a tall, dark woman with straight, hard mouth and a crisp, decisive manner, who answered questions and asked them almost automatically.

A woman, younger than most of the servant hunters, stepped up to the desk.

She seemed to rest one's eyes, in her soft, gray dress—such a contrast to the rainbow costumes about her. Her bright, brown hair waved back from a smooth forehead under her saucy little grey hat, whose bit of a pink rose matched the other in her smooth, round cheek.

"I want a maid," she told the secretary, in her low, distinct voice. Her manner showed that the place and the situation were new to her, but she had the air of one who is perfectly self-possessed.

"What qualifications?" responded the secretary in a machine-like tone.

"I should wish her to be thoroughly honest and perfectly willing."

The secretary waited patiently for her to enumerate. The little woman in grey hesitated, the color in her cheek deepening, "I am not so very particular about other things—only, that I think I should rather she should be young because—because she would be more easily trained."

The secretary lifted her straight black eyebrows. This was a new idea. She looked the little woman over from head to foot—from the tip of her patent leather shoe to the bit of waving feather on her coquettish grey hat, and then called her assistant. "Send in Miss Schmitt," she said.

As the assistant disappeared, a tall, angular woman in a startling green gown, and a hugh, purple hat, pounced upon our friend.

"My dear Mrs. Randall, do let me advise you! I wonder what you can be thinking of to ask for an honest, willing girl. Why, they will send you the most impossible person. Some of these girls know absolutely nothing!"

"That's what I want, Mrs. Cranney."

"My dear child, how can you be expected to know what you want? You, a young married woman with a green, inexperienced girl! What can you be thinking of? Think of the card clubs and literary clubs, and art clubs! Think of your calls, of the parties, and receptions and dances! My dear! You don't want to bury yourself!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Cranney," said Mrs. Randall with a queer, little smile playing around her mouth, "but I think I should prefer a willing, trustworthy girl, even if she is rather green."

"But, Mrs. Randall, let me advise you as a mother. You don't want to bury yourself in your home. Think of your social duties and how much the world demands of you."

A mischievous twinkle had crept into the corner of Mrs. Randall's eye, and a rebellious little smile struggled around her mouth.

"I'm sorry to disappoint the world," she said, "but I still think I want a girl that I can train to do things my way."

Mrs. Cranney smiled a superior smile, and in a worldly-wise tone responded.

"Dear Mrs. Randall, you will get tired of that—but while the fit lasts, *do* get a good cook. You will starve!"

"Not I!" laughed Mrs. Randall.

"But who is to cook while your honest paragon of greenness is learning, I should like to ask?"

"I will," and Mrs. Randall's smile bubbled into a good-humored little laugh. "Come and see me, if you don't believe it."

Before Mrs. Cranney had recovered from her astonishment, the assistant returned accompanied by a large German girl, all hands and feet, who smiled ecstatically and blushed furiously.

She spoke in broken English, but her honest good nature shone in her face, and her willingness beamed in her smile.

One felt instinctively that she knew no more about the management of a modern kitchen than she did about Greek verbs. Her big hands spoke eloquently of incompetency, but Mrs. Randall smiled into the big blue German eyes, held out her little, gloved hand to take the big, red one, and they were friends.

A few minutes later Mrs. Randall walked out of the Intelligence office followed by Christine, wreathed in smiles, carrying her worldly possessions done up in a huge red handkerchief, and clattering after her new mistress amidst the smiles of the servant hunters.

"Whatever could she want of such a monstrosity!" whispered Mrs. Cranney to her neighbor.

* * *

The sun was intensely hot. A severe rain the night before made the atmosphere heavy. A steam rose from the sidewalks and the pools of fresh rain water. Men mopped their foreheads over their work and even children and dogs played lazily under the shade trees.

Mrs. Randall's kitchen seemed to be a superlative form of the hot, steamy atmosphere outside. Christine in a neat, calico dress and generous apron was hulling strawberries by the open window.

In some indefinable way one felt the change in Christine. Whether it was the well-fitting dress, the smooth braids of hair coiled around her head, or the bit of blue bow at her throat it would be hard to say.

Perhaps it was a combination of all these things together, with the influence of a refined, thoughtful woman as mistress.

The air was fragrant with the odor of strawberry preserves. Mrs. Randall was bending over the gas stove. Her brown curls were gathered damply above her forehead, the sleeves of her gingham dress rolled elbow high as she stirred a steaming kettle of luscious, red fruit with a long handled spoon. Now and then, she consulted a book on the table, and again, a small, chatelaine watch. Once or twice she made a trip to the cupboard and returned with a cupful of sugar, which she stirred into the foamy mass.

"Did you try all the mason jars, Christine?"

"Yes Ma'm!"

"And did you put new rubbers on every one?"

"Yes Ma'm!"

"I think these will be done presently and then I will show you how to fill them. Perhaps you—" A thin, little tinkle sounded through the room. Mrs. Randall's eyebrows lifted.

"The bell, Christine," then glancing at the fruit, "Oh, dear! What shall I do! You'll have to look after it, Christine. Keep it cooking, and when it boils over turn off the gas and put it in the cans. Now remember! Screw the covers on tight."

While giving these directions, Mrs. Randall had slipped off her apron, pulled down her sleeves, gave her hair a hasty pat as she passed the mirror, and with a last, longing look at her fruit, she disappeared through the swinging door, leaving Christine with a puzzled look on her face.

Her caller, Mrs. Cowen, was a talkative, leisurely woman who settled herself comfortably in the easiest chair as if she intended to spend the afternoon. Mrs. Randall talked animatedly for twenty minutes about the weather, the new minister, the last linen sale, and then, she began to wonder about Christine and the strawberries. It was so still in the kitchen. Surely that fruit must be done by this time. She talked bravely on for another twenty minutes. The clock pointed toward five and she remembered that Fred had asked for an early supper. She began answering questions at random. A strange smell began to issue from the kitchen and strange sounds followed.

"What is Christine up to?" She said to herself while aloud she avowed her preference for Tennyson rather than Swinburne.

Finally, Mrs. Cowen rose to her feet. Mrs. Randall involuntarily uttered a sigh of relief.

"I guess your fruits burning, Mrs. Randall. By the way, how do you like your green girl. Mrs. Cranney was telling me about her," and a malicious, little smile played about Mrs. Cowen's mouth.

Mrs. Randall straightened herself and replied in a cool, sweet tone, "Christine? Oh, she is very satisfactory. She learns rapidly and is getting to be so responsible."

"Well, I hope you won't get fooled. I'd as soon have an elephant on my hands as a green girl. Why, is that Mr. Randall coming down the street? It must be late! Pardon me for staying so long. Do come and return my call soon. I'm always home on Wednesdays, and I'm simply dying to hear about your paragon of a girl."

Mrs. Randall smiled and thanked her with outward composure. Inwardly, she was frantic with anxiety and apprehension. Hardly had the door closed when she rushed through the house, which was filling with an ugly burnt smell, to the kitchen. As she opened the door, her heart sank. The stove and the floor were covered with a dark, red mass of fruit. Christine stood in the middle of it, tears streaming down her face, trying to scoop up the fruit with an iron spoon. The gas was still burning and the little fruit remaining in the kettle was burnt to a crisp. The kitchen door was open and swarms of flies were hastening to the banquet.

At that moment in walked Fred Randall.

"Glory! Nell, what kind of a barbecue is this? Do you mop the floor with strawberries or is Christine taking a bath?"

At these words Mrs. Randall burst into tears, sobbing, "Oh, my berries,—my berries. Christine, how could you? Why didn't you call me? Fred, I think you are too mean for anything!"

Fred Randall, big and broad shouldered stood, looking helplessly at the two sobbing women. The twinkle died out of his eye, and a look of mingled sympathy and remorse took its place. With a quick movement he turned out the gas and said, "Christine, you clean up this infernal mess some way or other. Dry your eyes like a good girl and get to work."

Then, picking up his wife, he walked away with her into the library.

* * *

Fred Randall pushed his chair back from the table, folded his napkin, and began fingering his mail. He turned one letter over several times, as if very intent on examining the seal, the monogram and the long, angular writing on the envelope. It was clear that there was something on his mind, and that he hesitated about saying anything. He looked across at his wife in her cool, blue, gingham dress. The thought came to him that she made a pretty picture as she stirred her coffee and in her turn, fingered her mail,—a dainty collection of letters and invitations.

Her brow was smooth, and there was such a contented look in her clear eyes—he hated to trouble her and to bring the anxious lines into her face. Nell Randall glanced across at her husband.

"I'm slow this morning, I guess, or else my appetite's growing." Then as her glance noted his breakfast, hardly tasted, she added with quick concern, "What's the matter? Fred, you've eaten scarcely anything. Is there anything the matter? Are your muffins cold? Let me ring for more."

"No, no! Nell, that's not it. The breakfast is all right—delicious. I—I was thinking—"

"Some business trouble?"

Then after a pause, "Come, Fred, you really must tell me. Your silence worries me more than any trouble." Mrs. Randall had risen and walked around to her husband's chair, her hand rested on his shoulder. Mr. Randall fidgeted with the breakfast things and then said nervously, half laughing.

"Mother's coming to visit us, Nell. That's all. I don't care only its tough on you, little girl. Mother means well and she has a heart when you get underneath her veneer of aristocratic notions. If she could forget that her ancestors were direct descendants of the Stuyvesants, and that for unnumbered generations the women of her family had been the most perfect housekeepers, why, mother would not be at all bad. She does forget it once in awhile, and then you find out what a trump she is." Fred stopped a moment and put an arm around his wife, for a frightened look had come into her blue eyes and crept up over her face.

"Now, Nell, dear, don't you worry a blame bit. It will all come out in the wash. *You* can win mother's heart. Why you could make a wooden Indian love you. Mother'll be easy."

Nell smiled back bravely, and promised not to worry, but all that day and the intervening days before the much-dreaded visit, she carried in her heart an image of a haughty, distinguished woman who towered above her in jet and black lace. She had seen her only once and that was when she and Fred were married. Mrs. Randall, Sr., had stayed only a few hours, witnessed the ceremony and hurried away.

Nights she would shut her eyes tight, trying to forget the cold, forbidding face, and, as she remembered the perfunctory kiss, she pulled the coverlet over her head and shuddered.

But Mrs. Randall's time was not spent in hours of useless dread. She and Christine, armed with mops and brooms and innumerable cloths went over the immaculate little cottage, and scoured every nook and corner. Then they descended into the kitchen, and there was such cooking, and baking, and frying as can hardly be imagined.

Mistress and maid gloated over the loaves of sweet, light bread; the dark, luscious cakes, the pies—crisp and flaky, the sugar cookies and doughnuts—but the pen is inadequate.

At last the much prepared for, much dreaded day came. A telegram had reached them that Mrs. Randall, Sr. would only stay over night and would be there for dinner at six and breakfast the following day. The agony if acute would not be protracted.

At five o'clock there awaited the aristocratic dame, a cottage of unspeakable cleanliness. Every thing that should shine, shone with a resplendent glory. Every fly, every speck of dust, every infinitesimal atom which good housekeepers frown upon had folded its tent like the Arabs, and silently stolen away.

Further, awaiting the guest was a young mistress in a spotless linen suit—so crisp and stiff and white, it seemed to defy crumpledness or soil. She was fresh and immaculate from the saucy bow on the tip of her white, canvas shoe to the wave in her smooth roll of hair. The only bit of color was the bright flush in her cheeks.

Christine, too, was all that could be desired in a maid,—in black, muslin dress with her dainty white apron and cap.

The hands of the clock pointed to five-forty. The train was in. Mrs. Randall started as she heard the whistle. She walked to the window, and smoothed out an imperceptible fold in the curtain. The clock ticked on remorselessly.

Five minutes to six Christine smoothed out the rug on which she sat. It seemed to the two women that their eyes were trained to see nothing but specks, wrinkles or flaws.

The clock struck in clear, decisive strokes. Mrs. Randall moistened her lips. The sound of wheels came through the open window, and then the front door bell sounded through the painful silence in the room. There was no retreat. She must face the dragon. Afterwards, Nell Randall wondered why she had dreaded her mother-in-law, but just at this moment when she seemed about to be weighed in the balances, and found wanting, she felt as if the crisis of her life was reached.

The dinner started smoothly. Christine served well and each dish seemed perfect, even to Nell's critical palate. Christine had brought in the salad, and was returning with the dinner plates when Mrs. Randall, Sr. asked:

"And where did you get your maid, Elinor?"

"Why, I consulted an Intelligence office and got her without any difficulty."

"An Intelligence office!" repeated Mrs. Randall raising her eyebrows with an expression that spoke volumes.

"Yes, I took her when she was entirely inexperienced, and I have been training her the past few months."

"Indeed!" Mrs. Randall's tone changed perceptibly. It was not so frigid. There was almost a note of approval in it.

Turning to her son and quite ignoring Nell, she said: "I have been looking for a competent maid for some time. This Christine suits me very well. Surely, Elinor with her youth and health would be willing to train another girl and to let me have Christine. You would, would you not, Elinor?"

The pure audacity of the woman took Nell Randall's breath away. She did not notice the angry light in her husband's eyes, nor the start that Christine gave as she took away the salad plates. The table became a blur of china, cut-glass and flowers. The only distinct vision was her mother-in-law's cold, refined face and the slim, ringed hand that toyed with her teaspoon.

It was only a second, however, that she hesitated, then the thought came that perhaps she could win the friendship of her mother-in-law by sacrificing Christine.

"Why, yes, mother," she said at length. "I think I can spare Christine if—" But the words were never finished. There was a crash, then a cry like that of a wounded animal came from the kitchen. All three started to their feet and hurried into the kitchen. Christine was walking up and down crying, and pouring forth amidst her sobs, a jumble of German, broken English and alas! profanity.

It seemed that Christine had overheard Nell's remark about letting her go with Mrs. Randal, Sr.

She paced up and down the room declaring she would never go with the old lady, cursing her roundly in German and then in broken English and afterward breaking wildly into sobs.

Nell vainly tried to soothe her. Christine shook her fist vindictively at Mrs. Randall and protested that she would never leave her mistress. Fred had suddenly disappeared.

Afterwards when Christine had been quieted and Nell had administered smelling salts to Mrs. Randall, they found him doubled up on the sofa in paroxysms of laughter.

That evening, Fred and his mother were closeted together in the library for several hours. Nell never knew just what happened, but the next day when Mrs. Randall, Sr., started away she took Nell's face between her thin, white hands and kissing her warmly on both cheeks said, "You are a daughter of which any woman might be proud."

As the cab rolled away from the door, Christine who was vigorously beating rugs on the back porch shook her fist fiercely at the departing guest, then gathering her rugs up in her arms disappeared into the kitchen, and the door banged noisily behind her.

THE HOUSE OF CONTAGION

By ISABEL GRAHAM BUSH

THE medical staff had gathered for consultation in the little office of the hospital. Dr. Pressly, their chief, stood in the middle of the group his brows wrinkled in a perplexed frown.

"If it had been anyone but Dana, cooped up at his desk all day—the only case in the city, too—strange!" Suddenly the doctor looked around at his assistants. "He must go tonight, and the nurse—we must have the most experienced; getting soaked in that downpour yesterday put the odds against him—where's Miss Creel?"

"She's on her vacation," replied the youngest assistant. "Won't be back for two weeks, and Miss Sawyer has just taken that typhoid case."

"There's Miss Brewster," ventured Dobbs at the door.

"The very one! strange I didn't think of her before," a light broke over the disturbed face. "Call her."

Dobbs slipped away noiselessly.

The professionals of Kernan hospital had but a brief month's acquaintance with Priscilla Brewster, but in that small space of time she had won a large place in their esteem, their approbation being tempered with not a little awe. This was clearly evident, when, in response to the doctor's summons, the young woman entered the room without a rustle of skirts or footfall to announce her coming. Four pairs of eyes were turned approvingly on her as she stood before them. The conventional blue and white, which on the ungainly figure of Miss Creel was a clumsy badge of office, hung in graceful lines and curves around a well-proportioned slenderness. Miss Brewster was plainly a self-poised, dependable young person.

The old doctor with his accustomed conciseness explained the situation, concluding with that same betrayal of concern in his tone: "Mr. Dana is a personal friend."

There was an answering nod of intuition; the dark eyes had not once left the doctor's face. "I will be ready; at what time?"

"Twelve tonight. Dobbs will accompany you; he is an old hand in such cases."

The warder in the tower of the central station had droningly announced the twelfth hour and relapsed into gloomy silence, when an ambulance with drawn curtains followed by a cab, moved slowly through the dark back streets of the city, across the long, high-arched bridge which gave back in sharp iteration the heavy tread of the horses' feet. The two vehicles with their silent, mysterious occupants, threaded the dim by-ways whose clamor was suddenly hushed by the spell of darkness. Now and then a group of roisterers, a weary messenger boy, or a badged dispenser of charity eyed them, briefly curious.

Farther on, the narrow streets widened. Shop and warehouses gave way to great looming shadows set in the midst of wide grounds; then gradually dwindled to smaller ones gathered closer in neighborly proximity. They seemed to stretch endlessly ahead in the darkness. The carriage lamps threw out little waves of light which intensified the gloom as the country road was reached. A level stretch of ground was followed by a gradual ascent. At the top, a late moon, large and full, looked down upon them from a sudden rent in the darkness above; it revealed on the opposite slope, a long, low house, set in a straggling growth of pines. A high, board fence shut the lower windows from view.

The vehicles halted; a man stepped stiffly out, produced a bunch of keys and inserted one in the padlock of the tall, barred gate; it swung back with a dolorous creak. The building was dimly lighted as though there had been previous preparations for occupancy. A litter was removed from the ambulance and with gentle hands carried slowly through the door which opened to receive it.

The stars were adding their quota of brightness to a clearing sky as the gate closed on the attending physician; the House of Contagion was silent and as free from intrusion as though built upon a desert isle.

Thurston Dana's life, like many another, had been a struggle with fierce odds. Though early fatherless, he had his mother—the cheeriest, most courageous little body that a son ever idolized—so the bitterness of that time was not without a certain saving sweetness which left a lingering fragrance in his memory. To him it was sufficient reward that after years of drudgery and self-denial he was able to provide her with every comfort. It was for her that he toiled, that he lived; he had no eyes for another woman's face, and when she suddenly slipped from that easeful life he had made for her the sun was obliterated from his sky and he groped alone in the darkness. Weeks and months passed, unreckoned save as periods of labor, for still the days found him at his desk every nerve keyed to its hightest pitch, until there came a sudden suspension, and to his poor numbed brain time stood still.

Then his eyes opened in a low, cool room, his mother's face bent tenderly over him, but she was young and fair as when she soothed him in his childhood days—there were no wrinkles on her brow and her hand was soft and smooth. He laughed aloud for joy that she had come back to him, and then the vision faded. The summer breezes crept through the casement with the softest whisperings, but the gaunt, sheeted figure within heeded them not; light and darkness were alike to the soul wrestling in mighty travail like some wounded creature who finds no response to his dumb appeal for relief.

A light shadow, the nurse moved about the room with a careful skill. A troubled look had begun to creep into her eyes. Bit by bit, Priscilla Brewster had learned her patient's history from the lips of Dr. Pressly. Outwardly it had made no impression, but inwardly she compared it with her own bereft state, and a great wave of pity surged up in her heart. After all life was a complex affair, a piecing out, here and there, of odds and ends which seemed to fall into the sewer's lap with no human volition. What would it amount to when the work was at last completed, would it be unbeautiful to look upon or might there be a saving grace of harmonious coloring with all the bungling stitchery? Priscilla Brewster shook her head soberly over the vexing problem then went bravely on with the task dropped into her willing hands; to her professional skill had been added a warm sympathy for her patient.

The man lying before her in the repulsive stage of a loathsome disease, brought to keenest memory another, the one to whom she had clung with a daughter's devotion. Then the contagion came, and spread until it became a plague and her father's name was numbered among the list of victims while she emerged from the pestilence as fresh and fair-skinned as an infant. Perhaps it was the remembrance of those days which had decided her in the choice of a profession.

In that darkened chamber Priscilla Brewster fought silently, but withal a grim courage, and at last there came a time when the awful, hovering shadow grew less and less until it finally vanished altogether. That morning Dr. Pressly, after a silent examination, looked up into the nurse's face a smile breaking over his worn, rugged features. "We have won out," he said.

"Yes," breathed the young woman gently, her tired eyes aglow with the light of victory.

For the first time, the overworked physician scrutinized her closely. He noticed the perfect mould of cheek and chin, the whiteness of the brow which the soft rings of hair touched so lightly and a certain freshness of coloring, at which he marvelled, thinking of her long vigil. "Jove!" he said to himself, "Jove, she is! Strange I hadn't noticed it before!" And with this enigmatical declaration he troubled himself no further about his patient, calmly sleeping, but with another glance at Miss Brewster left the room.

Only one more week and August would follow her summer sisters. Through the hot months the other rooms in the House of Contagion had remained empty; there were no sounds to jar the quiet of that upper chamber whose windows, turned away from the city, caught the beauty and coolness of the hills. Thurston Dana, propped against the pillows, looked at them with a languid interest. He was slowly coming back to life, a new life in a new world, and, like the newly-born, the strangeness and wonder of it all dazed and bewildered him. His legs felt very long and wobbly whenever he thought of using them; his arms with their slim, lean hands looked helpless enough; his size seemed terribly out of proportion to his strength. He smiled feebly up into the nurse's face, as a babe might into its mother's eyes with a restful content.

As his brain cleared and he grew in health and strength, a change, scarcely perceptible at first, came over him. He had always been a quiet, unobtrusive man—only one woman had ever sounded the deeps of the still, shining pools of his nature. Now and then, the nurse caught shy, surreptitious glances which caused her to suddenly avert her face; but he closed his eyes and faint flushes crept into cheek and temple when she hovered over him in her gentle ministrations.

As his strength outgrew the billowy props behind his shoulders, and from the vantage point of an easy chair, life broadened into wide, wonderful vistas, an elixir pulsed through his veins, and the hills rising through the purple haze seemed to touch the skies of Paradise.

At this crisis, Dobbs became very much in evidence—Miss Brewster had suddenly found something to occupy her attention in an adjoining room, still her patient could not complain of neglect. He knew now, by the tokens, that it was near the time for his departure, but where, and to what? Home was home no longer, and the old steady, monotonous grind would be intolerable—unless—unless the hope which had budded in that house of contagion should blossom into a glorious maturity.

He was in such a debatable mood when Dr. Pressly called one morning. That busy person's visits had gradually been growing less, and today his professional air dropped from him and he leaned toward his patient boyishly.

"Well, Dana," after a cursory inspection of a very healthy tongue, "there's no use of my keeping up this farce any longer. You're a well man, sir, so far as disease is concerned—not a pock mark on you—skin as smooth as a baby's, thanks to that nurse of yours. By good rights I should take you back to town with me," the doctor smiled quizzically, "but I suppose it would be better to allow you the usual three days of grace."

There was no happy response in the convalescent's face. "I will put it to the test," he was thinking, "but what if it fails—what if—"

With an attempted chaffing at the long face he pulled, the physician left much puzzled.

The second day after the doctor's visit, the lowered temperature suddenly soared until the breezes which had romped through the room in the morning hours, were stifled and a weird stillness mourned their absence. Dobbs had gone to the city on an errand. Miss Brewster came in with a vase of bright blossoms and placed them upon the table before her patient.

"Where did you get them?" he inquired with a determined resolution in his eyes that followed her quick little gesture. "What, on that mound over there by the fence?"

She nodded.

"Looks rather graveyardy. Small pox?"

"Yes, talked too much and had a relapse," with a twinkling eye.

But Dana caught her hand. "Don't!" he cried. "Oh, don't! You know that I love you—you know it!" he went on passionately. "You brought me back to life and I thought it was my mother. God knows she would have left Heaven itself to come to her boy, but she could not and so she sent you. I know it; you are so like her!" and his reverential eyes swept her face. "Dearest, dearest!" as the girl sank to her knees and hid her face against his arm with a little sob. Outside, the scorching glare had faded leaving a strange, yellowish light, but the two heeded it not.

* * *

Dobbs had left the city; he strolled along in a happy mood—there was no necessity for haste and it was too sultry for needless exertion. The thin, gray hair straggled damply around his temples, but Dobbs had been born with a cheerful indifference to outward discomfort and an inherent love for outdoor things. The kind old eyes roving the fields descried a clump of yellow blossoms at the bend of the river. He sprang over the fence without a moment's hesitation—Miss Brewster loved flowers. The intervening space was nearly traversed, when a heavy gust of wind swept his hat across the field. In the distance, out of a coppery sky, a huge, cone-shaped cloud appallingly threatening, rose and fell with a mighty impetus as it swept toward him. The old man stopped short with bulging eyes. "Oh, God! Oh, God!" he moaned helplessly, his lips stiffening with fear. Nearer it came, bearing down upon him like some instrument of destruction from the infernal regions. Another blast nearly took him from his feet; it also reminded his bewildered senses of the necessity for immediate action. He looked wildly around for some place of safety.

Below him, on the river bank, a canoe was drawn up. He reached it with a series of agile bounds and lying flat, pulled it over him—not a moment too soon. The earth trembled, there was a crackling and crashing as of great trees uprooted and hurled through space—as though the universe itself had become a seething chaos. It grew louder and more vehement—a raging fury—then there was a sudden silence. Dobbs peered out cautiously; the danger was past but only the high, overhanging bank had saved him.

Weakly picking his way through the scene of ruin and desolation he reached the curve in the road and stopped aghast in dizzy, speechless horror. A ruinous heap topped with levyings from the surrounding country, stood where once had been a red-roofed building. Slowly, in what seemed an eternity, he dragged his trembling limbs to the pile and began to pull away the lighter portion of the debris. Strength returned; he tugged and strained at timbers and fallen tree trunks. Suddenly he heard the rattle of wheels along the highway; he rushed out, waved his hat and shouted hoarsely, but the occupants of the vehicle, seeing the wild-looking figure fleeing from the ruined house of pestilence, whipped their horses to a plunging gallop, swerving here and there to avoid the greater obstacles in their path. Baffled, Dobbs watched them, but only for a moment; he must have help, but no passer-by would come to his assistance he well knew. If he could only reach Dr. Pressly, but he dared not take time to return to the city; perhaps there might be life beneath those ruins—there had been greater miracles.

"Send help, Lord! send help!" he implored working with renewed haste. The words had hardly left his lips when through the shattered gateway a carriage wheeled into the yard and Dr. Pressly sprang out—behind him was a wagon, and men with hatchets and crowbars. Already on his way from the city, he had remarked, in the distance, the path of the cyclone and called to his aid some returning laborers caught in the edge of the storm.

The doctor led the labor of clearance with no unnecessary words; they worked like tigers, alternately hoping and fearing. The wings of the building were crushed like an egg-shell, the upper story had been swept away as clean as a knife—only the posts stood grim and bare. Dobbs looked at them with a shudder. He could see Dana now, in his chair by the south window, and Miss Brewster near him. Where they were now God only knew—perhaps miles away caught up ruthlessly by the merciless, unresisting force. If they could have seen the cyclone's approach in time to have reached the first floor—but Dana was hardly strong enough for the effort even if it had not come upon them like the Day of Judgment.

The lower story of the upright was partially intact; it was their only hope—a very feeble one; there was the barest possible chance. The doctor shouted again and again in a strained voice no one would have recognized, but the place was silent as a charnel house.

"Dobbs," the physician gripped the old man's arm. "To think that I saved him for this!" the voice broke.

But Dobbs fiercely shook off the hand. He was thinking of a fair, gentle face as he had seen it three hours ago; she had never had anything but kind words for the old man who had taken many from the rough, old world—why he would have died for her!

The door was impassable—a fallen pine before it, but he hacked his way through the prostrate branches, and attacking the riddled screen with his hatchet entered the room, the others following. There were great cracks in the wall through which the light streamed, and the floor was covered thick with plastering, but the place was vacant. Dobbs hurried to an inner door; it yielded with effort; the staircase was open to the sky, and at its foot, surrounded by a chaos of wreckage, lay the objects of their search.

Priscilla Brewster was evidently assisting her patient down the stairs, and on the last step had come the shock. She lay against an overturned chair; one arm stretched shelteringly over Dana's head had intercepted a piece of scantling hurled downward through the opening. Dr. Pressly hurried to Dana's side, but Dobbs knelt by the young woman. With trembling hands he pulled a pillow from under a heap of rubbish and laid her head gently upon it; her pulse beat tremulously—there was still life. The doctor stooped over him and raised the white arm.

"It is broken," he said after a moment's examination, "but they will live—both of them—by Heaven, it is a miracle!"

HEART THROBS

OR THE PARSON'S PRAYER

By HENRY YOUNG OSTRANDER

"THEM'S the things—O Brother Man!
Give us all of their 'lift' yer can;
Pump out yir bilge of its sophist pride
An' ride on the swell of some Anthem tide,
Flying God's auriflamme!
Don't keer if yir brain ain't ballast'd by clod—
S'long as yir mind's thet nigher t' God,
An' yir heart t' His Common Man!"

That's the 'Tonic' to 'tone' your souls—
Sound us the 'Key' to the Joy it holds!
Make the blood leap, singing past
To the trump of some resurrection blast!
Cheer the trudge of the drudging throng
By the clarion ring of a tramping Song!
Let the weary and toil-oppressed
In the swing of that Music find their rest.
Those who faltered and fell by the way—
Sing for them here a comrade's lay.
Fill with fire and daring high
Discouraged hearts lain down to die.
In their failure and grief and tears,
Bring them Thy comfort—calm their fears.
Grant us the while we work and pray
Time to wonder and dream and play.
In the shrouding gloom and the pitiless rain,
Black with slander and scandal's stain,
Help us forgive and forget the wrong—
Keeping Love's faith still sweet and strong.
For we would relumine this Temple of Thine
By a Beauty revealed in some Vision divine.
'Neath features Time's masked under ugliness' guise
An eternal, ineffable Loveliness lies.
And when Hope's spark grows dim to sight,
In the doubt and the dark of Sorrow's night,
Oh, somehow give us to understand
That Fate holds safe in the Master's hand.
While over the ashes of Wisdom's dust
Clings ever confiding sweet childhood's Trust.

When the tempter's charm would dazzle and lure
Make man's spirit brave and pure.
Nerve ambition to disdain
Crafty guile's ill-gotton gain.
Those who have wandered far astray—
Lead them back to the happy Way.
Unfetter their feet from the maddening press—
Guide them again by Thy peace and rest.
In the hard, grim grind of the bitter strife,
Where base, brute forces ravish life,
Chant above shame's gilded grime
Honor's hallelujah line!
Grapple the clutch of hell's gorgon greed
With the conquering Cross of a Christian creed!
Shout the charge! Crime's cowards cringe!
While tyrants tremble to battle Hymns.

But should ours be never the Victor's cry—
To fight for Glory, and nobly die—
Mid the blare of bugles and beat of drums,
The clash of sabres and boom of guns,
Yet there's a Grandeur as great and high
In some sad heart's ache as the days go by.
For many a soul in an unheard prayer
Whispers its secret of dumb despair.
Through the failure and pain of the agonized strife
Some heroes of God live a silent life!
Forgotten and nameless, unknown to renown,
These cross-bearing martyrs march on uncrowned!
But somewhere, I know, God has saved them to Fame
Though the world passed them by without honor or name!
O cruel enigma of man's mortal breath,
Life denied them that homage accorded by Death!

And so, when its Shadow around us shall fall—
Deepening and darkening and hushing all—
In a Slumber-Dream so bright and fair,
Waiting its Wakening over There,—
Oh, then—dear Father—we would cry
Draw unto us very nigh.
Soothe us with a kind caress—
Show Thy mercy's tenderness.
Through life's last, long, quiet hours,
May we feel Thy hand in ours.
Leave us not unloved and lone—
Come Thyself to take us home!

WHEN HEINY LED THE BAND

By WILL GAGE CAREY

PROMPTLY at seven-thirty the second-alto player, with his horn under his arm, climbed the long, rickety stairway leading up to the band room.

Lighting the three dismal-looking lamps, he seated himself in his accustomed place behind the long, wooden music-rack, and spreading his music out before him, proceeded to turn loose a series of "um-ta, um-ta, um-tas!" that resounded throughout the building and far out on the still night air.

The Bloomfield Cornet Band was about to assemble for weekly rehearsal. Seeing the lights in the band room, and hearing the defiant challenge to the fray as issued by the second-alto, the other members began straggling up the stairway.

Amidst the awful din of blaring horns that straightway filled the air, Heiny Unger, the big, good-natured leader arose and rapped on his rack for order: "Take your seats, gentlemen," he said, "and be quiet one moment!"

Gradually the noise subsided, ending with one last reluctant "um-ta" from the alto-section.

"Boys," continued Heiny, "we will play number 24 in the blue book, just for a curtain-raiser,—then there is a matter of importance I wish to bring up for your consideration. Already now! Sound off, Shorty!"

The selection chosen was old "Montrose Quickstep."

Ask any bandman of fifteen years ago if he remembers a band piece by that name! He will tell you that it was the pride of every country band then in existence; very probably he will add that it had a dash and a swing to it, not excelled by any march to this day,—and that it had a bass solo that would make one's blood fairly tingle.

The selection finished, the members of the band laid aside their instruments and sat waiting for their leader to speak, and Heiny after reading through several important looking papers, arose and addressed them.

"We have been engaged to play here next week at the County Fair," he said impressively. "The committee in charge say that Rockdale being in this county, they thought it only fair to engage them also, to play one day at the fair. Now here is a proposition they have presented to us," and Heiny began reading aloud from the letter in his hand:

"We desire to announce on our bills that on Thursday of next week a grand band contest will be given in the public square, the participants being the Rockdale Cornet Band and the Bloomfield Band; the successful contestant to receive $100 cash, and complete new uniforms throughout."

"There's the proposition," said Heiny, "what do you think of it?"

Instantly the room was in an uproar. Exclamations arose from every side of every description, but above all could be heard the voice of the second-alto player.

"Let 'em come! let 'em come! we'll eat 'em alive!"

Heiny rapped and expostulated for several minutes before any semblance of order could be restored.

"One at a time please, boys; let me hear just how you feel about this."

The baritone player, always steady and reliable, was the first to arise.

"Boys, I don't think we ought to undertake this thing; we are out-classed." (Cries of "put him out! put him out!"—from the alto section.) "You all know me," he continued, "I've stuck to this band through thick and thin, and I always intend to. I believe that taking it man for man, Rockdale hasn't got anything on us; but she has her watch factory employees to draw from,—and they have got more men, better instruments, better uniforms. They have three saxophones, we haven't any. They have everything we have, except that they haven't got as good a leader. In my opinion they would simply show us up, and I think the best thing for us to do, is to tell the committee we are willing to play next week, but that we are nix to this contest business."

Shouts and exclamations both of approval and otherwise filled the room as the speaker sat down. In an instant the second-alto player was on his feet.

"As some of you may have heard me remark, I say, let 'em come! we'll meet them for any purse they want to hang up, any time, any place, fight to finish, winner take all, weigh in at ring-side ten minutes before fight! Our old friend Baritone here, says they've got everything most we've got! It ain't so. In the first place they haven't any such *baritone* player as we've got—(cries of 'hear! hear! good for um-ta!')—an' there isn't another such in the whole country,—an' I say it with all modesty! We've got good strong leads; four jam-up trombone players, with jammed-up trombones; we've got a good reed section even if we haven't any saxophones. An' as for our altos,—oh, well! you all know what our *altos* are! So once more let me urge upon you,—let me add my feeble voice and implore you, to let 'em come an' accept this challenge to a contest."

Never was such a stormy evening passed in the little band-room. Finally a decision was reached; a decision to meet the Rockdale band, each member promising faithfully to do all in his power to win the money, the new uniforms,—but most of all, to preserve the honor of Bloomfield,—and the rehearsal was resumed with renewed energy and enthusiasm.

* * *

The following Thursday dawned clear and bright in Bloomfield.

The crowds at the fair had been large all the week, but everyone conceded that Thursday, the day of the band contest, would be the big day in point of attendance. Not even the most sanguine, however, looked for half the throng that crowded into the little city.

Early in the morning they began to pour in, from all sources.

The farmers for miles around came in big farm wagons, with wives and children and huge lunch baskets. Solemn and sedate old horses pulled the wagons, that had seen far too many such gatherings to show any symptoms of friskiness at their stage in life. The steeds driven by the young swains and their sweethearts, were, however, young and mettlesome, cavorting madly, shying at every strange sight, and neighing incessantly,—which with the barking of dogs, the music of the bands and the laughter and shouts of the ever increasing crowds, helped to swell the general tumult as all pressed forward to the Fair grounds.

The early morning trains also brought multitudes from the neighboring towns, and throughout the county, as the contest had been thoroughly advertised.

The members of the Rockdale Band, resplendent in showy uniforms, were early on the scene and serenely confident of themselves and the ultimate out-come of the day, marched arrogantly up the main street straight for the grounds, midst the flying of banners and the loud huzzahs of their adherents.

Steadily the interest in the big event increased as they day advanced.

The festivities at the grounds, including the races, began at an early hour so that all would be over in time for the contest.

Heiny was late in taking his band out to the grounds. He was well content that the rival organization should receive the greater share of the attention during the day,—and likewise do the greater part of the playing,—while he saved his men for the more trying ordeal of the day.

The conditions and rules under which the contest was to be given were by no means complicated. Each band to play two selections, one while on the march and the other standing. A committee of three selected from nearby towns were to decide the merits and declare the winner.

For the marching test, the band was required to stand at the head of the street, then at a given signal march down the street past the judges' stand playing, then form a circle and finish the selection standing.

The Bloomfield band practiced repeatedly on this maneuver, simple as it was. During these practice marches they used one of the band's members as a drum-major to direct their movements; later they decided that he could not be spared from his regular position, and so decided to get along the best possible without a drum-major.

By three o'clock the events in the Fair-grounds were over for the day, and the crowds swarmed out, and pushed eagerly forward to the public square to obtain the best positions possible to witness the contest

The excitement had steadily increased and was now at fever heat, as the hour was almost at hand.

The Rockdale contingency, elated by the conspicuous showing made during the day by their band, brought forth big rolls of bills which they offered at odds of two to one on their favorite. These wagers were accepted with such alarming alacrity that the odds were quickly removed, and many bets were placed at even money.

An ardent Rockdale supporter flashed a big roll and exclaimed excitedly:

"Boys, let's start in and clean 'em out of all they got!"

"Waal, be mighty sartin' ye don' start nothin' ye can't finish," drawled out old Uncle Billy Glover, digging down deep in his jeens and bringing up four greasy dollar bills.

Uncle Billy, one of Bloomfield's oldest inhabitants, had been trying for years to break up the whisky trust by absorbing the entire output as far as he was able. No one imagined that he had any other interest in life, or any pride whatever in local affairs. But now the light of battle gleamed from his watery eyes as he paraded the street, cheering vociferously for Bloomfield.

Substantial business men also caught the contagion of frenzied enthusiasm. The mayor of the city sought out Heiny and grabbing him impulsively by the coat exclaimed:

"You *must* do it, Heiny! Beat these roaring Rockdale rioters and I'll add fifty dollars to the prize out of my own pocket!"

The noise and tumult in the street became deafening and the hour for the contest was at hand.

With the complacency born of sublime confidence the Rockdale Band took its position before the stand of the judges, for the first selction.

The leader of the band tapped on the rack before him for the attention of his musicians, then raised his baton and launched them easily and gracefully forth on the strains of a beautiful overture.

Well the leader knew the audience he was to play to. He chose with great skill a selection that could be understood and enjoyed by all, at the same time offering splendid opportunities for showy effect on each of his best instruments. He realized the superiority of his band's instrumentation over that of the rival organization and used it with telling effect.

On through the different movements they played, with brilliancy and precision, working up gradually and smoothly to a spectacular climax.

It was over, and cheer after cheer from the Rockdale crowd rent the air. Bloomfield, also, joined generously in the well-earned applause.

Once more the crowd became stilled as the local band took its position before the judges.

Heiny, also selected an overture for his first piece, but one far less pretentious than the preceding number. He knew his band's limitations; rather than risk something intricate, he decided not to attempt too much on the first test,—but to make his greatest effort on the last.

The piece began with a bugle-call, an echo from which being simulated by the second cornet with a mute placed in the bell of the instrument. The solo cornetist was easily the band's best performer, and the selection had been chosen with this point in mind.

Heiny raised his baton, and brought it down gently in the direction of the soloist.

Clear as a bell the silvery call floated out over the vast assemblege, re-echoing throughout the square, prolonged and augmented by the second cornet. A brief pause, and again the spiritual call rang out, higher and more accelerated than before. Then a tremendous crash of drums and symbals, followed by a loud passage by the entire harmony section in unison,—a brief pause, and they glided into the soft strains of a waltz.

Soothing, restful, graceful as tiny waves dancing in the moonlight. Never had the people of Bloomfield heard their band play like this.

A cadenza by the clarionette followed, then a brilliant triple-tongueing solo on the cornet. With a short, melodious finale, the selection ended.

It was light, dainty, sparkling as sunbeams playing upon dew-covered foliage. In point of excellence and intrinsic value it could hardly compare with the Rockdale overture. Heiny knew that the unprejudiced judges were well aware that it did not.

The selection seemed entirely satisfactory to the Bloomfield crowd, however, and they cheered loud and long.

Partisan feeling broke out afresh and more intense than ever.

Uncle Billy was jubilant. Incensed at the old man's eulogistic encomiums a Rockdale rooter sought to annihilate him completely, and waiving a bunch of bills exclaimed:

"Say, you old bag of wind! I'll just cover your money. And to show you what I think of your band, I'll bet you five to one!"

"Yer on, my philanthropic but misguided old citizen!" responded Uncle Billy, and the money was posted.

The Rockdale band took its position at the head of the street and stood waiting the signal from the judges. The crowds pressed in eagerly, and the police found it difficult to open a passage way for the march.

The signal was given and the band came marching down the street, with the drum-major in dazzling uniform stepping proudly in front, gracefully whirling his huge glittering baton.

Down the street they came, the splendid uniforms and fine silver-plated instruments glistening in the sunlight.

On past the judges' stand they marched, formed a circle and finished the selection standing. It was a creditable performance, but nothing especially fine except in a spectacular way.

Possibly the members of the band were a trifle over-confident. Undoubtedly many of them were somewhat played down, from the earlier exertions of the day. The band's adherents cheered them to the echo, but it was apparent to many that the marching test was a disappointment.

Again all eyes were turned to the band at the head of the street. There stood Heiny and his little band calmly awaiting the signal.

No dazzling drum-major stood in front with glittering baton.

The sun's rays fell upon instruments old and battered, and made of brass; upon plain and worn uniforms of faded blue. But there they stood, firm and undaunted, determination written on every face.

The noise in the street increased, and many pressed about the band offering encouragement and words of advice. Uncle Billy was right at their side and in a tremendous state of excitement. To his somewhat befuddled mind it seemed that success or failure, the honor or fall of Bloomfield now depended entirely upon Shorty Davis and the big drum, and rushing up he wrung Shorty's hand convulsively.

"Thump 'er, Shorty!" he implored, "thump yer gol-dernest!"

Suddenly an uproar started at the far end of the street. The crowds swung back on either side and a small figure, a child rushed hurriedly through,—a small boy of five years, with yellow hair, the reddest of cheeks and big blue eyes now ablaze with excitement.

His little dress was torn and soiled. On the yellow curls rested an old battered band cap, and in his little hand he carried an old scarred and dented cornet of ancient model.

Through the surging line of humanity he passed. The crowds pressed about him, shouting at him; but he neither saw nor heard them.

Heiny Unger turned to ascertain the cause of the commotion, and beheld—his son, Heiny, Jr.

Straight up to the band he came.

"*I want my fader!*" was all he said.

The crowd yelled and cheered; on all sides arose the shouts of the throng:

"Hoorah for little Heiny!" "Heiny, Jr!" "Let little Heiny lead the band!"

The thought came like an inspiration. Little Heiny lead the band? Why not! For countless generations his fore-fathers had been musicians; the music he so dearly loved came as naturally to him as the air he breathed.

All the past week, with eyes aglow he had watched the band in those wonderful, wonderful marches; he knew every move and turn made by the drum-major on those stirring occasions.

Heiny turned and faced the band.

"Boys, can he do it?"

Before any one could replied, little Heiny settled the matter by placing himself directly in front of them at the position of "attention!" just as he had seen the drum-major do.

Heiny glanced at the judges' stand and saw the signal ready to fall.

Hurriedly he addressed the band:

"Boys, we will not play the piece just selected. Turn to number 24 in the blue book,—we'll stand to win or lose by old Montrose,—and little Heiny!"

The signal fell in the judges' stand.

"Let the drums sound off!" shouted Heiny, and the march began.

Down the street they came, with little Heiny marching bravely in front, swinging the old cornet and keeping perfect time.

The crowd shouted, and cheered and yelled in delight at they passed. But above all the noise and din arose the profound and animating strains of old Montrose; never had the grand old march shown up like that before!

From the front rank where marched four abreast, the slide trombone players, with the slides of their instruments gliding in and out in perfect unison, back to the last row with Shorty and the drum, every man was playing his best, producing a mighty and irresistible wave of harmony.

On, on they came, the strains growing louder and louder. Past the stand they marched and formed a circle with little Heiny in the center.

When the band ceased playing, the scene was one such as had never been known in the history of Bloomfield. Someone grabbed the diminutive leader and he was tossed from one to another in a manner that would have frightened an ordinary child into convulsions.

The judges arose to render a decision, but no one paid much attention; all knew what it would be,—there could be but one verdict.

The members of the Rockdale Band, though naturally chagrined and disappointed were game, and generously applauded the winners.

Gradually the throngs dispersed. The farmers and wives, swains and sweethearts, sedate old horses and frisky young colts, all were homeward bound, and the greatest day Bloomfield had ever known was over

There were many happy people in the little city when the shades of night hovered close; but there were three who were happier than all the rest!

One was an old, old man, known as "Uncle Billy Glover;" another a young man who played the "um-ta" music on the alto horn, and the third,—a quiet, little German mother in whose blue eyes glistened silent tears of joy and pride, as she tucked away to rest a small and very tired boy,—and softly murmured:

"*My little Heiny*!"

A LITTLE ROAD

By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

O LITTLE road beyond the hill,
  Your vagrant winding ways I know:
And why you wander soft and still
  And loiter in one valley low
  Where, Maytime called, the violets blow.

Your byway nooks with joy are rife.
  It is because the world outside,
Those crowds of men whom we call life
  Have not invaded you with pride,
  Nor led you where the paths divide.

O little road, forget to learn!
  And for the measure of my days,
Let here no wheel of torture turn,
  No gaudy signboard stand ablaze;
  But keep the comfort of your ways.

CUTTING DRAINAGE DITCHES IN THE COASTAL PLAIN OF TEXAS
The Forerunner of Fruit, Garden Truck and Rice Growing

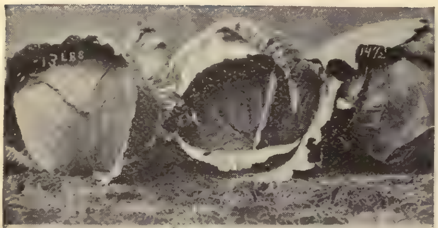
THE RUSH INTO THE SOUTHWEST

THE FIRST GREAT MIGRATION IN PALACE CARS

By FRANK PUTNAM

FOR the first time in the history of the human race, a great migration is taking place in Pullman cars. The springs that converge to form this tide of humanity rise in a dozen northern and eastern states. They form huge streams flowing through the southwestern gateways at St. Louis and Kansas City. The tide pours down into and through Oklahoma and Arkansas into Texas. Two nights each month out of St. Louis, and two other nights each month out of Kansas City, special home-seekers' trains of five Texas railroad systems start southward in from three to five sections, of from six to ten cars each. At the height of the movement through St. Louis, just before the banks began issuing picture cards in place of real money, the nights of the first and third Tuesdays saw twenty-five train sections, with a total of close to 200 coaches, real plush-lined Pullmans, leave for the Texas Southwest crowded to the roof. Crowded, understand, not with poor immigrants, but with prosperous northern farmers, for the most part. Men able and willing to pay $6 each for the privilege of stretching their legs two nights in the air-tight bunks that the Pullman company humorously describes as luxurious beds.

Who are these people? Well, I went up into the north central states a few weeks ago to find out who they are. I talked with land agents, with railroad passenger agents, with public officials and with agricultural experts, all of whom are watching this migration with a strong personal interest in it.



South Texas Cabbages that earn $200 an acre annually on land worth $50 an acre

Homeseekers from Dakota in an Orange Orchard at Alvin, south of Houston

Rice field and canals, Houston District: First Crop taken from the Sod

Shipping Winter Strawberries from the Houston District by Express Freight

Picking Strawberries in February in the Houston-Galveston Fruit Belt for the Northern Markets

A Sleigh-ride in South Texas

I learned that the north central states and some of the states farther east have entered upon a new era, agriculturally. The farm lands of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, northern Missouri, southern Wisconsin and Minnesota and northeastern Kansas have risen in value to an average of $100 an acre. The old style of farming won't earn a profit on the land at these prices. The old style of farming was done by a forty-acre man on a 160-acre farm. He knew nothing of soil chemistry and he kept no books of account. He usually raised wheat, or oats, or corn, on one piece of ground until he worked it out of the elements that produce that grain. He rotated his crops on hearsay advice from older men, and let his farm machinery stand out in the rain and snow. Not all of the last two generations of north central states farmers operated in this way. Each little community had its exceptions, who prospered beyond the average. Hundreds of these exceptional farmers, who took the trouble to learn something about the details of their soil, who bred their stock up instead of down, who studied the markets intelligently and kept books of account carefully, who used their profits buying more land from the less methodical—hundreds of these exceptional men have "moved into town"—the little villages that dot the agricultural regions of the north central states—and have become bankers and financiers. In a good many cases they transmitted their characteristics to sons who now adorn the village and small city banking, legal, mercantile and manufacturing branches of human activity.

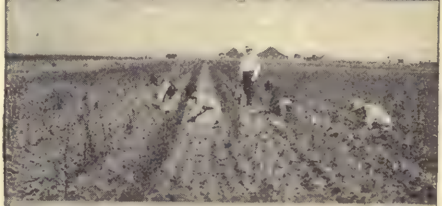
What with the multiplication of agricultural colleges, thanks largely to Uncle Sam's generosity and wise forethought for the "feeders and providers" of the land, a new breed of farmers have come to the front in the states grouped about the northern watersheds during the past dozen years. These new farmers know their soil as a merchant knows—or ought to know—his stock. They keep accounts on every detail of their business—it has become a business, and a scientifically conducted business, in their hands. By the right use of fertilizers, by the right selection of breeding stock, by the utilization of by-products, by the conservation of machinery and energy, by the keeping of correct accounts and the shrewd investment of income, this new breed of northern farmers have been able to make their high-priced land earn big profits.

Not unnaturally, they have been buying up the farms of the old style fellows who hadn't time to learn the new methods. Scores of thousands of old style farmers have within a decade sold their farms at prices averaging not less than a hundred dollars an acre. A quarter century ago most of the land was worth not more than one-fourth that. Some of it was worth one-half, but much of it sold for $10 an acre and upward. With the proceeds of the farm sales in hand, or in bank at home, the sellers of northern lands have been prospecting the northwest, the west and the southwest for low-priced high-grade lands. A good many thousands of them have gone into Canada. They were used to cold winters and they knew how to raise wheat and stock. Some that went across the line into the Dominion have come back. Oklahoma got a million people inside her doors within twenty years. A good many of them were drawn from the ranks of these migrating northern farmers. The stream didn't break across the Texas line in any volume until five years ago. Too many people up north remembered General Sherman's humorous remark, prompted by the summer heat in the Rio Grande country, that if he owned hell and Texas, he would sell Texas and live in hell.

During the five years last past the tide into Texas has risen steadily. In the northern, the northwestern, the western and the southwestern portions of the great state are scores of thousands of northerners. They have lately begun discovering the gulf coast country. Colonies of them are growing winter fruit and truck in the regions tributary to Brownsville, Corpus Christi, Victoria and on eastward to the Sabine river. They are discovering that this coast country will grow oranges, figs, grape fruit, kumquats, lemons, berries and garden truck as lavishly as Southern California, and there is now a veritable rush to get coast lands.

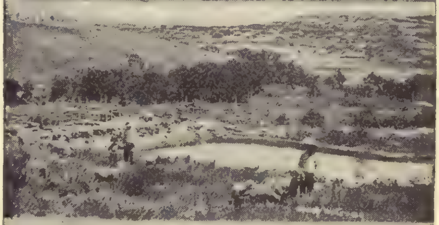
The pioneers in the coast country have been up against something they didn't count on and didn't know how to remedy. It was something, too, that had to be remedied before the coast country could be made profitable or even habitable for the millions of

Peaches and Oranges in a Grove South of Houston



Budding Young Fig Trees on a Coast Country farm, at Algo, Texas

Burning off Cactus Thorns so that Cattle can eat the Plant, a Feature of the "New Farming" in Central West Texas



Sheep Ranch in Central West Texas

A Scene on the Cotton Wharves at Galveston

Field of Winter Onions near Houston

small farmers that ought to be living there. The thing that has barred the way is the lack of drainage. The whole Texas coastal plain slopes down to the gulf for a hundred miles with an average fall of a foot to the mile. Several times each winter the country gets rainfall of from two to six inches in less than twenty-four hours. There are not enough water courses to carry the rain-floods off to the gulf rapidly. The country is covered with a thick growth of wild grasses. These impede the recession of the rain floods into the bayous and rivers. The land is therefore under water for days at a time after each such rainfall. The soil grows cold and sour. It takes ten acres of it to sustain a grazing steer, and the animal that grows fat on this grazing has to possess an uncommonly cheerful mind, coupled with a habit of laborious application.

BRANCH FROM A KUMQUAT TREE
Picked in December, south of Houston. The Kumquat is about the size of an English walnut, has the skin of an orange, the body of a lemon and is eaten whole tastes like solidified lemonade.

Now wherever a man, or a group of men, have dug ditches that will carry off the rainfall quickly, and have broken the ground and left it to mellow for a year in the sun and rain, they have learned that it has remarkable fertility. As a rule it is a sandy loam, deep and porous. Here and there a man or a little colony has taken land that cost from $4 an acre up to $25, and has made it earn yearly net profits running from $100 to $1,000 an acre. It is the story of southern California over again, with a touch of Florida and southern Georgia. Nearly half a million acres of this coast land have been planted in rice. The single county of Jefferson, only 26 by 32 miles in extent, gets $2,000,000 a year for its rice crop. Beaumont, and Spindle Top, located in Jefferson County, are better known than the rice farms, but Jefferson County is certain to make more money out of its rice farms, in the long reach of time, than it has ever made or ever will make out of its famous oil wells and refineries. For Jefferson County has three times as much land suited for rice production as it is now using in that industry, land that is steadily being brought under cultivation.

ONE-YEAR-OLD SATSUMA ORANGE TREE
in the Houston-Galveston District

Rice farming, or any other kind of successful farming or fruit-growing, in the Texas coast country, means drained land. Success is not possible on any other terms. The traveler through this region, if he takes time

HOUSTON'S FIRST MODERN APARTMENT HOUSE
It is also first in South Texas, that looms in upper Main Street as oddly as if it had wandered away from Michigan Avenue and got lost

to get off the train and go into the interior occasionally, will come across places where the individual operator has diked his land on the upper sides, turning the floods off his ground, and has ditched his property toward its lower levels. One such place that I visited a fortnight ago lies half way between Houston and Galveston. The owner bought his ground seven years ago for $22.50 an acre, 200 acres of it. He broke the soil, diked and ditched after plans prepared by a competent engineer, and set out oranges, grape fruits, lemons, kumquats (a Japanese cross between a lemon and an orange, that you eat skin and all, and that tastes on a hot day like a solidified lemonade) figs, roses and other sub-tropical winter fruits and flowers. That man holds his land today at $300 an acre; you couldn't buy it for that. He says he will make it worth a thousand dollars an acre. He is a business man, and an expert horticulturist. He is moreover a hustler. All around his place, as far as the eye can reach, is land of precisely the same kind, for sale in any quantity at fifty dollars an acre. It is all subject to winter overflow from the clouds. I suppose the reason it is so cheap is that there is so much of it and so few people there ready to work it.

LEMONS GROWN IN HUNDREDS OF HOUSTON GARDENS

But hundreds of northern farmers and investors have bought land in this Houston-Galveston region during the six months last past, and others are coming in ever larger numbers.

A good many times during the last twenty years far-sighted legislators have tried to get the Texas general assembly to pass a law enabling the people in the coast country to bond their lands for money to build drainage systems. The old free-range sentiment always defeated these well-meant endeavors. Long after modern methods of producing beef, in the north, had taken the profit out of grazing longhorn cattle, or any other kind of cattle, on these vast south Texas plains, the ancient prejudice against new-comers continued. It is noticeable even today. Men that are successfully farming in this region will tell the home-seeker who comes prospecting there that the land is worthless for agriculture; that the winter floods spoil it; that it is fit only for grazing. If the first man on the ground can scare away later comers, his free range remains undisturbed. A lot of the country is held in huge tracts by land speculators. These men don't wish to sell. They don't wish to pay for improvements, such as drainage or roads. All they want is to be left in undisturbed possession of their holdings, virtually tax-free, until the pressure from without for access to land, any kind of land, sends the price of their properties high enough to make them millionaires. There is another class of knockers in the coast country—the fellows that have started on a small scale, have failed to make good, have got saturated with malaria from countless mosquito stings, and who honestly believe, measuring the possibilities of the land by their own failures due to ignorance and shiftlessness upon it, that the country "will never amount to anything."

Four years ago State Senator Griggs of Houston, working with State Senator Masterson of Galveston, crowned fifteen years of missionary work by getting a vote of the state on a constitutional amendment (that carried) permitting the formation of drainage districts in Texas. Messrs. Griggs and Masterson drew an enabling act under this amendment and the first drainage law was passed three years ago. The lawyers serving

THREE-YEAR-OLD FIG TREE AT ALGOA
South of Houston. Thousands of acres of figs and oranges are planted in this district

the free-range and non-resident land-owning interests picked flaws in this law, and no districts were formed. Last winter a new law, providing for the formation of drainage, irrigation, road and waterway districts, was drawn up by Messrs. Griggs and Masterson, received the approval of the state's legal department and was passed. Under this law, now in force less than a year, a score or more districts have been organized, some for irrigation, some for roads, most of them for drainage. The stringency in the money market has prevented the offering of any of these district bond issues for sale up to the time of this writing. Armed with the guarantee of the attorney general of the state, these issues will, it is believed, find a ready market in the East. Private drainage has so often and so uniformly doubled, tripled and quadrupled the value of the lands drained that this feature of the case has come to be regarded as axiomatic.

At Beaumont, in middle January, I helped organize the Gulf Coast Drainage Association of Texas. Delegates were present from all the cities and towns along the coast. Mr. Peek, a sturdy farmer living between Beaumont and Port Arthur, and the man that organized the first drainage district under the Texas law, was elected president of the association, and other practical men, farmers and civil engineers, completed the list. This parent association will advise the local associations on points of law and engineering, will try to frame the local schemes into a general plan for the whole coast country, and will help the local districts to fight their way past the opposition of the free range grabbers, the non-resident land-owners and the malarial mossbacks. There is every indication that this movement, now well begun, will within ten years result in the drainage of most of the gulf coast country of Texas. Just as certainly as it does, the world will see here another such marvelous development of population and of new riches taken from orchard and garden as that one which has made southern California lands rise in a quarter century from a dollar an acre to a thousand.

SATSUMA ORANGE TREES, THREE YEARS OLD, which transform $40 acres into $500 acres.

WINTER FRUITS FROM THE HOUSTON-GALVESTON DISTRICT

It puzzled me at first to understand why the railroads and their thousands of subagents were pushing the Panhandle lands so much more vigorously than the other regions in east Texas, southeast Texas and the middle coast country. I learned that the roads got nearly all of their state land grants in the sections they are now advertising. Naturally they wish to sell their own lands first. A few years ago the group of big men that control the Rock-Island Frisco system bought several million acres of raw lands in the Brownsville region, along the Rio Grande. They have been advertising those lands persistently and intelligently and have brought in many thousands of buyers, most of whom are doing well and are satisfied with their investments. There is no doubt that when irrigation systems have been completed the Rio Grande region will be the richest producer of sugar and other sub-tropical staples on the continent. Brownsville is only fifty miles farther north than Key West. It is almost never visited by even a light frost, and is the only section of our continental area in which dates can be grown successfully.

At the Texas State Fair in Dallas, last October, I saw an exhibit of farm products brought from the heart of the Great American Desert. That is, it is located in the Desert as the geographies still in use in New England show it. A huge oval strip of country is indicated on the map with tiny dots, supposed by the dreaming small boy twisting his legs in a school seat to represent grains of sand. In this exhibit, which was hauled out of Deaf Smith County, sixty-five miles from a railroad, there was corn as big and as firm as any I ever husked in Iowa, the crack corn state; there was cotton that would make the black waxy lands of the Dallas country hump to match it; there were beets and turnips and carrots two feet long, and other things that no man would credit until he saw them for himself.

WINTER GOLF AT HOUSTON

The members of the group in the picture, from left to right, are: Colonel Hampton Cook, the best known journalist in Texas; Bolling Arthur Johnson, the prince of Southwestern story-tellers and the foremost figure in American lumber trade journalism; Frederick Upham Adams, novelist and magazine writer; Colonel Louis J. Wortham, editor of the Fort Worth Daily Star and one-time celebrated member of the Texas Rangers

"How did you do it?" I asked of the lean and kindly faced man in charge.

"Irrigation," he replied.

"Where do you get the water?"

"Wells."

"Flowing?"

"Some gushers; some we pump with gas engines."

"How long have you been there?"

"Five years."

"What is your land worth?"

"Fifty to sixty dollars, under water."

"Any more like it, not yet irrigated?"

"A few thousand square miles."

"What is it held at?"

"Two dollars up to twenty."

Then he showed me some bales of alfalfa—Kansas or Colorado never produced any of finer quality. "We cut this seven times a year," he said; "we get a ton to the acre each cutting—seven tons a year to the acre—and it's worth from $9 to $12 a ton in any city market in Texas. We can't send it out now, lacking a railroad, but we're feeding it and letting it walk out in the form of beef."

Peach-growers from Michigan are taking up the sandy lands of East Texas. One man set out 30,000 acres of peach trees. Others who came in before him say that is the best peach country in the United States. They are building up rich fruit and truck-growing communities in that part of the state.

All over the north central states, in every little village and in every railroad station, are placards setting forth the merits of Texas lands. Agents are active. They or their principals buy the land, most of it in the arid or semi-arid belts, at from $2 an acre up to $6, and sell it at $18 or $20. They run land advertisements in hundreds of country weekly and daily newspapers. Fully one-half of the men they send into Texas go back disappointed. Luckily most of them are disappointed before they buy. They fail to find the kind of soil and climate they seek. What they want is here, in some part of the state, but the agent doesn't show it to them. He

THE WRITER AND MR. FRIEDMAN OF HOUSTON, AN ORANGE LAND SPECIALIST
Examining Texas Grape Fruit, the Last Specimens of the Crop of 1907, Picked from the Trees at Friendswood in April, 1908, in Perfect Condition

CHRISTMAS STRAWBERRIES IN THE HOUSTON DISTRICT

ROSE GARDEN IN DECEMBER, ON A COAST COUNTRY FARM, AT ALGOA, TEXAS

shows them what he has for sale, and he makes the biggest profits off the poorest lands. The official map of the artesian belts of Texas show that most of the arid and semi-arid regions have water under them, at depths ranging from 500 to 2,000 feet. It costs $500 to $2,500 to get a well. The average well will irrigate ten acres. A good gusher will serve twenty or thirty acres, and in a few instances a gusher has poured out a surplus that forms a lake in the nearest depression.

The railroads interested have told in their advertisements the wide range and variety of successes that have been made on Texas' raw lands by farmers from the north. These stories are all true, but they are not all the truth. The other half of the story is that of the northerners, who, because of their ignorance of farming, or because they didn't understand and failed to adapt themselves to new conditions, have lost what they invested. Texas today offers the migratory Anglo-Saxon the last large area of available low-priced, high-grade lands within the bounds of the nation. But these lands are like all other new lands in this respect, that if a man is to win success upon them he must possess a working knowledge of the soil, the climate, the markets and, generally, of his trade. Some clerks and others unskilled in any kind of farming have gone on five or ten acres of the coast land in the Houston-Galveston district, or on the irrigated lands around San Antonio and Corpus Christi, and have put money in the bank raising berries, fruit and truck, but they are the exceptions. Fitness is here, as elsewhere, the condition of success. The northern land seeker, happily, comes into Texas with ample means to start his new operations on an economic scale, if he stays, and with money enough to leave on if he doesn't.

It is, all things considered, the richest migration in history, as well as the only one that has been chiefly conducted in palace cars.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR EBEN S. DRAPER

Who has so ably filled the position of Governor of the Commonwealth during the serious illness of Governor Guild. His prompt and efficient service in behalf of the Chelsea sufferers has endeared him to the hearts of the people of the old Bay State who will make him their next Governor

DAVID BAIRD OF CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

THE STORY OF DAVID BAIRD

By MITCHELL MANNERING

SWEEPING the horizon in search of men who are types of our times, men who have "done things," men whose influence and power have made an impression upon our national life, through the kindness of Congressman Harry Loudenslager, I met Mr. David Baird, of Camden, New Jersey.

It is not necessary to tell anyone in New York, Pennsylvania or New Jersey anything about David Baird, for he is well known there as a virile, strong type of adopted citizen, whose life-story is fascinating and inspiring.

A red-cheeked, Irish boy, after the death of both his parents, in the sturdy strength of his seventeen years, he set sail for the new land of promise, where "there's bread and work for all." For eleven weeks that sailing vessel careened with the tossing waves, buffetted by the winds of the Atlantic, but at last, in August 1856, the Irish lad landed in New York. His story, since his birth in County Derry, Ireland, April, 1839, reads like a romance, and is as thrilling as the history of the defence made by that famous city of his home county, when the resolute citizens starved behind their strong walls rather than relinquish what they believed to be a righteous cause. Mr. Baird is animated by just such a spirit as was possessed by the daring young apprentice who with his own hands closed the gates of Londonderry, and commenced the siege that has gone down into history as one of the most resolute defences ever made for home and religion.

At Port Deposit, Maryland, the young Derry lad worked on a farm known as Brick Meeting House, where he earned $6 a month and his board. The panic of 1857 came and it was evident that there would be no more work for the Irish lad, even at low wage. He was about to set forth in search of work when the good wife of the farmer pleaded with her busband to let "David stay and work for his board. He is such a good boy and always gets things done," she said. So David remained until the spring of 1858, when he was employed by Gillingham & Garrison in rafting logs on the Susquehanna River, at a wage of $16 per month.

At a luncheon recently given at the Union League Club, in Philadelphia, it was affecting to hear this man, who has long since reaped success beyond his wildest hopes, pay a tribute to that good wife who made an effort to save him a winter of hardship. Nothing could have more plainly indicated the warm heart and splendid qualities of the man who in youth, was accounted a good "log sailor."

On this same occasion a suggestive tribute was paid to Mr. Baird himself at the Union League of Philadelphia, by the Republicans of Southern New Jersey; that banquet was an event in the history of the party and state. The greeting to the honored guest of the occasion expressed the feeling of his friends in a very charming manner:

"It seems the whole durned country
Has come around tonight
To celebrate your doin's
In the great South Jersey fight,
To take you by the hand, old man
And say, 'Dave, you're all right.'"

"Dave's all right," seems to be the general opinion, even when expressed in a more conservative but not less positive manner by Philadelphia's prominent business men, with several of whom I talked; his political associates also chime in promptly with the sentiment, "Dave is a good man."

Mr. Baird hails from the same town as Walt Whitman, and many other celebrated names come to mind in connection with the state, deepening the conviction that New Jersey is the right place for training and keeping the best men, whether in literature, politics, business, or billion dollar corporation.

Mr. Baird is one of those men who never forget a friend, and when in later years he returned to Port Deposit his first care was to go in search of the farmer's wife, but the patron saint of Brick Meeting House had passed to a wider sphere of work. The grateful lad invited the bereaved farmer to come and see him in his prosperous days at $16 a month, and afterwards visited the Old

Brick Meeting House to assure himself that the good farmer lacked nothing, for the successful young man never forgot those who had shown kindness to a homeless lad.

It was probably his early experience which moulded the opinions of David Baird and made him an ardent Republican for life. The hard times on the farm and the panic of 1857 taught him by bitter experience what the days of "ten-cent Jimmy Buchanan" meant to the working man, and made him in after years a consistent adherent of his party—irrespective of his own business affairs.

Those happy days on the Susquehanna River are still recalled by Mr. Baird; it is delightful to hear him tell of the swirling rapids, the rolling logs, the seething waters that are as fresh and forceful as that rich brogue, which he declares is "as good now as ever." As he talks, one almost sees the logs coming down the Pennsylvania primeval forests. It is easy to see that then as now he loved America and American institutions, and already promised to be what he has since become—a type of those men who have created wealth and influence from the latent opportunity of a new country, and have used their acquisitions to help their fellowmen, rather than for personal aggrandizement.

In 1859 Mr. Baird came to Camden, New Jersey, and his sincere loyalty to the firm for which he worked soon advanced him to the position of foreman, in which he had charge of rafting lumber on the Susquehanna and delivering it at Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and New Haven. During the panic of 1873, when he felt that his employers were paying him a salary that he was not earning, he insisted on embarking in business for himself, with a capital of less than a thousand dollars, which represented his entire savings, and that is a story by itself.

In 1868 David Baird married Christiana Beaty, an Irish lass; in 1873, when the hard times came it was his wife who had ready for use the savings that started Mr. Baird in business, and what a tribute he paid to her, who had stood by him in all the struggles of business and political life, always understanding his purposes, and always inspiring him with the highest ideals and the brightest hopes. Never have I heard a more beautiful tribute paid in so few words, and while he spoke I realized what a heavy loss the husband sustained in the death of such a wife.

Despite the fact that he began business in the teeth of that panic, Mr. Baird began to make money, aided by his former employers who told the bank that "David was to have anything he wanted." In the years that followed the young man started in the business in which he had formerly been employed, and had the pleasure of hearing from the lips of his sometime employers warm expressions of gratitude and appreciation, who were always ready with a "good word" for a loyal worker who has since become one of the richest men in the community in which he resides.

Early in life the young Irishman showed a decided aptitude and liking for politics, and even before he had a vote he allied himself to the party and principles for which he has been a lifelong worker. After he had entered into business he was asked to become a candidate for the Board of Chosen Freeholders of the County of Camden, in 1875. The matter was discussed in the humble, two-tenement home that had been provided by their own earnings, and it was the bright-eyed Irish wife who encouraged him to take up his duties as an American citizen. The young man called the attention of the lady of the home to the fact that "it cost money to be elected," for at that time "the bright metals" were somewhat scarce in that household. Mrs. Baird promptly went to a pillow that was her especial pride and from it took the savings that furnished funds for David Baird's first campaign. He was popular with "the boys," and when he made the fight it was to win, though in the beginning he was somewhat hard pushed. He was elected for four years and was a member of the Court House Committee during the time of his membership. Mr. Baird's activity in the interests of his party and loyalty to his friends soon became known throughout the state. He was interested in everything that concerned New Jersey and Camden County and helped to build the Insane Asylum, in Blackwood, and the new county office building. He was nominated as sheriff of Camden County, after a bitter contest at the polls, where he was opposed by one Democratic candidate and two Republicans. Mr. Baird was the only Republican candidate elected in the county at that time. After an interim of two terms he was again nominated for sheriff for 1896 and was chosen at the same time that William McKinley was elected president. He enjoys the distinction of being the only man ever elected more than once for the office of sheriff in Camden County, and was also the only sheriff who was successful in having his deputies elected to succeed him, which is suggestive of Mr. Baird's loyalty to his associates.

As a delegate to the National Republican Convention in Minneapolis, Mr. Baird was an active factor in securing the nomination for Benjamin Harrison, also in the election of Governor Griggs in 1896, of Governor Voorhees in 1899, of Governor Murphy in 1902, and of Governor Stokes in 1905 and lastly of Governor Fort in 1908. In 1900 he was chosen as national elector for president and delegate to the National Convention to Chicago, which nominated Theodore Roosevelt for president. At the St. Louis Convention, when President McKinley was nominated, Mr. Baird was active in the selection of Garret A. Hobart, of New Jersey, for vice-president. He secured the delegates from Alabama for Mr. Hobart; that state being the first on the roll call it had much to do with influencing results. A democratic governor appointed Mr. Baird as member of the State Board of Assessors in 1895, which office he resigned to become a nominee for sheriff. In 1901 he was again made a member of the same board and was also appointed in 1905, and is still a member being at present president of this board.

PLANT OF THE DAVID BAIRD LUMBER COMPANY AT CAMDEN, N. J., SHOWING HOW THE MAMMOTH SPARS ARE HANDLED

Mr. Baird was a devoted admirer of General William J. Sewell, United States Senator, and his tribute to his old chief emphasized the fact that to be a leader one must know how to serve faithfully. Mr. Baird is truly a leader of men, and holds the position of political chief in South Jersey. He did much to forward the election of Mr. Jess, a Camden County boy who became speaker of the House of Assembly, and also active in securing the election of Henry J. West as State Comptroller. His successful work on behalf of friends emphasizes his strength as a state leader of his party. In several campaigns he has been prominently mentioned as a candidate for United States Senator. He is especially suited to fill public office, because there is nothing of importance, either for the betterment of the state or the city, that fails to secure his attention and aid. Large hearted and charitable, he has always been a contributor to churches and is particularly interested in the Young Men's Christian Association, an institution to which he gives largely; he especially delights in assisting young men, and expends money and time to secure their advancement in life. He has not forgotten the struggles of his youth and one of the greatest factors in his career has been the fidelity to his word when once given.

His promises, whether in business or politics, are always kept, no matter at what sacrifice to himself, and he evidently is one of the old-time men who "sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." Hard work and fidelity to duty have been the keynotes of his successful career. He is frank and self-sacrificing and does not hesitate to inconvenience himself to fulfill a promise to a humble friend. He candidly acknowledges a mistake, and is eager to make full return for any favor received; he says: "My heart was in it; I would have felt an ingrate to do otherwise."

Mr. Baird is a fine example of manhood, and has all the prowess of the raftsman; he is stocky and powerful in build, wears a heavy mustache, and has keen blue eyes; Mr. Baird has an emphatic way of bringing down his fist that emphasizes his conviction. He is peculiarly devoted to his family, and his affection is equalled by theirs for him. They believe absolutely in him, and when in former days his wife said: "You will beat him, Dave," there was not a dissentient voice all along the line. "I may have been wrong," he said, "but they were always with me."

Mr. Baird has a beautiful home in Camden, but is one of those men who has never been envied because of his modest success—sharing it far and wide, doing good to all, and everyone is welcome to a share in his prosperity. Mrs. Baird was noted for her philanthrophy and her warm-hearted way of helping others.

In early days Mr. Baird won distinction in other lines than politics, he had the honor of towing the first raft of spars from New York to Boston; its value was $25,000 and the safe conduct of such a raft was considered an impossible feat until achieved by the enterprising young Irishman. He also towed valuable rafts from Lake Michigan to Buffalo, through the Erie Canal, down the Hudson River to New York, and to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Norfolk. For many years Mr. Baird purchased spars and piling from Alger, Smith & Company, of Detroit, Michigan, and his business relations with, and tribute to General Alger aptly exemplify that "comrade" spirit which prevails in the lumber trade, in which the men are always ready to help each other during troublesome times, when the worth of friendship is tested. At such periods David Baird has always been a true friend.

The enterprising man from Derry has also dealt in timber, lands, saw and planing mills in Pennsylvania, New York and the South, and knows the quality of timber as well as he does human nature. He seems instinctively to recognize sound wood and a good man and it is this insight which has created his fortune, combined with his doing and daring things that other men never attempted. His feats in raft transportation are well known in the lumber trade, and represent a saving of thousands of dollars, owing to the expert methods employed.

Mr. Baird is active in commercial life and is interested in the financial institutions of his city, and in building associations, which have been in existence more than twenty-six years, and are the strongest and most successful in the southern part of the state. He is president of one of these societies. He succeeded John F. Starr, war congressman and former member of the district, as president of the First National Bank, which was established in 1855, and is located in a stately building of colonial design, surrounded by an iron fence, and standing in the center of the city. During his presidency the deposits have doubled. Mr. Baird is also director of the Security Trust Company of his home city, and is loved and revered by his fellow citizens in Camden—his home—where his "boys" and friends all agree "Dave is a real man."

Some five years ago he purchased an extensive property in Camden at the foot of Pearl Street, where in 1859 he found his first employment in Camden; he has now on this site a large lumber, saw and planing mill and spar manufacturing business and has also an extensive spar making establishment in Brooklyn, New York. This enterprise is known as the David Baird Company and those interested are: Mr. Baird, his two sons, Irvine Baird and David Baird, Jr., bright active young men, and E. F. Van Stavoren who came into Mr. Baird's employ some twenty years ago.

At all times there can be found at this plant some of the largest timbers and spars that are to be had in any section of the country. The large stock includes yellow pine from the South, white pine, fir and oak from various sections, in fact almost everything in the lumber or spar line is to be found in the large and varied stock.

THE ELDER'S SERMON

By ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON

THE elder was tall. This is an elastic term, but in this instance its use has not been violated. A good six inches he stood over the fair six feet, which in themselves justify the use of the word. And straight he was with a clean, boyish face and the confident, easy carriage of the true soldier, for this happened in '63 and the elder was the color-bearer of the 'steenth Indiana.

Partly because of his appearance, partly because of his ancestry, but chiefly because of the beautiful antithesis of the term, was the title of "Elder" thrust upon him; for of all the mischief lovers of the old steenth, the Elder easily stood premier. After the fall of Vicksburg, when the cords of war were relaxed through the comforting knowledge that a great deed had been greatly done, the steenth were gathered in camp and the young blood which had been heated in conflict, was allowed to bubble over in rollicking mirth. Jokes were the order of the day, and while most of the luxuries of life were lacking, the toughened bodies, the rugged constitutions, and the habitual patience of the tried campaigner glossed everything over and made Camp Morton a pleasant spot in which to dwell.

One morning a colored uncle of venerable appearance, courtly ease, and that differential air which is relished by none so much as by the radical advocate of universal equality, was ushered into the tent of Colonel Milton. Grasping his hat by the back, taking it off in a flattering way which in itself was a ceremony, and holding it obsequiously at his side, he said in the musical notes of natural melody: "Marse Gin'ral, kin you-all let me see yo preacha?"

"Preacher?" snorted the Colonel. "Well, just at present, this outfit is short, just one preacher."

"I beg yo pahdon, Marse Gin'ral, I's done heahed a heap o' you-all's Eldah. Can't yo let me see him?"

"Why Uncle, the Elder is the toughest man in the regiment. Don't you have any dealings with him or he'll make a joke of you."

Not discouraged, the old darkey sought his quarry from tent to tent, always hearing the same discouraging report, but resolutely refusing to become discouraged; until at last he found the object of his search, drew him to one side, and taking off his hat said wistfully: "Marse Eldah us colohed folks havn't had no preachin' fo a mighty long spell, an' we'd sho be obleeged if you-all 'd come down an' give us a rousin' sermon—Hell-fire an' evehlastin' to'ment an' all; case we sholy is wallowin' in the miah ob sin."

"Well now Uncle," said the Elder with overpowering earnestness, "I should feel supremely emulated to accomodate you; but I'll tell you how it is. I've been fighting for you people, I've been wading through blood for you, and now I'm weak—spiritually and physically, I'm weak. Now if you folks could fetch me in a few hams and some honey and corn-pone and such-like mundane munifactions, for a week or so until my strength comes back, I'll be flamboyantly felicitated to give you a work-out that will harrow up your soul, stirpulate your immobility and render you fit for the day of judgment."

The pompous words boomed along on the Elder's sonorous voice and the old man was smiling joyously as he turned to leave. "We'll do that, Marse Eldah, we sholy will." And he was as good as his word. That very afternoon the bounty began to arrive. Sweet potato pies, boiled hams, honey, hoe-cake, sidemeat—even butter, until the comrades of the complacent Elder stood about with their mouths watering and their eyes taking on a homesick, wistful glaze. Without the slightest disrespect to the heart, a man's stomach retains the home feeling the most faithfully.

As soon as he was left alone, the Elder proceeded to regale himself as though he could recover both his spiritual and his physical strength in one afternoon. He was the soul of generosity and his comrades gathered about expectantly.

"Not a bite," said the Elder decisively, "not even a smell. Do you think that I am going to risk my immortal soul to fill your bellies? I am going to fatten up in a conscientious manner, and if grace does come after meat, I'm going to give those darkies all the Hell they are able to digest. But you're not in on the deal. You tried to spoil it by libelling my fair name, and furthermore, I believe that you are all thieves at heart, only waiting for an opportunity."

After eating to his full capacity, the Elder whittled a toothpick and strolled jauntily down the tented street. Meeting the captain of his company, he saluted gravely and said with the easy composure of the humored scapegrace, "Captain, I'm going to make thieves of every man in your command."

The captain having found hidden dangers in asking former innocent questions, merely smiled and the Elder sauntered on until he found a comfortable log, on which he sat to ponder over the unexpectedness of his recent blessings.

Day after day, the program was thus carried on. The grizzled uncles, the fat mammys, and the shiney pickaninnies brought their tribute to the Elder's larder, paused a moment with proprietary privilege to watch him regale himself, and then left him alone. Alone with his ambitious appetite, his bountiful provisions, and his envious comrades who stood afar off, gazing. After he had surfeited himself, he would whittle the toothpick which each day grew in length and importance, and would then stroll in a deliberately ostentatious manner while he glanced superciliously from right to left.

As soon as his retreating back had completely disappeared, his fellows would rush jubilantly forth and devour all that remained. Of a truth, thievery in company "A" was an assured virtue.

At the end of a week, Uncle Clem, the original ambassador drew nigh unto the tent of the Elder and opened to his approving gaze, a pair of fried chickens. Brown and luscious and savory, they smiled up into his grave, boyish face, with its twinkling eyes, and the heart of the Elder warmed in his breast. With a practiced hand, he sought out the daintiest pieces and ate them with the dreamy criticism of a man to whom hunger is no longer a personal matter, while Uncle Clem looked on in gratified pride.

"Marse Eldah, yo sutinly is gettin' fat, yo sholy is. You cheeks is pouched out, an' if you wasn't so inspeakable tall, I'd sholy say 'at you was gettin' chuffy. Isn't yo strength all come back yet?"

For answer the Elder rose to his feet, took the little man by the elbows and held him out at arms' length, while he smiled good naturedly, "Well Uncle, I'm getting so I can be about pretty much all day now, and as a rule I can keep a tolerable fair amount of solid food on my stomach. Of course, I'm not what I used to be, but I'm picking up, I'm picking up."

"You sholy is! indeed you is!" cried the delighted darkey as he looked with unfeigned admiration at the man who had handled him in such a care-free way. "When yo goin' to give us ouah discou'se Eldah? We sholy is wanderin' in the wilde'ness, but we's waitin eage'ly fo' the light. When yo goin' to preach to us Eldah, when you goin' to preach to us?"

In order to accommodate his tastes in the way of private entertainment, the Elder was perforce a consummate actor. A deep shade of resignation crept over his fresh, wholesome face, and he placed his hand affectingly upon his heart. "In one week more, brother, I expect to be able to bring you words of hope and cheer."

"It ain't hope an' cheeh we want," said Uncle Clem hastily. "It's wrath an' jedgement! We's been flounderin' in sin so long—especially them young men an' the gals—that what we need now is suthin' to stir us up, suthin' to rouse us, suthin' to sciah us. What we need is repentence an' tribulation. We's been cheered up too much lately—especially them young men an' the gals."

"Well then brother," said the Elder decisively, "in just one week from tonight, I'll come down and give you a talk. Tell 'em I'm out of practice and won't be able to put up much of a harangue, but I'll give 'em all the shudders I can—and if I can find a Bible, I'll read 'em a chapter out of it. But," as the old man started to leave, "don't forget the importance of keeping my strength up."

"We'll keep you eatin' right along, don't you neveh feah, but Eldah, ef you'll scuse de liberty, I feel obleeged to say 'at I neveh would 'a' believed 'at any one man could 'a' consumed all them victules what yo-all has. Yo sholy must be a powerful man when you're in full form."

All the next week, Company "A" lived upon the fat of the land, of a land too which every foraging party in the regiment was willing to take oath had long since been fried to the cracklings. The Elder ate and sauntered and grew sleek and joyous, and slept in perfect peace with never a twinge of conscience and never an ethical shudder.

A few days before the one set for the preaching, however, another person called at Camp Morton to see the Elder. This was the representative of an entirely different class. A beautiful girl of nineteen or twenty, mounted upon a black horse. Both of them bore traces of privation and both of them illustrated the term, thoroughbred. There was no chaffing of these two. The girl's bright eyes looked into the faces of the men with perfect composure not altogether unmixed with mild contempt, and she was so absolutely confident of the treatment which would be accorded her, that, as is usually the case, it was accorded her without question. She finally came upon the Elder just as he was putting the finishing touches upon one of his famous feasts.

The girl drew up at the door of his tent and looked at him—just looked at him. From toe to cap, her leisurely gaze traveled and then dropped back to his eyes, where it paused while she concentrated the batteries of her scorn upon him. He tried to return her look with passive unconcern, but was not able to do so, and rose to the salute covered with unwonted confusion. Again her eyes traveled the journey from his soles to his curls and again she paused to pour the fire of contempt upon his already burning features.

Never was there a more pleasing journey for maiden eyes to make, but when at last she spoke, the sneering taunt in her low, perfectly modulated voice, stung like a whip: "And so you are the Elder? You are the man who has stooped to turn the holy traditions of religion into a bait to catch provisions with. Clem told me about you and said that you had an appetite like the plagues of Egypt. But do not be alarmed, he thinks it a cause for pride. Some way, you have much the same appearance as I should suppose the spirit of famine must possess. I am glad to have seen you. It makes me understand some of the other outrages which you Yankees have perpetrated. It seems a shame that with all the good material used in your construction, there was none from which to form a brain or a heart. Now do not waste any of your valuable time in answering, but go on with your meal, and be thankful that you have been mercifully blunted to all the finer sensibilities, for their possession would only make you despise yourself."

She looked upon him and had spoken to him with much the same candor that one uses in discoursing of a caged reptile, and after a final glance, she turned and galloped away, as graceful as a deer and as beautiful as the dawn. The Elder looked after her while a dull red mottled his cheeks and in his heart, he acknowledged that he had been slapped by the iron hand of chivalry. He lowered his eyes and noted that in his hand, he still held the ham-bone from which he had been eating. It was not an esthetic sight. He looked up and saw half a dozen of the boys grinning at him, it was not soothing. He raised the ham-bone and hurled it into their midst, it was not polite, and then he stalked off alone to the oak woods, which was not sociable.

The Elder did not find the succeeding days quite satisfying although his contributions were increased, rather than diminished. One striking item in the varied subsidy was brought by a small, jet-black, little pickaninny with her hair tied up in witch papers. It was a small trough such as a favored pig is fed from. It was daintily wrapped and bore a card which said: "with the compliments of Miss Cynthia Sinclair." The package also contained two bottles: one bearing the legend, "for the appetite," and the other, "for the digestion."

The Elder had many of the bad traits of the truly masculine man, even as he had some of the good traits of that wonderful creation, the feminine woman. He was emphatically masculine now. Having been convinced that he was in the wrong, his very obstinacy compelled him to brazen it out. Armed guards could not have prevented him from accepting the contributions which continued to materialize from an apparently aching void; fire nor water could have kept him from holding the promised meeting, neither moldering ages nor boundless space, could have blotted out the face of the girl who had shamed him before his better nature and in the sight of his friends. For it is thus that man accepts the stinging truth when it is thrust upon him.

When the night finally arrived, Uncle Clem was at his post. In a big covered basket, he brought the finishing feast which was to supply the robust Elder with the fuel which would later thunder forth in mighty exhortation, and waken the slumbering souls of his people—'especially the young men an' the gals.' As the Elder recognized the fact that it would be utterly impossible for him to consume a fifth of that bountiful meal, he told Uncle Clem to retire to the verge of the forest and await him as he desired to spend the remaining time in meditation. He called in four choice spirits and told them that they would have to accompany him and lead the singing, as part payment for all the tribute which they had confiscated; and when they had finished, the five started forth; the Elder with his curly hair combed as flat as possible and his face newly shaven, while in his left hand he carried a New Testament and in his right, to lend dignity, a staff.

It was rather a long walk through the oak woods, quiet and mysterious and filled with vague, indistinct murmurs. The happy-go-lucky spirit had deserted the Elder and in its place had come a disconcerting, retrospective mood which sadly interfered with the even tenor of his way. Thoughts of the old home kept crowding in upon him; thoughts of the father, whose gentle heart rebelled at the rigid creed his stern theology compelled him to preach, and whose sermons on future punishment were always given with quaint and unsuspected apology.

It had been an unswerving and dogmatic religion upon which the Elder had been fed, and while it had been somewhat tempered, it had been administered without adulteration. In the army, he had met with many free, or rather reckless, thinkers, whose bold scoffings had obliterated the fetters which freedom from home environment had already loosened, and for many a month, the Elder had floated complacently in a new orbit of his own finding.

But tonight, in spite of himself, the old order had come crowding in upon him. Looking back along the path of memory, he saw the pleasant vale of childhood, through the mists of love and yearning, all the hard lines were softened, the rigid justice of his father, the tender virtue of his mother—the blessed peace of his home itself—all seemed a part of this stern religion upon which his untried reason had seen fit to break a spear, and as he stalked silently through the dark forest, a hollow craving in his breast seemed to suck up the strength of his nature and the cords which bound him to his best beloved, seemed about to be torn asunder.

His active mind had never been his slave, it had always sought its own walks without awaiting the consent of his will, and now he could not restrain it. It hurt him to think that it was not some vague, impersonal religion which he was soon to burlesque, it was the religion of his father, it was the religion of his mother, it was the most sacred thing in both their lives and he was about to profane it—to drag it ruthlessly through a mire of mockery, partly as a joke, partly because it appealed to his theatrical nature, but finally, because he was pledged to it. The word of the Elder, once given seriously, was a chain of steel and his was not the power to break it. So all the way he waged his spiritual battle in silence, while his quartet, reveling in anticipation fathered by past experience, made jocular allusions and crafty comments upon the coming meeting, but the quiet of the Elder impressed the watchful Clem and in his simple heart, he rejoiced to see that the preacher was taking his task so seriously and so reverently.

When they reached the center of the glade, where stood an old, deserted log-cabin, they found at least three hundred darkies gathered together. They were of all shapes and sizes and Clem, who appeared to be the unquestioned master of ceremonies, wasted no time. He stepped into the doorway of the cabin which was raised about two feet from the ground, and addressed the meeting: "Now all you niggahs get quiet right away. Seat yo-selves whah you's gwine to stay until this heah meetin's oveh, an' recollec Ah don' want no disturbance, er Ah'll bust somebody's head. The Eldah, who has purt nigh recovehed his strength agin, will now address you."

A large number of torches, which had been fastened to the trees and to stakes in the ground, lit up the scene and made it weird and strange. The dark faces before the Elder, looked up into his eyes with a pathetic faith which was oddly disconcerting. As he stood before them and saw that they expected something which would still the clamor in their hearts and draw them back to the ways of peace, he felt a strange warm wave sweep up through his bosom, and fill him with a great desire to help them. The war had all along, in spite of its bloody battles been something of a lark to him. He had never thought deeply of the people whom he was fighting to make free; but as he looked into the sea of upturned faces, which seemed to surge on and on until it embraced all the others of their class, a great pity for them filled his heart.

Aliens they were in a strange land and aliens they must ever be. No matter what their political status might become, a great gulf must ever yawn between them and the people who had brought them from the freedom of the savage to the savagery of the slave, and who were soon to turn them adrift upon a barren desert of surface liberty, whose limitations would be all the more galling because they would be set by the eternal gulf of personal characteristics, rather than by the less humiliating stigma of forceful suppression. He saw that education would not extend to them the privilege of unchallenged equality, but would only bring them to a realization of the cross which nature or its God had laid upon them. They could never hope to sit with the victors after the tourney was over. The greatness of their deeds might be recognized, but they must leave their sacrifices upon the Altar of History and silently withdraw once more into the gloom of exclusion, while the lamps of fraternity glowed above the complacent laurels upon the brows of less deserving heroes.

The Elder did not reach these conclusions through the slow process of thought. His emotional nature was as finely adjusted as the heart of a good woman, and in his nervous stimulation, he beheld with the eye of an ancient seer the long vista of the future with its answerless question. He felt in the tense hush which rested upon his audience, that they were eager for strong words, that there was a real hunger in their hearts for something which their own lives failed to give them, and their blind faith in him and their dumb hope in him and their reverent silence before him, wafted away the lighter fabric of his nature, and bared the deep, broad love which is oft times the foundation in the character of the scape-grace. He had intended to draw the most sulphurous picture of an actual Hell, which his imagination could evolve, but when he faced these people, doomed for all time to climb the hill of sand, weighted down by the clog of an irrevocable handicap, he wanted to give them love, love and peace and the hope of a beautiful life beyond the cold, gray sea. For the first time in his life he saw the majesty of spirit towering above the pretense of intellect, and his face seemed to glow as from a light shining within.

"Friends," he said softly, and there was a caress in the word which touched each heart like a cooling hand upon the fevered brow. "I cannot open this meeting with prayer, for I dare not stand before you tonight as one fit to act as mediator before the Throne of Light. The cry which goes up from my heart as I stand before you tonight, is: 'Lord be pitiful to me a fool.' You have been charitable to me. I was a stranger and ye took me in, I was hungry and ye fed me, and I know that there must be much love in your hearts—and that is the one important thing in all this life. Don't worry too much about the future. If you live just one day at a time, as well as you can, you are already dwelling in eternity, and when each setting sun finds you with a good day behind you, little else can matter. Just remember that each day is a stone in your temple, for each life is but a temple raised to its own God."

His voice was deep and mellow, a new light, humble, earnest, and loving, shone from his eyes, and the hearts of the listeners were joined to the heart of the speaker in that mystical union which ever marks the communion of sincerity. His quartet looked at the Elder in amazement. In a sense, he had betrayed their confidence, but they too felt the harmony of the meeting and when he asked them to sing, they took up the pleasant old song, "In the Sweet Vales of Eden." The four young voices floated out through the oak trees, the audience took up the strain, and full and rich and peaceful, the melody wafted up into the violet, star-set sky, bringing quiet to the heart and joy to the soul, until that little glade became indeed, "a temple not built by hands."

After the song, the Elder read the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, that wonderful symphony upon the possibilities and the certainties of life, using the simple, homely word, love, in place of the worldly word, charity. It seemed to him that he had never read the words before and it seemed to them that they had never heard them. There is a grandeur about earnest simplicity which provides its own atmosphere, and there were no "glory" and no "amens." The light from the torches fell upon reverent faces and the words from the Book fell upon reverent hearts.

"Why do you wish to be preached to?" asked the Elder with a quiet smile. "You all know when you commit a sin. If you are truly sorry, that is the best prayer you could offer, and if you right the wrong, that is the most acceptable form of repentance. It is not the worship which is seen of your neighbor which counts, it is what goes on within your own hearts. It is the spiritual worship which really lifts you out of yourselves and puts you in touch with everlasting goodness. Be cheerful, that's religion. When you're all tired out and aching, with rheumatism perhaps, and yet do something to help your neighbor, that's religion—that's fine religion, that's the kind that weaves you robes of spotless white and puts the stars upon your golden crowns. Don't worry and fret because you cannot hold a meeting at which to find the Lord. Just sweep out your hearts and leave the door standing open, he'll always come where he can, but he can't stay in a heart which is filled with bitter thoughts."

"But every time you do a kind deed, you can feel him dancing in your hearts for joy. When the wrong is so great that you cannot square it with the one you have injured, be extra sure to forgive heartily those who injure you, and to be extra kind to every one you can, and it will all come right. You won't be judged so harshly for slipping into sin now and again, as you will for refusing to help those who are weaker than yourself."

The Elder was warming up and getting his composure back to normal. His sentences began to roll forth without pause or doubt and he swayed them like a zepher on the ripened rye. Now and again they sang, with the quartet leading, until finally the lateness of the hour compelled the Elder to draw the meeting to a close. He hoped that he had done his listeners some good—he knew that he had spoken mostly to himself.

"Friends," he said in closing, "I have a confession which I must make to you. I was not honest with you at first. I am not an elder, it all started as a joke and I did not intend to speak to you at all. I only wanted the good things to eat, and I did not even eat them all myself, I let my comrades have most of them. But tonight when I started to you, I could not keep from thinking of my father—he is a minister of the gospel; and I kept seeing the face of my mother—she's the best woman on earth, and when I stood up to speak to you, a strange feeling swept over me—I can't tell what it was, it seemed as though something within me awoke and made me do the best I could. I never felt this way before and I can't tell what it is, but—"

"It is the Spirit of the Lo'd," said the solemn voice of Uncle Clem, as he rose in his place with hand upraised and reverent expression.

"Glory, Glory!" exclaimed a white haired old Auntie in the front row, and all the others cried, "Amen."

The Elder stood looking down upon them with glistening eyes and radiant countenance. Row after row, they sat upon the grass before him, their faces shining, their mouths open in awe, while their eyes were distended with the wonder of having themselves seen the miraculous power of the "Spirit."

"I can't repay you in money, but I ask you to forgive me and to believe that I should like to make it up to you in some way. Any favor any of you have to ask of me at any time, come right to the camp and ask it. I know something about doctoring, I know how to set broken bones, maybe I could write or read a letter for you. But no matter what it is, come. This meeting tonight may not have helped you any, but it has done me a world of good, and I want you to know it, and now I thank you, and as it is late, we shall just sing the good old song, 'God be with us till we meet again,' after which you must hurry home at once."

They sang the song, a few of the older ones came up and shook the Elder's hand, and after they had all gone but old Clem, the Elder turned to his quartet and said: "Now you fellows go back with Uncle Clem. I feel sort of unstrung and I'm going to stay here a while longer. Go on now, I know the way back—and boys, I wish you'd leave out the jokes about tonight. Some way, I don't believe I could take 'em in the right way."

"I don't think you need to worry," said the tenor. "We got touched a bit ourselves."

They filed silently into the oak and the Elder sat in the doorway of the old deserted cabin, while the torches flickered and died away and the night creatures stole out of the woods and chirped and twittered and scampered about him in fearless assurance. His mind, still tremulous with the deep waves of emotion which had swept through it, turned back to the old home in the North. Once more he sat in the little stone church, while his mother beside him lifted up her gentle face, sweet with loving confidence, to the stern rebuke of his father from the pulpit, the bees droned in the honeysuckle beside the open window, and the soft breeze wandering up the creek and over the clover, caressed his cheek and lulled his restless spirit into peace.

It was from this faraway dream, that he was awakened by a light touch upon his sleeve and a soft voice saying: "I don't know just how to do it, and I'm suah I neveh thought I could do it, but I just have to apologize to you fo' what I said the other day. I am right sorry."

The Elder sprang to his feet with a burning blush as he recognized the face which, for the past few days, had been sneering in his waking reveries and jeering in his dreams. It was not sneering now. In the soft light of the fading torches, a beautiful radiance shone upon it and the eyes which were raised to his, were eyes of trust. The Elder, usually so ready of speech, had not a single word left in his vocabulary. He simply stood with his eyes rivetted upon the eyes of the girl, but the look of shame gradually retreated before an expression in which frank admiration was the predominating element.

"I thought the other day," resumed the girl after a long pause. "That the la'gest man I had eveh seen had been guilty of the smallest trick, but tonight, you have lived up to your stature. It's a big thing for you to apologize to these poor simple folks, and the talk you gave them was sincere and helpful. I must confess that I did not think that one of you—you—"

"Oh, call us Yankees if you like. The name isn't nearly so insulting as you seem to think. The fact is, we rather take pride in it." The Elder was rejoiced to find his voice once more and to note that aside from his rapidly beating heart, his circulation was resuming its customary regularity.

"Well then, I did not think that you Yankees had sufficient chivalry in your natures to do so gracious a deed, nor enough fineness to see it, and—and I want to shake hands with you."

"Well you are certainly candid and thorough," said the Elder whimsically. "You hurt nearly as much in pulling the sliver out as you did in sticking it in. But you have missed my attitude altogether, I own up that I greatly enjoyed those viands of half forgotten luxury, but I did not sell my honor to get them. The joke of the thing was the real prize, and I did not see the truth of the case until tonight—although I must confess that your little discourse the other day was the starting point. Now you must not—"

"You had betteh not elaborate, or you will become humble and it would not suit your size at all. I can see it plainly now, I see just the kind of a mischievous boy you were—before tonight—and I have shaken hands with you. Is not this a sufficient victory? Now I must go home, Good night."

"Mischievous boy! One would suppose you to be an aged empress, while the truth of the matter is, that down there with the curls blowing about your face, you resemble ever so much more closely, a beautiful princess, a fairy princess in fact, who has come to the heart of the great woods to punish the naughty giant. Mischievous boy! Why I could put you in my pocket."

"Well, but you must not do it, because I really have to hurry home now, but I am right glad I met you—the real you."

"Well at least, I am going to see you home. It would never do—"

"Oh yes, it will do perfectly. I am on Crusader, and what would not do at all is for one of you Yankees to find out the residence of such a horse. But no, I was only jesting. I do trust you now, some day I hope that we shall meet again, and until we do you can rest assuahed that I have every confidence in you and expect you always to be a man."

They stood for a moment silently looking into each other's eyes. Most men would have called her tall and slender, but she seemed only a tiny bit of a creature to the Elder. He could not know the bitter responsibilities which had given her a certain masculine frankness, and he half resented her independence while at the same time he was filled with a deep longing to take care of her. There was also a half hidden wistfulness in her clear brown eyes, which strongly appealed to his rugged strength, but after a long silence, they clasped hands once more and she turned away.

Something held him as she stepped lightly across the dusky glade, lit by the glow from the last flickering torch, something held him as she led the black horse to a stump and lightly mounted, something still held him as she turned and waved her hand in farewell, and as she swiftly blended and was lost in the gloomy oak, something soft and warm and tender tugged at the heart of the Elder, and the term, mischievous boy, seemed to belong to a far distant past.

"Cynthia Sinclair—Cynthia Sinclair," murmured the Elder as he slowly started for camp. "After the war is over, I shall have something to say to you, Cynthia Sinclair."

A MODERN DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

By WILLARD PACKARD HATCH

CLOSE in my arms, my own
With none to say me nay.
We lived, in that hour alone,
A long sweet year away.
Lived! Ye Gods it was life—
Lived! May I that way die,
In the arms of my dear one,
Kissing away her sigh.

The touch of her lips, how it thrilled me!
So warm, so vibrant, and sweet,
Red portals of love, how it filled me!
To drink where those soft lines meet—
Drain from those red lips of love,
An essence that floods my soul—
The lids of my eyes lay trembling,
The blood to my finger tips stole.

Then we sailed away, on the wings of love,
Into a Heaven of our own—
Naught asking of men, or Gods above,
But to let us enter alone—
A Heaven of Love, and Life, and Light,
Woven from kisses, and sighs, and smiles,
Treasured forever with dear delight—
And safely locked in our hearts' defiles.

PRISONERS OF WAR

By JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

JACK thinks that I am exhibiting symptoms of insanity by writing this story. He is such a dear, old sobersides that the telling of one incident in our private life astounds him, and moreover, he thinks the part I played in the incident is not one to be proud of. We differ on that point.

Last May, three months before Jack Loring and I were married, Violet Brierley and Kitty Kinnard came down from New York to stay at my father's house. To this day our family are wondering what prompted the visit. We had never seen the girls before. Violet Brierley's mother and dear old mummy were school friends forty years ago, but they did not correspond after Hetty Bingham married Brierley the Wall Street operator, so we received a great surprise when a letter came to inform us that a twenty-three year old daughter of Mrs. Brierley would pay us a visit. As for Kitty—well, Jack said that Kitty went along to see that Violet came to no harm through viewing Nature at close quarters. Judging by Miss Brierley's astonishment when she surveyed the village and its inhabitants there was more excuse for Kitty's presence—that is if Jack's surmise was correct—than there was for Violet's. We are not lacking in hospitality, but we object to be considered in a prehistoric light, and Violet's lorgnette when she lifted it and regarded us critically, pushed us back into the Stone Age. I will admit that a great number of the villagers have never seen a skyscraper or a Broadway dude; Sis Wiggins is the only one who has visited Coney Island, and quite a few of us picture Fifth Avenue as a marble-paved thoroughfare along which newly-manufactured millionaires wheel pushcarts full of greenbacks to prove that they are entitled to a residence in the street. At the same time, we have much the same feelings as people who have seen tall buildings and hustlers, and many of us had never faced a lorgnette at close quarters till Violet Brierley tested our courage.

Those two swooped down upon us in creations that resulted from the wild dreams of mad poet-dressmakers, and their luggage promised such a continuation of the dream-work that our little circle, with the knowledge that Fate had smitten them hard, rushed home to furbish up cheap waists and ill-used skirts.

And Fate had mixed us a stiff brew. Out of the trunks, new suits leapt with alarming frequency, and they gazed so impudently at our muslin and cotton contraptions that the more sensitive of my companions refused invitations to little picnic parties organized in honor of the visitors, preferring to remain at home than act as foils for the two strangers. I didn't blame my companion — I envied him. I couldn't sit at home. Those two overdressed New Yorkers were our guests, so I was martyred in the sacred cause of Hospitality. I had to drive with them and walk with them, so that the performances of those dear old martyrs, who, in ancient times, faced lions and tigers rather than renounce their religion, paled before the heroic deeds performed by me. Please picture me in a two dollar waist and a three fifty skirt jammed in between two creations that were manufactured in the de la Paix for the purpose of concentrating stares on Fifth Avenue, and then try—just try to imagine my squirmings. It was fearful. I tried to eliminate myself. I prayed daily that I might become invisible, and each night I was awakened from dreams in which piles of Frenchified lingerie were crushing the life out of me. If you do not understand my feelings at that time, you have evidently walked arm in arm with Luxury during your earthly sojourn. If you have made one waist, one hat, one coat or one pair of boots do the work of six, listen and judge between Jack and me.

Just when I contemplated running away from home as the only escape from my martyrdom, Fate performed a kind service. I sprained my ankle. It was done so easily that I abused my own intelligence for not prompting me to purposely commit the damage to my limb some weeks previous, but still, I was grateful. As they helped me into the house I prayed fervently that the limb might not regain its suppleness till the Louis Quintze heels of Miss Brierley and Miss Kinnard were again clacking down the sidewalks of their native city. I was crushed, ashamed, indignant and I was wicked—downright wicked. I pushed the remnants of charity into a crevice and let spleen flood my soul. I had suffered fearfully.

It was on the afternoon after the accident that this incident occurred. I was lying on a couch in our little front room while Kitty and Violet lolled around and passed nasty spiteful remarks about the country and the inhabitants of the country. Whatever made them stay on was a mystery to all our folk who were forced to listen to their comments.

"I wonder how people live down here," said Violet, tapping back a yawn with well-manicured fingers.

"One cannot live," murmured Kitty; "one can only exist."

"With a contented mind," I said angrily, "one can live—"

"Oh, yes, that is all right for you," remarked Violet scornfully, "you have grown up amidst the silence, the darkness and the dowdiness."

I swallowed spasmodically but remained silent, mentally thanking heaven for inflicting the injury to my leg that confined me to my couch.

Presently, Violet Brierley, sitting near the window, uttered an exclamation and started back.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed fretfully, "that stupid fellow, Loring is coming up the garden path."

She rushed to the mirror, and Kitty followed her.

"We cannot see him as we are," cried Violet.

"Gracious, no!" replied Kitty. "We are not fit to be seen—even by country people."

Both rushed to the door leading into the hall, with the intention of retreating to the bedroom opposite, but, as the front door was open, they thought Loring would see them if they attempted to cross. Finding escape in that direction cut off, they rushed back and sprang into a little room adjoining. This room has only one door so they were making themselves prisoners for the time that Loring would stay talking to me, I being the only other person in the house to entertain him. Incidentally, the room has only one wee window that will never open, and, on that account, it is dark and stuffy.

I attempted to make their position plain, but Kitty Kinnard interrupted me angrily.

"Look at our hair," she cried, turning on me fiercely. "How can we see anyone like this?"

From their voice and gestures one would imagine they were flying from an untamed tiger. I was disgusted with their capers. I knew Jack Loring a little better than they did, and I was certain that their coiffures would interest him little.

"Tell him we are out," ordered Violet Brierley, disappearing into the shadows.

"And get rid of him as soon as you can," supplemented Miss Kinnard. "I hate Loring."

I clenched my hands and made an attempt to speak, but Kitty slammed the door, and I was left alone.

I couldn't move. My ankle was stiff and swollen. My mother and father were out, so I was thrust into the peculiar position of entertainer to a young man, who would be under the impression that I was the only person in the house, although two other girls were prisoners within hearing distance. Jack Loring had been a visitor at our house since he was a little boy, but the thoughts of those New York ears waiting upon our countrified conversation, made me uneasy. The shadow of some happening was detected by my imagination and I moved restlessly on the couch.

"Come in," I cried, when Jack called out from the verandah. "Come right in."

Jack Loring is a big, good-natured giant, standing over six feet high. He marched in with a smile on his sunburnt face, and looked coolly round the room before speaking.

"All alone, Nelly?" he asked. Jack's voice is an open air voice. When used in the house it starts currents that swirl round disturbing the pictures.

"Yes," I stammered. Then, after a little pause, I leaped across the Rubicon with a single breath. "Miss Brierley and Miss Kinnard," I said, "have walked down to the village."

That great silly fellow gave a monster sigh of relief, and my heart pounded fearfully.

"I'm real glad," he cried joyfully. "I'm tremendously glad; I'm extra—"

"Jack!" I shrieked. "Jack!"

He stopped and looked at me in astonishment.

"What is up?" he asked. "I'm only telling you how glad I am to find that New York—"

"Stop!" I gasped. "Stop at once!"

It was positively dreadful. A person out on the road could hear that stupid giant speaking, and I pictured the faces of those two girls in the little room. I felt sick as he tried to explain.

"What is wrong, Nelly?" he queried plaintively. "If I don't like fashion plates—"

"Oh, don't! Don't!" I wailed. "Please don't!"

I wanted to cry. The great big silly. He stood at the door and when I glanced at him, he pursed up his lips and made a peculiar whistling noise. My brain was paralyzed.

"Isn't it a—a beautiful afternoon," I gurgled.

"It is," he affirmed solemnly. "I suppose the sunshine coaxed Fifth Av—"

I gave a little shriek of rage and buried my face in the cushions, and he stopped abruptly.

My imagination threw me into a purgatory of dread. I thought of telling him the truth, but I knew how despicable my conduct would appear to him, so I refrained. The rage of those two girls who had put me in the awkward predicament, was a minor consideration.

Jack Loring walked across the room and touched me on the shoulder.

"Nelly, tell me your trouble," he said quietly. "Have the pair of 'Fluffy Ruffles' been trying your nerves again?"

I collapsed and sobbed outright. I couldn't help it. Then, that outspoken giant flopped down beside my couch and propounded about two hundred questions concerning my health and troubles without giving me a chance to answer one.

"Are you in pain?" he cried. "Are you ill? Have those two been annoying you?"

I was in pain. I was in mental agony. An inspiration came to me. I lifted myself upon my elbow and pounded the couch on which I was lying.

"Pull this out into the dining room," I cried. "Its too warm—it's too—too cold here."

That clumsy giant rushed madly to obey my order. He grasped the end of the couch and exerted all his great strength. One of the legs of that old mahogany affair came off in his hand, and he went crashing backwards while I toppled off and rolled over near the door leading into the little, dark room. My ankle hurt me fearfully, while Jack nearly fractured his skull against a big Japanese jar.

He picked himself up and rushed to my assistance, muttering what I took to be curses upon the maker of the couch, although he said afterwards they were apologies to me. I was hysterical.

"Please go home," I sobbed. "Please go away and leave me alone!"

"I won't," he said doggedly. "Your nerves have been shook up by those visitors from skyscraper town. Don't break down, Nelly."

"Go away!" I cried madly. "Go right away!"

He stood silent, feeling his head ruefully and looking angrily at the broken couch.

I got a reviver then. I have the hearing of an Indian, and from the little room I heard the sounds of suppressed laughter. It acted like a tonic on my jangling nerves. I turned to Jack and pointed to the couch.

"Fix that up," I said quietly. "Fix it up anyway you can and help me up on it. And you need not go away, Jack." I clenched my fists and glared at the door. I think I could have killed those two girls at that moment.

Wondering much, Jack went to work to fix the leg, while I lay on the floor listening. I could hear much better on the floor. Their little mice-like squeals maddened me.

Jack lifted me back on the couch and then sat down beside me. I glanced up at his face, and the peculiar mixture of astonishment and alarm depicted thereon started me laughing.

I could not stop laughing. I went from one convulsion into another, and Jack, with a dim idea that I had been joking, joined in with a great hearty laugh that startled me as it rolled round the room.

"Were you joking all the time, Nell?" he asked.

"All the time," I said, and I laughed again.

I was afraid that I would never be able to stop laughing.

"And you don't want me to go away?" asked poor old Jack.

"Certainly not," I cried. "You can stay—you can stay till Miss Brierley and Miss Kinnard return from the village."

He smiled his thanks and sat rubbing the part of his head that had assaulted the Japanese jar.

"I wondered what was wrong when I came into the room," said Jack. "I wanted to tell you how pleased I was at finding you alone, but you wouldn't let me speak."

"It was just my fun," I laughed. "You can tell me now—you can tell me anything you like." All the wickedness in my nature came to the surface, and I started out to repay those two.

And Jack, sitting at my side holding my two hands in his, told me many things that I will not repeat here, and I did not interrupt him once. And, as I looked at his smiling, good tempered face, I wondered how anyone could hate him as Kitty Kinnard said she did. Jack Loring's good nature is a byword throughout the country. At all times he is at the service of the widows and orphans and those in trouble, and if I started to tell of his good deeds this little story would be longer than Dad Wiggins' yarn of Chickamauga. Pondering over this as he sat talking, I felt an unholy joy in the knowledge that those two selfish butterflies were prisoners in that little, dark room. I thought how uncomfortable it was, pictured the wee window that would not open, and the hard chairs, and I laughed so heartily that Jack was alarmed.

When the sun was setting, he began to wonder what was delaying the visitors.

"Fifth Avenue must have found something interesting at last," he said.

"That big window of Granny Slocum's store has been newly decorated," I murmured, "or, perhaps, Green's tame shoat is doing a stunt for their amusement." I felt just a little bit of shame but I stoked my tongue with the memory of those three weeks of agony. And Kitty Kinnard said she hated Jack Loring, and Violet Brierley had called him a stupid fellow.

Just when the moon was climbing up behind Mount Sherman, Jack moved closer to me and, for the first time in his life, he tried to speak in a whisper.

"Nelly," he said, "I wanted to say something to you at the picnic, but Violet Brierley sent you hunting after lemons, and I did not see you when you returned."

I smiled grimly as I remembered that three mile errand, and I made no effort to stop Jack.

"Nelly," he continued, "the new house is finished, and I want you to be my wife, girly."

There were no frills of speech. He said it in plain Jack Loring style, and I saw his big eyes glistening in the dusk as he waited for my answer.

"Jack," I answered, "I am only a little country girl reared in the silence and the darkness and the dowdiness,—" I nearly laughed outright repeating those words of Violet Brierley's,—"perhaps you might care more for some stylish girl from—from New York."

"What!" cried Jack. "I wouldn't if—if—if—"

I did laugh then, and he stooped down and nearly crushed me in his great arms.

About four hours after, I remembered the prisoners, and, after sending Jack home, I informed them that they could come out. They went straight to their room without speaking to me, and next morning they left by the early train for New York.

I told Jack about the imprisonment after they had departed, and he said that I should be ashamed of my conduct, but I am not. A girl who could hate good-natured, inoffensive Jack Loring should be shut up for a year. And those three weeks of martyrdom, when I was jammed in between the two creations from the rue de la Paix, haunt me still.

THE OCEAN MAIL BILL

By J. H. GALLINGER

United States Senator from New Hampshire

EARLY in this session I presented a bill providing a change in the ocean mail act of 1891 which, in my judgment, will establish satisfactory steamship communication between this country and South America, and also across the Pacific Ocean to the Philippines, China, Japan, and Australasia. The bill, as amended by the Committee on Commerce, reads as follows:

> That the Postmaster-General is hereby authorized to pay for ocean mail service under the act of March 3, 1891, in vessels of the second class on routes to South America, to the Philippines, to Japan, to China, and to Australasia, 4,000 miles or more in length, outward voyage, at a rate per mile not exceeding the rate applicable to vessels of the first class as provided in said act.

In his annual message to the two Houses of Congress at the beginning of the present session the President warmly advocated legislation along the lines now contemplated, and the Postmaster-General and the Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor strongly approve of the bill now under consideration. Secretary of State Root has also convincingly pointed out the inadequacy of our mail service to South American countries. (See report of Senate Committee on Commerce made February 3, 1908.)

The bill raises no new issue, introduces no new principle. It leaves existing and prosperous steamship services exactly as they are now, and without changing one iota the tried and approved methods of the present law, increases the compensation on routes which sixteen years of experience have conclusively proved to be inadequate—the long, costly, and important routes to South America and the Orient, the routes where our lack of steamship service is severest, and our need of such service most imperative.

A DEPLORABLE CONDITION.

Not one American steamship of any kind now runs to Brazil or Argentina or Chile or Peru. An American mail service to those Southern countries is absolutely nonexistent. Not one American steamship now runs from either our Atlantic or our Pacific coast to Australasia. The mail service to both of these continents must be created from the very beginning.

Last March there were fifteen American steamships plying across the Pacific Ocean. Now only eight are left. Since the shipping bill of the last Congress was defeated almost one-half of our feeble American Pacific naval reserve has disappeared, and when Admiral Evans steers up through the Golden Gate from the Straits of Magellan we shall have the grotesque disproportion in the Pacific of two battle-ships to every commercial vessel engaged in foreign trade—a sight which has never yet been seen beneath the sun.

Let us see what has happened since the defeat of the shipping bill last March.

In the first place, on March 9, five days after the adjournment of Congress, the Oceanic Steamship Company of San Francisco notified the Post Office Department that it should withdraw its line to Australasia. One thing more has happened which ought to open the eyes of the American people. Soon after the bill of last winter was defeated the Post Office Department was compelled to notify American business men that hereafter the United States mails for South Brazil and Argentina would have to be dispatched by way of Europe.

And this is not the worst. The most smarting and humiliating episode of the entire year is the revelation which the Pacific cruise of the great battle-ship fleet is affording, that our merchant marine is now shrunk to such a skeleton that it does not contain enough ocean-going steam colliers to provide the indispensable fuel for our battle ships on their voyage from the American port of Hampton Roads to the American port of San Francisco. We have barges and coasters, hundreds of them, but almost no deep-water freight ships of the kind requisite to accompany and supply a battle-ship fleet. So the Navy Department has reluctantly chartered foreign steamers to perform this national service, and to the humiliation of the absence of our own commercial flag from the ports of South America which the battle-ship fleet will visit is added the humiliation of the presence there of these attendant colliers, flying the flags and manned by the subjects of European governments.

WHAT OTHER NATIONS PAY.

The total cost of the existing contract for ocean mail lines of the United States in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1906, was $1,481,915.86. Since then the Oceanic line to Australasia, whose mail pay was about $283,000 a year, has been suspended. This leaves the present actual expenditure of the United States on its contract and ocean mail lines about $1,200,000 a year. This is actually less than the sum ($1,330,000) the German Government gives in mail pay to a single steamship company, the North German Lloyd, for a service in 15-knot ships to Japan, China, and Australasia. It is less than the $1,650,000 which the British Government pays to a single British company, the Peninsular and Oriental, covering much the same routes. Yet it will not seriously be denied that the United States has even more at stake than Germany or Great Britain in the commerce of the great countries bordering the Pacific Ocean.

Altogether the present British and colonial expenditure for postal and admiralty purposes, exclusively to British steamers, is now close to $6,000,000 a year. In the last sixty years Great Britain has expended from $250,000,000 to $300,000,000 in payments to her great ocean mail lines, now numbering about thirty and encircling the entire world.

France is paying about $5,000,000 a year on her ocean mail lines to her colonial and foreign markets. Japan is now expending about $4,000,000 a year for the same purposes.

If all the new ocean mail lines suggested in the report of the Committee on Commerce were established by the United States, the maximum expenditure on these services would be $3,630,370 a year, which, added to our present expenditure of about $1,200,000, would be about $4,800,000 a year, or less than either Great Britain or France is now devoting to her ocean postal service, and but little more than is now paid by Japan. It would be but about five per cent. of the present annual expenditure upon our fighting navy, and less than one-sixth of one per cent. of the annual value of the foreign commerce of the United States. And it must be kept in mind that the amount will be considerably reduced by the withdrawal of pay from foreign steamships and the increased postal revenue that will necessarily result from the establishment of American steam-ship lines to the countries with which we desire to increase our trade.

NUMBER OF SHIPS REQUIRED.

To equip fully the postal lines that would most probably be established under the terms of this bill to South America and across the Pacific Ocean, would require from twenty-five to thirty 16-knot steamships of the auxiliary-cruiser class, as follows:

	Number of ships.
*Atlantic or Gulf coast to Rio de Janeiro (5,000 nautical miles)	5
*Atlantic or Gulf coast to Buenos Ayres (6,000 nautical miles)	6
*Pacific coast via Hawaii to Japan, China, and the Philippines (7,800 nautical miles)	6
*Pacific coast direct to Japan, China, and the Philippines (6,500 nautical miles)	6
†Pacific coast via Hawaii to Australasia (7,300 nautical miles)	4
Total	27

THE SOUTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP TRUST.

And now I wish to call the attention of the reader to another phase of this subject. The trust question has been uppermost in the minds of the American people during the past few years. An American trust can be dealt with through the instrumentality of American laws, but a foreign trust is beyond our reach. That the commerce of South America is dominated by a foreign steamship trust is well known—a trust that can give rebates at pleasure, and that can and does lower and increase prices according to circumstances. I recall the fact that last year when this subject was under debate the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, Mr. Lodge, called attention in a very emphatic way to this foreign steamship trust.

This trust is so powerful that not one American steamship and only fourteen American sail vessels took cargoes from our whole Atlantic coast for Brazil and Argentina in the first six months of 1906, and matters have not improved since. So far as steamships are concerned this important American trade is now, and for several years has been, monopolized by a foreign

* Fortnightly service † Service every three weeks

shipping trust or combination, whose weapons are rebates, discriminations, and boycotting, and whose policies are dictated from Liverpool and Hamburg.

The following special cable appeared in the New York Herald of the 16th instant, only a few days ago:

> Hamburg, *Saturday*.—The conference held during the last three days in London by representatives of all the German and English steamship companies engaged in the trade between North America and Brazil, during which Herr Ballin, director general of the Hamburg-American company, acted as chairman, is reported to have resulted in an agreement by which the rate war, which has now lasted more than one year, is terminated. It is added that a community of interests in which all the companies participate has been created.

Some months ago Brazilian merchants, exasperated by the greed and inefficiency of the European steamship trust, whose meeting is described above, started a steamship line of their own in rather small, slow steamers, running once a month from Rio de Janeiro to New York. The European ship trust, that has long monopolized our carrying trade with South America, instantly declared a rate war on this Brazilian line, and sought to destroy it. It is this rate war, which temporarily on the days just before the sailing of the Brazilian steamers has brought freight rates down to a low figure, that is now ended at the meeting of the trust described above. It is, therefore, apparent that the trust rates of freight between the United States and Brazil will go back to their former high figure, a figure repeatedly complained of by American consuls and merchants as extortionate.

This meeting of the European steamship trust, just when this ocean-mail bill was coming up in Congress, brings out vividly the fact that English and German merchants, controlling entirely the steamship communication between this country and South America, are able to sit down in conference and dictate the terms at which the flour and provisions of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Nebraska and the agricultural machinery of Illinois are to be sold in the chief markets of South America.

Herr Ballin, described in the New York Herald dispatch as presiding at this meeting of the European ship trust, is the head of the great Hamburg-American Steamship Company of Germany, the greatest ship corporation in the world, which is said to be unsubsidized, but which has the powerful backing of the Imperial Government. Through Herr Ballin the Imperial Government at Berlin is able to say how much the manufacturers and farmers of America shall pay in freight rates to foreign steamships, in order to sell in the markets of Brazil and Argentina American products, competing with the products of Germany. It was this same Herr Ballin who, in our war with Spain, took several fast steamships out of his New York service—ships built for the American service and supported by the patronage of the American people—and sold them to the Spanish government, to "burn, sink and destroy" the commerce of the United States. One or two of these ships formed a part of the fleet which Spain fitted out at Cadiz, under Admiral Camara, to attack the squadron of Admiral Dewey, after the victory of Manila Bay.

The Hamburg-American Company, of which Herr Ballin is the head, is at this very time being accused before the Interstate Commerce Commission of maintaining a trust or combination "in restraint of trade" in our commerce with the northern ports of Europe. To this complaint of American merchants, Herr Ballin, through distinguished counsel, has made reply that the Interstate Commerce Commission has no jurisdiction over his company, or, in other words, that the United States Government is unable to protect its citizens and its trade against the oppressive acts of these European steamship trusts and combinations. It is directly at this South American trust or combination, that this present bill is aimed. If it passes it will break this foreign ship monopoly by creating a line of American steamships, far superior in speed, regularity, and efficiency to the ships of the foreign trust, between the United States and South America. And these American ships, built, owned, and run by American citizens in American interests, and with their officers domiciled in this country, will be responsible to American law, and will have everything to gain by playing fair with the American people and working to increase American commerce.

The issue is clear-cut between this European steamship trust on the one hand and the provisions of this bill for the upbuilding of an independent American steamship service to the great ports of the Southern hemisphere on the other hand, and it is for Congress to decide the issue.

National aid to ocean mail lines is not a new policy in America. It was first adopted in 1845, more than sixty years ago, and it is a significant fact that the public men who took the initiative in that legislation were vigorous, able and patriotic Southern men. President Polk urged the policy, and under the legislation then enacted three steamship lines were established to Europe—one to Great Britain, one to France, and one to Germany. Lines were also established from New York and Southern ports to the West Indies and the Isthmus of Panama, and also in the Pacific from the Isthmus northward to California and Oregon. About $2,000,000 a year in mail subsidies was paid to these lines when they were established. Their competition reduced freight rates enormously. The question was not a partisan one, Southern men in Congress, as before suggested, being the most earnest supporters of the legislation. Unfortunately the matter was drawn into the sectional controversy of the period preceding the Civil war. In 1856 the system was broken down, and in 1858 the repeal of the laws was entirely effective. Commodore Vanderbilt then tried to run trans-Atlantic steamers without postal subsidies, but even his genius was not sufficient to enable him to compete with the annual subsidy of nearly $900,000 paid by Great Britian to the Cunard Line Thus the American flag practically disappeared from the steam routes of the South Atlantic before the breaking out of the Civil war.

New Hampshire has but twelve miles of seacoast, and the ancient harbor of Portsmouth, immortalized by John Paul Jones and the *Ranger*, will probably never again become an important commercial port. My State has no selfish stake in this matter. My appeal is for the country and the country alone. I can not see a nation that leads all the countries of the world in wealth, in manufactures, in mining, and in agriculture lagging behind every other maritime nation in the matter of her merchant marine without exerting myself to restore the American flag to the oceans of the world. I have unbounded faith that the bill now before the Senate will become a law, and I believe that under its provisions the first great step toward the complete rehabilitation of the American merchant marine will be taken.

SPRING CHARMS

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

O WHAT warm fireside like the flaming breast
The robin bears through vernal skies along?
What soul that basking in its cheer of song
But sighs contented, glad to dream and rest?
O what bright brooklet flows with such rare zest
As this quick zeypher moves the flowers among?
O naked and bathing in its current strong,
What soul but gladly owns its waters blest?
O what dear native land like April kind?
What mother worthy of a love so high?
O what four walls so sturdy as her wind?
What roof-tree glorious as her wide blue sky?
What wife so lovely at the woodland door
As just the Lure of Spring forevermore?

THE PROHIBITION WAR IN "DIXIE"

By W. C. JENKINS

NOBODY seems to be entirely clear as to the origin of the name, Dixie, which has become famous and memorable from the old war-time marching refrain,—

> "Then away—then away—
> Then away down South in Dixie."

Dixie being at war again, there is a revival of the old magic name and its stirring memories. What is this war in Dixie that has drawn the eyes of the whole nation and even of the world at large, and has furnished no end of discussion in the public press?

It is a war begun and waged by the forces of prohibition against the use of liquor by the Southern people. It is a fight against whiskey. And a very serious, determined fight it is. Within a twelve-month prohibition in Dixie has made great and rapid advances. The picturesque newspaper correspondents liken it to a tidal wave or a prairie fire, and neither simile is without truth and force. The "dry crusade" has swept over the South with almost uniform success, so that more than three-fourths of the vast territory below Mason and Dixon's line is, at least technically and legislatively dry. Georgia and Alabama have adopted statutory prohibition. North Carolina, Mississippi and Tennessee seem at this writing strongly inclined to follow suit. Prohibition is also able to show important gains in Kentucky, South Carolina, Texas and California—although Kentucky recently defeated the Democratic candidate for governor on account of his party's stand with Prohibition. Aridity largely prevails, if we may believe the Anti-Saloon League map-makers, in Florida and Louisiana. The movement is therefore general in the South.

In the field of contest Opelika, Alabama, projected itself into a storm-centre of the Prohibition war in Dixie, in this way: A publication of large circulation had scattered broadcast throughout the country an account of the Prohibition campaign in Alabama, written in a picturesque style, and containing the following:

WANTED.

100 Boys for New Customers. Most of our Old Customers are Rapidly Dropping Out.

10 committed suicide last week.

20 are in jail—8 are in the chain gang.

15 were sent to the poorhouse—one was hanged,

3 were sent to the insane asylum.

Most of the balance ain't worth fooling with they've got no money.

We are just obliged to have new customers—fresh young blood.

Or we will have to shut up shop.

Don't make any difference whose boy you are—we need you. You will be welcome.

If you once get started with us we guarantee to hold you. Our goods are sure.

Come early—stay late.

OPELIKA SALOON PROPRIETORS.

The effectiveness of this as a Prohibition weapon is felt at a glance, and indeed I may say right here that some of the leading advocates in Alabama told me that it was one of the most powerful things ever devised in aid of their cause. Though it was devised—made out of the whole cloth—faked, as the newspaper men say; I doubt if it will ever be overtaken.

For the moment I need only say that I am a believer in *true* temperance, that I hold alcoholism to be one of the most terrible foes of the human race, and that I would make war upon it with every weapon sanctioned by reason and justice. At the same time I do not think it wise or commendable to serve God with the Devil's weapons—it is a long time since the Christian conscience repudiated the doctrine that the end justifies the means.

The author of this canard has denied that the statements were meant to apply to Opelika in particular.

His idea was, he said, to make a sort of object lesson of the effects of drink for his Sunday school class, and he wrote the thing on his blackboard almost identically as it was afterward printed. The leader of the Anti-Saloon League in Alabama, happened to drop in that Sunday and copied the "lesson" for his paper, whence it was lifted by the picturesque writer in the publication of large circulation. These things, and worse than these, he remarked, were true of the situation at large, and it was to that he had meant to point his moral. But others with a keen eye for points, lifted his poetical fancy, giving it a local application and helped it to a large publicity. And thus an effective canard was set upon its legs—legs that will probably outwear the best pair in Alabama today.

I was assured in Opelika that the only lawless period the town had ever known was some fifteen years ago when it was under Prohibition and "blind tigers" flourished in defiance of the law.

In the South they drink far too much whiskey. In fact they seem to drink it as a beverage, almost as men drink beer in the North. Comparatively little beer is consumed outside the big towns; in such places as Mobile, Birmingham and Montgomery, its use has been steadily on the increase, because good beer is, or was, to be had there and also because in cities men are under a stronger necessity of respecting the laws of temperance than in the country, while they soon learn to discriminate between a drink like whiskey, containing forty to fifty per cent. of alcohol, and one like beer containing less than four per cent. No one who makes use of his eyes and ears can doubt that it is whiskey, and whiskey alone, which has invited and given impetus to the unparalleled success of the Prohibition movement.

This is confirmed by journalists who both oppose and favor Prohibition. Those who would advocate regulation instead of Prohibition holding the latter to be impracticable, agree in this one point with the Brohibitionists that the increasing use of whiskey with the evils which naturally accompany it, has brought on the present agitation.

In the midst of a perplexed and shifting controversy this is at least solid ground. No amount of sophistry will change the fact, which is admitted even by representatives of the liquor trade who are compelled to witness the legal destruction of their business and the confiscation of their property.

We have always known that certain kinds of men made a point of voting for Prohibition to keep up their standing in the community, while secretly purposing to violate the law for their own gratification.

We have not known so well—perhaps have not known at all—that a more numerous class of men liking whiskey too well, have voted against it in order to be rid of the temptation.

Some of the results of the recent election in Alabama help us to understand this curious contradiction. The city of Birmingham, called the "Pittsburg of the South" from its extensive manufacture of pig-iron, with a large working population and all the elements that would seem to make for our Northern ideas of liberal government, went wet by a scant three hundred votes, the same being overcome by a large majority in the county (Jefferson). On the other hand, both Ensley and Bessemer, where the big furnace plants are located and where the bulk of the vote was cast by men who it has been said cannot possibly do without drink,—went dry.

I accept the explanation of the Rev. Mr. Brooks Lawrence, leader of the Anti-Saloon League in Alabama—the men had been getting too much whiskey for their good and they had simply decided to cut it out.

All Alabama becomes dry in January, 1909; complete aridity has already supervened in many communities of the state, however this aridity like the famous peace in Warsaw, will be more or less metaphorical. Gentlemanly irrigation at the clubs will not be interfered with. Already the social organizations are putting in private lockers so that the members may lay in their stock of goods. Members of the club will be able to bring in friends but must serve them from their private bottles in their lockers. The clubs must be real clubs and licenses will not be granted to "liquor" clubs.

The Anti-Saloon League's next move will be for constitutional Prohibition and it is already aligning forces to that end. But many believe, following the example of other states, that Alabama, after an experience of imperfect Prohibition, with the accompanying evils of blind tigers, bootleggers, speak-easies, etc.,—all the familiar phases of illicit traffic,—will return to a system of regulation.

In the midst of the present Prohibition movement, there are not wanting sage observers to point out that the South will learn the great lesson exemplified by Sweden, Holland, Belgium, and by Switzerland—that legislation directed against alcoholism is practically of no effect without discrimination in favor of the milder stimulants, and that while an appetite existing at all times and places cannot be extirpated by repressive laws, it can be controlled and rendered harmless by a policy which regards the limitations of human nature.

Mr. Brooks Lawrence declares that Prohibition of whiskey has come to stay in the South—he will not allow,—what many people affirm will be the outcome of this fight,—that a compromise is bound to result eventually in favor of beer and the lighter wines. "The laws can and will be enforced," he says with a quiet earnestness which is impressive. But if he said anything short of this, he would not be the leader of the Anti-Saloon League in Alabama. Ample time for a fair trial of the law is at least assured as the next legislature does not meet until 1911, Prohibition becoming effective in all the state January 1, 1909.

Perhaps the public mind is fairly taken in these extracts from representative papers.

Montgomery Advertiser. "Several times the Advertiser has defined its position in Prohibition. We do not believe that Prohibition prohibits. We believe that Prohibition, as exemplified in the past, brings about conditions worse than lawful selling of liquor under strict regulation.

"Now that we are to have statutory Prohibition the law has got to be enforced. We are glad the Prohibition organizations are to be continued. Their influence will go a long way towards enforcement of the law. There has been entirely too much intolerance, too much bitternesss on both sides of the question. We hope it will pass away and that all good citizens will join in an effort to see that Prohibition does Prohibit."

Montgomery Journal. "The statement so frequently made that Prohibition will not Prohibit may be true, but there is one thing certain—the law will do away with the open saloon, and that is really what the Prohibitionists have been endeavoring to do for many years; and that they have at last secured legislation to this end is a matter over which they have good cause to felicitate themselves and the people of the state."

Here is an admission that secret drinking is preferable to the open regulated saloon.

The Birmingham Age-Herald thus neatly epitomizes the situation: "It will soon be time in this state to attune the voice to the speak-easy."

So we fare to an end of this tale of the Prohibition war in Dixie, yet the ultimate issue of the war itself no seventh son or soothsayer can at present even cloudily discern. This much we know for a certainty, that Dixie for the most part seems determined to make a trial of Prohibition. Will she keep it when once she has gotten it?—that is henceforth the question of moment. Judged in the light of experience,—the experience costly and memorable of many states of this Union,—the answer must be no.

From 1846 to 1906, eighteen states adopted Prohibition and of these fifteen are now under license laws.

Every New England state adopted Prohibition between 1846 and 1856 and all but Maine have abandoned it.

Vermont had over fifty years of it and yet she went back to license in 1903 Rhode Island tried it twice and then restored the license system. Connecticut repealed it after eighteen years and in 1887 by popular vote defeated a Prohibition amendment. Massachusetts threw it over many years ago. Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Nebraska, Illinois, Iowa, South Dakota, have all had Prohibition and have all dropped it.

The failure of Prohibition in Maine from its very inauguration has been and remains a monumental scandal and a national reproach. The Committee of Fifty says: "Prohibition legislation has failed to exclude intoxicants completely even from districts where public sentiment has been favorable. In Maine and Iowa there have been counties and municipalities in complete and successful rebellion against the law."

Justin McCarthy, the distinguished literary man and parliamentary leader, visited this country some years ago and made a thorough investigation of the workings of the Maine Law. "What I saw in the United States," he says, "convinced me, first of the feasibility of regulation, and next of the inevitable inefficiency of all attempts at repression."

He further declares that in Maine the prohibitory system has "proved a failure in all towns which swell beyond the dimensions of a village."

One could summon no end of witnesses to the same purport, but I content myself for the present with the testimony of a Finnish Commission composed of parliamentary and municipal officers, who very recently visited this country with a view to studying the liquor question in Maine and other states. Before they returned home they reported some of their experiences and observations through the Eastern Argus of Portland, adding another page to the history of Prohibition in Maine. They found women and children engaged in the surreptitious sale of liquors, under conditions of utter degradation. Everywhere they obtained liquor with ease and usually found it to be of the vilest quality. What especially shocked these honest Finlanders was the demoralization of children which they witnessed in the original Prohibition state, owing to their being pressed into the service of the contraband trade—a thing, by the way, that would be impossible under a proper license system. On this head their words are so striking and so crushing in condemnation of Prohibition which does not prohibit, that I quote them literally:

"How can those hundreds of children that now are partly used in this liquor business and partly act as warners against the authorities grow to be law-abiding, sober and useful members of this great free Union?

"That is one point we can't understand and neither can we understand how people who want to provide morality for their country, and have seen what we saw, can wish to uphold a law that in such a way debases themselves and their offspring."

Well, all this may be true, says the patient reader, but it has taken unconscionably long in the telling, and meantime the Southern air is thrilled with the martial music of the fife,

> "Then away—then away—
> Then away down South in Dixie."

Let us hope that out of this new and bloodless war in Dixie there may come a settlement of the great issues involved,—one that shall forever affirm the sacred principle of personal liberty, while safeguarding the community alike from the evils of excess and of Prohibition that does not Prohibit.

REMEMBRANCE

By IDA GOLDSMITH MORRIS

SWEET, do not dream I have forgotten thee,
Though life goes on in its accustomed way,
There is no single hour of any day
That is not set with gems of memory.
And, though I wage no war with destiny,
I have shut in with that dear, senseless clay
That sleeps beneath the lilies (fair as they)
All my heart's wealth and love's lost ecstasy,
The last, long pressure of thy hand in mine
Has kept it pure as those sealed lips of thine,
(Though nevermore they part with smiles for me
Since Death hath kissed to whiteness their warm red)
Sweet, do not dream I have forgotten thee,
Thy soul and mine are one, by memory wed.

THE DUBLIN CARNIVAL

By J. F. CONRAD

THE show is over, and it has developed some spots in human nature that were never fully brought out before—we mean the Dublin Carnival. The carnival lasted a week, and the city spread herself; and why shouldn't she?—there isn't a bigger, better Dublin outside of Ireland.

Dublin has more sides to it than old "Joe Henchcliff's" barn. That is, figuratively speaking. Joe used to feed his horses in the wagon-bed winter and summer, and for shelter they found the lee side of a hill. Yet, when he drove to town on show days or the Fourth of July, I don't remember that he ever took the dust from anyone. Joe argued that a barn and bedding made a horse lazy and effeminate. He contended that horses were all wild one day, and they didn't care a continental whether it rained or snowed. He had gotten hold of an old record some place that said wild horses lived to be thirty or forty years of age, and he had a case where one was known to have run 185 miles without stopping to eat or drink. "But," he said, "as soon as you put a halter on a horse and tied him up in a barn and bedded him and curried him, you made away with half of his natural usefulness. You broke his native spirit, and distorted his character." It *was* surprising how Joe would run around other teams on the way home from town. They had him arrested once for fast driving. Joe had been to a political meeting, and had heard a joint debate between two rival candidates for Congress. He pleaded this as a defense, and hung the jury. He had a lot of queer theories. One was that a man could ruin his stomach by dieting. "Oatmeal and graham bread," he said, "was a curse;" and he made it look kind of reasonable. He used to run on this way: "Feed a fellow on oatmeal and graham bread, and he would always have to live on them. There is nothing about such stuff to give a man's stomach any exercise. If you should eat a trifle too much pie or a spoonful too much of dewberry cobbler, what is the result? Why, you go out, and if your dinner cost you anything, you are out just that much. Then you blame yourself for not being more careful, and you refuse pie and cobbler for a month. The whole trouble was that your stomach had never had any exercise. Get about four inches of whiskey rolling and tossing on your diaphragm," he used to say, "and eat now and then enough to kill a horse, along about 1.30 a. m., and it won't be long until you have a stomach that you can put confidence in. If a man never feeds his mind on anything but light literature, after awhile he can't run the multiplication table."

What I started out to say was about the carnival. I think it was a success, and am willing to put myself on record as saying so. It didn't make me any money, and I subscribed a little toward it; but it pleased the people, or a majority of them. Of course there are some who felt hurt the way it was conducted; but you will always find it thus. There are people who will kick on the way you bait a hook, or on your plan of salvation. There are buzzards that soared around Port Arthur that kicked on the way the war was carried on. It is human to kick. It is the first thing a person does when he comes into the world, and the last thing on leaving it. The whole thing is a matter of taste.

There are a number of people, good people, who entertained a notion that a carnival like the one just over, ought to be made up almost entirely of an art gallery, a multitudinous display of paintings. They are a good thing—the paintings are—and about one person out of fifty-seven appreciates them.

I didn't do very much that week but loaf around, and I noticed what suited the public; and you would be surprised, too. I visited the art gallery. There were nice-looking people there, and most of them seemed to like it real well. I was standing looking at the picture of St. Cecilia—it struck me as being about the proper thing to do—when an old man came up and gazed at it. He put on his glasses and looked at it again; it was marked $25,000; then I heard them say: "Twenty-five hundred years old." Then he turned to me and said: "Mighty well-preserved, ain't it?" Well, it was.

There were several people, too, who thought that the entire entertainment ought to be made up of fireworks; they would have kept the heavens red day and night, and between the bursting of bombs and skyrockets, they would have been mightily entertained. There are others of us who would just as soon have stood on the bridge and tossed pebbles into the river, and watched the circles widen.

Then there were a good many people who would liked to have turned the whole thing into a football tournament; and how they would have enjoyed it, too; but then, what would those fireworks people and those others who hung around the art gallery do during all the time? They would, in all probability, have been at home, getting out resolutions against the brutality displayed in the game —that they never attended. But there it is. Some people like lobsters, and some liver. What are you going to do about it? Some enthusiastic fellows, wrapped up in their own business, have the idea that booths up and down the streets, piled up with pyramids of pie peaches, for real fun and jocularity, are about all that is necessary.

Then, again, there is that other class of people whose idea of an entertainment is epitomized in a long row of open saloons that deal out red corn whiskey from morning until morning; who delight in telling that where they came from there are saloons that haven't had the front door locked since the state was a territory. Now, that wouldn't suit many of us; but it would some; and that some you could not drive into an art gallery with a quail net, even if it was snowing. And, as far as fireworks are concerned, they will argue that they have pulled the sheet over their heads lots of nights in June and July to keep from seeing a good deal better articles of pyrotechnics.

Then again, there are some people who are satisfied that a "raise before the draw," "a straddle" and "a stack of blues" are the only things necessary to a happiness that ought to be preserved by blessed immortality.

The parade is what caught some people —the flower parade. I stood on the west approach of the Walnut Street bridge; there were all classes of people there. There was the seven-hundred-dollar vehicle, with a driver and a long-handled whip, and the occupants inside eating California grapes. Then, on the sidewalk, was the hired man and his girl; and during the wait for the parade they visited the stand across the street and the music made by the opening of pop bottles was abroad in the land.

A farmer's wagon was right beside this seven-hundred-dollar "layout" that I spoke of. It was occupied by three men and three women; father, mother and two daughters, it seemed, and a bunch of "son-in-laws," as I heard a man say once. The old folks sat in front on a spring seat, while the young people sat behind on boards covered with quilts. The young ladies each held a baby in her arms, and the little ones were taking nourishment in the good old-fashioned way, to the disgust, I took it, of the occupants of the aforesaid seven-hundred dollar vehicle. The young ladies had, in their earnest enthusiasm, permitted their shawls to slip to one side, and were entirely innocent of the fact that the babies' faces were hardly a sufficient screen, while the little ones, each with a chubby hand clasped in its mother's bosom, entirely oblivious to the fact that the rules regulating the best society were being violated, and unconscious of the innocent nudity, quietly supped on. Nevertheless, they seemed to enjoy the parade—the babies, the ladies, the old folks and the young men, too, for that matter.

When the parade had passed, and the last flower-bedecked wagon was out of sight, the mother held the lines and the three men went into the saloon on the corner, and the boys called for beer; the old man kind of hesitated, and said that beer never did seem to agree with him. The boys winked at each other; then one of them said: "Pap, maybe you had better take pop." Then they winked at the bartender. The old man hesitated and spit, but hadn't the moral courage to say anything in opposition. The bartender, intuitively grasped the situation, and handed the boys a glass of beer each, and placed before the old man a bottle of bourbon. For one brief moment the old man hesitated and glanced sidewise at the boys; they were busy; then he poured out about three fingers. After that he seemed to have more courage. Each of them insisted on paying for the round, but they compromised, as is often the case, by each paying for a round. Then, when they left, one of the boys went across the street, where the soldiers' game was in progress, and laid down a dollar on the ace; it won three times; then, like a safe financier, he quit three dollars ahead. When he came back, the mother took him to task for gambling, and criticized him, and showed him the wrong in it; but when she found out that he had won three dollars, she said: "Well, it is wrong, anyhow, but you will have to spend it for dinner." Six of them put up at the hotel and spent the three dollars for dinner, and they were in rare good humor all during the meal. It might have been different had not the ace won. Our vices are worse when we lose money by them. If that is not human nature laid bare, I don't want to ever be able to keep up my insurance.

The man with the long whip and the seven-hundred-dollar vehicle drove home and the occupants ate dinner and criticized some of the wagons in the parade because they were not decorated with real cut flowers, instead of tissue paper. It doesn't seem to me as though it is even a question for the jury to decide who enjoyed the parade the most. The ability to enjoy, it seems to me, is overseasoned with the desire to criticize.

It was human nature turned loose for awhile—this carnival was.

I spoke of the old soldiers' game—chuck luck—anyhow, that sounds like it, as I pronounce it to myself. There were twelve or fifteen stands down on First and Walnut Streets, and the audience was good. You might say it was packed. Uncle John was up here, and we took in the art gallery; but he didn't stay long. We saw the street shows, and we were up where they were trying, without showing any political preference, to decide who could make the best loaf of bread out of a good brand of flour. This didn't seem to catch Uncle John, and he finally asked me if I ever smoked, then he coughed, then I coughed; so we went in and had one. After that Uncle Joe seemed to like the show better. He was in the army four years; so, when we were coming down Walnut Street, the game on First Street caught him. He went over. He found a comrade there who was in the Second Iowa Cavalry with him. It was '61 and '62 once more, and both of them were at it again. They talked over the war and faro and "chuck-luck." Then they backed the deuce and the five-spot for an hour or two; then we went over and had another—smoke. After that, Uncle John and his comrade pulled square "holt" for another, and we went home. That night we went to the theater, and Uncle John told me about seeing "Mazeppa" played down in Memphis during the war. It was like the sweet potatoes he had down South in '63; there has been nothing quite as good since. Coming home, Uncle John wanted to stop and see how the game was going, but I persuaded him to wait until next day, and we would come over and try his system—deuce and five. The next day we came over and found that another set, that also lived off of other people, had stopped the games. After that Uncle John seemed to get old again. The cigar stand on the corner had also been closed because it did not shut up until 10.20. We went up the street a little further, and we found where a rich set of bankers were trying to enjoin some fellows from running a stand in the street in front of the bank. Then Uncle John said he guessed he would go home. But before he left he said to me: "By George! if they ever draw on you through that bank, don't you pay it." I wanted Uncle John to stay longer, but he said: "No, I can have a nice quiet time down in the country reading obituaries and watching funerals go by."

There are a good many people just like Uncle John—headstrong, unreasonable men, kind of simple and a little cloudy on the question of mesmerism and kindred subjects, but who have contracted the habit of paying their debts and helping out a cripple in harvest time. Men who, if they are going to give a little to charity, don't care to scan the subscription list, to see what others have given, and then either take the bluff or raise. These men and one or two others won't accept an invitation to come and stay a week and pay board and blow in the price of a wagon-load of timothy seed without seeing their way clear to having a little fun to their own taste.

IN DEFENSE OF COMIC SUPPLEMENT

By MAY STRANATHAN

FOR some time now a number of belated muckrakes, instead of weeping that there are no more worlds to conquer, have valiantly fallen foul with both feet upon the "refined comics" of the Sunday newspaper. For long I have been accustomed to read over and over again to a small maiden these "funnies," and imagine my feelings when I see them referred to in a high class magazine as a "national shame and degradation." Also, is it not my duty to rebuke the parents of this same wee girl, and her brother who spends the most of Sunday morning after his return from Sunday school on his stomach with the comic section of the Sunday paper spread out before him? Then, too, to trouble my conscience, are the four daughters of a minister for whom we save these "funnies" religiously and watch, unshamed, their stolen delight in the pictures of "low and coarse humor."

While my mind was open to reasonable conviction of sin, I chanced lately to read an attack on the comic supplement in a magazine which vehemently assailed its false "art," and hysterically asks of the deluded parents if they do not know the false note they are striking in the mind and character of their offspring by allowing them to view "the hideous American plagues." After weeping copious tears over the incalculable harm done to the innocent by the comic supplement, this journal goes calmly on its way furnishing food for those who have put away childish things, by a series of the "richest" jokes, and directions for making tatting collars, and the cutest daubs of "cats" designed by Mrs. Rorer, and also how to get up the funniest April fool party by putting the tablecloth on all awry, the chairs under the table, and by heaping building blocks in the centerpiece with a Humpty Dumpty standing on his head in the midst thereof.

After a careful study of both styles of humor, I have concluded that the comic supplement is not so bad as it is painted, either by the printer or by its enemies. We have seen the passing of the old-time Sunday school story with a moral, where the good boy is always rewarded, and the bad boy drowned. The magazines are filled with freakish children who always get the best of everybody, and who when they are naughty are petted and wept over because they are not understood, instead of being spanked in the good old-fashioned and Biblical way. The old-fashioned Nemesis is being shown a back seat, while brotherly love is slopping over in the work of reforming the world; and even the pulpit has exchanged hell for ethical dreams. Who is left to keep the balance true except the maligned Sunday supplement? Who teach judgment swift and sure as we all know it to be, now-a-days, except the "comics?" Where in all the "funnies" does the sneak, the meddler or the cruel jester fail of swift retribution?

Does not Pretending Percy teach a weekly lesson against hypocrisy, exemplifying the truth that your sin will be sure to find you out and that honesty is the best policy? Do not the tribulations of little Jimmy Swift show how judgment follows quickly in the wake of the child who loiters on its way to do a parent's bidding? That we laugh at the predicaments of these offenders is no argument that the lesson is of no value; but is it not rather the solution of presenting a moral truth in a manner attractive enough to arrest attention; and is not that what all the preachers are striving for now-a-days? Anyway, it is written that "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall hold them in derision." And do not the laughs of those of us who enjoy the "funnies" compare favorably in their nature to that of the Almighty, as written by the psalmist? If we do not laugh in just the same way our excuse is that it might be presumptuous for us to do so.

More, do not Mr. Buttin and Happy Hooligan, and many more of their kind, teach us the necessity of minding our own business—a virtue, also, so little taught anywhere else, and yet one of such vast importance in this weary world, so cursed by what Emerson calls, "our miserable interferences?"

We cannot expect a child of tender years to read "Spiritual Laws," with intelligence, but he can understand the misfortunes of "Happy" all right.

Are the loves of Lulu and Leander all vanity and vulgarity as one critic intimates? Have not even they a lesson for the youth of our land—the old truth that the course of true love never did and never will run smooth? For who can doubt the sincerity of Leander's affection, bobbing up as strong as ever every Sunday in spite of overwhelming tribulations? Where, in all literature, have we a nobler example of constancy and perseverance than that of the dauntless lover of the comic section, and who among us did not rejoice when finally his union with his beloved Lulu was consummated?

Again, do not the experiences of Mr. Batch give just such an expose of the trials of married life as is needed by the society of today, when young men and young women rush madly into matrimony, with no thought or preparation for the troubles in the flesh that are sure to come upon them, and then all as madly rush into the divorce courts?

One critic of the comic section admits that Buster Brown is occasionally funny. Is that all there is to Buster? Was there ever a gentler satire on the craze for operations, that caused one woman to tell her husband that she was ashamed to go to her club any more because she was the only woman in it who had not been operated on; and which caused the husband of another woman, on reading the note from his wife saying she had gone to have her kimona cut out, to rush madly to the hospital in search of her—could there be a gentler satire on this state of affairs than the picture of Mary Jane's doll on the operating table with several feet of wire sticking from her, under the surgery of Dr. Buster?

Our critics must be of those who believe the fairy tale and the belief in Santa Claus pernicious, or surely they would except from general condemnation those darling, tiny tads, fleeing in the friendly hippopotamobile from the terrors of the porcupineapple, or eating the delicious dodoughnut.

It must be acknowledged that there are things in the comic sections of which it is hard to see the point, and there are some that are coarsely grotesque; but, read, harsh critic, the comic business of "As You Like It," or of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and take heart of grace for the degeneracy of the times.

Spurring me to speak thus in defense of the "funnies;" raising a solitary voice in the wilderness of condemnation, is the knowledge that not yet have the children whom I have seen most enjoy them, lost their delight in the tales of the best classics; as persistently as ever they pester me to read to them the story of Jonah and the whale; of Moses in the bulrushes; of David and Goliath; of Joseph and his brethren; of Noah and the ark, and of that Biblical roysterer Samson. With what joy they recognized their old friends in the "Log of the Ark," published recently in a daily paper, and scrutinized each littlest animal with lingering delight, requiring the names and story of each; and pitiful, indeed, was the wail that greeted a forgetful father who sometimes forgot to bring "de log."

A BELATED TEA-PARTY

By MARION BRIER

IT seemed to me that I never wanted anything so much in my life as I wanted those Japanese dishes. They were beauties! So thin you could see through them, and such quaint shapes! Faith and I both adored Japanese dishes anyway and we had our hearts set on these from the first day they appeared in the show window. Every day we would get out our account books and figure and figure to see if we dared buy them. Each day we would cut out something more from the list of things we had thought were necessities. It took a week before we finally got it cut down to where the balance was big enough to cover the price of those dishes. The last thing we crossed off our lists was the new hats we had been planning to get; but we didn't regret even those. We knew then that we could buy the dishes and we simply walked on air.

We decided to get them the next day. That afternoon we were down town, and of course, we stopped into the store to take one more look at them. Everyone who came into the store stopped to admire them. Even Miss Wiley seemed fascinated with them. Miss Wiley was a queer little old-fashioned maiden lady who had lived about a block from us ever since I could remember. She had taken care of her mother, who was an invalid, a great many years. After her mother's death she had lived on alone there. While we stood there that day she came into the store after a five-cent package of crackers, and I noticed that she stood and looked at the Japanese dishes a long time. There was something so wistful in her faded blue eyes that I wondered what she was thinking of. Once she put out her thin hand and touched one of the cups very softly.

"Aren't they beauties, Miss Wiley?" Faith asked her enthusiastically.

"They are very pretty." Miss Wiley's answer was in an even, prim tone, that just matched the prim little woman's whole personality, but her eyes lighted up wonderfully.

After she had gone the clerk turned to us and said: "Do you know, I believe Miss Wiley must be dreadfully poor. She doesn't buy hardly anything and I can't remember when she began wearing that black alpaca dress. I'm afraid she will suffer this winter. Fuel is so high."

I was shocked. "Why doesn't somebody help her?" I asked. "Surely in a town like this there's no reason why anyone should be in want."

The clerk shook her head. "She won't let anybody help her; she is too proud. I believe it would kill her to have to accept charity. People have tried to give her things but she won't take them. Once Mrs. Brown left a basket of things at her door after dark, but she never touched it. 'I can't take charity' she said. So people haven't tried to give her anything since; it just hurts her feelings."

I couldn't get Miss Wiley out of my head after that. I asked mamma about her and she said she didn't suppose that Miss Wiley had but a very little to live on, but that she was so proud that no one could help her.

That evening Faith was looking in her birthday book—Faith looks in her birthday book the first day of every month and keeps track of everyone's birthday—and she found Miss Wiley's name there. Her birthday was only two days off. Faith began planning at once. She said we could put some new bills and a card with birthday greetings in an envelope and get the postmistress to blurr the post-mark and send it to Miss Wiley. She would think it was a birthday present from some of her relatives back East.

"Meaning by the bills those that we were going to buy Japanese dishes with, I suppose," I said, not feeling particularly enthusiastic.

Faith nodded.

It was like pulling teeth, as Aunt Nell used to say, to give up those dishes, but I knew Miss Wiley's thin face would haunt me all the time we were eating off them anyway if we did buy them, so I agreed to Faith's plan and the money was sent.

We avoided going by Nelson's store for two or three days after that. We didn't want to see those dishes and know we couldn't have them. The first day that we did go by the store again the dishes were gone. Faith wanted to stop in and find out who bought them. But I wouldn't. I didn't want to know who had them.

We were destined to find out though. We had only just got home and were taking off our hats when we heard Maudie saying to mother in the next room, "Those Japanese dishes are sold. You can't guess who bought them. Miss Wiley! She must have more money than we thought she had."

Miss Wiley! Faith and I dropped down into the nearest chairs and stared at each other blankly. Words failed us.

By and by the corners of Faith's mouth began to twitch, then her shoulders began to shake, in a minute she was rocking back and forth and laughing uncontrollably.

"I'm glad you find it funny; I don't," I said crossly; but she only laughed harder.

And that wasn't all. Just as Faith was getting her breath again Maudie came in with a letter and tossed it into Faith's lap. She looked at the address curiously, then tore the envelope open and took out a sheet of paper. Such a funny look came into her face when she looked at it. She gave an inarticulate exclamation and then just stared at it.

"Well, what is it?" I said impatiently. She held the sheet of paper out to me without saying a word.

"Miss Wiley requests the pleasure of the Misses Faith and Harriet Hascome's company to tea Thursday evening at six o'clock," was written on it in cramped, old-style handwriting.

Oh, I was angry! I don't remember now what I said, but I know I fairly stormed for about ten minutes. I declared that I was through with philanthropy; it was a delusion and a snare.

Then, to make it worse, Faith said we ought to accept the invitation. I declared that I wouldn't. It was bad enough to see our hard-earned money thrown away without being asked to go and help throw it away. But it ended just as everything always does: by Faith's convincing me that she was in the right.

So we went; but I'll confess that I grumbled all the way.

Miss Wiley met us at the door. She was shy and prim but there was a pink flush on her thin cheeks and a happy light in her faded eyes.

We found Alice and May Wright and Edna Hartleigh there. Quite a tea-party! The table did look pretty. I turned my back on it, for that was just the way our table was to have looked the next winter and I felt resentful toward it. The effect of the quaint, fragile dishes on the snow-white tablecloth was even prettier than I had imagined. There was a little button-hole bouquet at each place too that gave an added touch. I noticed afterwards that the table-cloth was darned in lots of places, but each darn was diplomatically hidden under a dish. The supper itself was delicious: fried chicken, mashed potatoes, hot biscuits, great dishes of strawberries with rich cream, two kinds of cake and ice-cream! I mentally calculated the price of everything and knew there couldn't be a nickel of the money left.

I started out to be very dignified and disapproving, but everyone else seemed to be having such a good time that before I knew it I was laughing and talking too. Then I made up my mind that I might as well enjoy myself, for it was all I would get out of my money.

It was nearly ten o'clock before we thought of going home. The other girls went first. When we started Faith took Miss Wiley's hand and told her that we had enjoyed ourselves very much.

To my surprise the tears came into Miss Wiley's eyes. "Have you?" she said softly. "I'm so glad." I couldn't keep from looking at her, for her face seemed to softly shine with happiness. "I have wanted all my life to invite my friends in, but it never just seemed to be so I could before," she went on with gentle dignity. "Once when I was a little girl I was invited out to a tea-party with my older sister. The table was set with such pretty dishes—I remember just as well how they looked." There was a far-away look in the gentle eyes that seemed to be gazing back through the long dreary length of all those years. "I did enjoy it all so much; it was the nicest time I ever had," she went on dreamily. "I made up my mind then that sometime I would have a set of pretty dishes and I would invite my friends in to tea. I planned everything out, just how the table was to look and just what I would have to eat. I used to think and think about it; sometimes I would dream about it. I always thought that perhaps the next year I could do it, but one year after another went by until there have been fifty of them now. I had about given it up this year; but someway, I couldn't seem to bear to give it up either. It was the only real nice thing that I had ever planned to do, and it's hard to give anything up after you have looked forward to it for fifty years. But this week I had a birthday present that made it possible. I am so glad that you girls could come. I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed your being here; the old house grows so lonely sometimes. But I'll always have this evening to think of now."

Faith told her again how much we had enjoyed it. When we were outside the door she caught my arm. "Just think, Harriet," she said with a little sob in her voice, "of fifty years of lonely, drab-colored life when all the time one's heart is crying out for beauty and for friends. It makes me want to cry. But it's going to be different now."

The next day when we went down town we passed Nelson's store again. We both glanced at the empty show window. "I'm glad," Faith said softly.

I nodded. "So am I."

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LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

TO GLADDEN "SHUT-INS"

Having been an invalid for several months, unable to leave my room, I was greatly cheered and comforted by the gift of a "sunshine bag," forty-three of my friends conspiring together to relieve the monotony of dreary days, and each one sending a little gift, some useful, some merely ornamental, but all most acceptable. Books, perfumery, boxes of note paper, post-card albums, vases, electric night-lamp, bouquet holders, etc. Each one reppresented the loving thought of the giver, and the hours, before so tedious, were shortened and filled with happy thoughts, as I looked over each article and called to mind the giver. I would like to recommend this as the best kind of medicine for a "shut-in."

FOR NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLES

By Mrs. W. A. Davis, Weeping Water, Neb.

It is a pretty custom to speak of the state of marriage as "the sea of matrimony." If a sea, then the home is the ship in which the loving pair sets sail. The husband is perhaps the captain, but upon the wife devolves the duty of keeping the vessel intact, allowing no weak places to develop into leakage as "a small leak will sink a vessel." Leakages of different kinds are likely to occur. We shall look only on the danger of financial leaks. The wife who successfully manages the finances of her home, must be familiar with all the details of household economy. One who has learned somewhat in the school where experience rules will give for the benefit of young housekeepers a few hints on repairing leaks. May good health and prosperity attend each married couple who in loving helpfulness assists each the other in safeguarding the craft in which lies their hope of happiness. If Darby be the bread-winner, let Joan be the bread-saver. Her task is equally important.

1. If you wish to obtain vinegar at small cost, make it from that which is usually thrown away. Procure a large earthenware jar, or keg. Dissolve a pint of sugar in a gallon of warm water. Add a cake of yeast. Cover with a coarse cloth. If air is entirely excluded, fermentation will be slow. Let the jar or keg be the receptacle of rinsings from fruit jars, pans where candy or syrup have been boiled, skimmings from jelly while boiling, etc. When paring apples, put parings to soak for a day or two in warm water, then pour water into jar. After letting fruit drip from jelly bag, to obtain juice for jelly, put bag into crock or large pan, pour water over pulp, shake and mix, then hang and drip again. Pour second dripping into jar. Whenever anything sweet is added, add water also. In two or three weeks, if directions are followed, I predict you will have a large quantity of excellent vinegar. You need never exhaust the supply, if you continue as you began.

2. If your bread becomes dry, do not throw it away; it is a part of Darby's hard earnings. Dip the dry loaf quickly into water, put in pan, place in oven and leave until crust is dry. The steam from the external moisture will enter the loaf, leaving it fresh as when newly-baked.

3. If you wish to keep your dish-towels white, do not allow the dish water to dry in them, each time they are used, but wash them with naptha soap. I have found no other soap so good for the purpose.

4. If the cellar or house becomes musty from damp weather, do not move out or advertise the place for sale, but buy some chloride of lime, put in pan, pour over it boiling water, stir to dissolve, then sprinkle about the cellar walls, or saturate cloths with it to use in wiping cupboards, swing shelves or any cellar furniture that would not be injured thereby. Can be used dry. It is an excellent disinfectant and deodorizer.

5. If you have mixed more pancake batter than can be used at one time, set it aside and use next day by adding more milk, flour and soda allowing an extra quantity of soda for the fermentation of the "kept over" batter.

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SHEARS IN THE KITCHEN

By Lillian Faulkingham, West Jonesport, Me.

Hang on a convenient nail in your kitchen a pair of sharp, medium-sized shears, and with them trim the rind from slices of bacon, clipping the edges as they fry, to prevent curling. Trim the edges of your steak before cooking, and cut out the bones with these shears. When lining pie-tins with pastry, trim the margin with your shears; also cut openings in the top crust to let steam escape. Cut your left-overs of meat for meat pie in strips or cubes; your "croutons" from bread slices also cut with these shears, thus saving many a finger from a cut with a sharp knife when hastily used.

—

CURE FOR CROUP

By A. N. Dewey, Johnston, N. Y.

Keep a brick in the stove oven. If the children are suddenly taken with croup, wrap a flannel around the brick, then pour hot vinegar over it, and the fumes of the steaming hot vinegar will clear the air passage. It will have a quicker effect if the head is covered to keep in the steam. Another good home remedy for croup is a small spoonful of sugar with a little powdered alum sprinkled over it. It will quickly relieve croup and bring up the phlegm.

TO STOP HICCOUGHS

By Lucy C. Bentley, Kennewick, Wash.

For troublesome hiccoughs try a teaspoonful of granulated sugar and three drops of vinegar or lemon juice.

—

CLEANSING PANAMA HATS

By Mrs. Wm. Walsh, Puunene, Hawaii

Wash the hat well in Ivory soap, then take an old toothbrush and apply dioxogen; put in the sun for few hours and soon you will see the hat as good as new.

—

A SALAD HELP

By Anne Slade, Uhrichsville, Ohio

In making salads, do not chop your meats and celery in a chopping bowl—cut into the desired sized pieces with scissors. This is quicker, neater and cleaner than the old way.

—

HINT FOR FISHERMEN

By H. T. R., Chillicothe, Ohio

Take water in which walnut hulls have soaked over night and pour it on a spot of ground. In a very few hours the fishing worms will come to the surface, and can be easily secured for your expedition.

—

CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

By Nettie E. Foster, Warren, Mass.

Sleeplessness is often caused by the head being exposed to the cold, while the rest of the body is warm. In nine cases out of ten, if the head is covered with a silk handkerchief, it will induce the much desired sleep.

—

RUGS THAT CREEP

By Daisy Brown, Bloomington, Wis.

To keep an art square or ingrain rug smoothly on the floor, place under it an old carpet a trifle smaller than the rug. Tack the corners of the under one to the floor if desired; the upper one will cling to it and keep its place much better than if laid on the bare floor.

—

RELIEVES EAR-ACHE

By Mrs. Kate Finch, Owego, N. Y.

Put two or three live coals in an old teacup and sprinkle granulated sugar over them. Place a funnel over it, and let the steam and smoke go into the ear through the tube or neck of the funnel. It cannot injure the ear, and always affords relief quickly. I hope this may be printed for the sake of some suffering one.

—

TO COLOR PUTTY

By J. A. Halstead, Wellsville, N. Y.

After glass is put in and the putty properly smoothed off, take a fine bristle brush and dust on a goodly quantity of dry paint powder, using the same color as sash is painted (lampblack is most commonly used, as that is the color of most sash). Be careful to have paint powder cover all parts of putty. Tip sash up and dust off surplus. The oil in the putty retains enough of the powder to make it the color of it. The powder also absorbs the oil that is on the glass. This is a much better way than using oil paint.

THE HAPPY HABIT

MAYTIME brings happy reminders of the charm of music, with all nature attuned. There is a harmony in the forest sigh, and a gentle cadence in the nodding May flowers that sing into one's soul without audible word or sound. We just feel musical, talk musical, and greet each other more harmoniously than at any other time in the year, appreciating more fully the part which music plays in human affairs.

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Years ago, on a Dakotan prairie, a village of two hundred people gathered on the verdant sod to build "a city." Winter came, and the blizzards shut them in their crude shanties and sod huts as effectually as Noah was sealed into his ark, but in that little community were a few sturdy pioneers who had come from the Middle West and New England to found new homes upon Dakota prairies. There was a fine social atmosphere among those dwellers on the banks of the James, and every day there was something on the bulletin in "Doc's" drug store, despite the hungry winds that sifted in the snow and howled through the houses and down the ridges of snowbanks that indicated streets and boulevards—on the map Cantatas and oratorios were rendered, ballad concerts were given alternately, with debates and literary entertainments in the newly-built court house, standing out alone like a beacon-light on the prairie. There was real talent—latent and already cultivated—among those pioneer settlers; some there were who in early days had studied at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. True, there were few legal transactions in that court house, but it was utilized for the public good, and became a veritable temple of "the immortal Nine." Those who attended the winter evening rehearsals of the oratorios—"The Messiah," "Elijah," "Belshazzar" and others—will never forget the happiness of those hours employed in the preparation and rendering of magnificent music—applauded by vociferous yells from the cowboys of the Coteaus, as well as the hearty approbation of "home folks," to whom, by attending frequent rehearsals, the musical phrases had become as familiar as their own names.

* * * * *

The mention of music calls up visions of a mother patiently teaching the score day after day to her scholars, beating time with unwearied pencil, counting "one-two-three" until hoarse, yet always enthusiastic in those long hours of effort, if she could see some sign of talent in her pupils—some of whom have since advanced to prominent places in the musical world.

These personal memories inspire a life-long interest in all musical institutions reflecting the enthusiasm of that mother whose foresight prophesied that musical achievement would prove a vital force in the development of the nation. She held it a patriotic and sacred duty to bring out and develop latent talent and love of music in the hearts of the people, deeming it a more powerful factor than the enactment of laws; for are not laws the outgrowth of sentiment, and is not sentiment fundamentally created by musical ideals?

In great emergencies, in sweeping national catastrophes music has always been employed to encourage the people, to stimulate them to renewed effort, or to appeal to the sympathies of the more prosperous citizens. Illustrating this point, the sons of the patient little music teacher all remember when that mother returned from her first trip to Europe. They eagerly gathered around her as she told them of voyaging on a sailing vessel, and how at a port where the ship had stopped en route, the sailors were kept hard at work for ten hours, unloading a heavy cargo. At evening a breeze had sprung up, and the captain was most anxious to get the sails set and take advantage of the favoring wind. He ordered all hands on deck to loose the great mainsail. The weary men, who had been handling cargo all day, came from their hammocks, and on learning what was expected of them, flatly refused; a mutiny was imminent. The passengers stood in frightened groups on the after deck, while the captain and mates took up their station beneath the great yardarm. The bo'sun joined them, but the sailors were obdurate, and stood with folded arms behind the big dark-browed, weather-beaten mariner who was the ringleader.

The third mate, a jolly, rollicking sailor, with a mass of yellow curls beneath his nautical cap, stepped forward, threw off his coat and laying hold of the "main sheet," began to sing a favorite sailors' chorus:—

"*Who stole the boots?*
Who stole the boots?
Who stole the boots?
Paddy Murphy, Oh."

The bo'sun promptly fell in and helped pull, the men passengers followed, and before "Paddy Murphy, Oh" had died away, every sailor was pulling with might and main, except the sour-faced leader, who spent the night in irons, "with no music in his soul,"—so mother said.

The music teacher was quick to see in this incident the power of her favorite art, even on sailors who were so weary that for the moment they had forgotten that the welfare of the passengers depended on them. In after years she often said that if the stirring refrain of a sea-song, mingling with the swish of the waves, could subdue a mutiny and the weariness of the day in part, what might not music accomplish in the uplift of humanity and the soothing of vexatious national discord; for waves of melody have a compelling power to dissipate discontent.

* * * * *

IN the history of every nation the power of music has been demonstrated. There was a time when the "Marseillaise" had to be suppressed in France, because the people went wild over that stirring hymn. There was a time when the singing of certain old national airs was forbidden by law in Ireland; and in Scotland the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" songs were placed under a ban, in the hope that the "king o'er the water" would be forgotten.

The power of music is ever growing—a time may come when all things vexatious can be subdued by waves of harmony, as David exorcised the evil spirit from King Saul by the sweet melodies he drew from his harp. Music is itself the very type of peace and harmony. Observe a great orchestra: every wave of the baton means something; there must be absolute unity of purpose, and no instrument must deviate by a single note, for each is essential to the harmony of the whole; even the lark notes of the piccolo would be missed by the leader—it is a perfect example of many people working for one grand, common purpose.

The development of music has a sociological aspect, for when this nation finds expression in a distinctive national music, then will it understand how to harmonize conflicting elements gathered within its boundaries. No other art can amalgamate so many widely-differing races. The foreigner will become truly American in thought and habits when he can come to our shores and find here a music that has in it the heart glow of a young and prosperous nation, syncopated in merry or sad plantation songs and in the deep minor wail of the red man of the forest, carried on to perfect harmony in the sweeping chords that tell of the wide plains and the canyons where the winds echo; where the very heart of a nation responds to the master hand in sweeping the harp-strings with the tale of its achievements and dreams, of its remote and mysterious past. The lavish gifts of the Creator to this land of ours can never be expressed in words, but that supreme generosity, and our appreciation thereof, may be rendered in tones—with rich, sweeping chords and sweet minor cadences.

Lying dormant somewhere in our country may be this power—latent among the students of music—the mighty genius for which the nation waits; who will show us, as has been said by a modern writer, not "how cleverly the American can imitate European modes of expression," but rather "what the American has to say for himself, for his nation, for *us*, through the medium of his art," voicing "the youthful, optimistic, heroic spirit of a new land." Music peculiar to our nation is slowly crystalizing out of the folk songs of many races of adopted citizenship that merge into American individuality. The mighty touch of music will evoke deathless melodies and harmonies, distinctively American in character, and portraying and bringing to life those subtle forces which no painter can limn, no historian describe, but which Music can always express, coming straight from the soul of a master directly into the hearts of the people.

* * * * *

IN prosperous times the spirit of envy creeps upon the individual when he sees his neighbor apparently thriving better than himself and possessing a hundred things that he would like to possess. Manufacturing concerns find that payrolls creep up in a fashion that is not justified by the returns, and money thus paid out and not adequately returned is just as reprehensible an extravagance as any other; but for all such trouble adjustment will come, because there is work to be done in the world for every man who is willing to do it. The greatest benefactor of his time and race is the man who will work not only for the just distribution of material wealth, but who does his part toward creating the means of adding to it and making happiness possible in the joy of work and in gratefulness to a kind Providence.

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THE ideas and impulses of youthful writers are almost always contrary to older methods and customs; they have the hot breath of youth in them, and are sent forth with the ardent desire to attract attention. Oftentimes the easiest and cheapest way to acquire notoriety is to attack some time-honored institution. One of the greatest curses of the time is the demagogue who plays to the gallery, not only in literature, but in business. His success is based on an appeal to passion and prejudice; the quickest way to obtain results — that is, bad results.

The true reformer who quietly pursues his honest purpose does not require the blare of trumpets to make his work known; it will speak for itself in time. The honest man needs no herald to proclaim the character of his work. When you hear the blare of a trumpet, blown by an individual in his own praise, don't be deafened or dazzled by the display, but look rather to see what good work he is actually doing.

The mental attitude of our time is critical. We are always going up a ladder of unending evolution. Heretofore, the striking, audacious man, no matter what he proposed, even if it were no more useful to humanity than standing on his head and kicking his heels in the air, could always attract attention; but now people are beginning to see that the real basis of progress and helpfulness is the man who goes conscientiously toward an unselfish purpose, obeying the wholesome impulse to do some useful work, rather than seeking to shatter confidence in institutions that are quietly serving their purpose, pending the inauguration of something better.

A scandal pervades the newspapers: a banker or man of affairs has gone wrong—one man perhaps out of thousands—but the other innocent nine hundred and ninety-nine who go right are never heard of; their merit is never recognized. We forget their qualities of honesty, patience, endurance. More and more these qualities are coming to the front, whether it be in the enrolled "happy habiter," or in those who are happy habiters without realizing the fact, just going about doing good deeds, blooming quietly in some sequestered corner, dispensing hope and cheer to all who come in contact with them, making the wide world better and sweeter because of their radiant helpfulness.

STATE HOUSE OF MASSACHUSETTS

By JOHN E. JONES

THE first General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts met at the old State House in Boston October 25, 1780. Shortly after the issuing of the Declaration of Independence, a convention was held for the purpose of adopting a form of constitution "for the State of Massachusetts Bay." This was submitted to the people and rejected.

The constitution provides that the supreme executive magistrate shall be styled "the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," and his title is defined as "His Excellency." There is nowhere reference to the term "state," although in common speech the government is so styled. It is interesting to know that of the different state governments of the United States there are but four classed under the title of "Commonwealth"—these being Massachusetts, Kentucky, Virginia and Pennsylvania.

* * *

Rhode Island, New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts are the only state governments that provide for an annual legislative session. In New York the governor and senators are elected for two years and the representatives for one year; New Jersey elects its governor and senators for three years, and its representatives for one year; Rhode Island and Massachusetts elect all their officials, including the governor and members of the legislature for but one year, and agitation to lengthen the term of office has not been a success, the particular reason being that the voters believe they can better protect their rights by an annual resort to the suffrage.

The legislature of Massachusetts is designated as the General Court, and the sessions usually last for about five or six months. Any citizen has the right to demand the attention of the General Court by filing a petition for any legislation he may wish, and this petition need be signed only by himself. Every matter of legislation, no matter how brought to the attention of the General Court is disposed of in some manner before adjournment. There is every protection thrown about the rights of the great masses of people, and the legislator who has to go back and give an accounting to his constituency at least once a year, is compelled—no matter what his individual inclinations may be, to walk a pretty straight path. The result is found in the unusually high class of intelligence and commendable industry as exemplified by the members on Beacon Hill.

* * *

In New York and Pennsylvania, where the services of the legislators may properly be considered on the same basis as in Massachusetts, the members receive fifteen hundred dollars annually, while Kansas, Michigan and Oregon believe that three dollars a day is sufficient for the men who make their laws. States that fix an annual salary vary from one hundred and fifty dollars in Maine, two hundred in New Hampshire, to one thousand dollars in Illinois. The two instances of New York and Pennsylvania are distinct exceptions in high-priced compensation. Nevada pays by the day, and its members receive ten dollars for each day they serve

* * *

Besides the regular legislative sessions Massachusetts provides for a large number of Commissions and Legislative Recess Committees, the latter of which sit during the recess period, for the purpose of giving additional attention and study to the many important questions which are bound to arise in such a thickly populated state, and where there is such a multiplicity of institutions and interests; and these commissions and committees are to be fairly considered as a part of the legislative machinery of the commonwealth. The bulk of legislation of course comes before the regular sessions, while the balance of the year is devoted to the hearings of arguments and consideration of matters of special importance, the result being that at all times the work of constructive legislation is being solved on Beacon Hill, and this fact is perhaps responsible to a large extent for the laws of Massachusetts being copied as models by the legislative bodies throughout the country.

The announcement of the candidacy of Dr. Frank G. Wheatley for the Republican nomination to Congress from the fourteenth district has created a very lively interest among the associates and friends of the genial senator from the first Plymouth district, and in the reading rooms and about the corridors the chances for success of the popular colleague have been threshed out. When his present term has been completed Congressman Lovering will have served twelve years, notwithstanding the repeated assurances of his friends during previous contests that he would not again be a candidate. This term of service exceeds that of any of his predecessors, and the feeling is said to be prevailing throughout the district that his request for re-election is unreasonable.

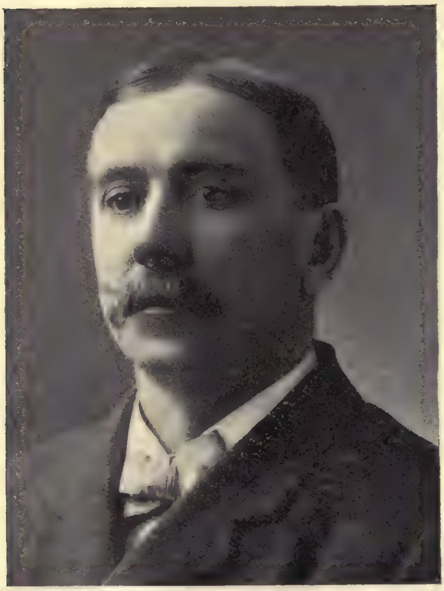


Photo by Purdy

HONORABLE FRANK G. WHEATLEY, STATE SENATOR

It may be safely ventured that it is the popular impression among the Beacon Hill statesmen that Congressman Lovering will have a difficult problem to handle if he maintains his seat in Congress.

Doctor Wheatley first served two years in the House of Representatives where he did splendid work in the lines of general legislation, but more particularly in reference to such matters as pertain to public health. The session of 1907 was his first year in the Senate and he served as chairman on the committee on Public Health, of which committee he had previously been a member while in the House.

Last year he secured the passage of the law creating fifteen inspectors for an equal number of districts in the state, and provided that these inspectors should be men versed in the science of medicine and hygiene, and their duty is to see to it that factories and public buildings are sanitary in every particular, to the end that every factory employee and every pupil in the public schools may be sure of a healthy environment. Under the terms of the act tuberculosis is to receive special attention. This law, which has been on the statutes for some months, early demonstrated its value and its beneficial results are already apparent.

* * *

There have been some very interesting hearings before the committee on Insurance since the session opened, and the interest felt throughout the commonwealth in the pending legislation along insurance lines, naturally has drawn attention to Senator Wheatley, who was a member of the special recess committee that drafted the famous House bill number 250, taking up some of the most important insurance matters that have been before the General Court in many years. The proposed legislation seeks to remedy some of the practices of mutual insurance companies, and to provide a way for an equitable distribution of dividends of those companies, and it is clearly pointed out in the report of the committee that the policy holder insuring an axtra hazardous risk receives more than their "fair share of the original premium paid for insurance," while with the old-line companies, which have not carried risks on farm property to any extent are given a chance, if the new legislation prevails, to enter into that field of business, and afford necessary protection to the farmer and his property.

Changes are also made in the manner of writing automobile insurance, providing for a form of policy that will cover losses whether resulting from fire, explosion, collisions or otherwise.

Doctor Wheatley has for many years been a practising physician in North Abington and since 1892 has been identified with Tufts

Medical School where he has been, and still is, Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. Since he became connected with the institution, he has witnessed its remarkable growth—whereas, there were seventy-five students in 1892, there are this year 600 persons enrolled.

Senator Wheatley occasionally addresses the Senate and when he participates in a discussion his views are advanced with great force and thought. But his best work has been done among committees, a place where the practiced legislator soon discovers that in taking an earnest part in the preliminary shaping of laws that he is better able to secure results, than on the floor, where there is usually but one of two things to be done: either to kill or pass the measure. There is perhaps no man in the State House whose judgment is more respected and whose views are more sought than those of Doctor Wheatley. He has very naturally risen to the position of authority upon many matters, and his judgment goes a long way in shaping legislative opinion.

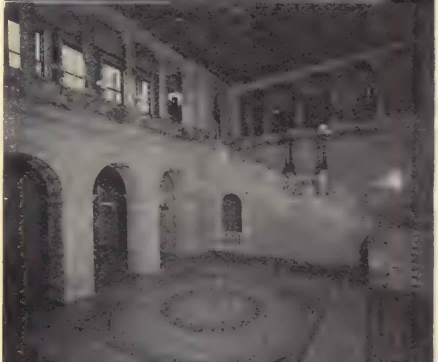
* * *

One morning early in March, I had the good fortune to meet Representative Joseph E. Beals of Middleboro, on an occasion when he was free from committee service, and to say that it was a pleasant hour is putting it mildly.

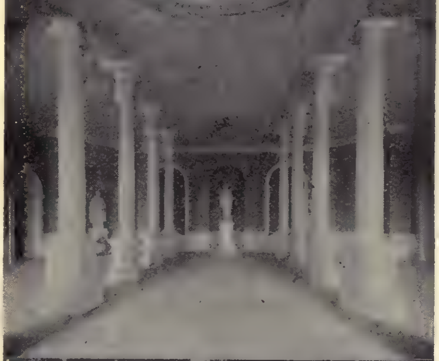
Mr. Beals is of the rugged type of New Englander that descends from the best Pilgrim stock, and he traces a lineal descent from Elder Robert Cushman, who was one of the gentlemen who organized the Mayflower Expedition and embarked from England on that good ship. Fearing for the safety of the party he with others abandoned the voyage, to go later to America. In his geneaology Representative Beals is much interested—and why not? Because he is also a descendant of Miles Standish, John Alden and his Priscilla, whose names will ever freshen the sweetest sentiments of the early Colonial days. George Soule, George Sampson, Isaac Allerton, all passengers of the Mayflower, are among the ancestors of Representative Beals, and Mr. Beals likes to spend some of his time in the work of the Mayflower Descendants and New England Historical Societies.

Despite his seventy-four years, the Middleboro representative is active and energetic,

Senate Reading Room



Grand Stairway



Doric Hall, a beauty spot of the capitol

Speaker's Room

and is rounding out a long and useful life, serving in a modest way the town of his birth, in which he has spent his entire life.

In his home town he looks after the waterworks, and the system in operation in Middleboro is directly due to his careful supervision, as he has been in charge of the plant and its operation ever since it was installed.

Nearly thirty-five years ago he organized the Public Library and has ever since been a trustee and has for all these years been connected with the administration of this public institution. Middleboro has a $50,000 library building which he helped build, and more than $50,000 worth of books are on its shelves. Much of the success of the library is due to Mr. Beals. It will be recalled that at the time of his death Thomas S. Pierce, left numerous bequests to the amount of $600,000 to Middleboro, and the funds for the library were received as a part of the bequests.

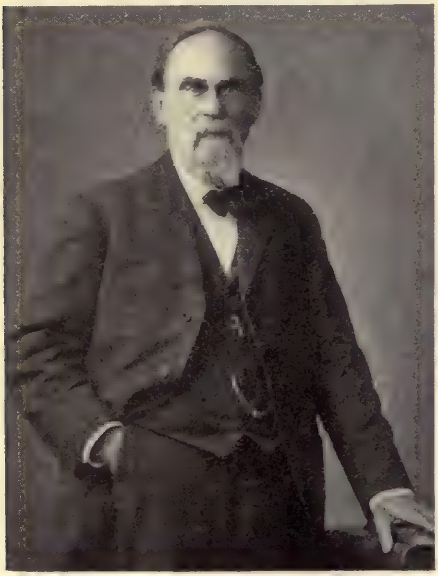


Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH E. BEALS

In his legislative work Mr. Beals has been a splendid representative of his community, but he says that the precedent established is that no representative can serve more than two terms, and he expects that this will be his last year on Beacon Hill. Nineteen years ago he organized and has since developed a prosperous co-operative bank at Middleboro, and he employs a couple of clerks to assist him in his work. Each night and morning he is engaged with them, going daily to and from the Massachusetts State House.

* * *

Although serving his first term as Representative and while still quite new to the work of the General Court, Representative Elmer L. Curtiss, of Hingham, has already made a strong impression upon his associates, and when he occupied the attention of the House in his speech upon the Public Opinion bill, it was understood that he was one of the spokesmen for the committee on Election Laws, and his argument attracted close attention from the members; likewise his speech in reference to the Sunday question was received with distinct favor. Mr. Curtiss favors the most liberal laws for the Sabbath in reference to matters affecting the recreation and health of the people, but is opposed to any laws that favor or smack of legalizing commercialism, and in his address in the House very clearly set forth his views. The subject of industrial education is one that will command especial attention from Mr. Curtiss, and he told me of the pleasure he had in visiting the textile school at Lowell with his committee. Although now a practicing attorney in Boston, Mr. Curtiss spent eight years as a teacher, and went to Hingham in the capacity of superintendent of schools. He is now, and has been for several years, a member of the school committee for his town. The member from Hingham impresses one as a student, and I was not surprised to learn that such subjects as Political Science and the Labor question, and the administration of cities, are among the things that take up to a large extent the hours of his leisure, which are largely given over to study. In conversation he pointed out the reasons for his acknowledged prejudice against interference by the state in the local government of Boston, and his views are of the most optimistic nature. He points out the serious danger of going too fast, and holds the view that American cities are now passing through a period already long experienced in the cities of Germany and England, where the governing boards are constituted of three or four times as many representatives as found in the Common Council and Board of Aldermen of Boston. The strength of local self-government, Mr. Curtiss contends, lies solely in arousing the civic conscience, and this has been successfully accomplished in Europe and will follow in natural sequence in our American cities. It is said that Mr. Curtiss' private library is one of the finest in his section of the state, and nearly sixteen hundred volumes constitute the collection; of these three hundred are books of United States history, and it is doubtful if many public libraries can compare successfully with Mr. Curtiss' collection. The Representative is giving his best energies to the commonwealth and the people who have chosen him, and it is safe to say that he will rapidly grow to become one of the strong representatives on Beacon Hill.

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Somewhere I have read that "it is the little things in life that count," and the expression flashed through my mind as I sat one pleasant afternoon on a great leather couch in the Senate corridor enjoying a pleasant chat with Senator Jenney. A young lady of perhaps sixteen passed us in company with a party of her girl friends, and there was a pleasing recognition between her and the gentleman at my side. "That's my daughter," said the Senator, and in that moment of recognition between the two and in the information given by the Senator I gained an insight into the character of the august statesman that made me feel—and I will always remember the incident—because then and there I got to *know* Charles Jenney; and my opinion is that the general verdict that gives to the Senator the reputation of being a great big-hearted, and good man, is correct. Senator Jenney is a practicing attorney at Hyde Park, and has taken a prominent part in the affairs of his town, and has served in many ways to the credit of himself and his people. In 1886 he was a member of the House, and with one exception was the youngest member. Twenty-one years later he returned to Beacon Hill as a senator, and is now serving his second year. He has no hobbies or pet notions to exploit in legislation, but he is chairman of the committee on Judiciary, and the position means hard work and careful study. All labor bills have been referred to this committee and in the General Court this class of bills require about as much attention as anything that is liable to come before the legislature. Senator Jenney is a lecturer in the Boston University Law

Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE ELMER L. CURTISS

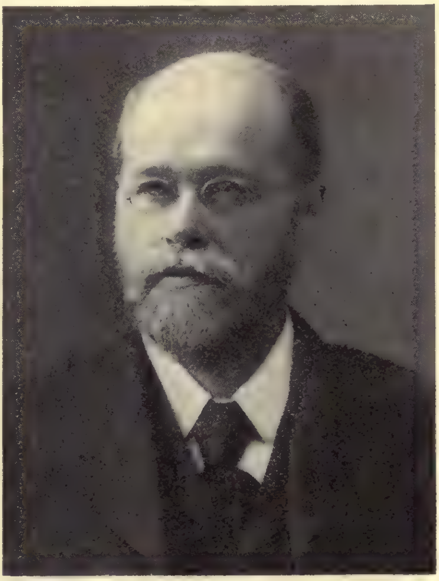

Photo by Chickering

HONORABLE CHARLES F. JENNEY, STATE SENATOR

School, and is president of the Alumni Association of his school. He is undoubtedly one of the men most valuable to the legislative branch of the state government.

* * *

I heard an interesting story the other day at the State House concerning Representative Louis E. Flye, of Holbrook, which is a keynote to the character of this young man who is one of the most popular representatives at the State House.

It is remembered that five or six years ago, Representative Fred O. Macartney, of Rockland, champion of the Socialistic cause, had become somewhat of a "terror" in debate. Imagine the surprise of this old warrior when he was challenged to meet Mr. Flye who had barely become of age. The interest in the debate was so intense that the admission was limited and tickets were distributed in advance, the hall was filled and when the evening was finished, the Rockland veteran and Socialistic found himself wiped off the map in the face of the incontrovertible argument advanced by Mr. Flye.

Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE LOUIS E. FLYE

Within a month from his twenty-first birthday, Representative Flye became a public office holder and was elected town clerk of Holbrook. He is now serving his second term in the State House and last year made two or three effective speeches in relation to the Shoe Machinery bill, having much to do with the final legislation in the interest of shoe manufacturers. Representative Flye has also taken a prominent interest in better street railways and better laws regulating the operation of them.

He occupies a handsome suite of offices in Boston and has been a successful practitioner at the bar. You would hardly believe that this young man in only twenty-seven years could have already made so interesting a record.

This year he is a member of the committee on Street Railways and it is an assured thing that he will not disappoint the predictions of his admiring friends and constituents who believe there is a brilliant career ahead of him.

* * *

One finds in the legislative branch of the state government all the various types of citizenship which a great state can produce. There is the city man from the select ward or from sections steeped with political corruption, and then again there are the representatives from the smaller places and outlying districts, and in the framing of legislation it may be fairly said that these latter classes bring a powerful influence to bear upon the business of the different sessions, largely for the reason that they are able to take a broader view and a stronger grasp upon matters than the man who jostles with the crowds of a great city. Joseph J. Shepherd, with whom I spent a good part of one morning, comes from Pembroke, and has represented a larger territory than any man in the House. He has demonstrated his approval of the Roosevelt doctrine at home, and is the proud father of seven children, and those children through their father and mother's ancestry trace a direct line of descent from John Alden and Priscilla and Miles Standish who typify the best Pilgrim stock that comes to posterity. His is the Second Plymouth district, and it is a splendid region to come from, because since the early days of the Colonies the word Plymouth has meant wonderful things to the American people. Mr. Shepherd is chairman of the committee on Drainage and a member of the committee on Counties. He is interested in opening the harbors of Massachusetts to navigation, and wants to remove a large portion of the dikes at Marshfield, which were placed there nearly forty years ago, and which have been responsible for the filling in of the harbor, and then after the dike has been taken out he would have the commonwealth do a modest amount of work that will make this a splendid harbor of refuge for boats in case of storm. He points out that whereas there was formerly fourteen feet of water at this point that it is now practically filled in, but that the removal of the dike would give the forces of the sea a chance to restore the natural channel that formerly existed, and a small expenditure of money and labor would do the rest. It is interesting to know that the old home of Daniel Webster adjoins the proposed Marshfield improvements and that the removal of the dikes would overflow the lowlands of the old estate, and the waters coming in would re-cover the lands formed by the sea since Webster in the days of his glory lived at Marshfield.

Mr. Shepherd is prominently mentioned in his home for county commissioner and his friends wish him success. He has made a careful study of matters connected with the prevention of forest fires which have done great damage in his locality, and served as a warden, and was of great assistance to State Forester F.W. Rane in framing legislation that was passed along this line. He has had considerable to do with perfecting systems of fire protection, particularly with reference to forests, and his town has set a commendable example by providing three fire wagons, supplied with extinguishers and water cans. Mr. Shepherd in his quiet way has done good work, and his community feels a pride in the service he has performed.

From the Senate Gallery I witnessed Senator Vahey's great fight against capital punishment. The Chamber was filled and whether senators and spectators agreed with Mr. Vahey or not, made little difference in the admiration they evinced towards the man—there was in that gathering a splendid tribute to the qualities which the senator possesses, and these qualities are demonstrated whether it be in debate—in which he is magnificent, or in the ordinary affairs of legislative life on Beacon Hill. Rather tall, graceful, slightly bronzed, with clear-cut features and a prominent forehead surmounted by locks "black as the raven's," and with dark penetrating eyes; the senator naturally strikes a poise of ease, and he reinforces it with the kind of oratory that is a gift, and cannot be acquired. His plea for the abolition of the death penalty springs from the heart, and there is a convincing earnestness in what he says. Last year he won in the Senate, but his bill for a modification of the death penalty was defeated in the House. This year he came within three votes of passing a bill through the Senate for the total abolition of the death penalty. The question naturally is of vital interest to Mr. Vahey as he conducted the trial of one of the most celebrated murder cases in the history of New England, and though he left no stone unturned, his client Charles L. Tucker went to the death chair. In the past eighteen months he has addressed seventy-five gatherings with audiences of from twenty-five to fifteen hundred people in the interest of abolishing this class of laws. He is the head and front of the fight in New England, and perhaps knows more about the subject than any man in the entire eastern portion of the country. He asserts that seven-tenths of the people are opposed to the present statutes, and argues that the death penalty is not a deterrent of crime, but that besides

REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH J. SHEPHERD

being contrary to all forms of modern civilization that crime has been actually lessened and a greater number of convictions secured in murder cases where the law has been abolished in other states. He will continue to wage his fight, and those who know him best are the most confident that sooner or later he will win his case. Senator Vahey is thirty-six years of age, and has been a lawyer since the day following his twenty-first birthday. He has opposed all legislation in the interests of the great corporations which he believed to be unworthy of support, and last year fired the first gun against the merger of the two great New England railroads. He has been elected twice in a Republican district and although a democrat, on one occasion he received a plurality of 1,600 votes. In 1904 he defeated George Fred Williams, who is a sort of political pooh-bah and was elected a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. In his home town of Watertown he has been honored in many ways and has held most of the positions of public trust within the gift of his people. Yielding to the urgent demands of leading representatives of his party in the Senate and House, Senator Vahey has consented to become a candidate for the democratic nomination for Governor in the coming campaign, and from all parts of the state the announcement is meeting with hearty expressions of approval, and there seems little doubt but what he will be the choice of his party. He will be a formidable candidate.

Photo by Marceau

HONORABLE JAMES H. VAHEY, STATE SENATOR

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The measure passed last year providing for a sliding scale in prices to gas consumers in the city of Boston has been so satisfactory, that Representative Hultman, of Quincy, may be found among the strongest advocates of such a measure for the entire state, and in characteristic manner the representative is giving close attention to every detail connected with the legislation and its enactment. He points out that the reduction of fifteen cents in the price of gas in Boston in two years and besides this the safeguards thrown around investors by the legislation, demonstrates that the present local law should become a general measure. Mr. Hultman is chairman of the Water Supply Committee and did effective work last year as peacemaker in the Lynn Water bill, upon which there was a considerable fight, but which was all eventually arranged satisfactorily to everyone concerned. A measure in which he has taken active interest is the water metre law which he reported last session, and which went into effect last January. This provides that water flowing through all new connections, and in addition five per cent. of the old connections in the Metropolitan district shall be metered each year and Mr. Hultman will resist all attempts to repeal this measure, as it seems to be meeting with opposition from the Boston City Hall. The representative took an active part in defense of the Public Opinion measure last year, and his position attracted considerable attention. Among legislation that he wants for Quincy is an extension of the boulevard system, and he is likely to get about all he is after in this direction. In rumaging about I found that as far back as 1896 while attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Mr. Hultman prepared a thesis in reference to making a great railroad terminal point at Park Square in Boston, to relieve the congested conditions of railroad travel, and it is strange—perhaps, that his exact suggestions were embodied in the recommendations of the Railroad Commissioners only last year. It demonstrates, at least, the feasibility of one of the contentions put forth by Mr. Hultman in his work as a civil engineer. The representative is a worker, and prefers the quiet method of "talking it over" in the corridors and reading rooms, but he sometimes speaks upon the floor, and in things in which he is interested the legislature never fails to be informed as to the Hultman view of the matter. He will be a candidate for the Senate this fall, and will undoubtedly be the choice of his city, and his friends hope for his advancement

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Three years in the House and "present" at every roll call except one, is a pretty good record; and added to that a personal acquaintanceship with practically every member of the General Court, which is a body of 280 men—these are things that can be truthfully said of Representative Arthur L. Nason, of Haverhill. Mr. Nason is a member of the committee on Roads and Bridges and clerk of the committee on Parishes and Religious Societies, and while giving close attention to committee matters yet he is creating a lively interest this session in his measure to investigate the sanitary conditions of the good old Merrimac river. The shoe machinery law of last session was a measure upon which he put in full time, and exercised every effort possible in its behalf, and the valuable work of the representative at that time has been fully appreciated by his colleagues on Beacon Hill and by his constituency. Representative Nason takes part in some of the debates on the floor, and made a strong hit with his remarks anent shoe machinery affairs. Recently he has been the guest of some of the yacht clubs and has discussed his sanitary proposals for the Merrimac. His idea for the initial work is to secure an appropriation of four thousand dollars for an investigation to be made by the state Board of Health, and it is strange to say that there is opposition to the suggestion. A measure for the reclassification of the northeast Essex Court also bears interest from the fact that the location is so close to the New Hampshire line that a large amount of its business is traceable to the neighboring state.

* * *

The youngest member of the House of Representatives is the representative of the greatest property district of Massachusetts, and this gentleman is Representative Bartholomew A. Brickley, of the seventh Boston district, aged twenty-four years and a lawyer by profession. John Quinn, Jr., represented this district for thirteen or fourteen years, and it began to be felt that he would always be a fixture at the State House. His position was thought to be quite unassailable, but the young Mr. Brickley decided to go to the legislature—and so he is there looking after a district filled with the greatest establishments of Boston, starting at Broadway and extending to the Parker House, and running as far east as Atlantic Avenue. It is the heart of Boston, and includes all its great department stores, many principal hotels, and wholesale and retail establishments almost without number, and even the Common is in the district. Mr. Brickley has already been heard upon the floor of the House, and has shown that he thinks for himself and proposes to obey his own conscience, for he has not hesitated to dissent from the report of his committee on Legal Affairs in reference to the "Sunday Law" legislation. He believes in a liberal interpretation of Sunday observance, and goes on record as favoring harmless sports such as base ball and the like,

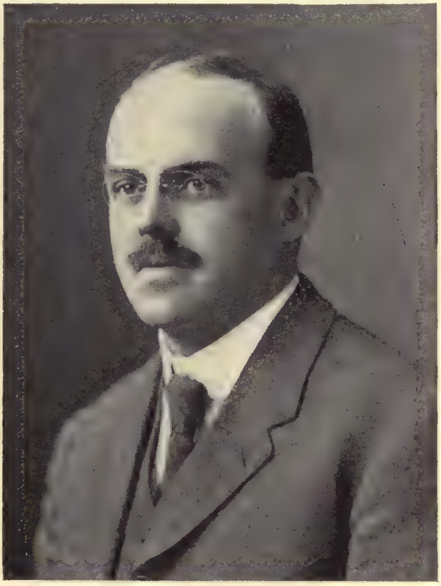
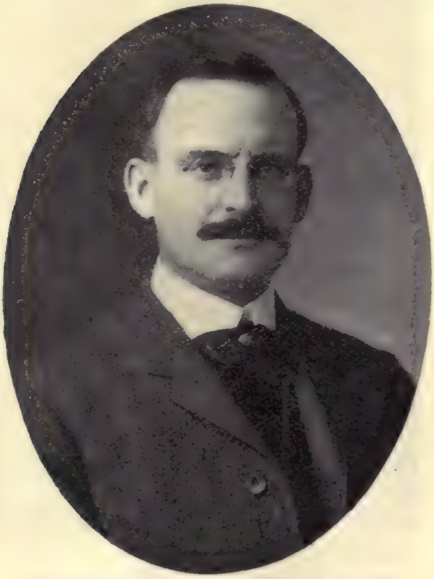


Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE EUGENE C. HULTMAN

and in fact all kindred games and pastimes where the commercial spirit is absent. He was one of the spokesmen for his committee in defending the rights of the owners of lunch carts, and these important accessories to commercial life won their victory in the House by an overwhelming vote. Representative Brickley is a democrat, attended Boston College and finished at Gonzaga College and the Georgetown University Law School. He is a member of the Catholic Knights and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a strong debator, and has a pleasing personality, and makes friends and keeps them, because he is deserving of them. One of the Beacon Hill statesmen in speaking of the new member, was heard to remark: "There is a young man who has started right, who is willing to fight for his principles, and he has come to the House on his merits—he will make good." And such in a measure serves to give one a fairly correct idea of the man who has sprung into prominence partially because he was able to swing the seventh district.



REPRESENTATIVE ARTHUR L. NASON

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The committee on Ways and Means is a busy one, and if the ideas of its clerk William Dean, are accepted, it will become an even more important function of the state government than it now is. Mr. Dean was a member of the recess committee and has brought in a minority report providing for permanent sessions the year round for the Ways and Means Committee. His argument in support of his contention is that the committee does not get the time during the legislative session to properly look into all public questions as it ought, and he contends that if the committee held sessions throughout the entire year that it could pass upon many matters which are now but hurriedly gone over, and such a thing as the passing or signing of an unconstitutional measure would become very improbable. He believes that a carefully selected committee would be one of the greatest aids to the legislative and executive branches of the state government that could possibly be provided. Mr. Dean is vigorously advocating this change as he believes it would be a great reform in the management of the affairs of the state. Among the ablest defenders of the Public Opinion bill was Mr. Dean, and while he does not occupy much time in the debates, yet he is to be classed among the strongest of Beacon Hill law-makers, and whether it be in the committees or on the floor of the House, there is no mistaking his position when he is interested in a measure. In his city of Taunton he has been a successful practioner at the bar, and has also given a a good deal of attention to extensive real estate interests. There is a strong sentiment that the State Senator should come from his city this year, and if it does it is safe to say that the district will be represented by "Senator" William M. Dean at the next session. Mr. Dean has served three years on Beacon Hill, and his only bill has been one relative to the dissolution of attachments. But for all that he has always been a busy member, and has helped to make into laws the good suggestions that have appealed to him, while he has likewise had a hand in the killing of many unwise propositions. At home he stands for the advancement of Taunton's interests, and is doing all he possibly can to create a healthy public spirit, and to secure new industries for the place.

* * *

One of the progressive first-year members who is making a creditable record in the General Court is Representative Frederic H. Hilton, of Framingham. Mr. Hilton has long been identified with the best interests of his city, and has been active in the affairs of the Board of Trade, and has always stood ready to bear his part in anything tending toward the advancement of the constituency he now represents. He is a member of a law firm doing a large business, and maintaining offices in Boston, Lynn and Framingham. There was an interesting contest over the Sunday Photographers bill, and Mr. Hilton had in charge the report of his committee in the House. The committee gave an adverse report upon the measure permitting photographers to conduct their business on the Sabbath, and following a most interesting discussion it seemed likely that the committee report might be overturned by a few votes. At this point Mr. Hilton exhibited his capacity for diplomatic action by offering an amendment to the original bill permitting photography on the Sabbath when done entirely for pleasure and without pay. This happy solution of the tangle was a practical victory for the representative and his committee, and passed by a large vote. He has consistently opposed all legislation tending to increase labor on the Lord's day, but believes that innocent forms of outdoor amusement should be allowed on Sunday, particularly for the benefit of the great number of people living in the congested districts of cities. The small loan sharks with their iniquitous practices have found a foe in Mr. Hilton, and he has fathered some valuable legislation to prevent some of the well-known evils that have been familiar to many people in the cities where these institutions thrive. He has still another measure to prohibit minors visiting amusement places where questionable pictures are exhibited by means of moving-picture slot machines.

Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE BARTHOLOMEW A. BRICKLEY

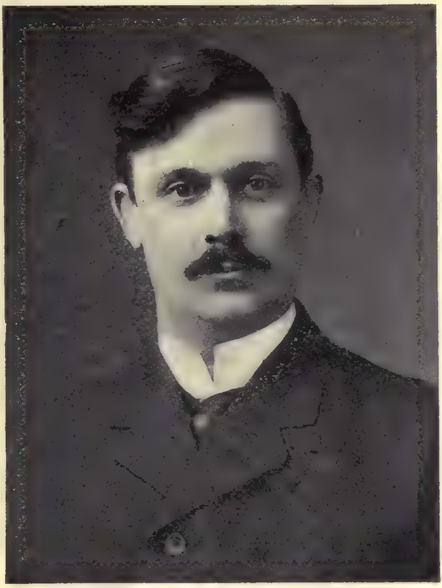


Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM M. DEAN

This is the first public position ever held by Representative Hilton, but he is rapidly becoming recognized as a valuable man on Beacon Hill. In conversation he expressed his belief in the value of the English Compensation Act which provides for compensation in practically every case of personal injury, and it is more than likely that the legislature will take up this question in the same practical manner as has been done across the waters. The committee on Legal Affairs has been one of the most active of any of the legislative committees, and Mr. Hilton has given his closest attention to the hearings, and in these hearings as well as the deliberations of the committee he has done his best work, thus far this session, although his occassional participation in affairs on the floor have likely brought him the greater prominence. It is safe to say that all reasonable labor measures that may favorably effect the interests of the workingman will find a warm friend and supporter in the Framingham representative, as he has a strong interest in the causes for which the more advanced classes of laborers are contending.

Photo by Chickering

REPRESENTATIVE FRANK H. HILTON

* * *

There are many young men in the House, and Representative Daniel H. Morgan, of Springfield is one of them. He is a graduate from Yale, and he radiates the "spirit" of that famous institution. If he is not *For* a measure then it may be taken for a certainty that he is *Against* it, because his is not a passive temperament. Mr. Morgan is an aide-de-camp on Governor Guild's staff, with the rank of captian, and delights somewhat in the ceremonial functions. In reference to legislation he has had much to do with matters before the committee on Banks and Banking, of which he is clerk, and he has a positive dislike to any legislation which tends to give trust companies and financial institutions undue power, and when the proposition came up to permit trust companies to establish numerous branch offices he protested and raised the "Yale yell," or something equally as emphatic by way of protest. Mr. Morgan takes the view that the bills in reference to financial matters need careful watching, as the opportunities for graft and undue power are great in improper measures along this line, and as his committee is a careful one this general view is perhaps responsible for the great care taken in their recommendations for legislation. In 1906 Representative Morgan entered the field for his nomination in a double district in which there were five candidates, and led his colleagues by seventy votes. Upon the death of his father in 1903 he took charge of the large business interests left by his parent, and manages some of the best real estate in the city of Springfield. He takes an interest in matters pertaining to the militia and is a member of Colonel Pierce's staff of the second regiment. The people of Springfield will no doubt appreciate the faithful service of their member, and it would not be surrpising to soon find him occupying more important positions of public trust.

REPRESENTATIVE DANIEL H. MORGAN

THE MECHANIC'S BUILDING, BOSTON, WHERE THE GREAT FOOD FAIR AND HOUSE-FURNISHING EXPOSITION IS HELD

TRIUMPH OF INDOOR ADVERTISING

By FLYNN WAYNE

SOME years ago there was a meeting of subscribers of the National Magazine at the Pan-American Exposition. Forty-seven subscribers all told representing every state and territory were enrolled in that party. We had a jolly time together—meeting in the morning—sightseeing in the afternoon—entertainments and the witching illumination at night. The climax of our outing included a trip to Niagara Falls, the same Niagara associated with happy honeymoon trips. That beautiful day will never be forgotten as we just "picnicked" in the park overlooking the great falls—but above the roar of the water rang out the cheery laughter and merriment of the "jolly 47."

That evening a dinner was given by the Natural Food Company in the large circular dining room of one of the fashionable hotels. The gentleman in charge was Mr. C. H. Green. After the banquet the party gathered in the assembly hall and then it was that the ladies of the party—many of whom had never made a speech in their lives—rose to their feet and paid a tribute to the occasion such as made masculine eloquence seem dumb indeed. The women who spoke were home builders and practically interested in house work, and when it came to speaking of house furnishing and household affairs—they knew what they were talking about—while the others of the forty-seven—well they guessed at it.

The quiet young master of ceremonies, Mr. C. H. Green, was born in Albion, Michigan, in 1867. From thence his parents removed to Homer where he attended school until thirteen years of age. He then went into a shoemaker's shop to learn the trade. At sixteen his ambition led him into the retail and wholesale drug business. Later he organized a chemical company for the purpose of manufacturing a product called "Sodio." He left the drug business to go with the Natural Food Company from a conviction that drugs were mere palliatives and that the real fundamental basis of good health was simple and wholesome food, as heralded by the master genius of the late Henry D. Perky.

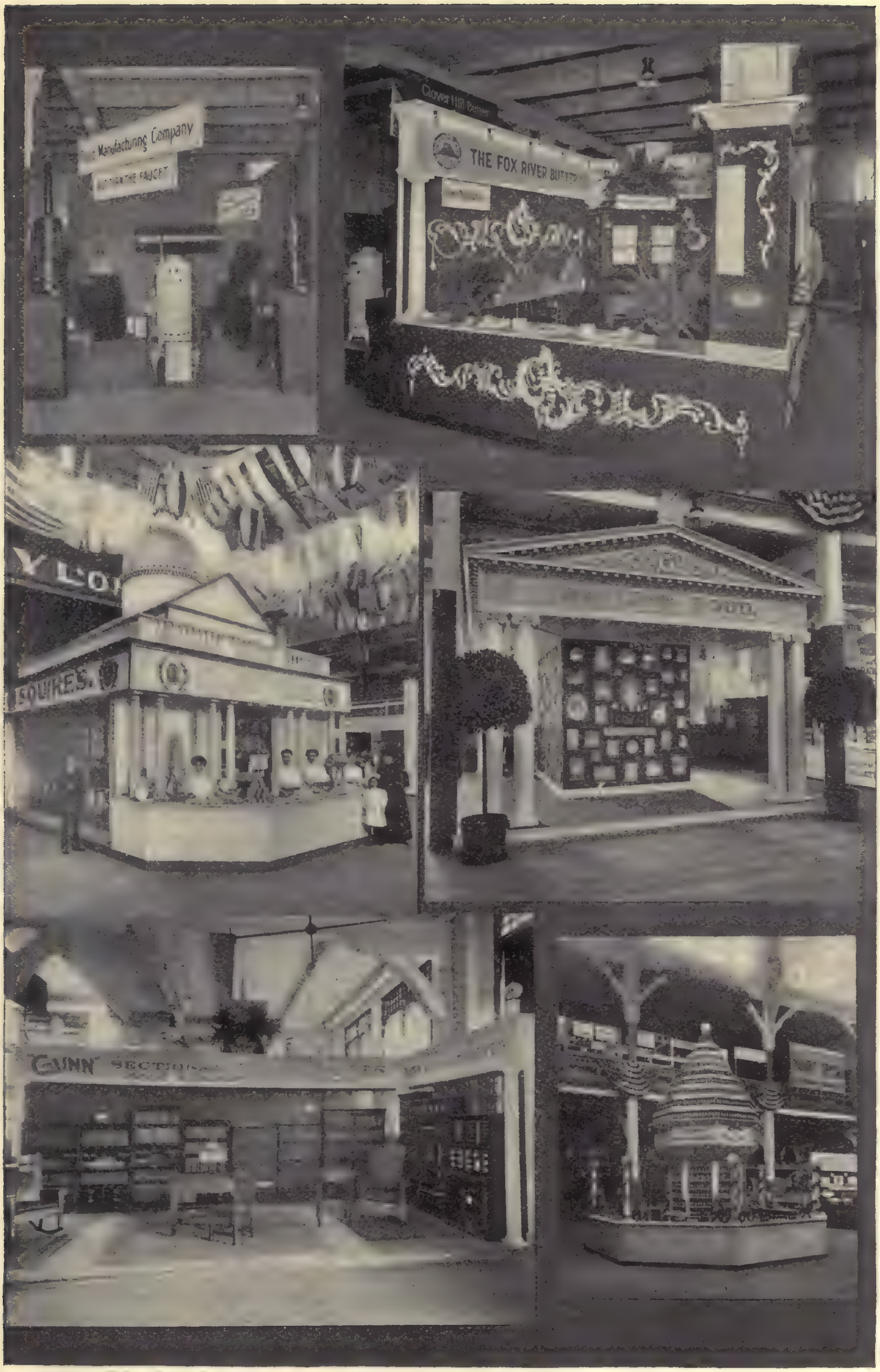
All the time you will observe that Mr. Green was the same close student of those things which concerned the home and the household as at the meeting at Niagara Falls. Some years later in company with Mr. E. J. Rowe, the project of "Indoor Advertising" was first perfected. Food fairs were supplemented with house-furnishing expositions. These expositions were held in New York, Providence, Worcester, Detroit, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington and all had the distinction of proving a great success. The New England Food Fair and House-Furnishing Exposition in 1907 was an unparalleled success. Mechanics building where it was held is the largest exposition building in America and the turnstiles showed that 637,877 people attended in the four weeks that it continued and they were four of the busiest and happiest weeks of the season. This great success made indoor advertising an assured and established branch of publicity for products affecting affairs "indoors and out."

C. H. GREEN

The Food Fair and House Furnishing Exposition in Boston for 1907, evidenced the strong interest which the home people themselves took in the proper extension of the new things calculated to improve and better the home life of the people. This exposition included a wide representation of all those things of interest in house furnishing. In the basement was a real, old-fashioned one ring circus for the boys and girls giving a genuine lively interest in an exposition, exemplifying the home spirit. There did not seem to be one phase of house furnishings and home building that was overlooked in this splendid enterprise. The rush and enthusiasm from the opening to the closing was assuredly gratifying to those in charge.

The Food Fair has been given in Boston for some years. This exposition is given under the auspices of the five hundred members of the Massachusetts Retail Grocers' and Provision Dealers' Association and is the one event for those who make their annual trip to Boston from all parts of the country and meet relatives from all over New England and hold reunions with old friends. The vivid impressions of these happy evenings and afternoons at the expo-

E. J. ROWE



Photos by Chickering, Boston

A FEW OF THE EXHIBITS AT THE NEW ENGLAND FOOD FAIR AND HOUSE-FURNISHING EXPOSITION

sition remain to many of the good people a treasured memory for years to come. There is always, of course, plenty of good music, inexhaustible arrays of new foods and new furnishing to inspect and discuss, in fact, something to interest all the people all the time. The average New England housewife is rather keen on all improvements for the home and when the women rendered their verdict—which is the final tribunal—the "go" of success was emblazoned upon the undertaking.

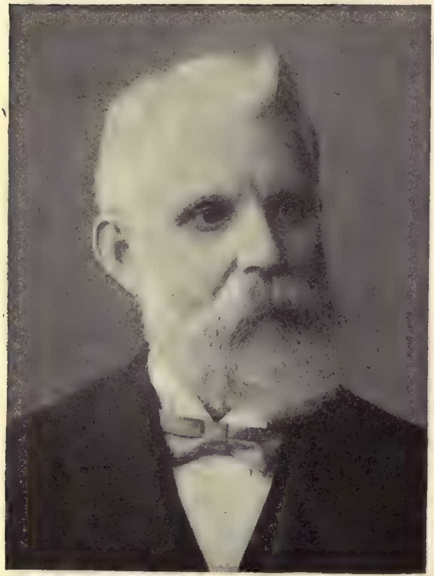


Photo by Chickering

AARON C. DOWSE
Secretary of the New England Food Fair and House-Furnishing Exposition

The Massachusetts Retail Grocers' and Provision Dealers' Association has a membership of over five hundred representing one hundred individual towns and cities throughout Massachusetts. The management of the 1907 fair felt themselves indeed fortunate in securing the services of C. H. Green and E. J. Rowe. Every possible objectionable feature was eliminated and everything done to win the confidence not only of the exhibitors but of the people who attended. Every foot of floor space was utilized and there was a buzz of activity from basement to gallery. Above were the alluring motion pictures, the children's theatre, an old-fashioned inn, a ladies orchestra, the United States Marine Band of Washington, D. C., and the Banda Roma from Rome, Italy. Representative exhibits from three foreign governments as well as many of the prominent manufacturers make it one complete round of interest for the 25,000 average daily attendance.

Mr. A. C. Dowse, Secretary of the Exposition Committee of the Massachusetts Retail Grocers' and Provision Dealers' Association of Massachusetts is one of the best known newspaper men in the state, and has done much towards bringing about the splendid results which these young pioneers of "Indoor Advertising" projected to give Boston the best food and house furnishing exposition ever known in the country.

Mr. Rowe, who by the way, is a Canadian, was formerly in the theatrical business and he knows just how to provide the people with what they want. He was formerly the head of Haverley's Mastodon Minstrels, and was at that time one of the youngest theatrical managers in the country. When this young theatrical manager and Mr. Green joined forces they became managers in the most successful trade expositions ever known in the country, and emphatically the most successful exploiters of indoor advertising known in the country. The great acres of floor space for the exposition in Mechanics Building is nearly all disposed of for the fair for 1908. It promises to excel in every way the splendid success of last year, and will do honor to the building owned by the society of which Paul Revere was president.

Negotiations are now being made by Messrs. Green and Rowe for holding a trade exposition in Crystal Palace, London, where the first international exposition of the world was held in 1856. This exposition will not be held until 1910 as the managers believe in thorough preparation for the great event.

COLONEL S. O. BIGNEY, ONE OF THE BIG FOUR

By JOHN E. JONES

IF at any time during the past nine months, you had happened to have asked Honorable S. O. Bigney, of Attleboro, whether he was going to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, as a delegate at large from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, he would have unhesitatingly and emphatically answered in the affirmative. It was about that long ago that Colonel Bigney decided to go on the delegation, and although he knows all the quirks and curves of politics and politicians, he *knew* from the moment the decision was reached in his own mind, that he would be elected.

Now all this may seem ambiguous, but in the face of results and to anyone who knows Colonel Bigney, and is acquainted with the way he does things, it is clear enough. He is an optimist all the way through, and he declares that his policy always is "to do one thing at a time." So it happened that he decided to go on the Board of the Big Four to the Chicago Convention, and from the day of that decision he had but one thing in mind, and that was to succeed, and when it was all over he declared: "Of course, I knew I would win; from the fact that my cause was a just one, and the people were with me." And the speech was characteristic of the man.

Photo by Chickering

COLONEL S. O. BIGNEY

Colonel Bigney is a manufacturer, and insists that he is not a politician. At Attleboro he may be found at his factory before seven o'clock every morning, and he is on duty all day and until everybody else has gone home for the night. He works all the time, whether engaged in his regular vocation as the head of one of the largest jewelry manufacturing establishments of the country, or as a candidate for delegate at large—whatever he has on hand there is always but "that one thing to do."

Months ago I read in a Boston newspaper what appeared to be an authoritive statement to the effect "that both the United States Senators had decided that Colonel Bigney could not go on the delegation with them to the National Convention." And then a short time afterwards I sat in an office and heard "one end" of a telephone conversation, and the speaker was a business man, and he was telling with considerable force, a political leader of the city that "there must be a Bigney delegation." There was in the incident something of premonition to slate-makers. As I watched the progress of events the conviction gradually came upon me as an outsider, and at first a disinterested spectator that here was a battle royal between the men who "fix things," between the coterie who manipulate states, on the one side; and arrayed against them a true representative of the business and manufacturing interests of the state. And then the scene shifted along a little further, and on the canvass I saw that the people were the ones who were demanding the election of this "Ajax," as a New York newspaper called him, and it was but a few days later that I saw him at the State House, and then in the hotels of Boston, and other places, and in every instance he was the center of groups of men offering their support, and rallying to his standard, and while seemingly constantly "defying the lightning," he won not only one of the greatest personal victories in the political records of the state, but more important even than that, he had championed a cause involving a principle vital to the people. In consequence we have arrived here in Massachusetts just a little nearer to the underlying principles of self-government through Colonel Bigney, and one of the most spectacular campaigns on record for an entirely honorary position. The party leaders had been getting together for many weeks and fixing things their own way for "harmony sake," but they did not usually include Colonel Bigney, who constantly declared: "There will be no harmony without Bigney." And finally this indefatigable fighter who had visited every portion of Massachusetts, and met the representatives of the party in practically every city of the commonwealth, was found to have a majority of the delegates, and then the rest was all simple enough, because there was a hasty rearrangement of affairs, and Senators Lodge and Crane, and Ex-Governor Long and S. O. Bigney were duly selected as the Big Four from Massachusetts.

One day recently I went to Attleboro, and following the purpose of my visit, soon found myself in the inner office of Mr. Bigney's manufacturing establishment. His desk was open, and on it a bronze tablet, the lines of which evidently met the hearty approval of its owner, attracted my attention. I read this from "Eben Holden:"

"I ain't afraid,
Shamed o' nothin' I ever done,
Alwus kep' my tugs tight,
Never swore 'less 'twas nec'sary,
Never ketched a fish bigger'n 'twas
Er lied 'n a hoss trade,
Er shed a tear I didn't hev to,
Never cheated anybody but Eben Holden.
Going off somewhere's, Bill—
Duno the way nuther—
Duno 'f its east er west er north er south,
But I ain't afraid."

About the walls were many pictures and decorations. I found a group of the Presidents of the United States; in another frame were likenesses of the conquerors of the Spanish Army and Navy; and then there was a portrait of Longfellow; another attractive group represented the signing of the Peace Protocol. There were also flash-light views of guests at banquets, hunting scenes, and many photographs artistically arranged. In every movement of the master of this comfortable place there was embodied the strong force of a personal character that makes its possessor the leader among men. As we talked there were long distance telephone calls to answer from Buffalo and Chicago; orders and directions were issued with quick decision and in the most kindly manner to clerks and employees; a bundle of letters was hastily glanced through, and a pleasing expression came to his countenance as he perused many notes of congratulation from friends in and without the state. As we sat and talked I gazed into the bluest blue eyes I had ever seen, and when I departed an hour later it was with a clearer knowledge of a man who has certainly "made good." Colonel Bigney is of an artistic temperament, and his Attleboro home is one of the most magnificently furnished and decorated of any in Massachusetts. Within its friendly walls many of the principal citizens of the state and nation have been entertained. Formerly Colonel Bigney kept up a stable filled with some of the best horses in the country, but he has forsaken his love for horse-flesh, and automobiles have taken their place. I confessed to myself that he had imparted to me some of the enthusiasm which was so natural to his disposition; and I went home hoping that the assignment of my chief to "write a story about Colonel Bigney" would be executed in a manner to do justice to this brainy, busy, business man from Attleboro.

I had in that visit gathered a better idea as to how he had gone to Washington a few years ago after the signing of the treaty between France and the United States and played a prominent part in preventing its ratification by the Senate of the United States. It is an oft repeated story of how, after he arrived in Washington he sent a protest to the House and Senate declaring that "New England manufacturers will not stand for this treaty." He produced figures as to the cost of manufacture, and the prices for which goods from the two countries could be sold on this side of the water. He concluded his argument by saying that the ratification of the treaty would mean that the goods of French manufacture would be sold cheaper in the United States than they could possibly be manufactured in this country. And then he declared: "If you wish to countenance this, ratify the treaty." The treaty failed, and the jewelry manufacturers will tell you today that Colonel Bigney was the one person more responsible than all others for this master stroke of work in behalf of American manufacturers.

Four years ago he was delegate from the fourteenth Congressional district to the National Convention which nominated Theodore Roosevelt. He won out in a three cornered fight and was nominated by acclamation. The other two candidates settled their differences by ballot. A year later he was elected to the Governor's Council from the second Councillor district. There were three candidates in the field at the beginning of his campaign. They withdrew and he was nominated by acclamation. And he comes to us again in a very heated contest for Delegate at Large,—and again it is by acclamation.

Some two years ago he sounded the keynote for a minimum and maximum tariff. He is absolutely opposed to a maximum and minimum tariff which has been so broadly advocated by many of our Congressmen. He insists on making the minimum the fixed tariff rate which can be changed only by National legislation, and is perfectly willing that the power of fixing the maximum should be legislated to the President to be used against countries who fail to favor us with their minimum rates. "I want to know where I am at," he says, "and if the President is to have power to change existing tariff regulations I do not want even his judgment to stand as the only safeguard to the manufacturers of any class of goods, whether it be in my own line, or in any other class of manufactured articles." And this view is being quite generally accepted as the correct basis for new tariff legislation, and has among its converts some of the principal statesmen at Washington. That afternoon at Attleboro it was not difficult to imagine the successes of the boy Bigney, who started life by working at the bench at one dollar a day, and traversed along life's thorny path to the Colonel Bigney of today, who taught the people of Massachusetts in a few months, to accept his proclamation that "the time has come when the Republican party should pass over some of its temporary honors to the men who have helped to build up the industries of the state, instead of lavishing them upon men who are already burdened with them." In his message to the people he further asserted that "there should be one active business man on the Big Board of Four at Large." He cited the fact that other New England states have made it a practice to honor their business men in this way, and asked the unanswerable question: "Why should not Massachusetts do likewise? Fair play, decency and a square deal is what the citizens of Massachusetts approve!"

He convinced the people that he was right, and his victory was more far-reaching than any matter of personal aggrandizement, because the people themselves were the ones who actually won.

"No, I am not a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, nor do I want any other political position," he said. He prefers to continue to make high grade gold filled chains, and an indication of his purpose is told by a sentence on his business card, which reads: "Eternal hustle, coupled with honesty and integrity, is the just price of success."

The business man in politics will do more to increase and strengthen the stability of the American government than any remedy that can be applied, and if men who have won their spurs in the same manner as Colonel Bigney, would consent to leave their individual enterprises and give their service to the people, many of the great problems of today would be quickly and rationally disposed of.

PROBLEMS in MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. JENKINS

PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATIONS

MICHIGAN has for several years, been in more or less disfavor with the financiers who loan large sums of money on the securities of public utility companies. Politicians have brought about these conditions to a large extent. It is true, too, that certain corporations contributed no small part in establishing conditions that gave the politician a plausible reason for his attacks. That these attacks have been carried beyond all bounds of respectability and reason is also true, and today Michigan is suffering from a series of unfortunate incidents that make the paths of corporation men most difficult to travel. A great many people in Michigan do not realize that the only real interest of the public is to secure good corporation service at reasonable prices.

Such results can best be obtained by treating the business of Public Service Corporations as permanently continuing, and not subject to liquidation or general upheaval at fixed intervals, on account of franchise termination or legislative attacks. The amount of capital required for public utility companies is now so large that few single individuals can supply it, and so it becomes necessary to market stocks and bonds to provide money. The lowest price for service is naturally then contingent on the rate of interest.

If the investment is treated as permanent, the lowest rates can be obtained, but if the business is subject to periodical attacks, with possible liquidation, the business then becomes either speculative or the investors must be protected by sinking fund provisions, sufficient to return their capital within the contract period. Such sinking funds must be paid from earnings which of course means higher cost of service to the consumer.

The conditions affecting the supply of service to the public are constantly changing, and it is nearly impossible to frame arbitrary regulations controlling the supply of service for the usual period of twenty to thirty years, and properly safe-guard the interests of both the public and companies, and if the contract periods are shorter, the cost of service will be still greater, because the sinking fund each year will be greater. These so-called "franchise" periods are unsatisfactory and illogical. If the necessities of a city require that a street car line be extended, or new tracks put in, or a more modern system of street lighting be installed, or other similar improvements, it is not satisfactory for the city to be held up for a period of ten, twelve or fifteen years until the expiration of some franchise, in order to make a new bargain to bring about these improvements. Means should be provided whereby all questions between the public and the companies could be settled promptly, as they arise.

The State of Massachusetts has had a public commission with complete control of capitalization, rates, franchise conditions, uniform accounting, and all similar matters for many years, and hearings are constantly being held, and decisions rendered, settling price of service, rights of companies to extend, rights of municipalities to furnish service themselves, and regulations pertaining to the use of streets and public places. The results have been greatly to the advantage of both the public and companies.

It is illogical and unjust that control of such companies should be vested in local authority, because the buyer should not name the price at which the seller must sell. The character of the business of such companies is more or less technical, and such supervision should be by independent authority of a high grade, which can most economically be supplied by the State. Consequently it would appear that the best interests of the companies, and also the public would be served by the State appointing a public commission of high grade men, paying them liberal salaries, and place in their control all matters of capitalization, rates, accounting, franchise rights, which latter should be indeterminate, as to time, and subject to good behavior.

The subject of transportation has for a number of years been treated in Michigan as a political rather than an economical question.

Some seventeen years ago, when the street car service was confined to small limits in less than half a dozen of the larger cities of the state, there arose a disagreement in Detroit upon purely political matters between Hazen S. Pingree, who was then Mayor, and the people who at that time owned the street railways of the city. About that time electricity was beginning to take the place of horse power. Mayor Pingree demanded the institution of 3-cent fares, and at the same time attacked the right of the people owning the railways to operate at any rate of fare, holding that the franchises which had been given by the city were null and void. Litigation and much ill feeling resulted from the attacks.

In the course of time the rights of the company to operate under the franchises then existing was sustained by the courts, and new people who had come into the field proceeded to electrify and greatly extend the street railway lines. The mileage since that time has grown from less than 100 miles to more than 750 miles in Detroit and in the territory surrounding Detroit, but the old seeds which were sown seventeen years ago have continued to sprout so that without rhyme or reason, without regard to cost or facilities, and without any study of the subject by any public official, or body of officials, the question of rates of fare have continued to be purely political. And this spirit has spread throughout the state. No commission to study this subject has ever been selected or appointed, either by the state legislature, the executive department of the state, the common council of any city or by any of the executive authorities of the cities. The state of Michigan, therefore, and its cities are in absolute ignorance as to what it costs to carry a passenger, or to construct and maintain a railway. The politician seeking election has been content to promise that should he be elected he would secure lower rates of fare, and the people have been content to take his word for it.

For a period of some ten years ending about five years ago, there was great activity throughout Michigan in the construction of interurban railway lines. The companies promoting these ventures started out with high hopes expecting to be rewarded with great profits. Their hopes, as expressed in their prospectuses, tended to create the impression in the minds of the people that large profits would inure to the promoters to the disadvantage of themselves and so the people began to think of every utility called a railway as a bonanza for its owners.

In the belief that there were millions in it the companies agreed to establish extremely low rates of fare, the lowest perhaps in the whole country. The result is that neither those who ventured their money in these enterprises nor the people served are satisfied because, in the first place the investors have not realized the returns they expected and in the second place, the people have not as yet learned that they are being served too cheaply. Under these conditions there has been little or no development in Michigan within the past five years.

In Massachusetts there has been, as in Michigan, great activity in building electric railway lines. The rates of fare in Massachusetts have always been higher than in Michigan, but it has come to be realized in Massachusetts that the rates, at present in effect in that state, are inadequate to provide satisfactory service and reasonable investment returns. In Massachusetts such subjects are considered by a commission of distinguished and well equipped men upon their merits and not in a political light. This commission has carefully studied the conditions in Massachusetts with the result that it is conceded that somewhat higher rates must prevail in that state.

It is unfortunate that such studies are not similarly made in Michigan to the end that the interests of both the investor and their patrons shall be honestly and properly conserved. The reform needed in Michigan is that the politician shall not control such important matters but that the machinery of the government shall be employed to learn and to apply the truth.

The Detroit United Railway has worked with one end in view; that is, the efficient operation of its lines regardless of all political conditions, in the belief that should it do its part well the people in that enlightened community would ultimately do their part and so the service has been maintained to the highest point of efficiency.

In some American cities, Chicago for example, when the management was harrassed by the local government their plants and their service were allowed to run down until they were, practically, wrecked. The Detroit United Railway has pursued precisely the opposite course and it remains to be seen which was the wiser policy. Unless our civilization is a failure it must be believed that the Detroit United Railway has chosen the better course.

Michigan telephone affairs have been most discouraging to the investor who has taken his money to that state in the belief that conditions offered exceptional inducements, from the fact that the state is abundantly supplied with a varied assortment of concerns labelled "Independent."

It is due the Michigan State Telephone Company, however, to state that at no time in its history has more energetic or legitimate effort been put forth to promote the interests of the company. After very careful study of the methods employed throughout the state, I cannot refrain from paying the management this well deserved tribute. When the affairs of the corporation were placed in new hands a short time ago, a "declaration" was formulated, and better corporation sentiments were never written. Here they are:

"To furnish the best grade of telephone service which skill and money can supply.

To adopt every improvement which may make the service better.

To charge rates which will return fair profit to our stockholders, reducing rates whenever business safety will permit.

To investigate, remedy, and adjust fairly, each complaint from our subscribers, whether it relates to our service or to our methods.

To treat courteously and as man to man all our subscribers in each and every transaction.

To entirely remove any feeling which may exist that our subscribers are dealing with a souless corporation and to bring about a personal, friendly feeling between the company and its subscribers.

This is our policy—To carry it out, we need and ask your co-operation."

Some Michigan politicians and promoters, have kept up an almost continuous attack upon the Bell Company. These attacks began about the time several important patents were expiring, and resulted in a considerable reduction in rates throughout the state. Independent concerns, backed by local business men, had gained a foothold in nearly every city, and the only alternative to going out of business which confronted the Bell Company, was to materially reduce its rates.

As a consequence, the independent companies were compelled to charge inadequate prices, and now that the renewal period is at hand, in many instances a serious business condition confronts some of these companies. The Bell Company today is stronger than at any time in its history, and with its traffic arrangement with the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, possesses advantages which must necessarily retard the growth of the independent movement in Michigan.

In my study of the history and conditions which surround the organization and life of telephone companies in several states, I have been appalled at the reckless financiering which characterizes the history of many of the independent corporations. Millions of dollars have been obtained from inexperienced investors to float concerns of this nature.

Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland, whose opinions upon street railway matters I confess I do not understand, once said regarding the double telephone system: "I believe that the consolidation of telephone companies would be a great thing for the people. This business is unlike almost any other in this respect. Two telephone companies in the same city are an absolute nuisance, and their consolidation would be a great accommodation to the people." And there are thousands of business men in Michigan who entertain similar sentiments.

On account of fierce competition, the Bell Company reached a stage in 1902 when it could not pay interest on its bonds, and the receiver for the trustee under the trust deed was compelled to foreclose. A bond holders' committee was appointed, and acting for that committee Mr. N. W. Harris, of N. W. Harris & Co., of Chicago, in 1904, bought in the property at foreclosure sale. Then the company was re-organized, and in the history of American corporations, no reorganization shows a more manifest absence of monetary advantage to the re-organizer. There were no methods of high finance employed, and no money went into the pockets of the reorganization committee. The bondholders and a syndicate formed by N. W. Harris & Company, including prominent local interests advanced the cash necessary for working capital, the capitalization was fixed upon a fair and equitable basis and a clause in the trust deed permits the issuance of bonds only to the extent of seventy-five per cent. of the cost of new construction. Another restriction is that the net earnings must show ten per cent. (double the bond rate) on all bonds issued and any proposed issue. The trust deed under which bonds are issued provide specifically that maintenance and depreciation must be taken care of out of the earnings and cannot be capitalized.

In order to take care of current repairs and depreciation, a sufficient reserve fund is set aside to keep the system as near par as possible. At the present time, ten dollars per telephone per annum is credited to this fund. This amount is sufficient to meet all possible contingencies based upon past experience, and, therefore, the patrons may at all times expect the highest type of service.

The corporation has not considered it advisable to pay dividends on its common stock, but interest has been promptly paid on $6,500,000 bonds and six per cent. dividends on $2,285,000 preferred stock.

Efforts were made to pass a bill at the last session of the Michigan legislature, which would seriously effect the telephone companies of the state. This measure was known as the "Advalorem Tax Bill," which provided a change in the methods of assessing taxes against telephone and telegraph companies. Under the present law, the companies pay a specific tax amounting to three per cent. on gross earnings. If the proposed measure had become a law, the tax would depend altogether on the assessed valuation of the property. In the case of the telephone companies, the proposed law would work a manifest injustice because of the difficulty in arriving at a fair valuation of the property.

This difficulty is occasioned by a very rapid depreciation, diversified value of a great deal of property on account of ruinous competition, and a large amount of obsoletion due to changes in the art. And then again, the telephone rates have been established under existing tax conditions, and in many of the cities these rates could not be raised without municipal consent, which is always difficult to obtain. Doubtless, for effect, politicians will endeavor to advance their interests by renewing their efforts to pass a measure of this character in the next session of the legislature.

In states where the advolorem tax law, in reference to telephone companies, has been in effect and the valuation imposed by a central taxing body, the very rapid deterioration or depreciation of telephone property has been recognized which has been borne in mind in making assessments each year. Michigan politicians should recognize these facts.

If the Michigan State Telephone Company can experience freedom from antagonistic legislation for a few years the future is, indeed, very bright for the corporation. Its management is efficient, and the most friendly feeling exists on the part of the representative people of the state towards the corporation. The present officers are: Mr. N. C. Kingsbury, president; Mr. Dudley E. Waters, Vice-president; Mr. B. W. Trafford, vice-president and general manager; Mr. Walter L. Mizner, secretary and Mr. John T. Shaw, treasurer.

SOME POWER COMPANIES IN MICHIGAN

Modern electrical engineering has made possible the widest adaptability of the electric current to the requirements of general business and domestic life, and when generated under favorable conditions in properly constructed water power stations, electricity can be furnished at a minimum of cost.

The Kalamazoo and Muskegon rivers in western Michigan afford immense possibilities for supplying electrical energy. These possibilities were foreseen by a few shrewd business men and after years of pluck and intelligent energy, two sister corporations for supplying electric current have been placed upon a solid business foundation. A description of these important corporations cannot fail to be of interest.

The Commonwealth Power Company, with headquarters at Jackson, Michigan, is a consolidation of the various corporations organized by W. A. Foote during the past twenty-one years. Mr. Foote originally built steam electric light plants at Jackson, Albion and Battle Creek. Separate corporations were formed of each plant and later the electric light at Kalamazoo came under his control. In 1894 the first water power plant on the Kalamazoo River was built at Battle Creek. Other plants were built on the river during the next decade and in 1904, Mr. Foote controlled four water power properties and the electric lighting plants in the cities above mentioned.

As a matter of convenience the different corporations were consolidated in 1904, and the Commonwealth Power Company came into existence. The corporation has an authorized capital of $7,500,000. The stock was divided into $5,000,000 preferred stock and $2,500,000 common. Of this authorized capital, $1,500,000 common and $1,252,000 preferred, six per cent. stock have been issued and dividends on the preferred paid regularly since the organization of the company. The corporation is authorized to bond itself to the amount of $4,000,000 of which amount $2,468,000 has been issued and is now outstanding. An interesting feature of this bond issue, and which makes these securities especially desirable, is the clause in the trust deed which provides that "Bonds can be taken down only to reimburse the company for seventy-five per cent. of the cash expenditures for improvements." Thus it will be seen that for each dollar expended in improvements the corporation can issue only seventy-five cents in bonds.

The total capacity of the combined plants is 23,000 horse power, 15,000 of which is water power and 8,000 steam power. The gross earnings for the year ending December 31, 1907, were $459,795.90 against $348,255.30 the previous year. The surplus earnings for the same period after paying operating expenses, taxes and bond interest were $148,191.27 as against $119,634.15 the previous year.

It is not my intention to pay an undeserved tribute to the men who are at the head of this great water power corporation, but it is due them to state that the manner in which the affairs of the company are being conducted will incite the admiration of every student of corporation affairs, as well as claim the attention of American investors. Corporation securities are like all commercial paper, some very desirable and others of no particular value. The elements that bring value to corporation securities are abundantly present in the conditions which surround the Commonwealth Power Company. In the first place, the origin of the different companies was devoid of the usual stock jobbing features. Mr. Foote risked his money and applied the necessary energy to attain success. He is not a promoter; in this particular he is unlike the many birds of passage who figure in corporation deals long enough to organize and then sell out, with big profits. The men who organized the electric light companies at Jackson, Albion, and Battle Creek, and who later acquired control of the Kalamazoo Electric Light Company, were all practical in this line of corporation work. They were residents of Western Michigan and their words were as good as their bonds. The people of the respective cities in which they operated have always had implicit confidence in their integrity, and in return the corporation men have believed that the people intend to be fair and honest. The fact that one of these companies previous to consolidation was doing business for years without any franchise from the municipality, serves as an interesting illustration of the implicit confidence between the corporation and the public.

There has never been any conflict between the people and the corporation regarding rates. The prices charged have always been as low as was being charged in cities where conditions were similar, and only on two occasions have the officials of these corporations deemed it necessary to appear before a common council regarding anything but trivial matters. One of these incidents was when the city of Jackson contemplated building a municipal lighting plant ten years ago. The project was abandoned. Five years ago the City of Albion also voted on a municipal plant, but the proposition was defeated, because the people were satisfied with the service they were getting.

The officers of the Corporation are: W. A. Foote, President; E. C. Nichols, Vice-President; N. S. Potter, Secretary; G. W. Ritchie, Treasurer; Rovert Davey, Auditor and J. B. Foote, General Superintendent. The water power plants are located at Trowbridge, Otsego, Plainwell, Battle Creek, Albion, Lyons and Ceresco; the steam plants at Jackson, Battle Creek and Kalamazoo, and sub-stations at Jackson, Albion, Battle Creek, Kalamazoo, Otsego, Galesburg, Parma, Augusta, Ceresco, Marshall and Lansing.

"A MODEL AMERICAN CORPORATION"

It is perhaps not generally known that there is at least one Public Utility Company in a city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants that is characterized by corporation men and the people whom it serves, as a model in every respect.

I have traveled the United States in hope of finding a large Public Service corporation whose existence has been free from legal entanglements, devoid of questionable methods in obtaining franchises and municipal contracts, and holding a position in the public mind which has always commanded admiration, and respect. There are many corporations whose present methods and satisfactory relationship with its patrons may be given a characterization of this nature; but when we examine their history we invariably find ourselves face to face with a series of events that indicate very clearly that the peoples' interests have not always been considered of paramount character. In Grand Rapids, Michigan, I found a public utility company which I can truly designate as "A model American corporation." This corporation is the Grand Rapids Gas Light Company. During the fifty years existence of this company it has met conditions as it found them; the management has always realized that no steadfast rule can possibly apply.

Because of the many details and the varying circumstances of the different cities, only general legislation with reference to corporations is advisable or possible. This necessitates the exercise of much judgment by the cities in whose officers must be vested a wide discretion, and a liberal attitude must be shown on the part of corporation managers.

The people recognize the fact that with the advance of civilization, the increase of population and its congestion in municipalities making competition more keen and living more strenuous, what would at one time be regarded as luxuries become comforts and are later looked upon as necessities. Municipalities grow in wealth and population as civilization advances with the habits and customs of necessary changes hence things deemed necessary in the government of municipal corporations at one period may be obsolete within the next decade and the only corporation that can maintain a friendly relationship with its patrons is a corporation that does not stand upon technicalities and customs that have been left far behind on civilization's great highway. These facts have been well observed by the Grand Rapids Gas Light Company during its half century of continued service and as a result it stands today in the front rank of corporations in its class.

The history of the Grand Rapids Gas Light Company may be traced back to 1857 when on February 2nd of that year the first franchise was given the company. This was an exclusive franchise for a period of twelve years, the rate for gas being specified in the ordinance as $4 per M. cubic feet. At the expiration of this period the corporation continued to serve its people, and extend its mains, but with no express franchise agreement with the city. This continued until 1876 when the matter was brought before the Common Council. The city attorney gave his opinion to the effect that although the exclusive franchise of the company had expired on February 2, 1869, according to the State Constitution the life of the company was limited to thirty years so that its charter would expire in 1887 and, quoting a section of the compiled laws, he showed that for certain purposes the company would continue to have a corporate existence for a term of three years after that date.

On May 2, 1890 a new franchise was given the company for a period of thirty years, subject to such rules and regulations as the Common Council may from time to time prescribe. The franchise provided that the company should furnish gas at a price not to exceed the prices then in effect. It further provided that the company should lay mains in such streets when a necessary number of customers agreed to take a sufficient quantity of gas to yield a profit to the company of twenty per cent. of the cost of extending the main. An ordinance to provide standard measurements, the inspection of gas and gas meters, and to regulate the quality of gas, was passed by the Common Council December 11, 1905. The ordinance specifies that the gas furnished shall be 16-candle power standard measurement and the pressure in the pipes at the consumers' meters shall not exceed 45-10th. inches, or below a minimum of 18-10th. inches.

When the corporation was originally organized in 1856 it was named the Grand Rapids Gas Light Company. Its early organization was strictly local and continued so until 1895 when Emerson McMillin & Company purchased the property. In 1901 the system was acquired by the American Light & Traction Company of which Emerson McMillin is President.

During the past fifty years the corporation has made twenty reductions in the price of gas and all have been voluntary. The present rate is 90c. per M. cubic feet for illuminating and fuel gas, and 80c. per M. cubic feet for power gas. In March, 1906, the "Readiness to Serve" 60c. method of charging for gas was put into effect by the company. This, or the regular 90c. rate being optional with the customer.

The "Readiness to Serve" method is in effect in several cities and is pronounced by experts to be the most equitable and logical of all systems of charging for gas. Each customer pays exactly in proportion to the cost of serving him, this cost differing with practically each customer. Their gas bill under this method is made up of three elements: (1) "The consumers' charge." (2) "The demand charge." (3) "The gas charge." The yearly "consumer's charge" is the same for each meter—the cost of each meter entails the same cost from the company whether little or much gas passes through it, or even if no gas passes through it. The "consumer's charge" and the "demand charge" are yearly charges although for the sake of convenience and ease of payment, one-twelfth part is made payable with each month's gas bill as a part thereof. Therefore although the premises of a consumer buying gas under this method may remain vacant during several months of the year, these fixed charges continue and must be paid. The Grand Rapids Gas Light Company give its patrons a net rate of 60c. per M. cubic feet under this "Readiness to Serve" method. To illustrate an ordinary customer's case—the amount of gas consumed we will say is 5,000 cubic feet per month, or 60,000 feet during the year, which would cost at 90c., $54. Under the "Readiness to Serve" method the expense would be $12 for fixed charges, $36 for the gas, a total of $48, making a saving of $6 for the year.

One feature of the company's business will bear special mention and that is the work of the commercial department, or it might properly be called "The Good Service" department. It consists of a manager, fifteen representatives, and three inside salesmen. These are all high grade men, many of them college graduates and others promoted to this department because of long and efficient service with the company. The work of these men is primarily that of looking after the welfare of the consumer and for this purpose the city is divided into Districts, each representative having a district, it being required of him to call on every house in his district at least once in four months, ascertaining by careful inquiry whether the appliances are in satisfactory working order and if things otherwise pertaining to the gas business are running smoothly. If a consumer has encountered troubles, the representative either adjusts them himself or sees that the matter is attended to by others. Incidentally sales of appliances are made in this way; worn-out ranges, lights, and other apparatus are replaced by up-to-date and more convenient appliances, and harmony is insured between the company and its customers. The company carries a large stock of high grade appliances and furnishes them to the customer at low prices.

Daily half-hour meetings are held by the members of this department, the object being to promote harmony between the members, and making it possible for every member to know daily what is going on in other districts of the city than his own. Practical talks on good service and other subjects pertaining to the business are of almost daily occurrence, and it is the education that the representatives get in this way that fits them for commercial managers of other companies, and in many instances these men are promoted to the management of companies. I made a very thorough investigation of the conditions pertaining to this company on account of its wide-spread reputation, and was unable to find a city official with a grievance against the company, or a citizen with a complaint. It is truly a remarkable condition of corporation affairs.

Mr. B. O. Tippy, Vice-President and General Manager, is one of the most up-to-date corporation men in the country. He is thoroughly familiar with all the details of the manufacture and distribution of gas and in addition possesses a personality that maintains cordial relationship to the people. He is an indefatigable worker and always realizes that the interests of the public are the company's interests, and complaints when they are brought to his notice, are quickly and satisfactorily remedied. The Grand Rapids Gas Light Company is "A Model American Corporation."

The City of Muskegon, Michigan, shows a greatly improved condition pertaining to public service corporation affairs that will bear special mention.

Muskegon is a very thrifty manufacturing city, located on the east shore of Lake Michigan on Muskegon Lake and is situated directly opposite Milwaukee. It was originally a lumber manufacturing town, with forty-two saw mills in operation at one time. During recent years the saw mills have gradually passed away and other manufacturing plants have taken their places. The public service corporations of the city have had a very interesting history. There have never been any fortunes made by promoters, as most of the corporations were organized principally by local business men who undertook to supply the citizens with the necessary corporation service. The original investors invariably lost money, and many dropped out rather than continue in what was conceded to be a losing venture. There were some, however, who stood by the public utility companies which they had been instrumental in creating, and to these gentlemen is due the credit of saving Muskegon from the decadence which has characterized many of the lumbering towns and cities of Michigan and Wisconsin. Among these gentlemen may be mentioned David D. Erwin and F. A. Nims, prominent attorneys of the city.

It is no secret that large sums of money were lost in the street railway system and also the electric light plants during the early years of their history. The gas plant was a better investment, and for years the company which controlled it paid dividends. But in the case of the street railway the early investors lost practically all the money they put into the system, the same is true of the electric light plant. This condition of affairs was not the result of high handed methods on the part of the persons who controlled the corporations but rather because of the experimental nature of the equipment which was installed at that time.

The first rails used in the street railway construction were sixteen pound and of course lasted but a short time. Later thirty pound rails were laid which again proved inadequate. The first electric cars were equipped with double reduction motors which became obsolete in less than three years, and the companies had similar experiences with nearly every equipment feature installed.

The corporations were, for years, controlled by local business men, who desired to give the citizens the best possible service at the lowest cost. The rates were fixed by the corporations and higher prices might have been charged inasmuch as the city council was always fair and imposed no burdensome restrictions. The confidence on the part of the corporations in the liberality of the municipal government was such that the electric light company operated for years without asking for a franchise. Eventually the three public utility companies were consolidated and one management placed in charge. This was the only possible solution of the problem without materially advancing the rates. Today conditions are most satisfactory to the stock and bond holders and also to the citizens of Muskegon who are getting the best class of corporation service at a price that is as low as is given in any similar sized city in the country. The street railway rates are lower than in most American cities. A 4-cent rate being given when the customer purchases one dollar's worth of tickets.

The first franchise given by the city for a street railway system was granted to Arthur J. White and Henry H. Brown in September, 1882. This was to be a horse car affair and the extent of the lines was to be at least two miles. About three miles were built, sixteen pound rails being used. The cars were in charge of a driver only and were of primitive construction. Messrs. White and Brown subsequently sold their property to the Chicago & West Michigan Railroad and the system was later purchased by a corporation composed of Muskegon men among whom were Francis Smith, Wm. B. McLaughlin, F. A. Nims, John W. Moore, David D. Erwin, H. J. Hoyt and P. P. Misner.

The system at this time traversed a few of the principal streets and met all the running expenses. The new owners were progressive men and immediately extended the lines to the shores of Lake Michigan, a distance of five miles and in 1886 installed electricity, being one of the first companies in the West to substitute electricity for the horse. Naturally the electrical equipment was largely experimental and this fast proved to be very costly to the new company. The bond issue became too large as a consequence of meeting the expense of unwise investments and the corporation found itself face to face with a losing proposition. Eventually the system went to its logical goal—into the hands of a receiver. Among the gentlemen who went to Muskegon to look this property over was Theodore S. Barber, of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, who undertook to organize a company to purchase the property. He succeeded in interesting Mr. Lidden Flick, of Wilkesbarre and these two gentlemen, with some of Muskegon's business men, succeeded in organizing a corporation which acquired not only the street railway but the gas company and the electric light company. A special act of the Michigan legislature permitted the consolidation of the three corporations and Sargent & Lundy of Chicago were employed to design and build a combination power house on the gas company's property. The old street railway and electric lighting power houses were dismantled and gradually all the apparatus was sold to second hand dealers.

When the new power house was being planned the franchises then in existence were about to expire. The council very willingly entered into a new agreement with the new company by which a franchise for thirty years was granted and a ten year contract for lighting the streets at $76 for all night lighting moonlight schedule, was given. This was in 1901.

In return for this new franchise and lighting contract the consolidated company immediately began the expenditure of large amounts of money to place the different systems in first-class condition. New cars were put into service, heavier rails were laid and one of the most modern power houses in Michigan was constructed. The street railway rates were voluntarily reduced to twenty-five tickets for a dollar and first class service in every department were given the people. There have been complaints regarding this consolidation on the ground that the citizens of Muskegon were not consulted, no reference being made to the proceedings in the common council. The Michigan legislature authorized the consolidation and no progressive business man questions the wisdom of the act today. In fact it was a great stride in municipal advancement, because no such modern system, or up to date service could possibly have been given the people of Muskegon by the original corporation. The old systems were bonded to their limit and the plants were fast deteriorating. Through consolidation, new capital was brought into the field and the street railway lines were extended to the outskirts of the city. These extensions attracted factories and made it possible to build up manufacturing concerns which today are the mainstay of the city.

From 1901 to 1905 the company, then known as the Muskegon Lighting & Traction Company, spent several hundred thousands of dollars in improvements. The power house alone cost $175,000 and nearly a hundred thousand dollars were spent in track and road bed improvements and overhead construction. Experts were sent to Muskegon to manage the consolidated companies and to place the different systems upon a thoroughly up-to-date business basis. The people were given good services and the workmen because patrons of the company, Muskegon Heights, a separate municipality, was boomed and several large factories were secured. This greatly increased the revenue of the company and as a result the corporation was soon placed upon a dividend paying basis.

The Electric Light Company was organized January 31, 1884, the incorporators being Geo. Torrent, F. A. Nims, Fred J. Russell, Francis Smith, David D. Erwin, Hiram J. Hoyt, Robert E. Burk, and R. A. Fleming. The corporation being composed of representative local business men was given the hearty support of the citizens. No franchise was asked for as it was not a stock-jobbing proposition. The money was furnished by the original incorporators and the investment would have been a success had electrical development not at that time been in its infancy. Experiments, however, proved very costly and the corporation dragged along in a perfunctory manner without any noticeable headway. A bond issue of $20,000 provided the means for keeping the corporation afloat after a fashion and when Messrs. Barber and Flick offered to take over the property a deal was quickly consummated. These gentlemen, together with F. A. Nims, John J. Howden, Louis Kanitz and David D. Erwin, organized the Muskegon Traction & Lighting Company with a capital of $100,000, the term of the existence of the corporation being thirty years.

The Muskegon Gas Light Company was organized in 1870 by James Clement and others of Ann Arbor and became a part of what is known as the Ann Arbor Syndicate—the gentlemen at the head of this syndicate were practical gas men and were owners of gas plants at Bay City, Lansing and other cities. The Muskegon plant was a success and paid eight per cent. dividends to the stockholders for many years. The capitalization was small; the plant was conducted upon a strictly business basis and with a thorough knowledge of the various technical details of gas manufacture and as a conseqeunce the enterprise proved to be a good investment. The rates were not exorbitant, but were in keeping with the price charged in all cities of its class in Michigan.

The gas plant was particularly desired by the Wilkesbarre promotors who were planning a consolidation of the companies, and finally a deal was perfected. A corporation under the name, City Gas Company, was organized by Messrs. Flick, Barber, Nims, Kanitz, Howden and Erwin with a capital stock of $100,000 and the company was given a thirty-year franchise.

Having acquired the properties of the three corporations the next move was to consolidate the companies. This consolidation was perfected February 19, 1901, and the following officers were chosen: F. A. Nims, President; Lidden Flick, Vice-President; Theo. S. Barber, Secretary and Treasurer; John J. Howden, Assistant Treasurer, and David D. Erwin, Assistant Secretary. The new corporation was named the Muskegon Traction and Lighting Company. As previously stated, the new company began the expenditure of large amounts of money in order to place the different plants in first-class condition. A bond issue of $600,000 was arranged and the Muskegon public utilities began an era of prosperity which had heretofore been absent except in the case of the gas plant.

In 1906 the stock was purchased by the American Light and Traction Company of which Emerson McMillin is president, and since that date the corporation has been a part of the McMillin syndicate. Since acquiring control the American Light and Traction Company has spent nearly a hundred thousand dollars in additional improvements and today each Muskegon plant is in first-class shape and giving excellent service.

The plants are under the direct management of Mr. J. T. Young who has been in charge since the present owners acquired control. The relationship between the corporation and the citizens of Muskegon is most harmonious, and the management enjoys the confidence of the people. As is the case in all of the McMillin corporations, the growth of the business is acquired through strictly business methods, no identity with political factions is sought, the aim being to popularize the corporations by giving good service at the lowest possible rates.

The prices charged are as follows: Street railway tickets, twenty-five for a dollar, with universal transfers. Illuminating gas is sold at $1.25 and fuel gas at $1. A readiness to serve method offers the people a seventy cent gas rate, with fixed charges. Electricity is furnished at twelve and a half cents per kilowat hour.

The gas department has 2,000 customers and thirty-two miles of mains. This branch has shown a remarkable increase in business during the past two years as efforts to build it up have been vigorous on the part of the management. As a result of a very careful investigation into the public service corporation conditions at Muskegon, I do not hesitate to state that the people of that city have corporation service that is not surpassed by any city of its size in the country. In fact, it is superior to that which is obtained in a great many American cities.

A KNOTTY MUNICIPAL PROBLEM

The only interesting public utility problem that confronts the people of Grand Rapids at the present time is the question relating to the legal existence of the Grand Rapids Hydraulic Company's charter. This matter is of more than local importance in that the city of Grand Rapids has undertaken proceedings which involve questions of interest to every public utility company and every investor in public service corporation bonds in the United States.

The Grand Rapids Hydraulic Company was granted a perpetual charter by the legislature of Michigan in the year 1849. Under its charter the company is compelled to furnish pure spring water and no attempt has ever been made to annul the charter for any violation of this provision. Pursuant to the power given by the legislature, the company constructed and put into operation a water supply system and has from time to time extended its plant at considerable cost. In 1872 the city was authorized to construct a municipal system of water works and since that time the municipality and the Hydraulic Company have engaged in very fierce competition. The mains of both systems parallel each other in some of the principal streets.

As a result of much strife between the two conflicting interests, the City, in October, 1886, filed a bill in chancery against the Hydraulic Company, for the purpose of obtaining a permanent injunction against the corporation from further operating its plant. After passing through the lower courts the Supreme Court of Michigan, in 1887, decided against the city.

During the past twenty years the question has been more or less a football, for the politicians to take a kick at, but no legal attempt was made to legislate the company out of existence until 1905, when Mayor Edwin F. Sweet brought the question officially to the front by sending a communication to the city council recommending that the legislature be asked to repeal the Hydraulic Company's charter and that the city attorney be instructed to draft a bill to be presented by the representatives from Grand Rapids. The bill was introduced by George E. Ellis, the present Mayor of Grand Rapids, who then represented the district in the lower branch of the legislature, and was passed under a suspension of the rules the day following its introduction. When the bill reached the Senate the same day, Senator Fyfe moved that the rules be suspended, and that the bill be placed on its immediate passage, which motion prevailed. The bill was then read a third time, and passed immediately and then rushed into the hands of the Governor.

The officials of the Hydraulic Company assert that no notice was given them of the contemplated proceedings, but that they learned from outside sources of the introduction of this repealing bill. Representatives of the company immediately went to Lansing and protested to Senator Fyfe and Representative Ellis against the passage of the bill, and insisted that the measure be given a full and a fair hearing. This privilege was denied and the bill, the same day, was passed through the House and also the Senate, the measure thus being introduced one day and passed through the legislature the next. On April 5th the Governor signed the bill.

After the measure became a law it was found that the passage of the bill had been premature and contrary to the parliamentary rules of the legislature, and on April 12th the identical bill was again introduced in the Senate, and under suspension of the rules, immediately passed; and on the following day April 13th, was also passed by the House under suspension of its rules, and on April 25th was approved by the Governor. Prior to the passage of the second bill, no notice or opportunity to be heard was given the officials of the Hydraulic Company, and it was only through the local newspapers that they learned of the reintroduction of the measure. The company was given until November 1, 1906 to liquidate and turn over its affairs to the city.

The Hydraulic Company immediately followed these unusual proceedings by putting its corporation on a sound financial basis. This was done by taking the company out of the hands of a receiver, paying up all the receiver's obligations, and on November 1, 1906, the date on which the company's business was to be wound up, the corporation was reorganized by a new board of directors, and an entire new management placed in charge. The city then took the matter into the courts, where at this date February 11, 1908 it rests.

Since November 1, 1906, the company has expended over $40,000 in making necessary improvements. Mains have been repaired in the streets, new machinery has been installed in the pumping station, and two new pumping stations have been built, the first having been destroyed by fire just previous to its completion.

It is evident that there is considerable animosity on the part of the city towards the Hydraulic Company. An illustration of this feeling was clearly shown at the time of the burning of the Company's pumping station, February 6, 1907. The general manager of the Hydraulic Company requested the general manager of the Board of Public Works of the city, to supply the Hydraulic Company's customers with water until such time as the plant could be started again. The Hydraulic Company was informed that the city officials did not recognize the existence of the company in any shape or manner. This unexpected rebuff was immediately followed by a further request on the part of the management of the Hydraulic Company that the city supply sufficient water to the Hydraulic Company's system to keep up circulation in its down-town mains, so as to prevent them freezing. This request was also denied, but the action of the city officials brought forth much criticism on the part of the business men and manufacturers of Grand Rapids. The press also condemned this action upon the part of the city officials.

This drastic action on the part of the city administration, is probably without precedent in the history of Michigan municipalities. The officials knew that several thousand citizens and tax-payers, customers of the Hydraulic Company, were without water service, and their health necessarily endangered; yet to carry along a hobby which had been inaugurated for political purposes, the administration refused to consider the serious condition of affairs in the homes of these people.

It is apparent that the city administration gazes at the Grand Rapids Hydraulic Company through two different field glasses. For political purposes the officials refuse to recognize the existence of the corporation, but around tax-paying time the Hydraulic Company comes into the same prominence as do all other corporations. The city's position therefore is one of inconsistency. It asserts that there is no such corporation as the Grand Rapids Hydraulic Company, and then sends the company an official notification when its taxes will be due.

The value of the Hydraulic Company's system as a fire fighting force, is perhaps not fully understood by a great many people in Grand Rapids. It is certain that the politicians have entirely lost sight of this important adjunct. According to the fire insurance rules, any building supplied with a sprinkler equipment must have two separate sources of water supply in order to obtain a low rate of insurance. In the City of Grand Rapids the Hydraulic Company furnishes the second source of supply. Without this service the factories would be compelled to install, at a great expense, either high gravity tanks, pressure tanks or fire pumps. The insurance authorities are a unit in favor of the Hydraulic Company.

It is of interest to note that under the terms of the act repealing the company's charter, nothing was to be allowed for the franchise, the only payment to be made being for the physical property of the company. This rule of compensation prescribed by the legislature has the merit of novelty, but it is being justly criticised by very able attorneys.

Another feature in connection with this interesting case is the fact that there is a trust mortgage covering the plant and real estate and expressly covering the franchise for the purpose of securing an issue of 1,200 coupon bonds of face valuation of $1,000 each, maturing in 1916; the corporation issued 680 of these bonds all of which are now outstanding. The directors insist that the company was authorized to mortgage its franchise.

Assuming that the legislature has the power to repeal the company's charter and also its franchise, the question naturally arises, "What becomes of the bonds?" It would seem from the city's position in the matter that the only security for bonds to the value of $680,000 are the tangible assets of the company, and judging from expressions made by certain city officials the municipality would not fix a price exceeding $75,000 to be paid for the property. Here, then, would be a bondholder's loss of over half a million, and the matter is, therefore, of national interest.

Since the present management has been in charge a new policy has been put into effect. The policy is one of liberality and fair dealings. Every effort is being made to improve the system and service and this spirit on the part of the management has made the corporation many friends, among the business men in Grand Rapids.

The officers of the company are as follows:

John F. Calder, President; John E. More, Vice-President; Thos. H. Keogh, Secretary-Treasurer; William Kingsley, Counsel; James R. Fitzpatrick, C. E., General Manager.

BEET-SUGAR FACTORY AT FORT MORGAN, COLORADO

CITY OF FORT MORGAN, COLORADO

By D. E. CAMERON

SEVENTY-EIGHT miles east of Denver, Colorado, is a town, and surrounding that town a county that has the reputation of having made the most rapid growth of any farming district in the United States during the past few years; they are Fort Morgan and Morgan County, Colorado.

Travelers traveling through this section, en route from any portion of the East to the Pacific coast, are wont to report that the country between a point ten or twelve miles east of Fort Morgan to a point the same distance to the west, is one of the most prosperous appearing sections on the line of travel, from ocean to ocean. The country, during the winter months has the appearance of one gigantic stock yard, so great is the number of cattle and sheep being fed, and in the summer months it is like one vast garden, the fields of beets, alfalfa, grains and vegetables making a panoramic picture that would be hard to excel; while the town of Fort Morgan spreads out before their gaze as a growing commercial center.

To those who have been passing through this country for a number of years,—which was evidently very aptly classed as part of the "Great American Desert,"—and who remember Fort Morgan as a village of 634 people in 1900, and the surrounding country as nearly all covered with virgin prairie grass —the home of the cow-boy with the big herds of cattle—this transformation seems little less than miraculous. "What could have caused this transformation," you ask; the answer is given in one word, "Irrigation."

Irrigation is as old as civilization, and it requires but little study to see the manifold advantages of farming in a country where a man can, so to speak, "control the rain." In Morgan county, the "Garden of Colorado," irrigation has always paid large dividends; when the project was first introduced, the flood waters from the rivers was used, and during the long, dry summers it was often difficult to get sufficient water for the growing crops; but a few years since, the building of reservoirs was begun, and now millions of cubic feet of water are stored up in the large reservoirs during the winter and spring to be used when it is needed in the summer; it is only from the time that the first reservoir was built that the greatest prosperity dates; and from that time dates the rapid growth of the chief city, and seat of the county government, Fort Morgan.

First came the great Jackson Lake reservoir, which for the past four years has furnished an abundance of late water for the farmers under the Morgan ditch, and the Platte and Beaver ditches. Jackson Lake has a concrete protected wall over two miles in length along its lower side to prevent the possibility of breaking its walls; the reservoir contains nearly 2,000,000,000 cubic feet of water.

A FORT MORGAN RESIDENCE

The next reservoirs to be constructed and used were the Bijou, and the Big Empire which together contain about 3,000,000,000 cubic feet of water, and supply with water the immense body of land to the west and southwest of Fort Morgan, known at the Bijou district. The past season was the first in which much water was run from these reservoirs, but they are being supplied now for next season's use, which ensures the watering of a larger tract than that watered by Jackson Lake.

On the north side of the Platte river, the Riverside reservoir and Irrigation district is the big enterprise; this immense project is rapidly nearing completion. Several hundred men and teams are busily engaged on the big ditch; and the reservoir already has within its confines 1,500,000,000 cubic feet of water; when completed, the reservoir will contain twice that amount, and will irrigate 40,000 acres of new land that is being cultivated for the first time.

A list of the ditches in Morgan County with the acreage watered by each follows:

NAME.	Miles in length.	Acres covered.
Bijou Canal	40	40,000
Weldon Valley ditch	15	6,000
Fort Morgan canal	32	18,000
Upper Platte and Beaver canal	19	15,000
Lower Platte and Beaver canal	30	20,000
A. A. Smith canal	10	2,000
Moore & Tracy canal	7	2,000
Pyott canal	5	1,000
Gill & Stevens canal	6	800
Emerson canal	9	3,000
Nelson & Wylie canal	2	1,000
Edwards canal	5	5,000
Reagan canal No. 2	4	2,000
Putnam canal	8	4,000
Trowel Ranch canal	6	2,500
Snyder canal	6	5,000
Raugh & Ayers ditch	5	1,800
Riverside now being constructed	60	40,000

The principal occupation of the citizens of Morgan County is that of Agriculture; a great variety of crops, however, can be grown in this soil, with good financial results to the farmer. Since the establishment of sugar factories in this section, sugar beets have been one of the leading products. It has been only five or six years since the farmers began the raising of sugar beets for market, and yet this industry now leads all of the various industries of the county; last year nearly a million dollars were paid Morgan County farmers for their sugar beets. Gross incomes of from $75.00 to $125.00 per acre, and net incomes of from $40.00 to $75.00 per acre are common, while exceptional returns of $150.00 occur, in the culture of sugar beets.

A FORT MORGAN RESIDENCE

Next to sugar beets in importance as a crop comes alfalfa; when one considers the fact that it enriches the soil and makes it like virgin land again, it almost equals the sweet tubers in profit. The feeding of the alfalfa to stock on the farm also increases the profits. Good profit is made from potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables, while wheat, oats, barley, and in fact all kinds of grains are among the staples of the county. Stock-feeding is a big industry in this section; hundreds of thousands of sheep, and tens of thousands of cattle being fed every season on Morgan County's fine alfalfa, and on the sugar beet pulp from the factories.

Morgan County wants at least another thousand farmers who will buy small tracts of land, and by increased attention, produce still larger crops. Land under the old ditches is selling for from $75.00 to $250.00 per acre, but good land under some of the newer ditches, with just as good water rights, can be secured at $40.00 per acre; while relinquishments, and some deeded lands under ditches will soon be worth from $75.00 to $150.00 per acre.

First row—Presbyterian Church, Street Scene, Residence. Second row—Haying, High School, Street Scene, Unloading Beets. Third row—United Presbyterian Church, Masonic Temple, Residence

Fort Morgan is in the exact centre of Morgan County, and almost in the exact center of the two hundred thousand acres of irrigated land contained in the county,—this area being one of the largest contiguous bodies of irrigated land in the state of Colorado. It is so situated that it is bound to grow very rapidly, and maintain its supremacy in the South Platte Valley as the leading city between Denver and Lincoln. During the past two years over three hundred residences and twenty business houses have been built, besides, the sugar factory, a large high school building, masonic temple, court house and several churches. Among the buildings are residences costing $10,000, and business blocks that cost from $3,000 to $50,000, and that would be a credit to a city of fifty thousand people, instead of one of nearly four thousand, which is Fort Morgan's population at the present time. Inside of five years, it is confidently predicted, however, that Fort Morgan will pass the ten thousand mark. One thing to be considered at present is that while most cities have ceased building operations, Fort Morgan is going ahead as if there had been no thought of a panic.

* * *

Fort Morgan is located on the main line of the Burlington, and the Julesburg cut-off of the Union Pacific railroad, thus giving it the best train service with the outside world; there are eight passenger trains daily each way. The Burlington railroad reports business as follows for the years of 1906 and 1907, showing a net gain during the last year of $95,511.06:

MONTH.	1907.	1906.
January	21,107.03	14,210.92
February	21,622.80	14,025.89
March	28,449.23	14,604.78
April.	20,677.84	9,512.42
May	23,506.04	17,688.89
June	20,622.27	26,153.11
July	25.666.29	16,718.07
August	28,183.72	17,278.76
September	26,061.74	24,501.46
October	29,876.14	20,350.84
November	52,577.93	30,250.50
December	32,248.29	31,832.62

Yours truly,
W. J. MALLERY, Agent

The Union Pacific railroad also reports a gain.

In the post office the gain is just as remarkable—a net gain of over twenty-five per cent being made during the past year; there now seems no doubt about Fort Morgan securing free delivery of mail on July 1st next—the post office having made already the gain required to give free delivery.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Fort Morgan owns its own water works and electric light plants, and therefore there is no possibility of some grasping monopolist grinding the citizens down when it becomes larger. The water works plant is large enough to supply a city of ten thousand people, and the electric lighting system is being enlarged as fast as the demand warrants it.

In the matter of schools Fort Morgan ranks well to the front; she has always had a class of citizens that were interested in educational progress, so her schools have always been well provided for. Last year a $40,000 school building was erected, and this year $15,000 more will be used for buildings. The course of study for the grades contains the common branches together with music and drawing; sewing is taught to the girls, and sloyd to the boys. There is a four years' high school course of study, and graduates therefrom are admitted to the colleges of the state without examination; many graduates from Fort Morgan High School hold responsible positions today.

There are in Fort Morgan ten religious denominations holding regular church services; the Methodist, Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, Christian, German Congregational, Catholic, German Lutheran, and Adventist. The Presbyterians, Baptists and German Congregationalists built new church edifices last year; the United Presbyterians are just completing their new church building, which is so far the largest in the city, while the Methodists are just starting on a new church home this year; the Catholics, German Lutherans and Adventists do not as yet have church buildings, but hold regular services.

Fort Morgan's sugar factory is the greatest single manufacturing industry in the city; it turns from six hundred to nine hundred tons of beets into sugar daily during the time it is running, which is from about October 1st until March 1st. Another sugar factory is located at Brush, ten miles east of Fort Morgan, and others are under consideration in other parts of the country, to handle the increased number of the sweet tubers raised.

The Platte Valley Flour Mill, which was destroyed by fire last fall, is being rebuilt, and will be ready to handle this year's crop of wheat; the capacity of the mill will be 125 barrels daily. Among the new factories just getting started are an ice factory, and bottling works. There are excellent openings for manufacturing plants in every town in the county; the prospects being exceptionally good for more sugar factories within the next few years. There is no place that offers a better opening for a vegetable canning factory than Fort Morgan; vegetables grow in the locality to the highest degree of perfection, and a large canning factory is sure to appear soon. An alfalfa meal mill is one of the most promising manufacturing propositions that has been under consideration for this section; such a plant should pay from the start. Two or three eastern syndicates have been figuring on such a plant in Fort Morgan, and 1908 will undoubtedly see an alfalfa meal mill running in Fort Morgan. A creamery is another industry that should be established

BEET FIELD SCENE IN MORGAN COUNTY

in Fort Morgan. A large number of fine cows are taken to this country each year, and more would be taken if there was a creamery at hand to handle the cream. Many people object to shipping their cream to Denver, or to Nebraska creameries, while they would go into the business on a large scale if there was a creamery in the county. Fort Morgan wants a shoe factory; the railroad facilities, and the large number of cattle raised, makes it an especially good location for one, and it is expected that such an industry will be established in the near future. Fort Morgan wants an automobile factory, and is now figuring with some parties in regard to starting such an industry this year, or next year at the latest; the fine roads, make it an ideal place for automobiling, so the local consumption would be encouraging. Another industry that would be profitable, would be a Denaturized Alcohol distillery.

Another institution that is needed in Fort Morgan is a hospital and sanitarium. Large numbers of eastern people migrate to Morgan County every year for health reasons, and such an institution would be welcomed, and would fill a long felt want.

Fort Morgan has three banks with deposits aggregating almost a million dollars; they are the First National Bank, the Morgan County National Bank and the Home Savings Bank.

Fort Morgan has two excellent newspapers, the Morgan County Herald and the Fort Morgan Times; they are said to be the two best newspapers published anywhere in a city of the size of Fort Morgan—in fact, in cities a great deal larger one will seldom find better papers. Fort Morgan has no saloons, in fact there are no saloons in Morgan County, thus making it an ideal spot in which to locate and build a home.

In conclusion, Fort Morgan invites anyone who is anxious to improve his financial condition, or who is in poor health in altitudes lower than this—which is a little over 4,000 feet—to try living where the sun shines bright and clear for three hundred days in the year, and where good business chances abound.

POWER OF PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

IT was not many years ago, as time is counted, that a young student, Maine-State born, founded an insurance company in Newark. The organization of the company was prompted by a strong demand for industrial insurance. Newark, New Jersey, the home of a large number of industrial workers was decided upon as the place to nurture to full stature the idea, rather than New York City or large financial centers.

In a basement on Market Street, the business of this company was launched by the young man, Mr. John F. Dryden, now president of the company. He remained steadfast at his work night and day, evolving the broad-gauged plan of industrial and life insurance that has become an important part of national progress. A trip to Europe to investigate industrial insurance there, and such methods as could be adapted to the business in this country he crystalized into a system of insurance, and created an institution so impregnable that nothing less than the Rock of Gibralter could typify its strength.

The Prudential Insurance Company is an institution that comes close to the masses and appeals directly to the "great, plain, common people." To hear the door bell ring; to pay that little amount for weekly insurance premiums when the "Prudential man" comes has become a part of the routine life of the people and created habits of thrift and saving which means much for permanent prosperity.

Here I must pay tribute to the scores of Prudential ambassadors I have met. Courtesy is the first essential in the bearing of this company and representatives. Have you ever met a Prudential agent who was not invariably courteous? Was he not interested in little Johnny's sickness; in mother's new sewing machine, keeping in genuinely sympathetic touch with the necessities, pleasures and even sorrows of family life? Is he not, in fact, a part of the home life of millions of people?

The insurance agent is prone to dwell on the magnitude of the business; on the security of gigantic assets; on the might of visible financial resources of his company, and, finally, that great asset which the Prudential Insurance Company possesses, revealed in the unwavering confidence expressed in the weekly payments of premiums by its millions of policy holders. The incentive of promotion stimulating its agents is infectious, and is found in managers, assistants and beginners, for from the ranks of the field-workers the successful managers are recruited —a potential brigade in the triumphs of industrial progress.

As I stood looking over the home office, with thousands of young men and women at work in the policy section, auditing rooms and general offices, there was presented in concrete illustration an organization dealing directly with individuals residing in every portion of the United States. The magnetic force of a comparatively small number of clerks holds the lines steady. Every Prudential representative has before him a record of his previous year's or month's work, and nothing is so great an incentive to effort as to strive to outdo one's self.

This company has kept even pace with the progressive ideas involving the purposes of old age pensions. Policy holders in the Prudential pay no further premium on their insurance after they have passed the age of seventy-five years. While this provision has involved millions of extra expenditure to the company, the consideration given these men who have spent their lives in arduous toil and who are entitled by years of frugal saving to all the comforts that can be enjoyed and freedom from dread and anxiety, indicates the broad gauge and progressive purposes of the Prudential.

In the great file rooms, every policy holder has ten or twelve cards, each of which is filed in an automatic succession of unerring accuracy. The record of payment, from five cents in the industrial department to thousands of dollars on large policies, is given the same scrupulous care and attention.

This company has so systematized the work as to minimize the cost of handling and selling insurance—labor and time saving devices being a prominent factor in furnishing cheaper and better insurance. Modern equipment in every department has made low rate insurance possible for the people. The actuarial machine collates the cards, which have been punched, showing the different ages and various calculations, and classifies and gathers them together on little nail tips, saving hours and days of tedious hand work. The cards with clipped corners also have their special significance. The various classifications of the millions of different cards is thus made a simple matter. The longevity of the policy holders is here reduced to a concrete mathematical calculation.

As one goes through the buildings it becomes apparent why so much space is required for the home office of the "Gibralter Company of America," the conduct of whose business has required billions of cards and the most careful auditing, for it comes into direct communication with millions of people—nearly one-tenth of the total number of persons recorded in the United States census department at Washington.

As I look back upon my years of work on the National Magazine, the terrible uncertainties of human happiness and effort incident to our common mortality is a solemnly impressive thought. How many great and good men apparently at the very prime of their strength, fame and usefulness; how many wives and husbands apparently secure in home, love and insured incomes; how many young men educated and fitted (through great sacrifice) to become the shield and stay of otherwise helpless loved ones; how many great inventors, authors and captains of industry whose lost ideas, discoveries or power of organization no one else could adequately replace; how many partners, skilled employees and servants indispensable to their immediate co-laborers, at least, I have seen go down "before the lance of the Rider of the Pale Horse to join the Great Majority," leaving not only grief and loneliness but almost utter desolation and loss behind them.

And how often have I seen on the other hand business loss and disappointment greatly lessened, if not completely made good, and the unequal warfare with loss and disappointment which finally sapped the life of some over-worked and unfortunate man, succeeded by greater physical comfort than he had ever been able to confer on his loved ones while living. These and like compensations in part pay for the greatest losses and sorrows of life, and are the work of that greatest of modern magicians, Life Insurance.

All other human improvements stop at the grave; bring no comfort to the bereaved and helpless; no consolation to the dying who unselfishly look beyond their own weakness and doubts to question what the future has in store for the beloved and helpless whom they can no longer serve. Here, at least, a purely business institution for moderate investment at times seems to have almost superhuman attributes of magical solace and beneficence.

These contingencies are so largely recognized in the United States and Canada that a year ago there were 24,000,000 insurance policies in force in those countries, besides a vast amount of fraternal, co-operative and accident insurances. Apparently nearly every individual of their aggregate population is or should be in some degree directly interested in the benefits of one of these policies; but the fact is the majority of our people still fail to carry a reliable, business-like life insurance.

The investigation of life insurance companies and the consequent agitation and popular distrust resulting therefrom were inevitable results of imperfect systems, bad management and neglect of the interests of the assured public. While this development was inevitable and necessary, the failure of individual companies to keep good faith with the public was so distorted, overdrawn and misrepresented that a large number of perfectly safe policies were allowed to lapse by dubious holders, who could by no manner of means safely relinquish the life insurance which they had hitherto been perfectly satisfied to maintain.

At the height of the war of words, and the wreck of valuable interests, the Prudential Insurance Company of America with home offices at Newark, New Jersey, came boldly into the arena—into the full glare of the limelight, as it were. It had become notable through its characteristic originality in the advertising line, principally through its universally known trademark or heraldic cognizance—a view of the Rock of Gibralter, with the legend "The Prudential has the Strength of Gibraltar" in white letters on its cliff.

That this comparison of the Prudential with the strongest fortress in the world was in no sense overdrawn or exaggerated, was brought to a supreme test by the action of the president, John F. Dryden, and his associates in at once courting the fullest and most unsparing investigation of its policy, system and management. First before the New York Committee, it passed the test fully and triumphantly. Then it underwent further investigation before committees of its own state of New Jersey, only to emerge from every ordeal not only acquitted of any fault or weakness, but with a hearty recognition of its claims to the confidence of the public.

As a result, in 1907, a year of panic and too general distrust and apprehension, the Prudential increased its outstanding policies by over $84,000,000 and its total income by $3,300,488.77, with a decided improvement in the increase of new business, the decrease of lapses, the permanency and reliability of their agency force, and better economies in the expenses of management.

The fact that the policies issued by the company, and now in force number over 1,600,000, representing at least one-tenth of the entire adult population of the United States in its probable beneficiaries, and about $350,000,000 in amount, will partially explain the necessity for the immense floor space utilized by the Prudential.

In the different departments I saw thousands of men and women, young and old, busy in the immense correspondence, recording, auditing and financial work of the company. Billions of letters and circulars go and come yearly; thousands of millions of cards fill the vast indexes of the company, giving a compact but comprehensive history of every policy holder; an army of 30,000 agents are directed, managed and supplied with a flood of literature and forms; and a huge printing establishment and mailing department employ a host of skilled and unskilled operatives.

Coincident with the prosperity of the country, has been the increase of general life insurance. When people are prosperous, and happy and contented, they feel like making a provision for the future of their loved ones; but in the past few years no factor has been more potent in developing the most necessary provision than industrial insurance as exploited by the Prudential Life Insurance Company of Newark, New Jersey. No other one enterprise in the country is so directly and thoroughly in touch with the people as this great organization with its myriads of agents calling weekly at the homes of hundreds of thousands of the American people and making these tiny collections which, like rivulets from the mountain top, run together into brooks and rivers of currency, and make one great ocean of revenue and resources.

Many times have I been present at a funeral of a hard-working and industrious man and learned that all of the expenses were paid because of the little provision made with the Prudential Life Insurance Company. What a satisfaction it was to his family to feel that "father," although unfortunate in his attempts to acquire wealth, was not buried as an object of charity; and while his struggles to keep the wolf from the door and to support his family were hard, yet there was a little after all laid by to provide for present necessities and future needs.

In every section of the land, in the crowded factory towns and even in the remote country districts, the agents and representatives of the Prudential Life Insurance Company come closer in contact with the people and their needs and wishes than even the federal government itself through its post office department, rural free delivery and all. For the people, in dealing with the post office, cannot, because of their trials and tribulations, obtain credit for even a single postage stamp; for Uncle Sam exacts cash and must have his two cents for every stamp. But a private corporation, an insurance company, deals more humanely and leniently with the people in their misfortunes.

The little conversations with the company's agent at the back door or front door, reflects not only individual fortunes, but often the general condition of the community. The wonderful progress made by the company since the reaction against the depression of 1907 showed how strongly legitimate and justly managed life insurance is intrenched in the hearts, affections and confidence of the people.

The success of Prudential insurance is due largely to its simplicity, and to the fact that no variations or exceptions are permitted—here the millionaire and the working man stand on precisely the same platform—the spirit of true democracy. Political economy is more vitally concerned with industrial insurance than appears at the first glance. On the well-being of the industrial classes depends the prosperity of the entire nation, and many a poor family thanks the insurance company, when, in time of death, disaster or need, they are able to meet all demands because of the little bits that have been deposited with the insurance man—and never missed from the worker's weekly wage.

When the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor, in '98, twenty-one industrial policies were carried by the Prudential for men who had lost their lives in the disaster, and nearly four times the amount paid in premiums was promptly delivered in claims to the relatives of these men. The only life lost in the naval battle of Santiago was that of a policy holder in the Prudential Life Insurance Company, and his heirs received $353, on which only $86.70 had been paid by the deceased—the settlement being immediate and satisfactory.

In this company all litigation and undue delay are eliminated, while every precaution is exercised against imposition and fraud. Out of 3,000 insurance cases cited in the recent works on "Law and Life Insurance," only two decisions affected the Prudential.

Senator Dryden says that "industrial insurance is life insurance at retail." The company makes every effort to save its policy holders from loss by lapses or otherwise, which affect the policy holders just as much as the company. Insurance in early life is now part of the education of our youth, and I am disposed to urge its importance on everyone when I contemplate the snug benefits of a policy issued to me—in common with thousands of other young people, while still in my teens. It is within the reach of all, for the smallest premium is three cents a week.

There is a sociological aspect in life insurance that cannot be overlooked, and the various phases of its evolution form an interesting study. Government insurance in England has proved a failure, because it lacks the personal initiative—the live force, without which no enterprise can succeed. Last year post office insurance in Great Britain aggregated only 741 new policies, against 750,000 issued by the London Prudential Company. In ten days this company averages as many policies as the government insurance department does in forty years.

Speaking of the opinions held by the average citizen and legislator in such matters, Herbert Spencer says: "He persists in thinking of a society as a manufacture and not as a growth; is blind to the fact that the vast and complex organization by which its life is carried on has resulted from the spontaneous co-operations of men pursuing their private ends. . . . He assumes that if a good thing is to be achieved, or an evil prevented, Parliament must be invoked. He has unlimited faith in the agency which has achieved multitudinous failures, and has no faith in the agency which has achieved multitudinous sucesses."

This process of natural growth is exemplified in the organization and success of a gigantic company like the Prudential, which has come to be in fact a wonderful piece of human mechanism. It seems as though every dot of the "i," every cross of the "t" has its own special place, and is as carefully attended to as the trial balance of the treasurer.

The sociological problems of the times find a satisfactory solution in the operation of a great insurance company like the Prudential, strong as Gibralter and keeping ever in mind the human equation which means striving for the largest measure of security and happiness in the most direct and simple manner.

As one result of all the agitation in the insurance world during the past two or three years the public is demanding simple, straightforward life insurance contracts at the lowest possible cost compatible with safety. The Prudential, being keenly alive to the situation, adopted the non-participating plan exclusively, thereby eliminating all speculative features and giving the insured the net cost from the beginning and leaving no uncertainties whatever as to how much he will pay or as to how much he will get.

The first year's experience has, by the substantial returns, shown the wisdom of this course. From the annual statement to policy holders, one is able to get valuable information as to the scope of the work for the year and the tremendous strides the company has made in its comparative brief history.

The lessons taught by fair dealing, skillful management and honest business methods, are shown by the tremendous increase in the volume of business notwithstanding the hard times and all the agitation about insurance frauds. The fact that the Prudential courted the fullest investigation, that it voluntarily went before the New York committee and subsequently went through other investigations by state committees, coming out with a clean bill of health in each case, gained for it the prestige so strikingly emphasized by the large volume of business which has been daily going on its books since these investigations were held. The fine showing made by the Prudential in all of these examinations has made it stronger and nearer to the hearts of the people than ever before.

In spite of palpable ignorance and malicious misstatements by sensational newspapers the people through all the insurance agitation and recent business depression have gained a better knowledge of the true value of insurance than they ever had before and are better able to discriminate between the good and the bad. The popularity of Prudential policies shows that the simple form, giving the largest volume of protection at the lowest minimum cost, is what the people are demanding. A company whose record for fair dealing and for the fulfillment of every contract is unimpeached. In this respect the Prudential stands out conspicuously among the companies of the world.

The depression in value of securities caused by the recent panic has taught business men to realize the enormous advantage of a life insurance policy. Aside from being able in emergencies to borrow money on these policies, they have had it brought right home to them that whatever might happen to all of their other investments they still had the comfort of knowing that their policy in the Prudential would insure protection to their families if the worst should happen. Whether they desire the protection for business purposes or as a legacy for dependents, its value and safety affords the greatest consolation.

The action by legislatures in their hysterical moments on insurance questions is proving contrary to public welfare. The burdensome laws notably in Wisconsin, New York and Texas, bad as they are for the insurance companies, bear more heavily upon the public, for, after all, it is the policy-holder who must pay his share of the taxes and other heavy expenses made necessary by these hastily considered laws.

The Prudential's expansion policy, "Onward and upward" continues to be the watchword for the future, and they are accordingly planning for extending lines in territory not hitherto covered, where business can be conducted safely and to the best advantage. In industrial business particularly the lines westward to and along the Pacific slope are being aggressively extended.

The Prudential is the only company in the country having among its directors representatives of the state government. Under a special act of the New Jersey Legislature three gentlemen of unquestioned integrity and high standing were designated as state directors and are now participating in the management of the company. This is an additional safeguard to policy holders and an evidence of the Prudential management to court the fullest scrutiny by the state in the administration of the company's affairs.

The dominating force of the president, Mr. John F. Dryden, his sterling integrity, his powers of generalship, business acumen as the promoter of industrial insurance in this country inspires confidence. He has been at the helm throughout the career of the company, with a firmer hold than ever since his retirement from politics, his constant aim being to build so well that the interests of the policy holders will be safeguarded for all time to come and that the institution may justly be considered our greatest public benefactor. William Dean Howells in a three column article in the New York Sun mentioned no less than three times the name of the company in complimentary terms in connection with the great rock. On all sides there is ample eivdence that this legend although not actually on the rock itself, is sinking deeper and deeper into the human mind and the past year's record has amply proved its right and title to the trademark so widely known.

GEN. BRAYTON OF RHODE ISLAND

By JOHN E. JONES

ONE of the most picturesque and sturdy types of the American political manager in the United States is General Charles R. Brayton. One of the "old guard" who has seen many a rough and hard political fight for decades past, this sturdy old Rhode Island "Earl of Warwick" has been able to foresee and largely control the political affairs of his native state. He has served his party and friends loyally and faithfully, and although sixty-seven winters have passed over him, he declares today that he has nothing to regret, since he has always worked for what he believed to be right, and his party loyalty has never been questioned.

GENERAL CHARLES R. BRAYTON

In Rhode Island the unitiated often speak of him as "Boss Brayton," and ascribe to him powers somewhat more than earthly — he is to many the strange, mysterious man who commands only to have his orders obeyed. But amongst those more closely associated with him, and among the republicans of the state who take an active interest in the affairs of the party, he is accorded the highest respect, and his value as a counselor of the party and a power in the republican organization, meets an appreciation that impresses the careful student of human character with the usefulness of the life of Rhode Island's grand old man. During a recent visit I found him at his offices sitting in his favorite chair by the window in a room with the window shades drawn down, for General Brayton is almost totally blind. Close at hand were his pipes, matches, tobacco, carefully prepared for the old veteran; when he put on his spectacles and stared at me through nearly sightless eyes, it seemed that there must remain a glimmer of light in those eyes, as his face beamed as he told me of the political conventions where he figured conspicuously with Mark Hanna, Thomas Platt, and other great leaders. It was in such struggles that he won a record for political sagacity that is not often equalled, for there never has been a shadow of doubt as to the experience and wisdom of General Brayton. From all points the pilgrimage wends its way to his headquarters, and when advice is sought, it is given —and it is of the right sort.

There is what might be termed an almost mysterious power in this grand old War Horse, and time and again has he responded to the call of political gatherings to appear before them, with the result that he invariably creates a spontaneous enthusiasm that sweeps delegates and spectators "off their feet." Picture if you can a tall well-built man, straight as an arrow, with a countenance rigid with purpose and determination; iron-gray hair, and possessed with an eloquence in which is found every force that can be backed by an earnest purpose, and with it all the almost sightless eyes; and then perhaps you can imagine this wonderful man, who in action, has for many years been the recognized leader of the republican party in the state of Rhode Island. He has been the target for the attacks of opponents not only outside, but within his party, for years, yet it all seems to count for little, and today he is the idol of the republican cause in Rhode Island, just as he was before the opposition changed their attacks from his party to himself. Within a few weeks a republican state convention gave to him an almost unanimous endorsement, and he did not appear before the delegates. Opposition melts like the spring time flurries of snow before the force and power of this man, who in every sense of the word is a stirring example of integrity and honesty, and now in almost sightless days there is no man better informed or more keenly interested in the passing of political events. He has long been a member of the Republican National and Republican State Committees, and in the political affairs of the nation, as well as in his home state, he has been a man of importance in directing the party matters. The affection and regard in which the veteran is held by his many associates on these committees is indeed a splendid expression of gratitude. He was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, and still lives there, and the boy of Warwick has indeed become like Warwick, the king-maker, since he has made and unmade statesmen, senators and legislators, and while he may have ruled at times with a rod of iron, yet his rule has been wise, and above all he has never been known to betray a friend or stab an opponent in the back.

This grand old peer of stalwart strength descends from the best New England ancestry, and since Francis Brayton came from England to Rhode Island in 1643, the name of Brayton has been prominent in the affairs of the small but great state over which the present member of the family holds such a wonderful control. His ancestry have occupied positions of the highest trust in Rhode Island. His grandfather, Charles Brayton, was an associate justice of the Supreme Court; his uncle, Geo. A. Brayton, was an associate and chief justice of the Supreme Court, and his father was a former representative in Congress.

He is the oldest living Past Commander of King Solomon lodge, A. F. & A. M., and the third oldest living of the Past Commanders of Calvary Commandery Knights Templars, United States Senator Nelson W. Aldrich being the oldest; likewise he is the oldest living Post Commander of Prescott Post, number one, G. A. R., and within the past month was honored and eulogized at the Veterans' Reunion. From a Providence newspaper we have taken the following, which appeared as a part of the address of Rev. Charles H. Ewer, D. D., Junior Vice Department Commander and Chaplain of Prescott Post. In speaking of General Brayton he said:

"I'm glad we have this man with us tonight," and here the speaker laid his hand affectionately upon the shoulder of General Brayton, who occupied a chair directly in front of the platform, facing the audience. "Men may differ in politics and religion, but they may not greatly differ in their feelings. I am sure that whatever difference there may be in politics, we honor this man for what he did in that day when the country needed brave men, for he was a brave soldier."

General Brayton is also the oldest living state Department Commander of the Grand Army of the State of Rhode Island. He is a member of the Brunonian chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi Society of Brown University of the Class of 1863, and Governor Hughes, of New York, occupied the same room, No. 22 Hope College, after he left the college at the end of his sophomore year to go to the Civil War, joining the Third Rhode Island Volunteers as first lieutenant in August, 1861, and subsequently being promoted to be captain, lieutenant-colonel and colonel in command of the regiment when but twenty-three years of age.

Roger Williams and other names famous and wonderful in the history of America figure in the ancestry of the most successful political manager of the United States, for it can be said without any probability of successful contradiction that no other American wields so much power in the affairs of a state as has been for years in the possession of General Brayton. He is a man of modest means, and his business is the handling of legislative and other legal matters, being a member of the bar of the Supreme Court and also of the United States Circuit Court. He gets what he wants, and he therefore selects clients whose interests he can conscientiously serve. Although he has been vigorously attacked and the boast of the present Governor was that "he would drive General Brayton from the State House," still the old gentleman goes quietly on about his business, and the State House is as much open to him today as in any of the years that have passed, but he contents himself with offices in one of the modern buildings of Providence, and here he holds his Court, and legislators and public men call daily in large numbers for his advice and counsel.

In political affairs he has the same fearlessness and strength and confidence in his position as that shown by him in the war of the rebellion, when as a soldier he was described by his old comrades as "a man who knew no fear," and he participated in some lively engagements. At the seige of Forts Wagner and Sumter he was chief of artillery, and on March 13, 1865, he was made a brevet brigadier-general of volunteers by President Johnson, "for faithful and meritorious services during the war;" and later appointed captain of the Seventeenth United States Infantry. He still has the magnificent bearing of a military man, and though his forces are now marshalled in civic and political life, he is still the same man who wins and holds his spurs through "meritorious services."

Every man, woman and child in Rhode Island knows the blind chieftain either by sight or by reputation, and those nearest and closest appreciate that this great, big-hearted and kind man has been made the victim of the political hatred and envy of less successful politicians, and there is not a year passes but what in some way occasions present themselves for popular expressions that must indeed be gratifying to the veteran who has spent his entire life in Rhode Island, and who has devoted practically all of his time since the Civil War in looking after affairs of public interest in "Little Rhody." He is the one man on the American continent who has influenced more legislation, made more public officials, both little and great, than any other and it was indeed a great pleasure to pass those two hours with him. The grand old man, to use the slang of the day, "hasn't a streak of yellow in him," but is "true blue" clear through. I have a pleasant recollection of his story about the Evangelistic meeting and how the old General intended to drop twenty-five cents into the contribution box, but he added, "When that preacher went after the 'muck-rakers' in church and state my ante was raised to one dollar." There was a glisten of eloquence in the kindly face and it seemed to reflect in the almost sightless eyes as he brought out the story, and then he followed me to the door to bid me "good-bye."

In these late years there has been a good deal of discussion both pro and con as to the usefulness of the political manager, and coming back to Boston that night I discussed General Brayton and his career with one of the splendid statesmen of Rhode Island, whose success the old warhorse had helped to bring about, and somehow there was in what he said a great deal that seems incontrovertable. "General Brayton has been a wonderful help to Rhode Island and the people will appreciate him more and more in years to come—his has been an active and useful existence, and his splendid mind and correct judgment has given aid and wisdom to the state which has accomplished wonders in the production of useful legislation, and in valuable work along every line. His power is the result of concentration—and that wonderful word concentration cannot be minimized as to results that it may bring. He has concentrated his whole aim and life along the line of political management, and as his motives have always been high, and his loyalty what might be termed as intense, Rhode Island has reaped a benefit from General Brayton that places it forever under a lasting debt of gratitude." Yes, I believe all this that was told me is true, and among the men of the nation who have made good, the name of General Charles R. Brayton stands near the head of the list.

ATTENDING THE OPERA AT HOME

By FLYNN WAYNE

COMING almost direct from a performance of Pagliacci, I attended a Victor recital of this same tragic little opera, at the rooms of the Eastern Talking Machine Company on Tremont Street, Boston.

The recording of this popular opera indicates as perhaps nothing else has done the wonderful advance of the Victor as a musical instrument, not only as an entertainer but because of its great influence in the musical education of the people.

In the audience were many patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the appreciation and enjoyment of these critical listeners was most evident.

Mr. Taft and his popular operator, Mr. Fitzgerald, furnished through the Victrola, an hour and a half of the choicest musical entertainment to the audience who filled his perfectly equipped concert room.

LEONCAVALLO
The Famous Italian Composer

The horn of the Victrola is entirely concealed, and the sound comes out through a square space in front of the instrument which is constructed on the plan of a curio cabinet. Out of these mysterious depths, which suggests the hidden orchestra at Bayreuth, comes the stirring orchestration of Leoncavallo's popular opera as accurate and as true to life as at the famous Scala of Milan.

The stirring choruses, the dramatic arias, and, in fact, every number, except Vesti la Giubba which was sung by Caruso in this country, was a reproduction of a performance personally directed by the composer. This fact settles at once all controversy as to the composer's conception of the opera.

It was only a short time before that I had witnessed Geraldine Farrar as Nedda; and now I was listening to one of the most famous of Italian prima donnas, Mme. Huguet, who has never visited this country, but whose presence was as truly felt that afternoon as though she was actually present.

The beautiful prologue was rendered in such masterly style by Francesco Cigada, that with little imagination he could almost be seen coming before the curtain and singing that famous opening number. The second part, where the superb andante, "A Song of Tender Memories," was reproduced, one could almost close his eyes and see Scotti as we had seen him not long before, while Caruso's pathetic singing of the broken-hearted clown's lament was so wonderfully true to life that we sat in perfect amazement at the wonderful reproduction of this great voice.

The audience had been supplied with the artistic Victor libretto containing the English translation of the words, and with this assistance we could almost see the actual performance, especially as clever thumb nail illustrations of the various characters and scenes of the play were inserted in the margin and the complete synopsis enabled one to follow closely the argument of the opera.

The beauties of the score as they were brought out under the magic baton of the composer, himself, impressed the audience

NEDDA

more and more as the production proceeded. The incomparable "Chorus of the Bells," with its melodious "ding dong" refrain, is one of the most effective numbers in the opera, and one could almost see the singers going off the stage as their voices were heard dying away in the distance.

"ARRIVAL OF THE PLAYERS,"—A SCENE FROM PAGLIACCI

The duet between Huguet (Nedda) and Cigada (Tonio) was given with all the passionate force of the Italian temperament. Every phrase was so vividly rendered that one could hardly realize that he was not again actually seeing the opera. The strains of the tragic finale culminating in Punchinello's vengeance died away, leaving us almost in a dream.

The popularity of these entertainments among music lovers is increasing.

Among the listeners at this recital was a friend who never could appreciate grand opera, but could only conceive of it as a succession of inconceivable sounds. It was interesting to watch his face and hear his expressions of gratification as the fascination of operatic music possessed him and at the end of the recital he frankly confessed that he was for the first time having a clear appreciation of music. This was indeed a significant confession that a mechanical contrivance had accomplished what the actual performance could not, partly because the eye had not detracted from the charms of the music as is frequently the case in grand opera.

After the Pagliacci recital a concert was given, when we heard Schumann-Heink's wonderful voice filling the room, and could almost feel that she was there. Then the incomparable Tetrazzini sang the Mad Scene from Lucia and her brilliant high notes and wonderful execution made me feel that I was again seated in the Manhattan Opera House listening to the great diva.

A comparison of Caruso and Scotti was most interesting. Caruso's glorious tenor and Scotti's rich baritone were at their best in the wonderful duet from Forza del Destino. A theme of discussion during the intermission was the striking similarity between these two voices in certain places, the lower register of Caruso and the higher notes of Scotti being very much alike. Scotti, while in Boston, had the pleasure of hearing his own records in this hall.

Far greater pains are taken in the production of these records than with the best photographs, and the making of such a record as that of the Quartette from Rigoletto, in which each singer must be thoroughly satisfied with the finished record before it is allowed to go before the public, is as difficult as producing a group picture where everybody is satisfied that they look their best.

Even the popular series, from the seductive and fascinating strains of the "Merry Widow" waltz, to the snappy "Lights Out" march rendered by Pryor's Band, made you feel the great versatility of this perfect instrument. At the conclusion of the concert the audience passed out and down the elevator with just that leisure and satisfaction they would feel had they actually heard in person the great singers whose names were on the program.

HARLEQUIN

CANEO

These recitals, given in a business house on a business day, are now looked upon as musical events by music lovers. When the world's famous singers, in reproductions of grand opera, can be brought to our homes, who can compute the powerful influence that these instruments will have on the future musical education of the country.

When going away for the summer the people now take with them for the entertainment of their guests and themselves one of these talking machines and with it they keep in touch with the best singers and musicians of the day. The singer at home has within her own parlor the world's famous prima donnas to teach the tempos, shading and expression of the various selections. This invention has brought the world closer together than any other of the many great discoveries of the century. In no other way could we bring together the musical talent of the world.

TADDEO.

COLUMBINE

Not many years ago, I met a philosophical and genial gentleman, whose far-sightedness and good counsel has made him a successful man at this same store on Tremont Street, Boston.

In those days there were struggles and tribulations in introducing the talking machine and phonograph, but the work which has been accomplished speaks for itself.

Mr. William H. Beck, President of the Eastern Talking Machine Company was a clear-sighted prophet of those days and he is certainly to be congratulated for his part in adding to the attraction and influence of musical Boston a means of musical education that will continue to grow in favor as Boston developes the musical idea.

The archives of all nations in future will be incomplete if they do not contain records of the human voices in song as well as in speech. They are looked upon now to be quite as essential as a record of history or any document or data that should be preserved for all time.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

NOT long ago, on the train, I occupied a seat with a bright little boy who had a sweet, childish face—just the sort of little chap one feels a desire to talk with. Many of my most delightful acquaintances are made in this haphazard fashion, while traveling about the country, and I hope the readers of the National will always keep me going, so that my list of young friends may continue to grow.

When I first sat down, the little fellow politely inquired:

"May I have a part of your paper?"

From that we talked of peanuts and magazines, and my young acquaintance announced:

"We only subscribe for two magazines in our house; one is the National Magazine and the other is a cooking school magazine; both are published in Boston, so I hope some day to go there. My father says it is the 'hub of the world.' Were you ever in Boston?"

I replied that I had enjoyed that advantage, and led him on to talk of his own family.

"We take the cooking school magazine for my oldest sister, because she is going to be married soon, and mother says she must first learn to cook lots of things; her fellow talks a lot about how he wants things cooked. My sister likes the National, because there is something in that, too, about cooking; I don't care for that part myself—what I like to read is about those fellows in Washington. Were you ever *there?*"

Upon receiving my assurance that I knew something of the Capital City, he put several questions, and then remarked:

"I am going to Washington when I get to be big, and earn my own money. Those fellows in Washington must have good times. Do the senators use roller skates on the pavements?"

The illusion was almost too good to dispel, and it was not until just before leaving that I had the heart to tell him that his companion was not a reverend legislator, but was connected with his favorite magazine. I have had thousands of written and spoken tributes to the National Magazine, but I must confess that that little fellow's words went straight to my heart, and are cherished as one of the most flattering and ingenuous compliments the magazine has ever received.

Before leaving, I gave him a little souvenir of Washington, one of the hats made of paper money which had been destroyed. I was so interested I forgot to ask his name, and when he receives his magazine this month I wish he would write me a letter for that is the only way I can reach my young friend again.

When we parted with mutual regrets, the little courtier arose and touched his cap as graciously as any skilled diplomat in Washington or elsewhere. He assured us that he "had to go to Stamford to see the new baby, and could not go last Sunday because it rained so hard." We sent our regards to the "new baby" who had given us the pleasure of the little fellow's company.

* * *

THE hundreds of charming letters we have received about "A Romance of Arlington House" are gratifying to publishers. This dainty lavendered love story was written by Sarah A. Reed, and is a collection

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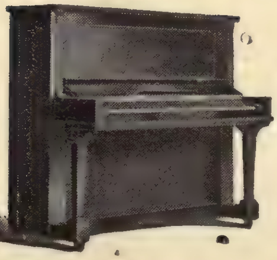

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of letters purporting to have been found at Arlington House, Virginia, written by a beautiful and loving Virginian maiden, Virginia Colton, to her mother. There is a sweet tenderness in these letters through which, like a golden thread, gleams one of the most dainty love stories ever written. There is a sweet scent of lavender, and home-made daintiness, an atmosphere of aristocracy and the glow of those days of Virginian hospitality at Arlington House.

Miss Sarah A. Reed, the author, is a resident of Erie, Pennsylvania, where she has lived for many years doing noble work as a teacher and instructor in schools. She was not content to confine her work to these duties, but has been an enthusiastic and tireless worker in assisting institutions and other philanthropic work and her heart seems to just go out to every young man and young woman with a maternal and kindly tenderness which is inspiring.

SARAH A. REED, AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE OF ARLINGTON HOUSE"

Parents who place this dainty volume of "A Romance of Arlington House" in the hands of their daughters offer a gift that will ever be appreciated and remembered because it is a book that the girls appreciate. It beautifully demonstrates that the best friend and adviser a girl ever has in all that concerns her life and career, is her mother.

The book has already had a remarkable sale, but we want to see it in the hands of every young lady reader of the National.

"A Romance of Arlington House" will be mailed to subscribers at the uniform price of $1.00 postpaid to any address. Now let every father and mother see that this pure, dainty and interesting story becomes a welcome addition to their daughter's library. If they do not do it, a second appeal to the young men who appreciate the beauty and charm of our American girls will not be necessary to give their friends a book that every woman can appreciate and admire. It would most appropriately come from a father or mother, but if a father or mother fails to appreciate this opportunity, here is a side hint to those who want to know just what a girl would like. The young lady will not fail to appreciate a copy of "A Romance of Arlington House," and will not overlook the good taste of the giver—which counts.

"A Romance of Arlington House" is an appropriate gift at all times, whether at Easter tide; in the summer days at the seashore where the "summer girl" reigns supreme; among the mountains; in the glorious golden days of autumn; amid the whirl and activities of winter's gaiety, or at Christmastide. There is never a time or season when a gift of a beautiful book which has a sweet message of confidence and friendship is not altogether appropriate.

The enthusiasm that has followed the success of our various publications the readers of the National quite appreciate and understand.

* * *

THE Book Department of the National Magazine which began in a modest way with the first volume of "Heart Throbs" has grown to splendid proportions. Future interest now seems to focus in the "Heart Songs" book. There have been about fifteen thousand contributions received, and if you have not sent in your favorite song, do so at once. Each contributor can send in favorite songs for each of the following classes, for which prizes of $1,000 will be paid.

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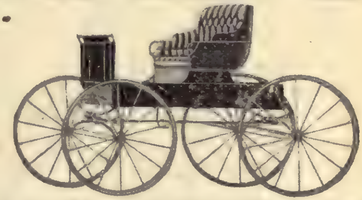

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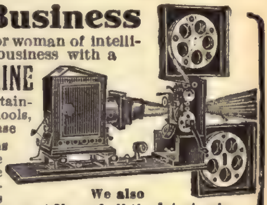

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LOFTIS BROS. & CO. The Old Reliable Original Diamond and Watch Credit House. Dept. E 10, 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.

WHEN the great fire swept Chelsea recently under the very dome on Beacon Hill, the New England spirit of self-reliant helpfulness asserted itself. Whenever a great calamity has befallen any other section of the country, or the world for that matter, no one has ever been more responsive to substantial relief and assistance than Massachusetts and Boston. Now Boston is put to the test of caring for ten thousand helpless and suffering in an adjacent suburb, but the City of Boston and the State of Massachusetts have responded nobly to the sympathetic appeals of those at home.

Before the gathering darkness fell on that fatal day, relief and assistance was energetically under way. Lieutenant-Governor Eben S. Draper, acting governor during Governor Guild's serious illness, just setting out on an automobile trip, heard the call and, knowing that the State House was closed, established headquarters, first at the newspaper offices, and later at City Hall, where he pledged his own personal bank deposits to meet the urgent and needy necessities. He issued orders thick and fast and before sundown the Massachusetts State Militia was on the ground ready to protect the remnants of household goods that had been saved. Tents and camp equipage for shelter and feed, medical stores, ambulances and trained surgeons and nurses were soon on the ground, together with the 6,000 militiamen ready for any duty. The utility and necessity of State Militia is clearly emphasized in times of great calamity such as the Chelsea conflagration. As if a hostile squadron were in the offing, the orders went out by telegraph and telephone, automobile and horsemen, men were called, and ere darkness gathered about the smouldering homes, warehouses and business blocks the guards were set and food and shelter were being allotted to ten thousand helpless, weary and heartbroken people. The merchants, manufacturers and citizens of Boston responded nobly to the very first appeal for aid, although the extent of the loss and disaster was little realized at first. It required thousands of dollars every day to keep the people from want and hunger, and Lieutenant-Governor Draper at the helm of the state evinced that warm hearted sympathy characteristic of the man. As a citizen and public official, he truly typifies the indomitable spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers. There was no questioning when the cry was heard across the waters of the Mystic.

The five hundred acres of the burned district were said to be the most densely populated outside of Hoboken, New Jersey. Because of this fact the human suffering was intense. This will necessitate general relief for a long period, and the united spirit of the citizens of Massachusetts and Boston is rising to this great duty and responsibility, and under the splendid generalship of Lieutenant-Governor Eben S. Draper will maintain the record of the past that an appeal for aid to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts will never be in vain.

Contributions sent to Lee, Higginson & Co., 50 State Street, Boston, will go into the fund provided for the systematic and substantial alleviation as required. Readers of the National Magazine who feel the benevolent impulse on this occasion cannot do better than to lend their assistance to the needy ones in Chelsea.

* * *

THERE is something that awakens a responsive thrill on the part of every American in reading a record of the cablegram received by Steinway & Sons announcing that Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, has ordered a Steinway Vertegrand Piano placed in Marlborough House.

This honor is highly appreciated by Steinway & Sons, as it completes their appointment, by royal warrants, as piano-makers to the entire British Court. This simple order for an American piano is looked upon by the American people as a recognition of the merit of a permanent American art industry. It certainly is proof of the supreme excellence of the Steinway piano to be designated as the court piano. Messrs. Steinway & Sons have received royal warrants appointing them as piano-makers to not less than sixteen reigning courts of Europe, and individual members of the firm have been decorated from time to time with foreign orders of merit which are greatly valued by them.

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GOVERNORS, INLAND WATERWAYS COMMISSION. CABINET OFFICERS, SUPREME COURT, WITH THE PRESIDENT AT WHITE HOUSE, OPENING DAY OF CONVENTION

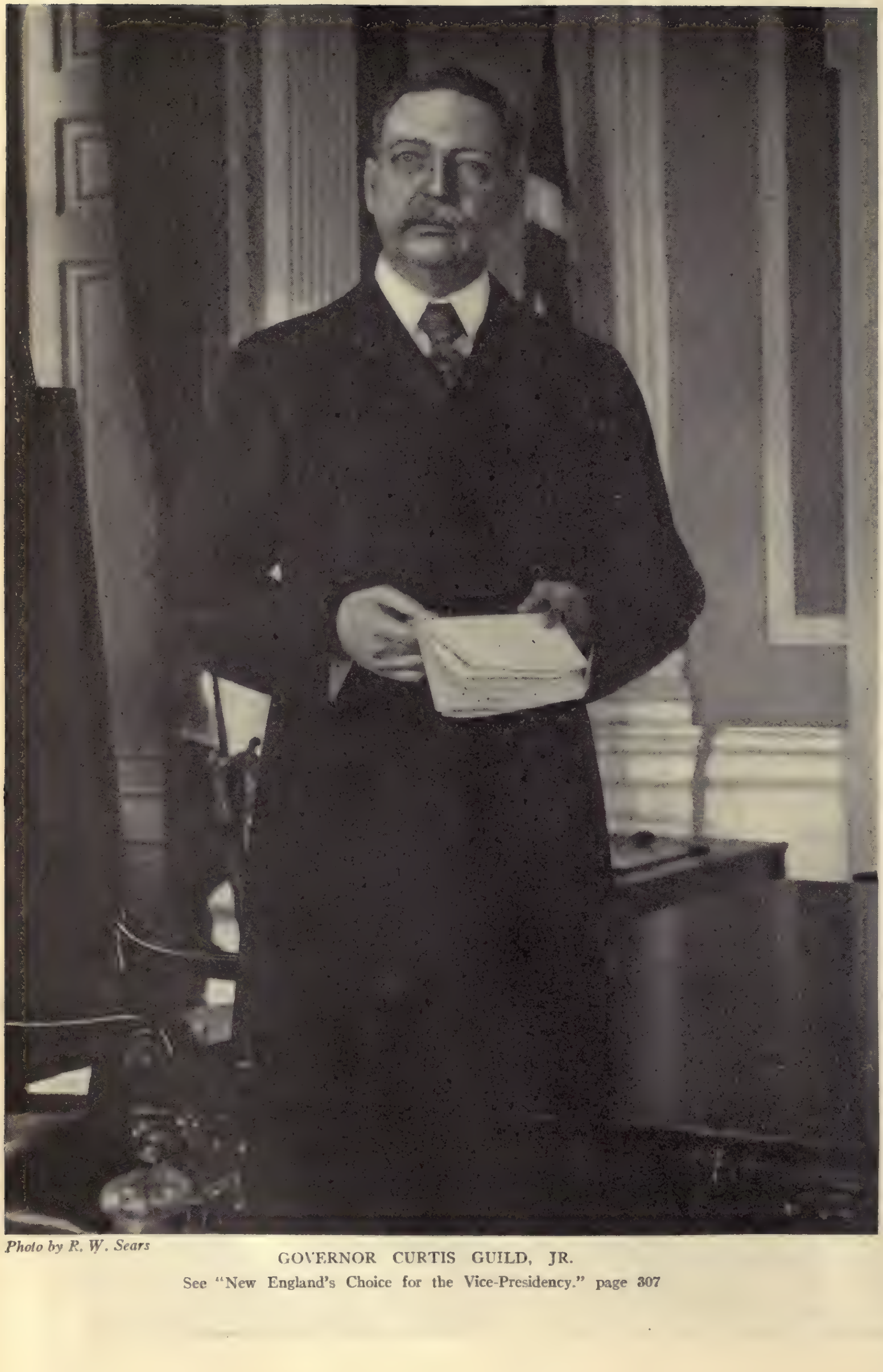

Photo by R. W. Sears

GOVERNOR CURTIS GUILD, JR.

See "New England's Choice for the Vice-Presidency." page 307

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVIII JUNE, 1908 NUMBER THREE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ONE notable achievement of President Roosevelt's administration was the conference of the governors of nearly every state in the Union, and other noted citizens, for the conservation of the natural wealth of the country. In many respects it was an epochal event. The convention was held in the historic East Room of the White House, which in years past has been largely devoted to social functions.

On the bright and sunny fourteenth of May, A.D. 1908, the governors of forty-four states were received by President Roosevelt and nearly every prominent member of federal officialdom, as they assembled on the polished floors and about the temporary rostrum erected for the occasion. Ever since Mr. Gifford Pinchot, chief of the Forestry Bureau, has been in office, he has devoted his energies to the purposes of this unique conference. In all national history, not even in time of war and calamity, has there been a conference between the chief executives of so large a number of sovereign states as were represented at this convention to discuss not mere academical questions, but conditions involving problems of as serious import to the future of the nation as providing men, arms and ammunition for a great war. The governors of California, Oregon, Georgia, Massachusetts and Texas were the only ones marked absent on the roll-call of forty-six states.

* * *

The conference met to agree upon general plans for the preservation of forests; the prevention of droughts and floods; the maintenance of navigable streams; retention of tillable soil; the establishment of waterways; the utilization of water power; the irrigation and drainage of now useless lands, and the prevention of waste and destruction by mining operations. These were in effect the definite propositions submitted in the new "articles of confederation" of 1908.

The keynote sounding the warning of the profligacy of natural resources was made years ago by Mr. James J. Hill. His address upon this occasion, like that of Mr. Carnegie and the others that followed, was a startling revelation of the necessity of prompt action, showing the alarming pace of consumption, with facts concerning the reserve of national resources.

* * *

"Out of the sea came all things, and into the sea all things return," said Thales of Miletus, one of the seven sages of Greece in her prime. When one considers the wonderful machinery by which water, the very life-blood of the planets and all growth, is kept in circulation, one begins to realize the possible and dire results of misdirected human energy. From his own rich and practical experience Mr. Hill drew concrete examples and called dramatic attention to the wanton waste and denudation of watersheds.

President Roosevelt's address upon this occasion was considered the greatest effort of his career. The hearty and appreciative endorsement given by that distinguished notable assembly representing all states, sections and all parties, has no precedent in all official history. Under the brilliant chandeliers of the White House East Room were delivered words of wisdom whose results should mark an epoch in the chronicles of American industrial development far transcending in importance anything that we can realize today, and in the fullest extent demonstrating the power of unity. Even the federal government came under the witching spell of combination reflecting the trade temper of the times with amendments to the Sherman law pending.

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MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
A probable future mistress of the White House

While four Northwestern governors set themselves squarely at issue with the President upon the regulation of the forest reserves, and on other questions, it was evident at every session presided over by various governors that the great purpose of conserving the natural resources of the country would hereafter be a fixed principle of our government. Secretary Elihu Root pointed out how the governors of the various states assembled with the representatives of the federal government could organize effectively to unify all legislation "by and with" the consent of Congress. This suggests new phases of federal government not contemplated when the Constitution was adopted. What "the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina" as they passed down the line is not officially recorded, but when that array of gubernatorial genius stood on the portico of the White House and faced the shrouded cameras, it left to posterity a picture of more than passing interest. It was the largest gathering of the Officialdom of the United States that has ever been within the focus of one lens.

* * *

ANOTHER unusual gathering of notables in Washington during the month was that which responded to the preliminary drum-roll of the magnificent Marine Band, heralding, to the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," the stately ascension of the Flag to a lofty staff, where its halyards gave to the breeze some twenty miniature banners of the South American republics. Four great stands draped in snowy white and decorated with miniature banners and coats of arms surrounded the marble pedestal and waiting corner-stone of the proposed building of the International Bureau of American Republics. Such was the scene that greeted a multitude of spectators on the site of the historic old Van Ess estate on Eleventh Street, May 11, 1908.

As Old Glory and its attendant galaxy of banners of American republics floated majestically to the masthead, the audience loudly applauded the suggestive spectacle. To the distinguished British ambassador, the Right Honorable James Bryce, this event must have recalled his prediction made many years ago: "that the laws for the whole Western Hemisphere would one day be made under the dome of the American Capitol at Washington." While this may never become literally true, the bonds of peace, concord and mutual endeavor are undoubtedly centering the consideration of the great practical international questions of the new world today at Washington. An exception must be made in the case of Canada, whose adherence to monarchial principles and independence of action will continue, so long as no undue strain of actual warfare or calamity tests the patience of her masses, and her growth continues unburdened by any large municipal and educational expenditure and taxation.

The President and his Cabinet, the justices of the Supreme Court, the diplomatic corps, senators and representatives; indeed practically every prominent government official attended these services. President Roosevelt's address, preparatory to laying the corner-stone, contained one expression which apparently embodied his peace policy:

"I believe in peace and arbitration, and I also believe in keeping in such trim that there shall be no disposition on the part of anybody to wrong us."

To this Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who had given $750,000 toward the erection of the building, took mild exception. He said: "This simple agreement between Great Britain and the United States that upon the inland seas in the north only two tiny vessels, each with one small gun, should patrol those waters, the one flying the Union Jack and the other the Stars and Stripes, the only shots ever fired being salutes expressive of amity and friendship, makes them the most powerful vessels of war, the true 'Dreadnoughts,' since there is naught to dread from them.

"A second lesson comes to us from the South, from our friends of Argentina and Chili. On the highest peak of the Andes, upon the new boundary line agreed upon, these once warring powers have erected a statue of Christ, cast out of molten bronze cannon, its pedestal bearing this inscription:

> "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust, than Argentines and Chileans break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain."

* * *

NOTICE the trees in the illustration, taken on the terrace of the White House, of the four distinguished men of the conservation congress. This was the site of the old conservatory which figured so conspicuously in the exotic Washington novels and society sketches in past years; and these sturdy trees were imported from Holland, the home of Roosevelt's forefathers, at a cost of $1500 each. They are carefully nurtured in hot houses during the winter, but in summer adorn the terraces between the office and the White House. It is across this terrace that the President usually bounds, bareheaded, on the way to the executive office after breakfast. The picture of these eminent "citoyens" could not have had a more fitting background. The illness of Ex-president Cleveland prevented his forming one of this group of prominent men whom President Roosevelt named to assist in the deliberation of one of the most noteworthy events of his administration.

Photo copyright by Robert Lee Dunn

SECRETARY TAFT RESTING AFTER MAKING EIGHTEEN HOLES AT GOLF

(This is one of several hundred characteristic illustrations in the volume "William Howard Taft, American," by Robert Lee Dunn, issued by the Chapple Publishing Co., Ltd., Boston).

* * *

THE insistent demand for men who make good in public life today is the same imperative requirement for superlative qualities that characterizes all successful undertakings. There is no real mystery why the spectacular splendor of a public career fades from view when the basic qualities of "making good" are missing. The achievements create confidence and establish the equation.

Some years ago I heard a congressman speak to advertising managers. He was not of the guild, but he seemed to have a clear idea of cause and effect, and that elusive quantity known as "results" in the advertising arena. He elucidated as clearly as a fundamental legal proposition, although modestly disclaiming any knowledge of the technical form and methods of soliciting advertising. The congressman with a bristling auburn mustache was talking to Chicago advertising men and he made good. Eighteen years of service in the House of Representatives, according to the records, then revealed Honorable Albert J. Hopkins of Aurora, Illinois as a public servant who had made good, and his selection as United States senator by a direct vote of over two-thirds of the fifteen hundred delegates in an Illinois State Convention was a natural corollary. That congressional record of eighteen years revealed results. Born on a farm in De Kalb County, the rosy-cheeked lad doing chores early and late, and abroad in the fields by day, never relaxed in his purpose to be a lawyer. A product of the country school, he achieved his first ambition to "have an education" when he graduated at the Hillsdale College in 1870. The offer of a good salary as a professor in an Eastern school, was alluring to the young man, but he was not to be diverted from the fixed purpose kept in mind, while doing the chores and getting out early in the dawn with the milk pail when the "frost was on the pumpkin and the corn was in the shock."

In Kane County, 1871, young Hopkins realized his ambition to become a lawyer, and found himself thrown in company of a galaxy of legal lights, where he had to fight every inch of the way up the ladder of his profession. A year later he was elected states attorney, and for four years threw himself heart and soul into the work.

As a member of the Republican State Committee, he was soon to be recognized as one of those who made good. Defeated in his first race for the congressional nomination, he was re-elected eight successive terms when his feet had once touched the stirrups. As a member of the important sub-committee that framed the Dingley law, his forceful qualities were soon recognized and he is considered an authority on tariff schedules.

While he recognizes the necessity of proper tariff adjustment, representing the imperial industrial state of Illinois, third largest in the Union, he always "wants to know" the facts and conditions. For the first time in her history, Illinois has through Senator Hopkins, a place on the Senate Finance Committee. His record as a leader in the House, as chairman of the Census Committee and in the debates on the floor was a fitting training for the senatorship which he has honored. He was called often to the chair by Speaker Reed, and was at one time a leading candidate for speaker. In the notable fight in the Senate on the Panama lock canal; as a member of the committee on the Smoot case; in the statehood fight when Oklahoma was admitted, he accomplished results, where the odds at the outset were against him. The Illinois admirers of Senator Hopkins are especially gratified at the splendid record of results which he has accomplished. With a personal letter from President Roosevelt on a speech in the Senate; with his unflagging zeal in looking after the interests of every district and constituent and never shirking the larger national duties, it is no wonder that even his enemies are amazed at the firm hold he has upon the confidence of his constituents. In his new committee room on Enrolled Bills, I found him working away with the same zest as in the early days—getting at the root of matters and keeping his efforts focussed on results. In the rough-and-tumble of senatorial debate he has proven a foeman worthy of the best steel. In the important committee work he always shows that cool-headed, courageous forcefulness characteristic of the sturdy pioneer spirit of the Middle West, of which he is a type.

In his home life, his business and professional career and in his public service, Senator Albert J. Hopkins possesses the same stalwart qualities recognized in the farmer lad of De Kalb County when he urged his parents to send him to high school at Sycamore to "get an education." The congressional records are the ledger and day book of his public career which proves without adjectives or explanations what he has accomplished. He has "made good" in the broadest sense of the word.

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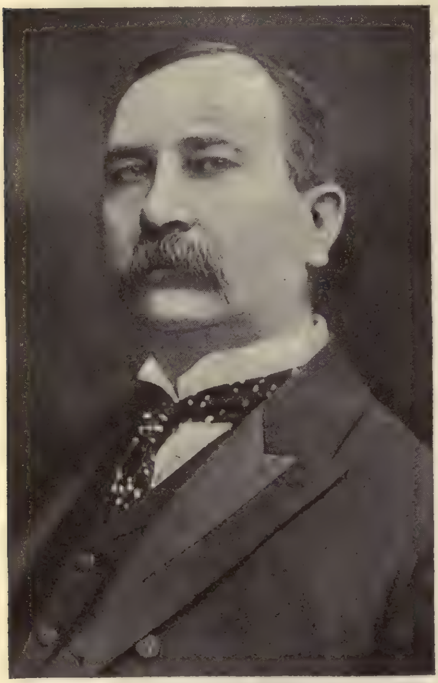
CARNEGIE. BRYAN, HILL AND MITCHELL—FOUR SPECIALLY NOTED GUESTS TO THE GOVERNORS CONVENTION

A TALL Texan, full of the life and vigor of the prairies, is B. F. Yoakum, head of the Rock Island and Frisco Roads.

Mr. Yoakum, in his bluff and vigorous manner, believes in going direct to the people with his propositions; he is a type of the railroad manager of the present time, who will do much towards the solution of the vexed problems of corporations, and will not only develop the country, but work in the interests of the people, and also inspire them to consider the interests of the corporations, when these and their own are manifestly identical.



B. F. YOAKUM

Head of the Rock Island & 'Frisco Roads. One of the forceful figures in the railway world, who intends to make Texas the greatest state in the Union

In a recent address at Fort Worth, Texas, he stated that the only public office for which he would relinquish his present position would be that of Governor of the State of Texas, in which position he says he would endeavor to bring greater happiness and prosperity to that state by means of closer co-operation between the people and the railroads, thereby accomplishing within five years the aim of the Five Million Club of Texas, to bring within its borders that many citizens. He insists that the outside world stands ready to furnish capital for the industries and institutions of the state, if the people will direct their energies towards substantial interests, rather than assume an attitude of antagonism toward the corporations who are aiding in the work of development.

I met Mr. Yoakum in his office in New York, where hung a handsome collection of photographs taken along the Rock Island-Frisco Lines, the green tints of the pictures mingling and harmonizing with the furnishings of the simple, but tastefully furnished room, which in itself tells the story of the vigorous and broad policy of Mr. Yoakum,—a man who counts for the future as in the past, in the splendid development of the Southwestern Empire.

* * *

QUESTIONS of live interest are constantly coming up before the Judiciary Committee. Congressman Jenkins of Wisconsin is always to be found at the head of the table, delving into the work of his committee as early as eight o'clock in the morning.

"Just one thousand new constitutional questions have developed this morning," he said, as I approached.

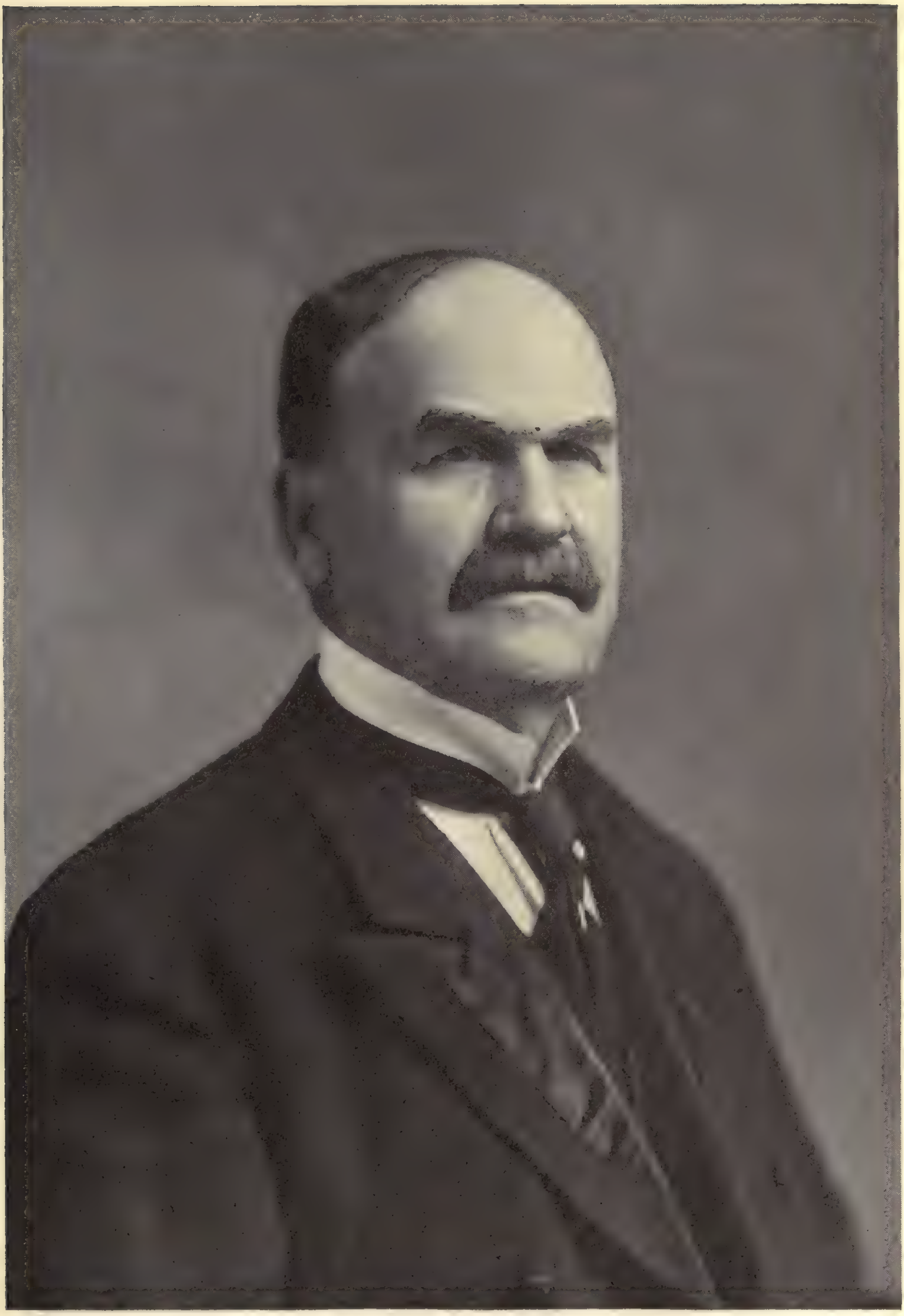
An interesting feature which recently came up was the measure introduced by Mr. Tirrell, providing for a federal license for automobiles, so that tourists will not be required to take out licenses in every state through which they travel.

The Appalachian and White Mountain people reserve the right of interference between state and federal courts. Judge Jenkins and his committee have hammered away for a good many sessions on these problems, and seem to be equal to the emergency.

The committee is accounted a strong body of men, and never fail to get right at the bottom of matters requiring attention; the efficiency of the Judiciary Committee is not surprising as many of the members are lawyers and practical business men.

* * *

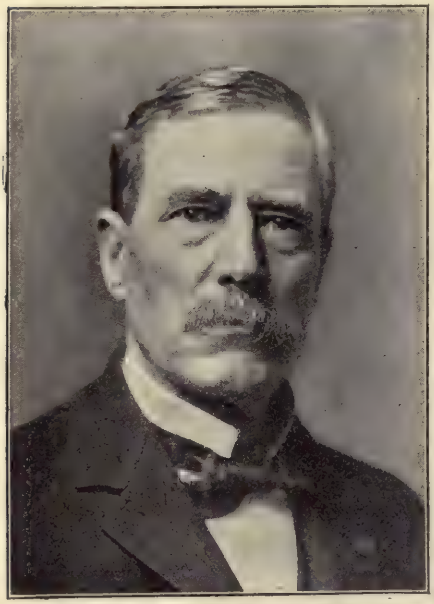
THE swinging Venetian door of one of the committee rooms of the Capitol appears to have been put in place for the express purpose of being kept on the swing



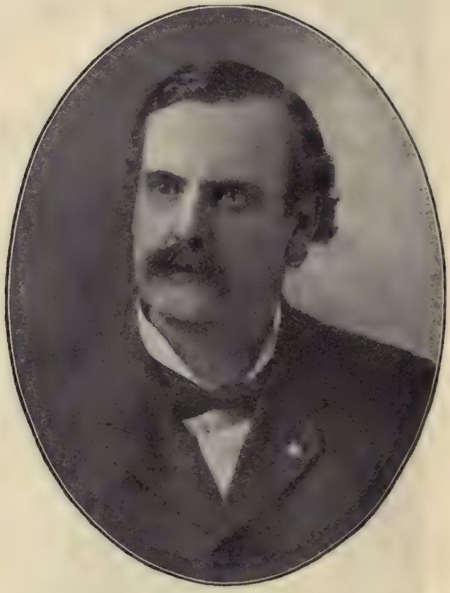
Phato by C. M. Bell Studio

HON. ALBERT J. HOPKINS
United States Senator from Illinois

early and late. Here the Honorable Charles Landis, of the Printing Committee, has his headquarters. It will be remembered that the investigation of this department of government work for a time occupied the center of the stage at Washington It has been a question as to whether this was or was not for the purpose of introducing a new system and many legislators believe that much of the trouble arising in that department was from over-systematizing, whereas the employment of simpler methods would make it possible to "find out the cause of the evil and thus suggest the cure." As a country newspaper worker, Congressman Landis appears to be just the man to straighten out matters and detect the cause of the defects.


CONGRESSMAN JENKINS OF WISCONSIN

When the green lights of the greatest printing office in the world glisten in the evening, looking at them one cannot but feel that this is one of the most important institutions in the country. The click of the Monotypes and Linotypes, the whirr of the Miehle, the Cottrell, the Hoe and Huber presses at work tell of the thousands of pages of printed matter—reports, bills, what not—snugly stored away in "shoes," awaiting their turn to see the light of publicity. The importance of the government printing office is better understood from day to day, and the investigation begun by Mr. Rossiter was based on fundamental business principles. The office was left in apple-pie order for Mr. Leach, the new public printer. Over $5,000,000 is invested and 4200 printers are employed to take care of the speeches and still more important, the corrections of 387 congressmen and ninety senators, each one of whom has to be consulted as being responsible for a clause or sentence, which they may wish changed or obliterated in their speeches. For all this a salary of $5,500 and a pair of horses and a carriage seems quite inadequate. All new devices on the market are introduced into the office; even the rollers of the presses are washed by machinery, and no device for saving time and labor is left unused. It is the delight of all country printers to wander amid this labyrinth of material and machinery. It is felt that the man who directs this army of employes and mass of machinery to the best advantage ought to be well remunerated.


CONGRESSMAN B. P. BIRDSALL OF IOWA

ONE of the solid, efficient congressmen that serves his district well and faithfully is Judge B. P. Birdsall of Iowa. He hails from the old "monkey wrench"—the third district which was represented for so many years by Speaker David B. Henderson.

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ANDREW CARNEGIE
Speaking at the laying of the corner stone of the new building of the Bureau of American Republics

Since Judge Birdsall has come to Congress, he has been looked upon as one of the substantial forces of the Iowa delegation. For years past the delegation of this state has been looked upon as one of the most influential in Congress by reason of high average of ability and long service. Judge Birdsall has given his work that thorough and deliberative attention which is characteristic of his career while on the bench. His decision not to accept another renomination came as a surprise to his many friends. His loyalty to Iowa's Grand Old Man, Hon. William B. Allison, reflects one of those superb qualities of gratitude which are refreshing in these days.

GENERAL JAMES ALLEN

Chief signal service officer of the United States army, who is awarding contracts for airships for the government

Judge Birdsall was born in Wisconsin, and is a graduate of the Iowa State University. His work on the Rivers and Harbors Committee and Railways and Canals, has made him one of those members always looked to for sound counsel and judgment. His broad study of national legislation has been of great benefit directly to his district, giving them a distinguished representative. The general regret expressed by his constituents on his retirement is given with a gratifying appreciation of his conscientious work.

* * *

A FEW months ago, when in the office of Brigadier General James Allen, Chief Signal Officer of the army, I was convinced that flying machines have now become a realization and seriously thought of taking a round-up excursion ticket for a "flight tour" in 1910 or 1920. Bids for heavier-than-air flying machines were opened there in February. Forty-one bids were contained in the pile of envelopes on the table, but only three complied with the terms of the specifications, and all three of these were satisfactory:—J. F. Scott, Chicago, $1,000—185 days; A. M. Herring, New York, $20,000—185 days; Wright Brothers, Dayton, Ohio, $25,000—200 days.

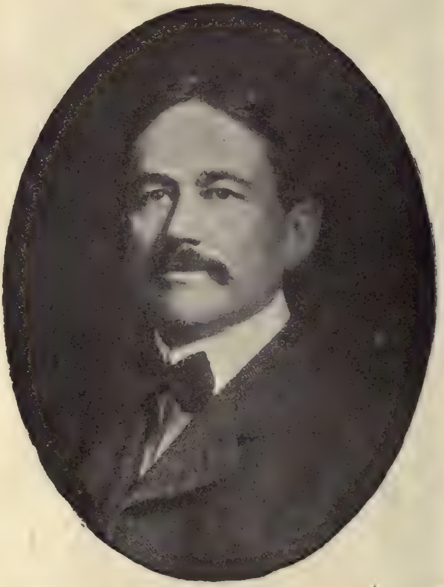


Photo by J. T. Collyer, Washington

CONGRESSMAN GEORGE L. LILLEY

The bids for dirigible balloons were opened on February 15. Twelve bids were received, but only one accepted, and that was Mr.

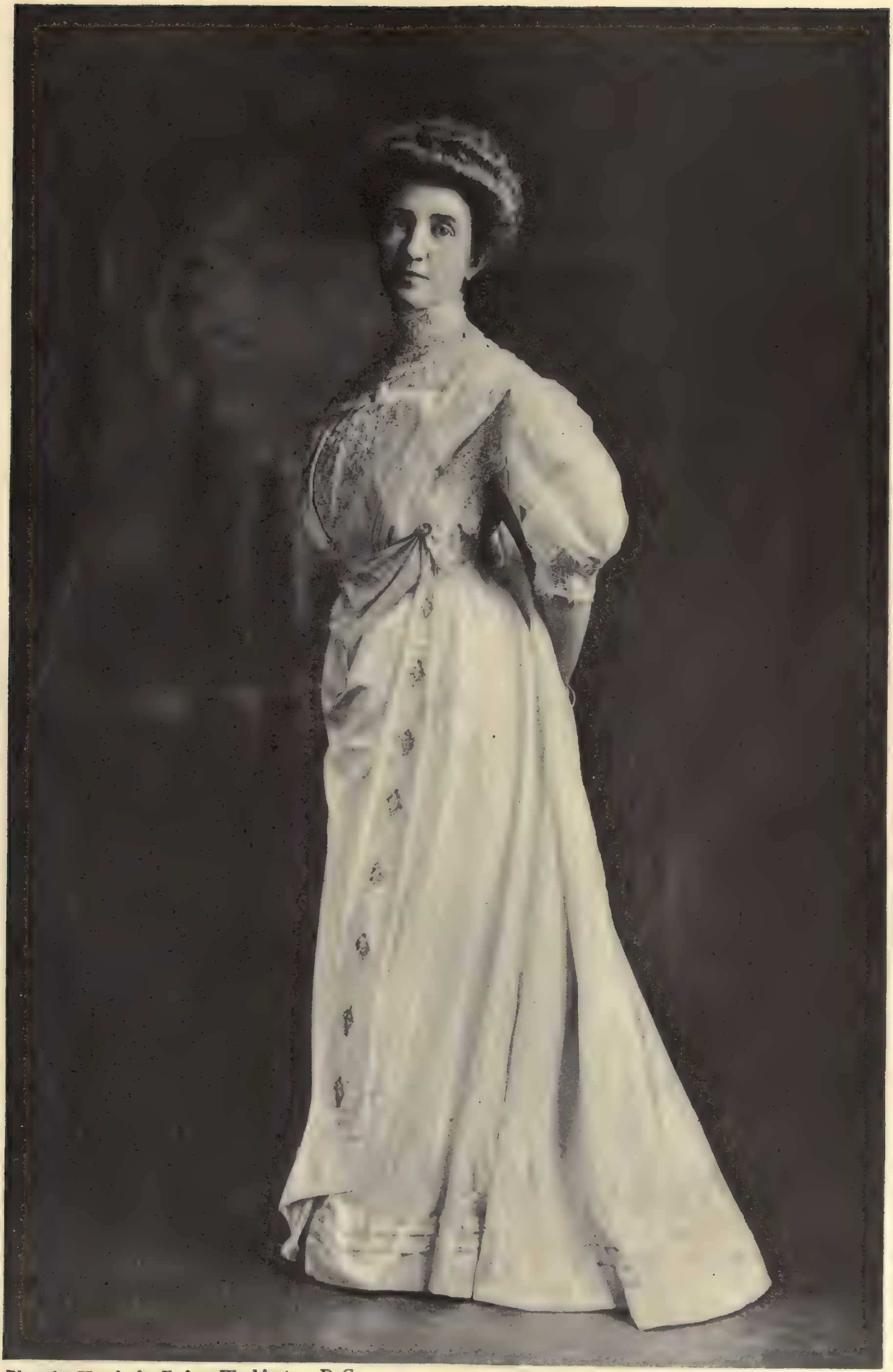


Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MRS. FRANCIS CUSHMAN, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN CUSHMAN OF WASHINGTON

Thomas S. Baldwin of New York. His bid was $6,750, and the time of delivery 150 days.

The hypenated words, "heavier-than-air," is a technical phrase that may soon come into general use in flying machines and dirigible balloons. Speaking of Thomas S. Baldwin, recalls when I met him at the St. Louis Exposition, and had my first experience of going "in the air" a mile or two without even the thrilling sensation of going up or down in a skyscraper elevator.

CHARLES W. MILLER OF INDIANA

Never shall I forget the scene when the large airship—the dirigible balloon—floated upwards from the slender trestle as it was released by Robert S. Knabenshue, who walked along the trestle from one end to the other. The balloon was of Japanese silk with propeller in front, and the white winged rudder guided it with as much ease, apparently, as a boat in its native element. The throngs of people upon the ground—a sea of upturned faces—presented a spectacle of what this century can command in the shape of an audience for such a startling achievement as this one. Captain Thomas F. Baldwin built the ship which made its flight on this memorable day, occupied by Robert S. Knabenshue, and gazed with satisfaction at his pet invention as it winged its way out of view and returned again to within a few feet of the spot from which it started, after it had taken a tour of a number of miles in the air.

The award to Thomas F. Baldwin, the aeronaut, and inventor of the parachute, who has made thousands of successful ascents is interesting. He has made the science of aerial navigation and the building of airships his life work. The story of Thomas Baldwin as an aeronaut, as related by himself for the readers of the National is a fascinating contribution concerning the new order of things.

* * *

ONE can scarcely have the slightest acquaintance with the boards of trade of Connecticut cities without realizing that the man who is generally regarded as the future governor of his state is none other than Congressman Lilly. He is a practical, energetic business men who has made every move count in his work in Washington. Some of his colleagues have been disposed to regard him as too insistent in wanting to know every dot and dash and detail of work that comes before him. His work on the Naval Committee in regard to the purchase of submarine boats has attracted a great deal of sensational discussion throughout the country, but in his own district, and his own state one best realizes the strength of Congressman Lilly where his earnest work and integrity is appreciated.

Born in Oxford, Massachusetts, his business training and grasp of all necessary details has always been directed toward some specific purpose, which he has seldom failed to accomplish.

* * *

ARBOR Day called attention to the unique pamphlet sent by B. H. Green, of Monterey, California, giving information regarding the "Tin Can" clubs. He has plainly and incisively informed congressmen of the fact that something ought to be done toward replacing the large area of timber land, which has been denuded of its wealth of trees within the past few years. While we continue to issue bonds based on future growth and development, a calamitous heritage is certainly being prepared for those who come after us, unless something is done to promote the growth of more trees to replace those cut down so greedily and wastefully

BARONESS ELIZABETH ROSEN
Daughter of Baron Rosen of the Russian Embassy. She is one of the charming debutantes of this season

Drought, famines and plague have taught this lesson to Europe and the need of reforestation is well understood by other countries, and in some lands provision is made for reforesting by a law providing that every man who cuts down a growing and healthy tree, shall plant another in its place. Another law, compelling those who have woodmen to refrain from cutting until the trees attain a certain size would insure the mature growth of young timber.

Throughout immense areas of the Northwest, and Canada, not to speak of the terribly diminished forests of other and older sections, there will soon be no timber left to meet our actual needs, if we do not reforest. This is considered by the "Tin Can" clubs, and it is demonstrated how these hitherto useless cans usually cast upon the "dump," when emptied of their contents, can be pressed into service for propagating both trees and rare plants.

The attempts to cultivate "tree claims" in the Dakotas many years ago were rather discouraging, but Mr. Green insists that he has been successful in planting tree seeds, nuts and cuttings in refuse tin cans, and can now show an oak tree twenty feet high, only eight years of age, and also a redwood tree, grown from seed, which is now fully thirty feet high and only twelve years of age. Mr. Green insists that a tomato can, with a fair sized hole punched in the bottom, filled with good earth and a seed planted therein, will produce marvelous results. A nut or acorn soaked in water and planted an inch below the surface, and then kept continually damp, will sprout in a way that will delight the planter. It is stated that if the earth is never allowed to become dry, the growth of the young tree will be amazing.

Later the little trees are transplanted without removing from the cans, for the rust eats

VERMONT SANATORIUM, PITTSFORD, VERMONT

away the can sufficiently to allow the roots to free themselves as they need more room.

It is suggested by Mr. Green that the gala day of the "tin canners" should be Arbor Day, when picnic parties could utilize any number of tin cans to advantage; The trees thus planted would be delightful souvenirs of a pleasant holiday, especially with school children. If this suggestion is carried out among the young people, the denuded timber tracks would soon be rich in trees. Although there is a touch of humor in suggesting that tin cans should reforest the country, the old fable of the lion and the mouse comes to mind; it is possible that tin cans thus used by children and "grown-ups" may serve a good purpose in the planting of acorns and other nuts and tree seeds,—a much more useful purpose than tying the tin cans to the tails of some unfortunate dogs.

* * *

AN interesting phase of modern political methods was indicated in the rousing "Welcome Home" given Hon. Charles W. Miller of Goshen, Indiana after his sturdy and manly fight for the Republican nomination for Governor of Indiana. Fully half of Goshen's population led by the Mayor was there with all the hearty good-will that could be accorded a victor. There was plenty of music by the band and everybody seemed happy and good-natured and when Mr. Miller announced that the only reason he was not nominated was because he did not have enough votes, there was an outburst of Hoosier applause that is only known in Indiana. His tribute to the three hundred and eighty-five true friends and delegates who stood by him in that convention was greatly appreciated. Mr. Miller made his campaign in the most clean and vigorous way. He tried his case before the people in a thorough, systematic and business-like way that insured an arduous six months campaign with little rest and sleep but confident that he was asking for a square deal for his people and announced himself ready to try it again if the call was made. The stirring scene in the Indiana city on Saturday evening at the station as he spoke feelingly to the old friends and neighbors was one of those picturesque incidents that reflect the splendid qualities of the man, and ratified clean and wholesome methods in modern politics.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D.C.

MRS. WILLIAM CRAVEN, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN CRAVEN OF ARKANSAS

THE dedication of the handsome sanatorium of Pittsford, Vermont, was an event of unusual interest to the Green Mountain state. This beautiful building is one of the most complete of its kind in this country, and was presented by Senator Redfield Proctor, in grateful memory of the fact that his son was rescued from the throes of tuberculosis by the invigorating air of his native state, simply by utilizing the methods and treatment that are now doing much to allay the ravages of the dreaded white plague.

MRS. LARZ ANDERSON

The sanatorium is beautifully situated, amid spacious grounds, among "the hundred hills." An expert present at the opening, which took place last December, stated emphatically that Vermont had the "finest and best equipped sanatoriums for the treatment of incipient tuberculosis in the United States." Many of the arrangements are such as to be more appreciated by the experienced eye than by a casual observer, but it is plain to all that the erection of such an institution must indeed be a "labor of love."

It was said by the late Senator Proctor that he made this gift to his native state for the sake of his children. It must be gratifying to him as to the Vermont people to see the warm manner in which his family have co-operated in the work. Redfield Proctor, Jr., and the Honorable F. C. Partridge have been devoted to the work since it was first commenced. Miss Proctor may lay claim to many of the ideas carried out in the furnishings of the building, and her fertile brain has added much to the comfort and convenience of the arrangements inside the building, where the rooms have the appearance of a comfortable home rather than an institution. Easy chairs, rich rugs, books, magazines and flowers abound.

The sanatorium is about two miles from the railroad station. Handsome winding avenues lead up to the three buildings, the main building and two cottages, which combined extend 400 feet. They front slightly east and direct south, and are close to a high plateau of gravel formation, the buildings being on an eminence of about 100 feet above the surrounding land. The outside finish of the sanatorium is brick veneer, and inside natural ash is the wood most used, but many of the rooms are finished in birch. All the floors are hard wood. All the patients' rooms front either direct south or southeast

MR. LOUIS F. SWIFT, PRESIDENT OF SWIFT & COMPANY, CHICAGO

One of the Foremost Business Men of His Time and Has Achieved a Splendid Success in the Employment Benefit Association of Swift & Company or southwest; a private outdoor porch is located between each two rooms, giving the sick an opportunity to sit in the open air in day time or sleep outdoors at night.

The grounds of the sanatorium consist of 250 acres, the greater part of which is woodland, though there is ample space for farming and a large barn serves for the horses and cows needed by the institution; there is also a hen house insuring fresh eggs.

Dr. H. D. Chadwick is the superintendent and medical director. He had several years of experience as bacteriologist for the city of Waltham, also in a private sanatorium in Rutland, and in the Adirondacks institutions. The matron, Miss Ida E. Dodd, is a graduate of the Montreal General Hospital, and has had much experience in this line of work with several specialists in the Adirondacks. It was agreed by the 100 physicians and many others who attended the opening exercises that the staff of the new sanatorium was as well selected as the site, and that the institution certainly combines all that is required by patients suffering from "the white man's plague."

COL. EDWARD S. FOWLER
Collector of the Port of New York

INTERESTING incidents associated with the whirl and stress of the political maelstrom in Washington are always a prominent factor in daily affairs. An active, energetic man entered the office of the secretary of the treasury the other day with a hustle and swing that indicated some recent success or good fortune. It was Collector Fowler of the port of New York who had just learned of a favorable decision of the Board of General Appraisers in affirming the action of the United States customs officials at New York City, which meant a saving to the government of over $20,000 on an appraisal of Easter dress goods imported from Paris. He spoke of it with all the enthusiasm of one who has just consummated a profitable transaction for his employer, as when the appraisal of articles seized at the Custom House exceeds fifty to one hundred per cent. more than the valuation originally given, the goods are confiscated pending a decision of the court.

When the collector called to pay his personal respects to the secretary of the treasury, he was calling on an old friend; for Collector Fowler was the first government official who employed the secretary of the treasury in the government service. Mr. Fowler, then assistant appraiser at the port of New York, required some assistance in the office, and was greatly handicapped for lack of a stenographer. Then he thought of putting an advertisement in the newspapers, and in answer to this Mr. George Bruce Cortelyou applied for the position. There was something that Appraiser Fowler admired in the keen, black-eyed young man, as, in a quiet way, the applicant announced that he could "handle the correspondence." He was first placed on the payroll as a "laborer" in the appraiser's office, so that the old-time stories of boys beginning at the bottom of the ladder and reaching the top, you observe, has not entirely become an obsolete fiction. The man who takes service as a laborer, and serves as a stenographer in an appraiser's office at two dollars a day, and reaches the high position of secretary of the treasury at twelve thousand dollars a year—all within twenty years—makes a record that shows the doors of opportunity are still open even in these later days.

"Sheer honesty with brains and ability did it," said Collector Fowler, looking over his eye-classes, as he completed his tribute of sincere praise to his present chief. The collector of the great port of New York feels a proud distinction in that he was able to give the present secretary of the treasury his first government position, and it is needless to say that the two are very warm friends. The business-like way in which the interests of Uncle Sam have been subserved by such men is an indication of the high standard of American public service, and in the American system the old employer of years ago feels it an honor to serve under the man whom he once employed. The rank of official distinction does not interfere with the true friendships of former days.

* * *

AT the suggestion of one of my boy friends, I called at the headquarters of the National Republican Committee, to obtain direct information on the procedure and precise method of nominating the candidate for President of the United States.

First, there is the National Committee, composed of one member from every state and territory, which committee is selected by the delegates of the National Convention. The National Committee calls the National Convention, and names the time and place, but the State Committee is responsible for the calling of the State Convention, and the choosing of delegates and alternates from every congressional district. Four delegates at large from each state are called by the State Central Committee, which is in turn composed of one delegate from each county. The two territories, Arizona and New Mexico, have each two delegates; Porto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii and Alaska have the same privilege, but none of these territories have delegates at large.

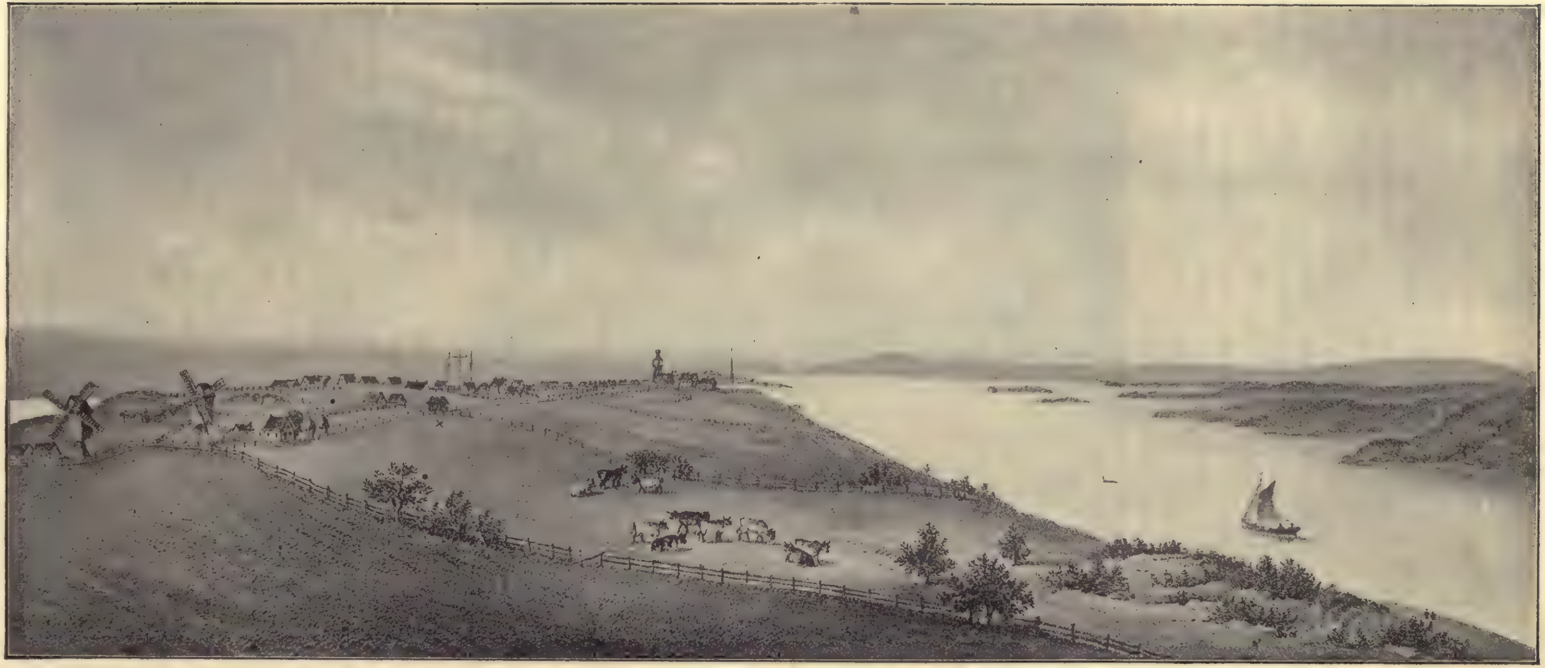
In December the call is issued by the National Committee, which meets in Washington to decide as to time and place. It was decided by the Republican National Committee that their convention should be in Chicago, June 16, and the Democratic National Committee chose Denver as their meeting place July 7.

The National Convention first selects a temporary chairman and makes a temporary organization. The credential committee is appointed, which hears and decides upon the contests and reports. Then the permanent organization is arranged, which continues for the following four years. The only business before the permanent organization is the nomination of candidates, and the adoption of a platform reported on by the committee on resolutions. The chairman of the National Committee is usually chosen by the candidates.

The other officers selected are secretary, treasurer, and sergeant-at-arms, and these officers are ex-officio members of the executive committee. The National Committee at this time consists of fifty-four members, besides the four officers mentioned. The expenses for the hall and decorations are usually assumed by the city in which the convention meets. The present officers of the Republican National Committee are Henry S. New, chairman; Elmer F. Dover, secretary; William F. Stone, sergeant-at-arms; Cornelius N. Bliss, treasurer. The officers of the Democratic Committee are Thos. Taggart, chairman, Indianapolis, Indiana; Urey Woodson, secretary, Owensville, Kentucky.

Each delegate has so many tickets to give out to visitors from distant places, and the sergeant-at-arms has the appointment of a large number of ushers and assistant sergeants-at-arms.

CONGRESSMAN CHAS. F. LANDIS OF INDIANA



VIEW OF NEW YORK FROM THE NORTH, 1679 (From an old Print)

This is the first actual view of New York from the North River. It was made in 1679, and the original drawing is in possession of the Long Island Historical Society. The wagon at the left is going down the original Maiden Lane. The house and lot on the corner, belonging to John Haberding, was sold in 1722 for $600. Upon the rural acres shown above the commercial interests of ninety millions of people are now centered. To accommodate these interests the ground is now covered with steel fire-proof buildings of vast area, gained by erecting them from 16 to 49 stories in height. At the point indicated by a cross stands the Singer building, the highest office building in the world. It has 49 stories, rising 612 feet above curb, surmounted by a steel flag pole 59 feet high. Its Tower, 65 feet square, rests on 36 immense concrete piers sunk to bed rock 92 feet below curb, and rises 412 feet above main building; it weighs 18,365 tons, is anchored with eye-bars imbeded in the concrete and is braced to withstand any pressure. Entire building contains about 10½ acres of floor space on a lot having an area of less than two-thirds of an acre. Built and owned by The Singer Manufacturing Company, whose offices occupy all of the Tower above the thirty-second floor.

NEW YORK, THE GIANT CITY

A Glimpse of the Wonderful Growth of New York, Which in the Marvelously Short Period of 250 Years Has Outgrown Every World Metropolis With the Single Exception of London, a City Which it is Rapidly Overtaking—How New York's Years Are London's Centuries

By BENNET CHAPPLE

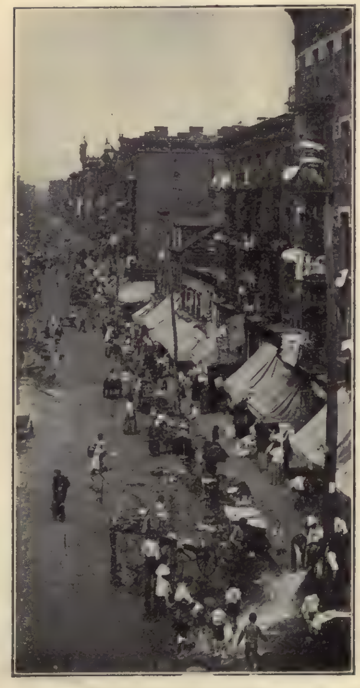
REFERRING to a real-estate transaction made by one Peter Minuit, way back in the year 1626, Bill Nye, in his history of the United States, declared:—

"New York was afterwards sold for twenty-four dollars; the whole island. When I think of this I go into my family gallery, which I also use as a swear room, and tell those ancestors what I think of them. Where were they when New York sold for twenty-four dollars?"

The humor of this strikes deeply when one stops to consider what has been the outcome of this original investment. Peter Minuit, with trinkets and a few bottles of rum, so delighted the native Indians that they gladly turned over to him the whole of Manhattan Island, now the heart of Greater New York. While the original purchase price of twenty-four dollars at compound interest for two hundred and eighty years amounts to several millions, the land value has exceeded it beyond comprehension, being nearly seven billions of dollars, or seven thousand millions, which make a larger mouthful in the telling. This is more than the entire wealth of Spain.

Someone who is apt at figures has shown that New York City today is larger in population than sixteen different states and territories, and, further, that within a radius of twenty miles are living over 10,000,000 people. The improved methods of transportation, which are fast widening the limits of New York's business energy, will soon embrace a radius of fifty miles, within which are located two thousand three hundred and sixty-four different towns and cities, whose total population, with that of Greater New York, are equal to fully one-fifth of the population of the United States.

These facts are interesting because they foreshadow something of what may be expected in the future. At the present rate of increase in population, twenty years will probably see so great a concentration of business in and around New York that for the most part these two thousand cities themselves will be merged, in so far as business relations are concerned, into one great beehive. In 1808, a writer prophesied that New York, which then had a population of 75,000, would grow to be a city of three or four millions, and we of today realize the foresight he must have possessed in predicting so large a city. Railroads in that day were in their infancy, the first steamboat had just been built, and Robert Fulton was having his own troubles to make it run. It would be a bold man indeed who would attempt today to set the figures of New York's population one hundred years hence, in the light of those modern inventions that have brought the old world within a five



EAST SIDE VIEW
A glimpse of the most closely packed residential spot in the world, on the East Side New York

WHERE THE LIVELY STEPPERS GATHER
A splendid driveway along the Harlem River, 100 feet wide, 2½ miles long. Used exclusively for driving horses in light harness

days' journey of America, and the farthest boundaries of our country within speaking distance.

When it is realized that the permanent increase in population of New York last year was about 400,000, a city the size of Cleveland, Ohio, some idea of the tremendous growth of the city can be appreciated. One of the assurances of a continued and permanent growth is to be found in the 50,000 marriages that take place every year.

Besides this permanent increase, New York is entertaining an average of over 150,000 transient visitors every day, and at some seasons, when the hotel accommodations are taxed to their utmost, fully 300,000 people are chronicled in their home papers as "spending a few days in New York on pleasure and business." New York has enough theatres and places of amusement to seat them all.

New York is not a giant city by accident. Favored with one of the greatest natural harbors in the world, the extent of which is limited only by the shore lines of Long Island, both inside and out, as well as the shores of the historic Hudson, New York has taken her place as first in the commerce of the world — a seaport unrivaled in all ages—by natural right.

THE TIMES BUILDING
Home office of the McCormack Real Estate Co. and the Montaton Realty Investing Corporation. Cost $1,200,000. Highest point within 12 miles

It is a surprising thing to know that New York City, although not known as the American Venice, contains more islands than any city but Venice, for within its boundaries are thirty-one separate and distinct islands, most of which, encircled by deep water, will afford unlimited shipping accommodations and dockage for the commerce of future years, to reach undreamed of proportions, judging from past and present growth.

New York City is the great gateway to Europe, and its volume of business comes from every port of this country and Canada. During 1907 something like three million people passed through this gateway. The year just closed shows the largest foreign trade of any year for more than a century, the total amounting to over one and a half billion dollars. The farm machinery alone shipped to the old world via New York amounted to $25,000,000. The duties collected in this port on imports last year reached the astonishing figure of nearly two hundred and fifteen millions, showing that New York "gets it both a-goin' and a-comin'," as an old saying has it.

THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY IN NEW YORK CITY

In the early eighties the first elevated railroad was finished. The people looked upon it as a great enterprise, and said: "Now we can tear up the street car tracks (which, by the way, were for horse cars, the floors of which were covered with hay to keep the passengers' feet warm), and leave the streets to the heavier slow-moving vehicles."

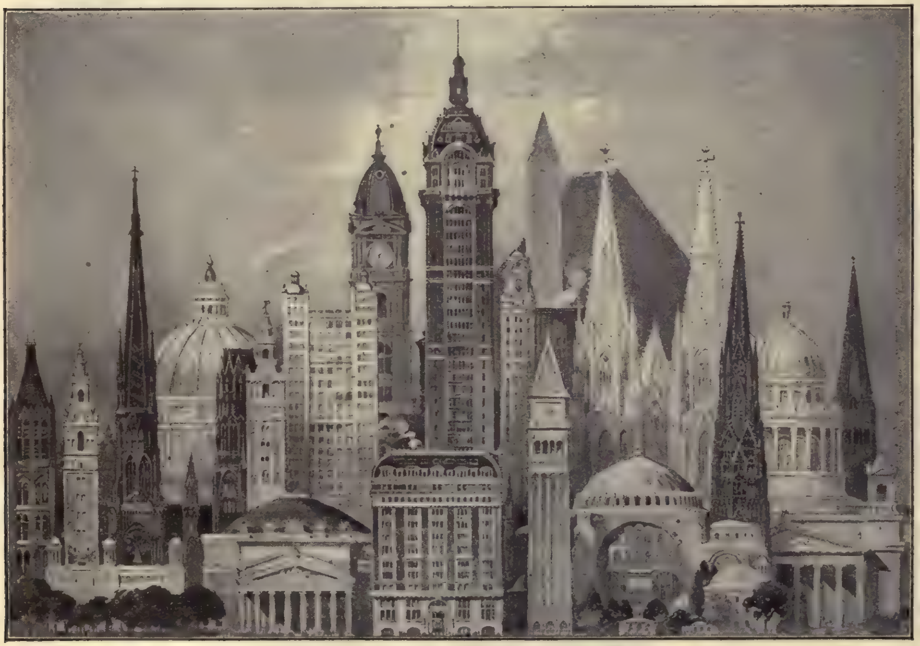
But it didn't change matters. Two, three, four, five, and six different elevated lines were put into operation, clanging and banging over the tops of the houses with their pudgy engines, throwing cinders and smoke into the eyes and throats of the long-suffering public, and still it was not possible to be sure of anything more than a strap to hang to when traveling. When the sociable little horse-cars became things of the past, it was no longer good form to sit in one another's laps, and the hanging straps were offered as a substitute. With the advent of electricity, the streets were double-tracked for street cars, the lines spreading everywhere — and still with no relief. Two years ago the first subway was completed. People regarded it with distrust. Nobody wanted to risk his life riding sixty miles an hour in a "hole in the ground," but those of us who are now daily using it, find a congestion that is steadily growing worse, and as for a seat, no one in New York expects to be so favored. If he happens to find one, it is looked upon as a streak of rare good luck, and something to tell his friends about at the dinner table when he arrives home at night. In all, three great subways have been completed, nineteen others have been authorized, one or two of which are in the course of construction—all to help out the surface congestion, with small prospects of even these bringing the desired relief. This is due in large measure to the peculiar topography. The island is long and narrow, and the only way to get room enough to transact its great volume of business is to annex the sky above; and New York, with its hundreds of skyscrapers, has shown itself to be not at all modest in its demands in this direction, as notably attested by the Singer Building rearing its tower roof forty-nine stories in the air, and the new Metropolitan Building, towering ninety feet above it—just 700 feet from the curb.

The cost of New York's building operations in the course of a year exceeds that

YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA?
Contains 1,400 rooms and cost $15,000,000

of all other cities in the United States combined. To erect a twenty-story building on a city block is to increase its area twenty times. This accumulation of skyscrapers in the down-town section of New York has resulted in building not only one city but many cities, one lying flat upon the other as you would pile silver dollars, and it can be readily seen that with the transportation facilities only three layers deep (subway, surface, and elevated) the "rush-hour" congestion comes from trying to take care of the homebound traffic of those other cities, whose population is poured into the street by the descending elevators. The proposed application of the principle of the gyroscope as a one-rail aerial railway, with its untold possibilities, may clear the way for a method of transportation for these sky cities, or the inventors may come to the relief with flying machines of a commercial and practical kind. Nine-tenths of the population of lower New York are up in the air, and the only way to get to their homes is to come down to earth again. There's the rub!

It is a trite and commonplace matter to refer to the great fortunes that have been built up through the possession of New York City real estate. The archives of the Hall of Records are full of interesting data that bears out the Aladdin-like story of these things, the most notable of which are the records of the Astor Estate, which has grown from a meager $25,000 in 1836 to an amount exceeding four hundred and fifty-one millions at the present time. It is curious to note, also, that one of the largest land holders of New York City is Trinity Church, which had a small plot of ground willed to it in the early history of New York, and which has so increased in value as to bring in a revenue of over one million dollars per year. This seems to be doing very well for a church fund. New York City itself heads the list with property valued at two thousand millions of dollars, which is five times its bonded debt.



THE TALLEST BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE NEW METROPOLITAN TOWER IN THEIR RELATIVE HEIGHT TO THE SINGER BUILDING

Another interesting story is told of how the reluctant giving of a promissory note by a penniless New York lawyer brought a fortune into his pocket amounting to several millions. The man referred to, John M. Bixby, came to New York in 1830 from a backwoods district as a half-starved lawyer. To pay four dollars a week for board and washing kept him on the verge of bankruptcy. He struggled on for a year or two, and was constantly seeking odd jobs outside of the law, to enable him to exist, when a friendly lawyer, in whose office he had desk room, called him aside one day:

"Here is a chance for you, Bixby," said the lawyer. "I have an estate to settle and must get rid of the farm on the north side of the city. It is appraised at $200. You can have it at that figure."

"I have not one dollar to my name," exclaimed Bixby.

"You can give me your note, and I will renew it until you get ready to pay it," replied the lawyer.

The young man hesitated for some time. He was very nervous about placing himself under obligation for so large a sum, but finally consented. Young Bixby had to ask for the renewal of his note two or three times, had to deprive himself of the necessities of life to hold the farm, until the opening of the Erie Canal and the first lighting of the city by gas gave the metropolis a new birth, and his farm was quickly swallowed in the growth. At the time of his death Bixby's property was worth seven millions; today its market value is more than thirteen

GRANT'S TOMB

VIEW OF NEW YORK FROM HARBOR

APPELLATE COURT BUILDING

—and all this through the simple making of a $200 I O U seventy-five years ago.

This is one of hundreds of instances where the enhancement of real-estate values has been remarkable; showing how much an "unearned increment" has had to do with the foundation of immense fortunes.

SCENE ON HUDSON RIVER WHERE BOATING AND BATHING ARE ENJOYED

Another notable example of the rapid rise in value of New York real estate is found in the sale of lot No. 1 Wall Street, which is only about thirty feet square, and which sold for about $700 per square foot. This is the highest price per square foot ever paid for real estate in any part of the world. This property, which was a part of the original purchase of the Island of Manhattan at a tenth of a cent an acre, is now assessed at four dollars per square inch. Another lot, situated at the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, measuring twenty-three by one hundred feet, sold last October for $800,000, the total being the highest price ever paid for a lot of this size. This same lot, with a private dwelling thereon, was sold by Mrs. Susan A. King in 1863 for $14,000.

HELL GATE BRIDGE OVER EAST RIVER (PROPOSED)

It is no uncommon thing, when going about New York, to overhear some person telling a visitor of the remarkable growth in the outlying sections of the city, and bringing to bear some concrete example, such as: "I used to sail a boat on a pond where that street and those buildings are now located."

One turns to see who the speaker is, and finds a beardless youth.

As a matter of fact, the past five to ten years have seen most wonderful developments in out lying sections opened by the rapid transit lines which are now reaching out to a surprising distance. The bridges and tunnels in course of construction will do much toward making it possible for many thousands of people to find elbow room in the new suburbs that spring up even in a night; and the invariable experience is that every new suburb, at its birth, almost fills up with the better element of flat-dwellers, who desire to get out of the city for their home life at least. Increased facilities for traveling give a promise of 26,000 new suburban homes for New Yorkers during the coming year. Yet, withal, there is no relief felt in the old beaten paths, for as many more are continually coming to occupy the vacated dwelling places. During recent years, however, the construction of the tunnels under the Hudson River, to Jersey, as well as the building of the bridges and tunnels across and under the East River to Brooklyn and Long Island City, which alone will cost, when completed, over $700,000,000, has turned the tide of homeseekers into favorable locations in these localities. The rapid transit facilities afforded by these wonderful improvements, means that people will soon be able to live as far as fifty miles from the center of the city and yet work within it. Then, too, Philadelphia, which is only ninety-six miles from New York, is near enough to enable the train known as the "Wall Street Special," to bring people who live in Philadelphia to their business in New York every day and return them again in the evening; thus enabling them to live within the Quaker City.

Besides the constant expenditure by the City of New York of hundreds of millions of dollars, calculated to bring relief to the congestion, the great corporations are themselves spending large sums in the development of their own interests. Conspicuous among these is the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which is building, in the very heart of the city, a great terminal station, the largest in the world, to contain over one million square feet of floor space, equal to seventy-five acres, and affording standing room for two hundred and fifty thousand people. Seven of the largest steamships ever built could be floated in the hollow dug for its foundation. The Washington Monument could be laid on its side and stowed away as a piece of baggage between its northeast and southeast corners. The estimated cost of this one improve-

LOOKING UP BROADWAY

The longest Street in the World which is over 20 miles in length ment is one hundred and twenty millions; quite a tidy sum for even a railroad to pay out to run its trains from New Jersey into New York, a distance of only one mile. All of the railroad terminals on the Jersey shore, including the Central New Jersey, the Lackawanna, and the Erie will be connected by tunnel with Manhattan, joining in a central station at Cortlandt and Church Streets, where they will take care of their share of the 33,000,000 commutations during the year. With these avenues of communication once opened for public travel, the wonder will be how New York ever got along with the slow-moving ferries of the past.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART IN CENTRAL PARK
Completed structure planned to cover 18½ acres, at a cost of $20,000,000. Rapidly becoming the world's most famous art museum

New York is especially unique in the diversity of its population. Every flood-tide brings shiploads of people from all quarters of the earth. It is said that fully twenty-five per cent of the immigrants make New York their home, a condition of affairs that has given the city a truly cosmopolitan air, with every nation of the world represented in numbers that sometimes exceed the population of the largest city of their native country; for instance, it has more Irish than Dublin; more Italians than Rome and Venice combined; more Germans than any city but Berlin.

Any farmer's boy knows that a section of land one mile square contains 640 acres. The area of Greater New York, amounting to 209,160 acres, would, therefore, cover a strip of land one mile in width across the states of Illinois and Iowa, a distance of 327 miles. Just 96,975 acres or 159 miles of this imaginary strip is built over with business blocks and houses, some of them adding twenty times to their area by reason of their great height. Ten miles must be set aside for parks and playgrounds, and an equal number for cemeteries, leaving only 168 miles for the future growth of the city which is estimated at a hundred families of five people each and every single day of the year. If all of New York City's population were placed on this strip, each acre would contain ninety people, while in the more congested areas they would stand, like figures on a chessboard, less than ten feet apart. One city block is said to contain 63,000 people; 703 acres, or something over a square mile, of the most congested part, have an average of 447 people to the acre. This is closer than the successful farmer would plant pumpkins.

THE HUDSON MEMORIAL BRIDGE
A continuation of the Riverside Drive, costing $5,000,000 when completed

One out of every twenty persons who claim American citizenship resides in New York, and its ratio of growth is five to one compared with the total increase of the rest of the country. If this state of affairs continues a little pad of paper and a pencil will quickly multiply the probable number of inhabitants into a total of 25,000,000 by 1950. As the boys say, "that's going some."

Fewer New Yorkers own their own homes than the residents of any other city in the world. The reason is a simple one; the land is so valuable that none but the very wealthy can afford its purchase. Of the 391,687 families living on Manhattan Island only 16,316 hold title to the houses they occupy—and if you will bring that little pad and pencil into play again you will learn that ninety-four out of every one hundred families make monthly payments to a landlord. When these families move, as they are constantly doing, it seems only necessary to take the family photographs from off the mantel—so completely has their method of life been systematized. As for the landlords, they are mightier in wealth and tenants than any feudal lords of old—as forsooth the Astors, whose immense multitude of dwellings house a greater number of people than are contained in a city of the size of Hartford, Connecticut; Seattle, Washington; or Nashville, Tennessee.

IN PROSPECT PARK AT BROOKLYN

A GLIMPSE OF THE "BOWERY"
Showing Cooper Union, founded by Peter Cooper

The atmosphere of manufacturing, with its heavy pall of smoke, is almost entirely absent in the Giant City, but notwithstanding this, in the lofts of the buildings, sometimes high above the street, are located 48,000 manufacturing plants, employing together 520,000 wage-earners, whose total output reaches the enormous value of $16,000,000,000 annually. Eleven great railroads carry most of these products into the interior, the remainder being turned over to the 151 steamship lines that have wharfage along the 36 miles of shore line. A total of 21,000 ocean-going vessels contribute to the commercial importance of New York harbor, and in the year 1906 carried away goods to the value of $700,054,551. The duties collected by the United States Customs last year amounted to $172,547,960.

The process of putting long pants on the Giant City—the evolution of the skyscraper—is a costly one. Great steel frame structures from eighteen to fifty stories are replacing the smaller buildings. The list now numbers over a hundred office buildings more than ten stories high, of which eighteen are over twenty stories in height. The roofs of fifty-five of these buildings are more than 200 feet above the street, fifteen reach the elevation of 300 feet, while the remainder carry the elevation all the way up to 700 feet above the sidewalk. Many architects in New York expect that the ultimate height of Giant City structures will reach ninety stories or 1,000 feet. Of course it would be impossible to make any practical use of buildings rising to so great a height if it were not for swift elevators to take people to and from the floors. When one may shoot up to the top office floor of the Singer Building —forty-nine stories—in forty-five seconds, and down again as quickly, with absolute safety, any added height means only a fraction of a second.

While the nation at large will be watching the progress of Uncle Sam's greatest engineering enterprise in the construction of the Panama Canal, which provides for an expenditure of $175,000,000, New York will be whittling away at improvements that make the government undertaking look like the proverbial thirty cents. During a period of eight years, the time limit for canal construction, the following "items" on Father Knickerbocker's memorandum book are expected to be checked off in the Giant City: Extension of the aqueduct and water supply into the Catskills $161,000,000; extension of the municipal subway system as already authorized $175,000,000; electrification and new terminals of the Long Island Railroad, $60,000,000; electrification of the new terminals of the New York Central Railroads, $50,000,000; electrification of the new terminals of the Pennsylvania Railroad, $35,000,000; six-track electrification of the New Haven's Shore Line to New Rochelle, $25,000,000; New York Connecting Railroad, $10,000,000; McAdoo Syndicate Hudson tunnels and Sixth Avenue and Ninth Street subways, $16,000,000; New Westchester and Boston electric road, through the Bronx and Westchester, $12,000,000; Blackwells Island Bridge, $20,000,000; municipal lighting plant and conduits, $20,000,000; Manhattan Bridge, $11,000,000; Chelsea Park improvements, $10,000,000; Public Library and Carnegie branches, $10,000,000; New Bellevue Hospital, $9,000,000; dock improvements under way on North and East Rivers, $5,000,000; Hendrick Hudson Memorial Bridge over Harlem Ship Canal at Spuyten Duyvil, $5,000,000; New Brooklyn Borough municipal building, $3,000,000; improvements on the shore road, Bay Ridge and Fort Hamilton, $2,000,000; New Queens Borough municipal building, $1,000,000; New Central Post Office at Forty-second Street, $2,500,000; Boulevard Lafayette improvements, Washington Heights, $1,000,000; New Owl's Head Park, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, $1,000,000; rebuilding Brooklyn Bridge to be begun as soon as Manhattan Bridge is finished, $16,000,000. This totals $1,024,000,000, or nearly ten times the estimated cost of the Panama Canal, and does not include an additional $300,000,000 spent each year in private building operations.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH AND THE ST. PAUL BUILDING

As will be seen, the greater part of this expenditure is to provide better rapid transit facilities. Those contemplated will bring the carrying capacity of East River communication from 64,000 to 250,000 people per hour, and increase the north and south lines of Manhattan from 142,000 to 185,000 per hour.

From the West, a modern Moses has led the Jerseyites across the Hudson River on dry land. In fact, the East River, Hudson River and Harlem River, which separate the island of Manhattan from the mainland, have been "all bound 'round," so to speak, and lifted bodily out of the way by wonderful tunnels, and spanned overhead by the largest and costliest bridges in the world. Millions are spent to save a few minutes' time—and here is proof of the axiom that "Time is Money." On the 1,400 miles of subway, surface and elevated lines 9,000,000 passengers will be accommodated daily. The present number carried is over four millions.

There can be no doubt of the average New

Yorker's readiness to talk, for there are 3,400,000 telephone conversations over the 200,000 telephones every twenty-four hours, while $175,000 is daily paid out for cable and telegrams in the financial district of Greater New York alone. And, speaking of finance, $91,872,000,000 represents the collossal wealth that passes through the clearing house in a single year. Besides this, the 111 banks, the forty-four trust companies, and the fifty-one savings banks have on deposit a total of $3,179,000,000. In one bank alone—The Bowery Savings Bank—there are 150,000 depositors, with deposits aggregating $93,000,000. Then, too, one hundred and seventy-three great American corporations representing an aggregate capital of $7,000,000,000, make things interesting every quarter by cutting a one hundred and fifty million dividend pie, in the consumption of which people all over the United States and Canada participate.

Uncle Sam, with his seventy-one post offices and 329 sub-stations, does a rushing business in the Giant City. The annual receipts amount to $17,690,000, or twelve per cent of the total income of the 72,000 post offices in the United States. And, speaking of postal deficits, the New York post office shows a net profit of $11,500,000 annually, even after making provision for the needs of an organization that distributes more than 2,000,000 pieces daily. The collectors turn in an average of 1,716,000 letters a day, while 937 different publications pour 200 tons of periodicals into the chutes every twenty-four hours, all of which is for outside distribution.

One reason why New York is the Giant City of the world is that the cost of maintaining its municipal departments is greater than any other city. With 50,000 people on the payroll, it exceeds the cost of the administration of the United States, exclusive of pensions, post offices and river and harbor improvements. There are 7,178 policemen, 3,000 firemen, 2,900 street sweepers. In the fire department there are 160 steam engines, 24,000 feet of ladders, enough to reach to a height of nearly five miles, which would top the highest mountain on earth, as well as nearly one hundred miles of hose and 1100 horses, trained to respond to alarms. But, despite these great precautions, $7,000,000 worth of property goes up in smoke each year.

Where the Giant City eats and sleeps would make an extensive article in itself. New York is a typical hotel city, with 344 large hostelries, 136 of which average 400 rooms each and fifty-one are one-third larger, accommodating 600 guests each. In addition to these great hotels, over $40,000,000 is invetsed in "high toned" restaurants, where 500,000 diners spend $1,200,000 a day on their dinner. This, of course, does not take into account the ordinary restaurants where the average New Yorker eats his hasty repast. New York is the home of the quick lunch restaurant. In fact, speed has become so much an object to the patrons of the New York restaurant that the most popular are arranged with the food displayed on counters, ready to be picked up by the luncher and devoured as he stands, after which he advances to the cashier and pays for what he has eaten without the formality of a check. To contrast this with the Fifth Avenue palaces of the millionaires requires real mental contortion. In 1885 New York had only twenty-eight millionaires; now it has 2,000, but some of them are keeping quiet about it since the panic. Senator W. A. Clark, the Montana copper king, has built at Fifth Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street, the most costly private house in the world. It has 121 separate rooms, not to mention its twenty bathrooms, and with its contents has a value of at least $15,000,000.

The most comprehensive school system in the world, the Giant City has sixteen high and 496 elementary schools. Nearly 700,000 pupils are in daily attendance therein, and for their instruction eleven thousand teachers are employed, besides which nearly twenty thousand children are in attendance at the four hundred and seventy odd kindergartens. The importance of manual training is recognized by the New York Department of Education, to an extent unequalled by any other American city. There are nearly a hundred workshops in connection with the schools of Greater New York, at which from 30,000 to 35,000 boys receive weekly instruction.

In conclusion, it can be said that the future of New York City, secured beyond peradventure, will be very much greater than either its storied and fascinating past or its thrilling and marvelous present, but, no matter what its future, the story of "New York: The Giant City" will always interest, always command the pride of the American people.

"As in a dream I stepped forward and knelt as the men do in the land of Vines. He raised me up with one hand. Lissilma Sakima, be thou our chief."

—From "A Keeper of the Door"

A KEEPER OF THE DOOR

(CONTINUED)

By GRACE KELLOGG

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CHAPTER VI.

THREE days had passed, when about dawn the beating of drums and the mighty chant of a thousand voices was heard far to the north. Instantly the camp was alive. Disorder was whisked away into dark corners, paint was freshened, four great dogs were spitted by the fire to roast, children were hastily plunged into the river to cool their tempers, the town-house was spread forth with brown potatoes fried in raccoon's fat, venison soaked with maple sugar, hominy and succotash and mush.

Scarcely were the first drums and the chant swollen into a roar, when a second thunderous tread of marching feet rolled up to the east and joined with a din of reeds and gourds from the north-east and the swaying cry from the south-east. The forest shook under foot with the tread of marching nations, and little tribes miles to the westward whispered "Hark! The Long-House has opened its door! Do you not hear the fire-song of the Family?"

Out of the forest they came—the Sachems of the Mohawks, nine, and their nine warrior-chiefs; the Sachems of the Onondagas, fourteen and their fourteen warrior-chiefs; the Sachems of the Senecas, now seven, and their seven warrior-chiefs; the Sachems of the Oneidas, nine, and their nine warrior-chiefs; the Sachems of the Cayugas, ten, and their ten warrior-chiefs.

Across the body of the dead Sachem, the old Ogista welcomed the forty-nine grave-faced Sachems with the forty-nine grim-jawed warrior-chiefs. He bade them break fast upon the roast dogs and call their warriors and young men in to the bounty of the town-house. The Senecas welcomed their Brothers and Sons of the Long-House in the name of That-one-who-was-a-Door-Keeper of the Long-House. Let the Wolf, the Deer, the Bear, the Snipe, the Beaver, the Heron, the Turtle, the Hawk, lie down and cast off the weariness of the journey, while the squaws of the Oneidas and Cayugas kindled the fire of the *Hennundonuseh:* the Mourning Council.

In the confederacy of the *Hodenosaunee:* the Iroquois, the Family of the Long-House, the Oneidas and the Cayugas are the "Sons" while the other three nations are the "Fathers." Therefore as the dead Sachem was of the "Fathers" it was meet that he should be carried to his grave upon his white bear-skin by six young men of the Oneidas and Cayugas, upon whom, as "Sons" the mourning ceremonies devolved.

The grave was deep and round and great in circumference. In it they placed the dead Sachem sitting upright, wrapped in a white bear-skin, and all the multitude round about, set up a loud wail and a howling; shrill lamentation that startled the deer from their far coverts.

Suddenly the mass parted and there came slowly through, a slight girlish figure, draped from shoulders to feet in a white poncho of unknown fabric brought by some war-party from the far southwest. Her black hair fell sombre and unadorned back from her forehead. Her wrists were heavy with blackened bracelets, and her slender neck and arms were wound with ropes of black wampum. In her hands she carried a beautiful smoke-darkened pipe of red clay.

Slowly she approached the grave, walking as if in sleep. Slowly she knelt, and reaching down, placed the pipe between the dead man's teeth; then she rose as emotionlessly and stood aside while the women brought forth the belongings of the dead man: skins, and kettles, pouches, arrows and quiver and bow, knife and hatchet, that he might have them with him in the far-off land; tobacco, and *sapaen*, that he might not hunger before the Great Spirit passed this way; last of all a dog and his favorite horse stretched dead in the grave, the dog at the chief's right hand, his nose pointing upward that his howl might call the Great Spirit as it passed by; the horse across the dead man's feet that he might mount and ride away with the Great Spirit when it came.

The mourning-chant was raised. The wild cry died down and melted into rythmical measure and rose again in high swelling anthem. A spadeful of earth rattled upon the brazen kettles.

A shriek of terrorized awaking rang out.

I put my hand over my eyes, but I could hear the wild leap of dissonant sympathy in the chant; aye, and could see Her clinging upon the cold form in the grave. Two of the squaws lifted her away and we came back to the town and the council fire.

In these four days I had been unnoticed in the town, in the excitement of preparation. I doubt if a man, save Waupeka, was aware, or at any rate, conscious of my presence among them, and now, when I mingled in the crowd, none took notice of me. Only Waupeka, quick-eyed, saw me approaching, and with ready courtesy motioned to me with his eyelids to take my place behind him. I obeyed readily and stood, hidden in shadow, leaning against a tree. From here, I could readily see Pontilogah who was seated behind the old Ogista, her grandsire.

The council-fire flickered on the blackened faces and sinewy bodies of a hundred chiefs, and mingled with the trickling sunlight that spattered palely the black bodies of a thousand warriors and young men, and the dense outskirt mass of women and children.

Silence fell. Two young men lifted to his feet the old man, the grandsire of Pontilogah. He raised his withered hands to heaven, and in the midst of a great hush sent forth his crackling voice.

"O Hawenneeyu, Giver and Taker of all, thou who sendest the helpless babe and callest away the mighty Sachem, the People of the Long-House, the Hodenosaunee, thank thee that thou hast again permitted our great Family to meet together in safety—"

I did not hear the rest of the prayer. The appearance of the old man absorbed my attention. His scalp-lock was white as snow, his dead-brown skin dry and furrowed, but he held his shrunken form erect and proud. His lustrous sunken eyes showed unweakened power and profound meditation, his brow was capacious and benevolent, his mouth firm and peace-loving.

Such, at any rate, was what I read into the strong old features, and, with the reading I gave my respect, nay, I had almost said veneration.

Lament after lament followed the prayer: each a prolonged exclamation on a high key by a solitary voice, followed instantly by a swelling chorus from the multitude. I had never before witnessed such a scene. Its majestic gloom and stern repression alternating with the wildest abandon of grief shook me to the very depths.

A quieter mood followed.

A Sachem of the Senecas rose:

"Oh, my Brothers and Sons of the Long-House, the fourth sachemship of the *Nundawaronoh*, the Senecas, has fallen in death from the hands of him who held it. Today must the Counsellors of the People raise up another Sachem to take and hold the welfare of his people in his hand. Then shall the fifty Sachems of the Iroquois sit once more about the council-fire in a circle from which none is missing, and the circle of the war-chiefs be once more complete."

He glanced slowly about the circle and then continued:

"Sagehjowa"—he caught himself up sharply. A thrill of superstitious terror ran through the multitude. Somewhere a woman uttered a stifled scream. It is tempting misfortune to mention the dead by name. "He-who-was-Sachem was of the eighth totem, a Hawk. The old Ogista, his father, is a Wolf; She-who-was-Ogista's wife was a Hawk; wherefore her son by the law of tribes was born into the Hawk totem. He-who-was-

Sachem had two sisters, who, both Hawks as he from their mother, brought into the Hawk tribe each one son, equally nephews of Him-who-is-gone: Waupeka, The-Bear-In-the-Forks-of-the-Tree; and He-who-strikes-the-First-Wound, Tokacon.*

"She-who-was the old Ogista's wife had a sister, who being from the same mother, was also a Hawk. This sister's grandson through her daughter is Wosketomp, Iron Bull. These three young men are the nearest Hawks to Him-whom-we-have-sped-to-the-far-hunting-grounds: Waupeka and Tokacon his nephews, Wosketomp† his cousin once removed.

"Oh, my Brothers and Sons, counsellors as I of the people, the eye of Hawenneeyu is upon us. Our people abide by our choice. Let us choose wisely and by our honest convictions, striving to see the truth and voice it to each other. I have said. Let us go."

Solemnly the Sachems arose and passed out through the multitude to confer apart. The braves and the young men smoked on in silence, but a buzz of talk broke out among the women. I bent down and asked Waupeka to point out to me Tokacon. As he was seated I could but ill judge his height, but I should have said that he was shorter than Waupeka and of thin wiry build. He had perhaps a score more of years, and his mouth was grimly lined, while beneath a pair of eyes like steel, fine painted lines of black intensified the cold, crafty wrinkles.

And Wosketomp, a giant bull head set by a squat neck on gigantic powerful shoulders; eyes evil with passions of lust and murder; brows heavy and knit across a deep furrow; mouth thick; nose broad and flat; forehead low and sloping. About his neck hung a string of bear's claws, and from his heavy ears dangled great loops of wolves' teeth. His loincloth was of woven scalplocks. A ferocious brute enough!

Time passed. The fire died low and was re-kindled. The sunshine dripped blood-red through the western trees and then faded out into gray dusk. The circle beyond the firelight grew mysterious with living shadow. The hum of voices died wearily out, the young men stolidly refilled their pipes once again and puffed away in an impassivity that was scarcely active enough to be patience.

At last the Sachems filed back and once more formed, this time in two long parallel lines at one side of the fire, so that from Waupeka at one end to Wosketomp and Tokacon at the other, there lay a narrow avenue. I looked eagerly down the two lines, hoping to see some indication that it was my new friend who was to receive the Sachemship. My quest was useless. Firelit or shadowed, the blackened masks were impenetrable.

"Oh, my Brothers and Sons, hear the words of the third Sachem of the Senecas. The Sachems have taken council in the four classes; we have talked wisely; we have hearkened to each other with open ears; we have considered silently; we have not agreed. Waupeka might be our Sachem; Tokacon might equally be our Sachem. Which then, shall be raised up? It is more than man's wisdom to decide. Hawenneeyu alone can know.

"Oh, my Brothers and Sons, let us place our hands in the hand of the All-Knowing. Let us ask of the All-Wise to choose our Sachem.

"Oh, my Brothers and Sons, the Sachems have spoken."

He sat down in silence.

A low murmur ran through the crowd. At length Waupeka arose.

"Oh, my Uncles," he said, and his voice was ringing with youth and wholesome content, "our Sachems have spoken. Let us hearken. Oh, my Brothers, let us seek the will of the Great Spirit, and abide thereby.

"Oh, my Brothers, I have spoken."

There was a long pause. Then Tokacon arose. His voice nipped the air like frost in the moon of Falling Leaves.

"Oh, my Brothers," he said, "Waupeka has spoken the words of Tokacon."

Next the Old Ogista spoke.

"Oh, my Sons, you have said well. The heart of Ogista is made glad.

"Oh, my Sons, let us seek of Hawenneeyu whether it be his will that Tokacon be raised up, or Waupeka."

Still they sat. Finally Wosketomp, Iron Bull arose.

"Oh, my Brothers," he thundered, "the Sachems have not agreed. It is meet that we should seek to learn the will of Hawenneeyu. But perchance the Great Spirit does not wish Tokacon; perchance the Great Spirit does not wish Waupeka; perchance the Great Spirit wishes another of us to be raised up. Let us not confine the choice to our brothers Waupeka and Tokacon. Let us leave Hawenneeyu free to choose whom he will."

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* To′ka-con † Wos′ke-tomp

The Sachem turned his eyes shrewdly and coldly upon the huge warrior.

"My Brother," he said deliberately, "there is none other fit to be a Sachem of the Senecas save only Waupeka or Tokacon. The All Wisdom will know this. Yet fear not. We shall abide by the Great Spirit's free word."

A strange and evil light diffused itself over Iron Bull's face.

"Let one among you bring hither the Prophet," commanded the Sachem.

Swift as arrow from bow, Iron Bull cut through the crowd and was lost in the darkness. The warriors smoked placidly on.

VII.

After some little time, Iron Bull reappeared, his face impassive and mask-like as ever, but his cruel eyes fired and restless. Manetohcoa*—which is to say, the Prophet—followed him.

"Oh, Prophet," said the Sachem, "we seek the will of Hawenneeyu concerning our new Sachem. Do thou ascertain it, and with great care. Make thou no error in the rite, for whether it be false or true, we abide by thy revelation of the Will."

Manetohcoa shifted his glance now and again from the speaker to the fire beyond the row of Sachems, and back, and anon to the speaker.

At the last word he commenced muttering to himself.

Two young keegsquaws carried into the avenue of the Sachems a curious small tent with two sloping sides and open back and front. Beneath this they placed the medicine-man's utensils.

The Prophet squatted down under the tent and fell to work puttering with these utensils. There was some tobacco and seven painted feathers, a rattlesnake's fangs, a charmed stick, an eagle's beak and claws, a live owl dazed by the firelight, and the polished shoulder-blade of a wild-cat, upon which from time to time he blew and gazed intently.

The Sachems and the warriors appeared to have no interest in these proceedings. Iron Bull in particular had affected an ease little consistent with the fever-light in his eyes.

After a long time, as he gazed upon the shoulder-blade, the Prophet uttered an uncanny cry.

Iron Bull's eyes suddenly flamed with intensity. The two squaws quickly lifted the tent away. The old man had sprung to his feet, facing Waupeka. He was shrivelled and bent, his face was cadaverous, and ghastly with white paint, two long yellow teeth set down over the blue lower lip, his shrivelled neck sank in great hollows between the cords, his arms and legs were shrunken till the bones of the elbows and knees almost protruded through the skin, a hairless mantle hung from his neck half-way down his meagre thighs.

Every eye was riveted upon him as he stood bent over the bone.

Suddenly the wrinkled visage stretched and cracked. A ghostly rattle came from the wrinkled throat.

The Prophet lifted up his eyes and stood erect. His face was ghastly even under the whitening.

"O, great Hawenneeyu"—he paused and shuddered.

After a moment he looked around upon the Sachems, and spoke in a voice singularly low and gentle.

"Oh, my Sons, Manetohcoa has sought—Manetohcoa has found the word of Hawenneeyu. Manetohcoa has also seen that within this moon he shall die, that his death may be a witness to his people of the truth of his words."

He paused, and fixed his intent look full upon Iron Bull, whose nostrils quivered, but who gave no other sign.

"Oh, my Sons, believe me, for I give my life for the truth."

I looked at Iron Bull. The whites of his eye-balls were glowing with murderous doubt and baffled rage and suspense.

The Prophet looked once more upon the shoulder-blade of the wild-cat, and read what he saw there, his voice rising and falling in cadences of marvelous sweetness.

I had folded my arms across my chest, and was leaning against the tree, watching Pontilogah from the shadow, and the words of the Prophet fell scarcely heeded upon my ear.

"Oh, my Sons, I see the glare of a noonday sun upon a sandy shore and a wide water; it gleams upon painted bodies and wonder-struck faces; it glitters upon bracelets and white wampum; and it blazes whitely upon the white wings of a great canoe, over the side whereof stream young men with hair upon their pale faces, and with wondrous shimmering mantles and casings for the limbs and body of many marvelous hues, bright and sombre."

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* Ma'ne-toh-co'a

I leaned down and whispered curiously to Waupeka, "Whence came this Prophet to the Senecas?"

"He is of us," answered Waupeka. "He came from a tribe in the far east while Waupeka was yet a papoose. He was sent of Hawenneeyu."

I gazed with more interest at the Prophet.

"—The flash of stones of marvelous hues and sparkling like unto drops flung from the rainbow. And I see—a tiny brave set up among the pale-faces, who roar laughter at his child-defiance. And then darkness, and the heaving of many waters."

There was a long breathless pause.

"I see a strange land not like to the land of Hawenneeyu. The sunshine is more mellow. The trees are more green. Heavy purple clusters festoon all the land. And there are lodges as great as mountains and built of hewn stone and shining timber; and there dwell therein pale-faced squaws shaped not like unto our squaws, with pale hair, colorless and curled like dead buffalo-grass, piled above their foreheads—snow-squaws draped in trailing clouds and fire and tissues of the sky. And I see a young brave dressed not as a brave, and yet with the burning eyes of all difference from the water-eyes of those others. And I see no more, but darkness and terror, and a fleeing shadow of black wings against a strange gray-black sky, and the heaving of black waters beneath."

I took a step forward and riveted my eyes upon the old man. Methought he told marvelous well some things that few of these red men know.

The voice flowed on.

"I see a shadow figure coming out of the dusk."

The pipes died out. Not a breath disturbed the stillness. Only Waupeka and Tokacon puffed steadily on. I glanced at Iron Bull. The smoke came uncertainly from between his heavy lips like the breath of a man hard-pressed in a race.

"It is a young brave. He is not tall—not tall within half a head of Waupeka. It is not Waupeka."

The hand Iron Bull put up to steady his pipe was shaking.

"The shadow-brave is erect; well-made for the war-path or the ambush, with muscles of iron, yet not over-heavy. His head is poised with a certain pride of race."

The Prophet paused, and gazed intently.

"The shadow deepens. The face of the shadow-brave comes forth. The smooth red-brown skin is unpainted save by the full blood reddening the cheek-bones. His eyes are long like the leaf of the cassa tree, and slate gray like the cloud which holds fire in its bosom. His mouth twists with strange humor; it is as if the shadow-brave were laughing, and yet his laughter is to the laughter of the Senecas as is the silent sweep of the river to the crashing fall of the cascade. This is not Tokacon.'

Iron Bull's pipe dropped from his hand with a crash. His great mouth was working convulsively.

"Oh, my Sons, Hawenneeyu's word is, 'Let the stranger that is within thy lodge rule thee.'"

Still it did not dawn on me that this was I. I was absorbed in watching the tragic betrayal on Iron Bull's mask.

The old Sachem arose and replied placidly:

"The Prophet errs. Hawenneeyu hath himself decreed through our First Father the venerable Daganoweda, that the barriers of tribes be not over-leaped—no, not by his own decree. A Hawk must be raised up to the Hawk Sachemship. None other."

I folded my arms higher and watched Iron Bull's great chest raise and fall in a convulsion of relief and suspense. I scarcely noticed when Waupeka moved silently from before me.

The Prophet had suddenly straightened to his full height. He siezed a brand and hurled it upon the fire, and the flames leaped up and flung their lurid glare into the shadows.

"Behold!" he shrieked, flinging out his white arm, "the stranger! And above his heart, the Hawk!"

I stood, turned to bronze, the flame full upon me, every eye fastened upon the spot above my heart. Then slowly the glances lifted to my face, and I stood looking out over the multitude scarcely conscious of myself or them, yet reading quick admiration here, terror here, everywhere horror and calamity.

The Old Ogista motioned to be lifted up.

"Oh, my Sons," he faltered, and his old voice was tremulous with emotion, "Hawenneeyu has spoken."

"Oh, my Sons, it is for us to abide by his word.

"Oh, my Sons, great is the wisdom of the All-Knowing. His will is beyond our understanding.

"Oh, my Sons, let us obey, though in blindness."

He sat down again. He held his frame erect and firm, yet one could see that his hands trembled. He was a very old man.

Then rose Waupeka.

"Oh, my Brothers," he began, "great is the All-Knowing, and marvelous are his ways.

"Oh, my Brothers, hearken.

"Oh, my Brothers, five nights ago many of our braves were out upon the buffalo grounds. Those of us who had already returned to our lodges danced and feasted in joy for the bountiful meat we had brought in.

"My Brothers, outside the firelight dark eyes watched our dancing and feasting. Silent figures lay in the long grass. Tomahawks couched beside them. The scalp-lock of every one of us was numbered thrice. Three scalping-knives were sharpened for each of us.

"Oh, my Brothers, at dawn the scalping-knives glittered behind these trees. A tomahawk behind every tree. We lay sleeping. We had feasted heavily.

"Oh, my Brothers, sleep had robbed our wives and our children of their defences. Not one of us would have escaped. Where this council-fire now burns we should be heaped, the half-dead smothered beneath the dead. In every lodge the blood of our children would redden the mat. In a hundred Erie wigwams our wives would be weeping upon the foul mats of the Erie dogs.

"Oh, my Brothers, this is not. We are alive. Our wives and children are ours. Our lodges lie peaceful and unstained with blood. Hawenneeyu is great and merciful. A cry came out of the night!

"Oh, my Brothers, a stranger lay with the Eries, unknown to them.

"Oh, my Brothers, a stranger couched in the darkness beyond our firelight.

"Oh, my Brothers, by the mouth of a stranger, Hawenneeyu hath awakened us. The hand of a stranger strangled the serpents that struck at us from the swamps.

"Oh, my Brothers, to a stranger we owe our homes and our children and our lives. Shall we hesitate to give him his own?"

He stood motionless before them, his head thrown slightly back, his fine eyes fixed on the darkness beyond the lodges, the fire-light playing upon the strong beauty of his body.

"Oh, my Brothers, Hawenneeyu has spoken. Let us obey."

Iron Bull sprang to his feet.

"The stranger has bribed the Prophet! Let us have out this Hawenneeyu-sent-One and cleave his false skull with the tomahawk. It is a bribe, I say."

The Prophet raised his old head and looked Iron Bull fixedly in the eye. The blusterer's face contorted with rage and he remained standing, his great hand working nervously upon his knife.

Tokacon rose, and looked at Iron Bull.

"Oh, my Brothers," he said, "be not perturbed for my brother Waupeka nor for me. We are those whom this concerns. Take care lest thy rage seem to betray something hidden in thy breast. Remember also that it is better to be the friend than the enemy of the Sachem.

"Oh, my Brothers, Hawenneeyu has spoken. We must obey."

One after another the warriors and the old men repeated the word "Hawenneeyu has spoken. We must obey."

Behind the Old Ogista the dead chief's daughter stood, rigid, her hands clenched, her eyes stony, words of fire shooting jaggedly across her consciousness.

"Hawenneeyu! Hawenneeyu! The shame! The shame! My father!"

Then the Sachem arose.

He lifted one hand toward heaven. His chest heaved, and his voice caught in his throat, but the words came full and firm.

"Our Father, Hawenneeyu, we have heard and we obey. My Son!"

As in a dream I stepped forward, and knelt, as men do in the Land of Vines.

He raised me up with one hand—"*Lissilma Sakima:* Be thou our chief."

VIII.

The rest seems like a strange dream to me—and yet like a rude awakening from strange dreams.

From shoulder to shoulder, and from shoulders to ankles, the sharp shell in the hand of the Sachem scored me, and the stinging herb-water washed the scratches

Then there were questions to be answered.

"Thy name, my new brother?"

I answered as I had answered Pontilogah, "Men have called me the Half-King."

"It is well. Be thou henceforth, as the holders of the fourth Sachemship before thee, *Sagehjowa.*

"And thy years?"

"I know not how many I have. I was born in the year that the River-Crows smoked out the Tree-Dwellers."

"And whence comest thou, O Hawenneeyu-sent?"

"From the far west to the far east, and farther, across many waters, and from the far east to the far west am I come, that I might dwell in the tents of the Senecas." My eyes sought Pontilogah standing cold and white-robed against the dusky black of limbs and faces.

"Yet thou wert of the People of the Long-House in the beginning, for the Hawk is tattooed upon thy side."

I knew not about this, so I made no answer. Yet I knew there was no Hawk upon my side—*why had they seen it there?*

Still I spoke not of this, for I had not spoken quickly enough, and I knew now that not to hold my Sachemship would be to die,—for how else could it be released from me than by my death?

After this Tokacon was raised up and presented to me to be my war-chief till death should render him so no more.

After which came the endless succession of chants and choruses, another, and another, and another.

These concluded, an aged Sachem of the Onondagas, "The Keeper of the Wampum," walked up and down between the two long rows in which I now had my place, repeating from the mysterious strings of wampum which none save he could read, the ancient laws and usages of the Confederacy, how that many moons ago on the north bank of the Lake Ganuntaa, our father Daganoweda had met with the wise men of the Five Nations and there built with them the Long-House in which all should dwell as one people; how that by the interlacing of the eight tribes among each nation those of each tribe in one nation were brothers of those of the same tribe in the other nations; how that therefore no nation could henceforth go to war against any other without brother raising his hand against brother; and how, the eight tribes being grouped into four classes, the Hodenosaunee should be like a great tree whose four roots stretched out firmly to the north and south and east and west, which neither the heat of the sun should wither, nor hail of winter blast, nor storms and tempests overthrow.

Then was I to make my answer. I looked out over the black sea of faces glittering with star-points of light in a myriad of fierce eyes. I began slowly. I knew not what to say; and in all the multitude I could see naught save gloom and savage wrath, but ill-repressed. My eyes met Pontilogah's and hers were cold as northern seas, and mocking with the light of northern stars.

Thanks, O maiden, for the lash of that cold mockery! It stung the quick words to my command.

I knew but little what a chief should say. What lay nearest my heart came to my lips.

I was a wanderer; a stranger among all peoples; I had come seeking friends—brothers. I had not sought nor wished a Sachem's lodge. Yet Hawenneeyu had placed this yoke upon me. He had placed this mighty people in my hands, and as I lived I would so hold them: a trust from the All-Giver. So, on. The words flowed easily—with more of passion and longing—with more of earnestness and fire.

An orator deep beneath his consciousness feels the pulse of his audience. So was I aware of the relaxing of grim lines, the lightening of brooding gloomy brows, the softening of fierce stern eyes. They followed me, felt with me, were rocked by my passion of appeal—I flung out my arms in a cry to the All-Hearer,—and there came an echo: a woman's voice, high, denouncing.

"*There is no totem above the heart.*"

The spell snapped. There was a deathlike stillness. Slowly my arms dropped and my head sunk upon my chest. The voice was Pontilogah's.

A low and angry murmur began on the outskirts of the crowd, and rose and swelled, rolling inward.

"Death to the betrayer—death to the betrayer of the Sachemship!"

So it was death. So. I flung back my head, and cried above the increasing roar.

"Be it death, then! I have not sought the honor of the Sachemship. I have not betrayed Daganoweda. You—you have betrayed the Sachemship to me. It is fitting that I should die for this honor."

I folded my arms again, and shut my lips haughtily, angered from my soul at this child's play of life and death.

Manetohcoa, the Prophet, ghastly with fear of the burning splinters, had flung himself cowering on the ground. There was no longer in him the power that alone could save us both.

Sharp silence as long as one could draw a breath in, then a girl's sobbing cry.

"Hawenneeyu!"

It was a prayer.

Pontilogah stepped into the fire-lit circle. The flame danced on the white robe woven by some Daughter of the Sun in the mystic South-land. Her eyes were big. She stood motionless.

Every eye was turned upon her. None rebuked her. She was the daughter of Him-who-was-Sachem.

And then, slowly, imperceptibly, she was moving—gliding into motion. Her white robe stirred and caught the fire-light anew, her black hair crept down serpent-wise across her bosom. Her limbs scarcely moved, yet moved rhythmically; her eyes woke stealthily. More and more it was a dance, growing into motion so slowly as scarcely to be realized, fascinating the brain and bewildering the eyes.

Higher and higher swayed the dance, the very spirit of strange unearthly motion. So, at court, have I seen a snake-charmer from the Orient sway and hold fascinated the glittering serpent-eyes. There stole in a note of music, intensified, and mingled insistently with the swaying of limbs and hair, and the gleaming of eyes, and became a chant, high and far away.

"Show forth, Oh, Hawenneeyu—Show forth, Oh, ho-ho-ho—Show forth, Oh, ho-ho-ho—The God-sent stranger shall not die—In his heart is burned the Hawk—Show forth—Swift in his life-blood runs the fire of the in-burned Hawk—Show forth! High in his life-tide leaps the fire of the in-burned Hawk—Show forth—Thy hand hast burned it. Hawenneeyu—Show forth—Oh, ho-ho-ho—Let not thy Sachem die, Hawenneeyu—Show forth the Hawk that is burned in upon his heart—Show forth—Show forth—Show forth:—Ah!"—a shriek—a pointing arm—"*The Hawk—above his heart.*"

As plainly as though I had stood outside myself, I saw myself standing there, haughty, motionless, my arms crossed high above my chest, upon my heart a glowing fire-totem.

They too saw it, in the spell of her will.

IX.

Pontilogah had swooned upon the ground and none raised her up, for all sat or stood as if fettered.

Her white poncho drooped over her drooping limbs, her black hair coiled about her relaxed neck. Her lips were bloodless and her eyes were closed.

By and by she stirred listlessly and shivered.

The old Sachem of the Onondagas awoke as with a great start, and raising his massive frame, came into the circle and lifted her gently, and gave her into the arms of her grandfather.

The light struck full upon his wrinkled visage, crossed and latticed with the lines of thought and age and sorrows. He raised his mighty arms to heaven and prayed.

"Oh, Hawenneeyu, forgive us that we doubted thy word. Forgive us that we had not faith. We have seen the fiery totem and we believe—

"Oh All-Merciful, thou hast deigned to show thy unworthy people a sign. Henceforth may fire from heaven strike us if again we believe not the words of thy mouth and again seek signs of fire."

I was not to die that night.

(*To be continued.*)

IN THE HAZE OF THE HONEY-MOON

By VIRGINIA MITCHELL WHEAT

GARDEN OF EDEN, June 7, 1906.

My Dear Nell:

I promised I would write you at our first stopping place, and I am doing so, but you will have to guess at our location, for I do not think it is on any map; and I could not, if I would, describe to you how to get here.

I told you the exact truth when I said that I did not know where we were going. I had left all the arrangement to the Dearest Man, who displayed such a sense of secret enjoyment about it that, although I hated to confess to any of you that I really did not have the faintest idea what was to become of me after we stepped into the carriage to drive to the station, I did not ask him a single question, and the surprise for me has been very complete and delightful.

We managed by hard driving, to catch the 5.06 local (mother had set the clocks ahead, you see, and you all thought we were leaving for the 5.30, with lots of time to spare). We caught sight of a lot of you hurrying into the station just as our train drew out, but we did not dare to wave a farewell. Mother had managed to have my cravanette and auto veil in the carriage before hand, and by slipping them on before we reached the station I completely hid the rice and confetti with which I was literally covered, and dared not risk another deluge.

At X—— we changed for the express that was due there three minutes later, and from there on I can tell you very little that is definite of our route. We dined early, and after that the cars were lighted and in the outer darkness we traveled awhile in total oblivion to a sense of direction.

When the train did finally stop, we made a quick change to another, that stood on a siding and seemed to be waiting for our train; and started off immediately. After a ride of half an hour or more we alighted,—the only passengers to get off,—and found a farm wagon (carry-all I think they called it) waiting for us. Our luggage was put up, and we drove through the starlight along country roads and dewy lanes sweet with the fragrance of clover and wild honeysuckle, till we came to a little clearing beside a shimmering lake. Here the wagon stopped and we got down. Our traps were carried to the porch of a tiny bungalow that nestled in the shadow of the great trees, and with a short "Good-night" our driver turned his horses about and drove away.

We are alone—completely, entirely alone,—my lord and master and I. In this modern Paradise he is Adam, and I his Eve; and that our Eden, during the short sweet month of our honey-moon shall not be desecrated by idle foot, or curious eye, Adam has given out to the man from whom he purchased this lovely spot,—the same who drove us here last night,—that his Eve is a victim of nervous prostration, and is to recuperate here, away from sight or sound of any being but Adam himself. Isn't this delightful?

When I awoke this morning I was startled to hear, instead of the usual clang and rumble of the noisy city, the sweet full-throated chorus of thousands of birds. The soft sunlight filtering through the foliage outside cast little dancing shadows all about the pretty room, and I lay entranced with the sweetness and daintiness of everything. How many long trips, how many patient hours of contrivance must its completeness have cost dear Adam! and as I wondered, Adam himself, bright and glowing from a dip in the lake, came in.

Adam is determined to take upon himself the weight and responsibility of housekeeping. Declares he learned to cook in camp years ago, and that I am not to be permitted to either help or to meddle: so to begin aright, I was sent to the lake to take my bath, while he cooked the breakfast, and there another surprise awaited me. At the foot of the path, close to the lake-side and in the shade of a great oak, I found a tiny tent, all equipped most fastidiously as a dressing room. Am I not a lucky Eve to have so sweet and thoughtful an Adam?

I had felt a bit forlorn at first this morning, to think of all the lovely dainty things in my trunk that I could never wear here at all, but when I saw all the trouble that Adam had been to just for my comfort and pleasure, I flew back to the bungalow and hung up the kimona that I had thought most appropriate for these surroundings, and got out one of my very sweetest morning gowns; and when I had had my dip, I dressed with all the care that I would have taken for a swell hotel breakfast, and had just finished, when Adam's whistle called me to breakfast. Now of course there's a lot of preliminaries that you or no other third party could be at all interested in, but I do want to say that I had always intended that dress to create a sensation, and it did! Oh, Nell, take my advice, and when you and Tom go and do it, be sure to start life just by yourselves as we are doing!

Adam is a success as a cook, just as he is about everything. We had coffee that would turn old Dinah at home green with envy, and flap-jacks that were dreams. I never was so hungry before in all my life, and that breakfast was anything but ethereal.

After breakfast I left Adam to clear up, as he insisted, and I went to straighten up inside. I forgot to tell you that the cooking is done in a tent away from the bungalow, and the table is set in the open, beneath the trees. We only expect to eat indoors in stormy weather. Inside the bungalow are two rooms, a large square living-room and a smaller sleeping one. Everything is finished in mission style, and all the draperies and hangings are snowy white. I do wish you were here—no, dear Nell, not even you, just yet,—but I wish that later on, you could come and see how charming everything is.

We spent all morning on the lake exploring the tiny coves along its margin; there are lots of trout here, and Adam says we will have many a feast of the speckled beauties. His fishing tackle is not yet unpacked; still he would not have fished today anyway. We would not have the heart to bruise a single flower today!

We rowed home, when the sun was high, to lunch. Adam leaves his watch hung up in a corner of the bungalow. We like to make believe we have to tell the time by the sun and shadows only. I thought I should starve before lunch was ready. I tried to fill up the time by writing to mother but had finished a long letter before that whistle called me to come.

We had flap-jacks again,—something had happened,—I forget what, so they were not quite so light as this morning's, but they were good and the coffee was good too, only Adam made it pretty strong and black. I only drink coffee once a day home. Mother thinks it is bad for the complexion, but everything goes here, and Adam doesn't act as though my complexion were suffering yet.

Dear mother worried herself nearly sick about me last month. I got so tired out with the preparations for the wedding I could hardly eat at all, and she was always getting little tempting morsels for me. I wonder what she would say if she could see me eat here!

I took a long nap this afternoon and then we strolled along the lake and through the woods for a long, long ways, then back again, and I am writing this while Adam is getting dinner. Don't think I'm a pig. I did offer and urge to help, but Adam won't have it. Says I am only to be sweet and look pretty, and that it would spoil his whole sense of enjoyment if I should get mussed or tired.

I rather suspect he's very proud of his culinary success. It is so wonderful Nell, that such a great clever man can be so marvelously adept at the little things in life!

Oh, Adam says I am to tell everybody, when I write, that all letters are to be sent to his office, and will be forwarded to us from there. As our own are to be sent collectively through the same channel, and I positively have not a definite idea of where we are, can you wonder that I think I really am in the Garden of Eden?

There's the whistle, I smell flap-jacks and coffee. Write soon dear.

Ever yours fondly,
"Eve."

In the Garden of Eden,
June 10, 1906.

Dearest Nell:

What I would give for a line from you! Of course I know its unreasonable to expect one so soon, as all the letters have such a roundabout way to come and go, but it does seem a long while since I've heard from anyone.

We are having such perfect weather that there seems a sort of monotonousness in the way it rises so clear and so cloudless every morning, points high at noon to tell us it is lunch time, and gradually sinks to supper hour. The sweetest time here is in the starlight, and the moon just now is making things superb.

Adam is the sweetest and dearest of men. I could be happy with him anywhere, but with anyone else this ennui would be simply tragic. A case of books that he had shipped here has not arrived, and he found on unpacking his things that he had left his fishing-tackle behind, so we are both on our uppers for entertainment outside of our mutual selves. I know by heart every line and curve and expression of Adam's dear face, and just for fun I am keeping a list of all the different adjectives with which he apostrophizes the blue of my eyes. Oh, sorry the day dear, when they will be just plain blue eyes to him!

I'm going to tell you a little secret and you must promise not to pass it along, and not to tease Adam when you see him. *The whole extent of the dear chap's culinary knowledge is limited to just flap-jacks and coffee.* We have had them three times a day ever since we have been here, but the flap-jacks grow more weighty each day with a sense of their own importance, and the coffee blacker and blacker with each succeeding meal.

I cannot but wonder what dear mother would say if she could see the stuff I am putting away three times a day, and really I do think I am getting a little bilious. I had quite a headache today, nothing serious, but Adam is feeling the responsibility of this first one.

After breakfast this morning I took to the couch in the living-room where the soft light was more conducive to quiet, and soon fell fast asleep, and while I slept, Adam stole off somewhere and brought a chicken, which shorn of feathers, head and legs he displayed proudly for my approval.

"Why didn't you have it cleaned?" I suggested, "or can you clean it yourself?"

"Why what's the matter with that?" he asked, patting its smooth white plumpness proudly. "It looks all right to me."

"Oh, yes," I said," but I meant to take the insides out." You can't cook a chicken until its insides are out you know." Adam looked a bit bewildered.

"Do you know how to do it," he asked?

"Why I never have done one, but I've seen Dinah do it. I know she cuts a long slit, and puts her hand in, and just pulls everything out."

"Oh, well," said Adam blithely, "I guess I can do that all right. Would you mind if your head's not very bad, coming out and supervising?" So I went, and out in the kitchen tent Adam sharpened his knife in a masterly way, and calculating the place to a nicety made a quick deep incision.

"Whew! Hold your nose," he shouted, and I did, and my skirts too, and made a hasty exit, for between my buzzing head and a rather restless stomach, I felt unequal to further risks. From the outside I could hear his smothered exclamations as he wrestled with the problem in hand; then presently there was silence, and after a bit I ventured to peep in.

On the table lay the dismembered and mutilated fowl, while backing up against the further side of the tent, stood Adam, one end of a long string of entrails which he had somehow managed to detach from its anchorage, in his hand, and a comical air of dismay on his face.

"Is there any other end to this thing?" he asked helplessly as he caught my peeping eye. "I suppose, properly speaking, that this is the alimentary canal, but concluding from its length, it might as well be either the Morris or Suez Canal. I never before realized how much it took to keep a chicken alive. What delicate things they must be to be sure."

The exertion of that laughing spell proved a blessing in disguise,—rather badly disguised perhaps,—but I am feeling very much better now, and Adam is outside cooking that chicken. It is going to be a good deal of a matter of experience I fancy, but I am hoping for the best. Adam means to fry it, but this is an awfully big chicken, and I know mother used to buy little ones for frying.

Do write me dear, and tell me what the world,—your world,—is doing.

Lovingly yours, "Eve."

In the Bungalow,
June 13, 1906.

My Own Dear Nell:

Adam has gone off with a bunch of letters to send away, and to bring provisions home with him,—"Provisions"—he calls them, but everything, after it reaches here, resolves into flap-jacks and coffee.

The chicken two days ago was a failure. It might not have been so utterly wasted if we could have gotten our teeth through it at all, but we couldn't, and it only served to dampen our ardor for further aspirations along that line. We have taken our flap-jack medicine very uncomplainingly ever since.

Oh, Nell, if I only had you here to rest my head on your dear shoulder, and breathe to you the things I dare not say to myself! Do you think Nell, that people of sane minds are ever mistaken before they are married about the depth of their regard for each other? or do you think there can be something in marriage that developes, unhappily, all that is shallow in some natures? There is something dear I *must* say to you. Promise me that you will burn this letter, and never, *never* in any way allude to it again, and believe that it is for *your* sake as well as for my own that I confide to you this, which seems to be very close to a tragedy! Stop and think well, dear, before *you* take the final step. I know you think that Tom is perfect and all that your fondest fancy could desire. I know, for did I not think just so of Adam? and now —well, we have already had our first falling out,—not really a quarrel, but a real misunderstanding.

Adam, as you know, will not let me help him. I do know how to cook a few things, but I hated to hurt his feelings by suggesting it, so things have gone on, I doing the ornamental, and he doing the practical and growing under the stress of his endeavors, more and more indifferent about his general appearance. I don't mean that I expect him to cook dinner in a swallow-tail coat but there *is* a medium.

This noon I went out to where he was preparing lunch. I am not supposed to intrude, so perhaps I ought not to complain, but at first Nell, I really did not know him, and when I did, and realized that this was my ideal of a man,—the one to whom I belonged, and with whom I must live to the end of my life,—that the principle difference between my husband and the hostler in my father's stable, (to the eye at least), was a mere matter of a few bits of paraphernalia; I just grew faint and sick. His coat was off, his vest was off, his collar was off, his hair stood on end, his face was crimson with heat and smoke, and down one side of his shiny nose was a great smudge of greasy smut. Yet he *was* my husband, and I tried truly and honestly to reconcile myself to the disparity, but just then he burned himself and said a big swear word.

Of course he didn't know I was there or he might not have done it, but I always have had pretty stiff ideas about the privileges men accord themselves in swearing. It is simply frightful the habit Jack Sewell has gotten into, and often in the presence of his wife too, and I had concluded that if my husband ever so transgressed I would disgust him by doing the same thing myself, and I did it now. Walking forward nonchalantly, I made a remark in which I used the same swear word forcefully.

Nell, you should have seen Adam's face! Well we said quite a few things, and although I went back to the bungalow with my chin pretty high, I knew I had held to my point valiantly, and that Adam would do some thinking.

The flap-jacks were later than usual, and when they were ready Adam came for me himself instead of whistling. He was dressed for dinner, as always, and looked himself again, and I, already, hungry for his love and comfort, went humbly and gladly to his arms.

This was our first connubial difference you see, and the reconciliation was rather solemn. Adam was inclined to be serious and very, very tender.

I cannot think just what it was he said, but I lifted my face contritely to his, and as I did so my eye fell on that greasy smudge on his nose, that in his haste or perturbation had been neglected. If my life had depended upon it I could not have helped it, and I laughed. Adam's arm fell away from me instantly.

Of course I knew, that being unconscious of the cause of my levity, he misunderstood it, but I was feeling half aggrieved already so made no attempt to explain, and we went into dinner very formally. The flap-jacks were not extra fine and our appetites had lost their edges, so eating was really a farce.

Afterward Adam suggested coolly that if I finished such letters as I wished to by four o'clock, he would take them to be mailed. Not a word of our usual tete-a-tete in the woods or on the lake, so he has gone, and I am writing this in his absence and must seal it before he returns.

Perhaps dear Nell all this might seem trivial if it was not for something that seems to me now to have been of especial significance. Never once, Nell, till the day I married Adam, did I ever doubt that I loved him deeply and truly, but Dear I will never, never forget the awful sensation that came over me the instant I turned from the altar to walk beside him down the long church aisle, and out to the carriage. I seemed to realize suddenly that what was done could never be undone, and that for all my life I was tied to this man on whose arm my hand rested. I remember how I shrank from the very touch of the cloth of his coat-sleeve; and after we had gotten into the carriage, and the door had been closed, when Adam leaned over and put his hand on mine, my blood seemed to curdle in my veins, and I could not have raised my cowardly, cringing eyes to meet his honest ones to save my life.

Fortunately the ride to the house was a short one, and I kept saying over and over to myself: "In another instant,—just another instant" for I was determined to go to mother and beg her not to let him take me away; but just as soon as we reached home, and all you jolly laughing folks came trooping in, the horrible illusion was gone. My dear old Adam was again beside me, and all the sweetness and joy of the day came back.

Now, Nell, what was this? Was it reaction after all the days of anticipation, or was it a morbid presentiment that my love for Adam would not be enduring?

Why is it Nell, that if we *are* all the world to each other, that our first week in elysium must be marred by a misunderstanding; that Adam's kiss before he left me today could be so perfunctory, and that instead of being crushed and broken, I am sitting here and telling, in cold blood, of a heart tragedy that should be locked away in my own bosom from the whole world?

Write to me dear Nell, and tell me, has there been a terrible mistake? Is it that Adam and I do not love each other as we should, or is it (I *have* been so happy here that I want to believe it). Is it, do you think, a case of too much flap-jack?

Yours as ever,
"EVE."

GARDEN OF EDEN,
June 14, 1906.

Dearest Darling Nell:

I am so happy! It *was* the flap-jacks after all, and I'll tell you how I found it out. After I finished your letter yesterday, as Adam had not returned, I started off by myself for a little stroll, in a direction that Adam and I had not taken before, and after a short walk through the woods came upon a little clearing that seemed not only bare of trees, but of undergrowth as well, and as I paused on the edge of it, a bit of crimson caught my eye. Stooping down I found a bright luscious wild strawberry, not one, but thousands, for as I glanced along beneath the shadowy leaves, the ground seemed red with them. In an instant I had my sailor hat off and was picking for dear life and as I picked I did some mighty busy thinking.

As I said before, I can cook a few things, and among the things that Dinah has showed me how to make to perfection, is a shortcake. I determined to make shortcake for Adam's dinner. That is; I would if I could find where he kept his provisions. I picked about a quart of berries and hurried home.

Now I hadn't an idea where the stores were kept but it occurred to me that there should be two distinct paths from the kitchen, one to the house, and the other to the storeroom,—and so I found there was, and taking the other one I went straight to a little room,—in reality a little cave in the side of a bank, all walled up inside as trim and fine as could be, and found such a lot of things. Eggs for flap-jacks, flour for flap-jacks, baking-powder for flap-jacks, and bacon to grease the flap-jack pan. I found too, milk, sugar and *tea*—oh, Nell, *Good Ceylon Tea.* Down in the corner near the door was a tub *full* of unwashed dishes, with the coffee pot on the top, and what do you suppose? No wonder that coffee grew blacker and blacker with each succeeding! That pot was three-quarters full of coffee grounds, and evidently had never been emptied at all, just fresh ground coffee added each time. Poor, poor Adam! I could see it all now. I had praised his cooking so tremendously from the first, that he hadn't been able to climb down from the perch and confess that he wasn't really a past master of the profession, and all these good things had counted for nothing, except as they contributed to those dreadful flap-jacks.

I had never made a camp-fire before, I imagine they're a good bit different from an ordinary one to make, but back in camp I managed one successfully, and put some potatoes to bake in the ashes.

I mixed up the short-cake,—fortunately there was plenty of butter on hand,—and as I hadn't any oven, I cooked it on the spider over the coals. I couldn't find a sharp knife anywhere, so I borrowed Adam's razor, shaved that bacon as thin as a wafer, and whipped some eggs into an omelet that would make your hair curl. Finally, when everything was ready, I ran in, washed up and straightened my hair, got out that sweet little sewing apron, that you gave me (of course it was ridiculously dainty for a cook's apron, but Adam would never know the difference), made myself a tiny cap out of a sheet of note paper, and pinning it on coquettishly, hurried back to set the table; and just in time to catch sight of Adam coming up the path with head erect, and nose plainly sniffing at the unaccustomed odors of that dinner!

At first I pretended not to see him, and just waited for that cap and apron to make an impression. Then I looked up and smiled, (one of my last week's smiles for Adam), and Adam;—well never mind what Adam did, but it's all right Nell, he is the same sweet Adam, the dear Adam that he always was, and all that other stuff was a flap-jack nightmare.

After this I'm going to share the work as well as the play. To begin with; I had Adam lug in that lot of dishes from the storeroom, and we washed and dried dishes until nearly dark. I'm glad you're not here to see your pretty apron. I burned the cap, but I guess the steam laundry can fix up the apron when I get home. I won't want to wear it here again. I only did it this time for effect, and the effect was very successful. This was really the jolliest evening we have had since we came here. I told Adam of the smut spot, and he promised to put one on every day if I thought it would create such wonders as that one had done. Then he got out his mandolin and sang his sweetest songs till the moon was high, and I was sleepy.

I mustn't forget to tell you, Adam says that when we leave here, we will turn the keys of this place over to you and Tom, so you can take possession at your convenience, and that, as an especial mark of favor, he will throw in the recipe for flap-jacks. He won't use it any more.

The fishing-tackle that Adam sent for last week arrived yesterday, and we are going out on the lake now to catch our dinner. Good-bye for the present. Ever yours,

"EVE."

IN THE BUNGALOW,
June 18, 1906.

My Dearest Nell:

What do you suppose that Noah, and his wife, and his son, and his son's wife did in the ark for those forty days that it rained? We have had two continuously rainy ones, and are now on the third; and though I'm trying to be reasonable, I'm really beside myself with ennui. These bungalows are not built for stormy weather. The window's that seem to give us such perfect light on sunny days, are all too small for the rainy ones. On either side of the house are woods and woods, and endless woods; everything as far as the eye can see is green and leafy, and wet. Once in a while a bird, or a squirrel, or a wild rabbit flashes across the little open space beside us, otherwise there is no sign of a single living thing. From the front windows, the door, and the tiny porch, the green, endlessly green grass rolls gently down to the waters of the lake, which except when they are broken into little circles by the steady fall of rain drops, gleam clear and calm and monotonous. The path that leads to them from the house has been converted into a tiny muddy stream. Not once since we came here have I seen a human being beside Adam.

I wonder if Eve, with all the beauty of Paradise about her, dreamed of an outside world where other Adames and other Eves dsiported? Perhaps after all there was a touch of wisdom in her when she plucked that forbidden fruit. If I knew of such a tree here, I might be tempted too.

Adam—dear Adam is so absolutely content that I cannot bear to have him think I am not in every way as happy and content as he. Not once has he complained in any way, but Nell it isn't patience with him, he *likes* it and I don't. The cheeriness of his whistle distracts me. The intentness of his loving gaze torments me, for fear my face will in some way betray the tedium that possesses me; and yet, when he falls asleep, as he often does, with his beloved pipe locked fast between his teeth, the loneliness is so dreadful that I have to wake him up.

The case of books has not turned up, and we haven't seen a daily paper since we came here. A small consignment of letters, the very first, arrived yesterday and proved a God-send. Yours of the 10th was among them.

Mother's was brimming over with the aftermath of the wedding, with news of everything with myself as the nucleus; and so full of the loneliness that she and Father are feeling, that it made me most woefully homesick for a bit, but yours was a tonic.

I believe that Dell and Charlie were engaged weeks ago, before Easter in fact, but she probably concluded to keep it quiet until after two weddings in our set were over. Dell never did enjoy shining as a satellite. I don't know as I blame her particularly, but I'd never have been able to manage so cleverly. To be married in the fall you say? I'll bet dollars to doughnuts Nell, that she'll wait until your own date is announced before naming hers, which will, I am positive, be a week or two earlier,—just enough probably, to keep you from being her bridesmaid. Dell's a beauty and she doesn't need to fear an eclipse from many beside yourself. Trust her to contrive!

So the Doane's sail for Europe on the 30th? Isn't that very sudden? Margaret told me they expected to be at Narragansett this summer. I'll wager this is a ruse of Doane *mere* to get Margaret away from Sydney Greer, and I do think its a shame. I could not help watching them the day of the wedding. She was so sweet in her bridesmaid's dress, that I didn't wonder poor Sydney hovered and fluttered about her constantly in spite of her mother's glowering eyes.

This is probably the penalty he has to pay for his audacity. Margaret is a dear, lovely girl, but that mother of hers has the real stamp of the parvenue. I wish Margaret would defy her and marry "Syd" anyway. He'd make her a fine husband. I wonder if he has ever dared to propose? We'll probably be home for a few days before the 30th, and I'm going to give Margaret a farewell dinner and invite Sydney; and if he hasn't proposed before then, I'll see that he gets a chance to do so before the ocean rolls between them.

* * * * * * *

Oh, Nell! can you read this? My toes are dancing so I can hardly write. *We are going to leave here right away!* Not even the rain will keep us.

Dear me, I did have such a start; I was writing quietly to you and Adam was sleeping, or I thought he was, on the lounge opposite, when all at once he gave a whoop that made my hair rise on end, and was out of the open door, and down to the roadway in a flash. There, just at the edge of the clearing, stood a horse hitched to the farm wagon that had brought us here, and out of which was clambering stiffly, in rubber boots and coat, the farmer himself. I don't know when I ever felt so excited! I rushed out onto the porch in time to see Adam fairly take that rubber man in his arms and set him on the ground, grasp both his hands with the most extravagant cordiality, and pump-handle them till the man began to look alarmed.

I can't begin to describe his (Adam's) expression, but I caught one glimpse of his face as he whirled about in his ecstacy of enthusiasm, and Nell! I began to see daylight! What an egotistical prig I have been to think I held a corner on all the ennui and loneliness in Paradise!

The farmer had driven out with a telegram for Adam from the office. Something had gone wrong there. I don't know what, but I'm awfully glad of it, and they want Adam—not back at the office,—but back into civilization, where a telegram or telephone can reach him quickly in an emergency; so we go at once. The farmer is waiting for us.

Adam has bestowed upon him our abundant store of provisions, and the man is carrying them from the little cave to his wagon. Adam is clearing up the kitchen; burning up everything that will ignite, and breaking up housekeeping generally, and I have finished up the little that is necessary here, for most of our things were not even unpacked. Then farewell to the role of "Adam" and "Eve." *Adieu* to the Garden of Eden! The key I will mail to you with this, at the first point of civilization. If you are ever tempted to wander here, you will find the recipe for flap-jacks nailed up beside the front-door.

Address me, when you write again, at the Hotel B——, Atlantic City. No spot too crowded, no life too gay, after our experience here! and now, before we go hand in hand, forth from our paradise a gayer and wiser pair; I sign myself for the last time.

Your ever devoted,

"EVE."

A MOULDER OF OPINION

By MACK CRETCHER

THERE was an unusual amount of curiosity about the new man in town. In fact he had been in town for three whole days without making his business known, a feat seldom equalled in our town, and the suspense was torturing. The first leak occurred when the new man climbed the stairs to the Herald office.

"Hello, Jackson," he called cheerily to the editor, who sat at the littered desk, sleeves rolled up, puffing a cob pipe as he turned out copy for the lank foreman and the dirty-faced "devil." Without waiting for a return of his salutation, the new man squared himself in the visitors chair, drummed briskly on the desk with a pencil, and asked: "What time do you print?"

"Tomorrow noon," said Jackson, curtly.

"Handle a little business for me?"

"Depends on how much and what kind," replied the editor.

At the first prospect of news the dirty-faced "devil" quit the case and was now absently edging closer. The tall foreman stopped to take a fresh chew of tobacco. One by one the curious ones began to drop in at the office, but the new man was wise. He smiled, drew his chair up close beside the editor, lowered his voice and spoke fast and earnestly. At times the editor appeared bored, but the new man's smile was irresistible. The curious, afraid to venture nearer, were unable to catch more than the faintest fragments of the conversation. It was evident from the gestures and expression that the stranger was seeking some concession from the newspaper man. Soon it was also evident that he had succeeded, for his smile broadened, he arose hastily, lighted a good cigar, thoughtfully placed another on the editor's desk, buttoned his coat, shook hands with the editor and departed.

"What's his graft, Jackson?" called one of the curious, before the thump, thump, of the visitor's feet had ceased to echo from the stairway.

"Can't say," replied the non-committal Jackson.

"Come through, old man; you're next, all right, and we're anxious."

"Read the Herald," said Jackson. "If we told all we knew in advance each week, nobody would take the paper."

After that Jackson tightened up for good. Then one of the curious tried the dirty-faced "devil."

"Tink he's sellin' blue sky and needs de Herald's influence, near's I can get a line on it," ventured the wise one with the dirty face. Then he heard from the boss.

"Jim, take this piece of reprint and get busy. Also, shut up."

The crestfallen "devil" sneaked to his corner, climbed the stool and in a measure evened up for his insult by making "snoots" at Fatty Snooks, the grocer's son across the street.

When the crowd gave it up and departed, the boss said: "Boys, the gentleman who was just in here submitted a fair proposition. He wants the Herald's help and is willing to pay for it. He says he knows the people here have confidence in the Herald, and that he is therefore making no move until he has our endorsement. He carries good recommendations and his business so far as I can see is legitimate. He pays double rates for pure reading matter, so the Herald helps."

Here he exhibited a freshly written check, folded it carefully and placed it in his pocket.

"One thing more, boys," said the editor, "don't leak. If the people want to know what's going on, let 'em read the Herald, see?"

They saw. Curious they might be, but loyal to the Herald and the boss always.

That night when the town loafers assembled at the barber shop, Judge Waldon held the post of honor. While out fixing his political fences over the district the judge had stumbled onto a piece of real news. At the county seat he had learned of the new pump swindle. Great graft. Everybody was interested while the judge rattled on:

"You see it's worked something like this:

These city sharpers claim to have a pump that's next thing to perpetual motion. No gasoline engine to bother with, no windmill to keep in repair. Just start the pump and away she goes on her own hook. So simple a child can operate it. Claim to have a working model and are selling territory for the patent right, selling stock in the company formed to manufacture the pumps, actually selling pumps, in fact selling anything they can to hook in the long green, and its all a graft, pure and simple. Never have manufactured a pump except the model, and even that isn't patented so I'm told. The fellows who buy territory for that patent are certainly buying blue sky proper."

"You don't pretend to say the suckers actually bite at that kind of bait?" questioned an interested listener.

"Bite? Of course they bite. The right kind of a man can sell anything. They tell me they've got the slickest set of promoters that ever went out after easy money. They've even worked the newspapers in many places, so I'm told. With that kind of endorsement the grafters are slick enough to make a hurrah campaign, rake in the coin, smile, duck and hike before the storm breaks."

The judge was in his element. As a perennial candidate for office his one desire was to pose as a philanthropist, a self-constituted guardian of the people. He had unearthed a new graft. The effect on his candidacy was not to be overlooked and he was making the most of it. One drawback to his prospects was the lukewarm, half-hearted support of the Herald. Another was the open and avowed opposition of the town's banker, the one man the judge really feared. The banker happened in while the judge was airing his lately acquired knowledge.

"Heard anything about the new graft, Thompson?" the judge asked the banker.

"Not a word except what you've said," replied Thompson. The judge swelled visibly.

"Great thing; everybody's talking about it up at the county seat. I hear they have a string of victims all along the north line of the state."

"There's a new man in town," ventured an alert loafer. "Came in the afternoon you left town, judge."

"Yes, and he was at the Herald office this afternoon," put in another.

At the mention of the Herald office the judge bristled.

"Pay to be on the lookout here, it seems," he said. "Jackson would be an easy mark for that bunch of sharks. I'll have to look into this in the morning. Good-night, gents, I'll have to be moving."

Secretly hoping that the Herald had been tempted and had swallowed the bait, the judge trudged homeward, his head high, heels clicking hard on the brick sidewalk.

Jackson always referred to press day at the Herald office as a "spasm." It was an event in which boss, foreman and dirty-faced "devil" each had a part. On this particular press day the attack was unusually severe, owing to the decision to print the paper early. The boss had determined that the curious should be satisfied at as early an hour as possible. The important news item with it "scare head" was reposing in its preferred position on the front page. The last "ad" had been bordered, forms were locked and tested, the weary old "Washington" creaked and groaned as the bed followed the well-worn track and received the forms. The dirty-faced "devil" ceased writing monograms on the wall with ink-smeared finger and was agitating the roller fiercely. The lank foreman deftly caught up the first sheet from the stack of papers, adjusted it to a nicety on the tympan, then dropped both to the waiting form. He then gave his belt a hitch, spat at his open palm and leaned to the crank. The press groaned louder with its increased burden. The edition was under way. Not more than a score of papers had been printed, however, before Judge Waldon came stamping into the office, red-faced and short of breath from the exertion of climbing the stairs.

"How're you, Jackson? Got a paper for me?"

"Sure," said the unsuspecting boss, neatly folding a paper fresh from the lank foreman's hands.

The judge could hardly conceal his agitation as he glanced at the first page and found his expectations realized. This was the article the judge hastily read:

A GREAT INVENTION.

One of the wonders of the age is the Blair automatic pump, patent pending. By this simple device much of the farm labor is dispensed with. A child can start this wonderful pump, which is operated by a series of springs. Once started the fall of the water is utilized in keeping the

pump in action. Never out of repair. Always ready. No engine, no costly tower, no tedious hand work. Merely wind the springs, press the button and continuous pumping for 100 hours is assured. A revolution in modern methods, the mechanical success of the century. A working model of the great invention may be seen at the Commercial Hotel by all interested. The Herald would advise its readers to look into the merits of this new invention. Mr. John E. Sampson, of St. Louis, is at the Hotel for a few days and will be pleased to explain the workings of the new patent. Orders for the new pumps will receive his careful attention. Some choice territory for the patent remains unsold. Stock in the new manufacturing company promises handsome returns to investors. If intererested, parties should call early and investigate, as Mr. Sampson's time here is limited.

The secret was out. The Herald was in for it. The judge hastily jammed the paper into his coat pocket, crossed the room and went bumping down the back stairs.

"What do you reckon's the matter with the judge?" the boss asked the foreman, but that worthy, wrestling with the "Washington" had troubles of his own and did not reply. The boss did not have long to wait for an explanation. Things began to happen in the Herald office in rapid succession. In came Banker Thompson, almost out of breath.

"Jackson, what's this story the judge is telling out on the street?" he blurted out.

"Search me," said Jackson. "What's it about?"

"He's out there telling that the Herald's bought by a set of pump grafters. Anything in it?"

"Stop the press," ordered the boss, sharply. Then to Thompson: "Know anything about that pump deal?"

"Well I should say I did. Got advices from our correspondents in this morning's mail advising us not to cash any paper for the company as they were grafters. Didn't think of you being hooked or would have told you about it. The judge tumbled to their graft yesterday and was blowing off at a great rate about it last night. Now he says you're standing in with 'em to fleece this community. How does he know that?"

"He's got a paper, one of the first off the press. I'm hooked all right. Is he springing the Herald on the crowd as proof?"

"No; there he is," said the banker, stepping to the window and pointing across the street to where the judge stood gesticulating to an excited group. "He's playing wise. He told the crowd that the new man in town was undoubtedly a pump grafter and that it was a ten to one shot that the Herald was in league with him. The packages he was handing the Herald when I left really ought to be handled with asbestos mitts. His desire to pose as a prophet accounts for his not springing the Herald on 'em."

One look out of the window transformed Jackson into a dynamo of energy.

"Thompson, I know you're my friend," he said, tensely, "so act, and do it quickly. Get down there and keep that mob out of this office for five minutes, ten if possible. They don't know that I've gone to press yet. Everything depends on you. Hurry."

The banker went down stairs three steps at a time. The lank foreman, scenting trouble, had the forms unlocked and was standing expectant, make-up poised.

"Lift 'er, Bill, quick. Set it on the dead galley and then pi it. Set in that old Soakum's Pill electro in place of it while I set a spiel to finish out."

The boss had grabbed a stick and was already at the type case, keeping up a steady, rhythmical click, click, click, as the type fairly bounded into the stick. He occasionally glanced out of the window to note the progress the banker was making.

It was really a cold, hard bluff that Thompson was running, because the judge stood there with that tell-tale copy of the Herald just showing from his coat pocket, but the banker was reasonably sure of his man.

"Judge, you shouldn't make such accusations without being sure of your ground," the banker argued.

"Now see here, Thompson," retorted the judge, hotly, "usually your judgment is pretty good, but this time I think I know what I am talking about. The Herald has never cordially supported me politically. Neither have you. There are plenty of witnesses present. I'll make you this proposition: If I am wrong and the Herald is not tangled up as I say, then I step down and out of the race. If I am right about it then you and the Herald are to drop your fight on me and get in line. Is it a go?"

The banker looked at the copy of the Herald peeping from the judge's pocket, and hesitated. If he only had that paper! Still, Jackson had only asked for time. It was a desperate chance but he took it.

"Its a go so far as I am concerned," said the banker.

In fact the banker had noted one hopeful sign. The dirty-faced "devil" was now in the crowd, edging still closer in.

"To the Herald office, then," fairly shouted the judge. "To the Herald office," echoed the noisy, jostling crowd that jammed into the narrow stairway. In the crowd, the dirty-faced imp hung close at the judge's elbow. There was no chance to spar longer for time. The mob rushed into the newspaper office, the excited banker leading. They found Jackson working the old "Washington" press steadily, coat off, one shoulder freed from suspender. The foreman was briskly distributing ink and rolling the forms.

"Jackson," called the banker, "the judge here claims that the Herald's boosting for a set of pump grafters. I didn't believe it, so we made a wager. Who wins?"

Jackson kept up his steady swing at the press. "Guess the Herald ought to speak for itself," he said quietly. "Better investigate."

"Sure. Better investigate," sneered the judge.

A dozen hands grasped papers from the freshly printed stack. A murmur arose that broke into a cheer. The article they saw on the front page was double-leaded and read like this:

A WARNING.

Readers of the Herald are warned that a set of grafters selling a fake patent pump are planning a campaign for this locality. The Herald, always on the alert for the welfare of its readers, gives this timely notice. The graft is said to be one of selling a patent pump that has never pumped and never will. Our readers should sign no orders, buy no pumps, patent rights or stock in the fake company. The Herald has carefully verified these statements. The proposition is a graft. Don't bite.

"There's been crooked work," yelled the judge as he threw down the late copy of the Herald. He was purple in the face as he excitedly fumbled in his coat pocket and brought out the first copy of the paper.

Jackson now stopped the press to reply: "Judge, I don't exactly understand all this commotion and your insinuations. Whatever it is, however, you'll find the Herald on the right side, as usual."

In face of the evidence sure to come, the banker marveled at Jackson's nerve. The judge was shaking visibly as he unfolded the paper taken from his pocket and said triumphantly to the crowd: "Here, read this."

Then all at once the judge's lower jaw dropped. The same short, double-leaded paragraph met his astonished gaze. The crowd craned necks to see the same thing. The judge was non-plussed. He again felt in his pocket. There was no other paper. He had been tricked, but how could he explain it to that grinning, exultant mob? He felt a crushing desire to get away, anywhere out of sight. As he blindly turned to go, he found voice to mutter: "It just simply beats hell, that's all." As he stumbled down the stairs he was still mumbling to himself.

After the mob finally dispersed, the banker said: "Jackson, how on earth did you manage it?"

"Easy enough," said the moulder of public opinion. "Had the double-leaded spiel set before you were hardly across the street. Bill lifted the one that queered us and put in the Soakum cut. We chucked the first copies in the waste barrel, locked the forms and were sailing along merrily some time before the crowd started."

"But that paper in the judge's pocket? I nearly fainted when he pulled that."

"I didn't," said the boss grimly. "The dirty-faced 'devil' left the office with the first copy of the 'expurged' edition. He also beat the judge back. Notice him sidle up to me while the judge ranted?"

The dirty-faced "devil" thus praised, wiped his nose across his sleeve and grinned broadly.

"Jim, you're all right," said the boss. "Here's what Jim handed me." From his trousers pocket he drew forth the judge's crumpled copy of the Herald.

"By the way," said the boss, as he fumbled in his vest pocket, "I expect I ought to return this check to the pump promoter."

"You'll have to go some if you do," replied the banker. "They tell me the promoter got wind of something and went north on the Limited at 2:15."

A SATISFACTORY ADJUSTMENT

By MAUD MORRISON HUEY

KERSEY LEASON had filed on the hundred and sixty Sloak Keenan had been saving for his son. It was a valuable piece of timber land, and there was a full forty of river bottom without a rock. It joined him acre for acre on the north. It had been his ambition to see an unbroken section in the Keenan name. This last one hundred and sixty would have made it, and Colony only lacked a month of being twenty-one. He straightened his stooped back and looked away across the hills. Yes, he did believe that Leason's farthest east ridge was fully as thickly timbered as his own boasted "oak knob." There was a greater variety of timber. There was more pine, and pine was growing valuable. It had not been considered worth much when he had homesteaded twenty years ago. If that were his, or Colony's (he never contemplated giving up any authority over his son with his coming maturity) he wouldn't lay ax to a stick of that pine for ten years. In ten years there wouldn't be another tree standing in the county. And the thirteen big walnuts down in the gulch, he had gotten to speaking of the trees as Colony's walnuts. Already they were worth three hundred dollars in the stump, but if Stone County ever got a railroad, they would be worth double, and he meant Colony to leave them standing for his own price.

He clambered up to his own high ridge and looked down upon his neighbor's bottom land. Yes, already they were getting ready to build. They had hauled a few logs. Two men were at work brushing and clearing. He sat down on a rock and watched them with a burning sense of indignation. They were going to build right close to his line. There below him was where he had planned building a "dug road," that should be a short cut between the two places, and abbreviate Colony's trip to the village by half, but now he gloated over the thought of the long roundabout route that would be his neighbor's only way of exit.

Then Sloak Keenan saw something that made him snort his disgust. One of the men was a woman,—a woman in a dingy wampus, her hair tucked into an old yarn cap. It was Leason's wife,—no, she was too spry. It was Leason's daughter,—wrestling logs like a man,—wrestling logs barehanded and singing over the job, too. A faint sound of her content penetrated to where Sloak Keenan sat. "A woman's place is in the house," he muttered. He thought of his own daughters who had never out-stepped their place. Cooking and sewing and scrubbing, a little fancy work maybe, that was fit work for a woman. His beady little black eyes snapped their contempt of Leason and all his kith and kin.

Meanwhile the logs rolled into place and the foundation of a new home was laid. Sloak Keenan watched it slowly progressing day after day, watched while the rails were being split and placed, that fenced in forty acres of the richest bottom along the river, watched while Leason's one roan mule turned the mucky black furrows and marked out a patch for the little garden, and further on a strip for corn that was to surpass any he could raise on his adjoining hundred and sixty. Envy and malice took deeper and deeper root as crisp young green things shot up as if by magic, and put forth leaves and throve under the genial warmth of the April sun. It seemed to him, watching, that he had never beheld land produce so abundantly, and to think it might have been his, Colony's, in a month more. He even recalled the temptation that had come to him months ago. What did a few months matter, more or less, on the end of a truth, when such a valuable piece of land as that was at stake? He wished now that he had yielded. It was his last chance to keep Colony at home, and now he had lost it. Already the boy was tugging heavily at the home rule, and longing to try his wings. It had taken both father and mother to hold him in any sort of restraint. If they could only have settled him here on this adjoining homestead. Sloak meant to put his son up a good house, and he was raising a pair of colts. Of course, they would divide the stock. They could exchange work. The old man felt the need of a strong arm to lean on. Now the boy's restlessness would focus itself in some wild goose chase no doubt, and he and mother would be left alone in their old age. That was the usual fate of old folks who had reared a large family.

Colony did not seem at all perturbed by the news of his lost opportunities. He watched the little new house going up curiously, and once or twice the old man looked over the ridge, to discover him lending a hand when the lift was a little too heavy for the scant help Kersey Leason had been able to gather up. There were times when Sloak thought he had betrayed the boy in paying some little attention to Leason's unwomanly daughter. He thought he saw her holding out her charcoal blackened hands, and that he had heard them both laughing as though it were a great joke. This was the climax of indignities heaped upon Sloak Keenan's head. To have his son outdone on the very eve of his maturity, and then to have his pride stung with such familiarities was enough to fan the coals of wrath into living flames.

He took his indignation home to Mother Keenan, who sat in her calico rocker by the fireplace darning a threadbare place in Colony's best boiled shirt. "Bold little hussy," he called the Leason girl. "Familiar little minx!" But Mother Keenan smiled. To her, all girls were precious since she had given up three. "What's a smutch o' log black to hurt a body?" she questioned. "Best t' have black hands than a black heart, say I. I wish it mout be the child could find time to run in and neighbor a bit." Mother Keenan sighed.

"I 'low she'd better stay on her own side o' the line. I hain't goin' t' bide no neighborin'," Sloak Keenan's black eyes narrowed into a savage gleam. "They'll stay on their side o' the fence an' I'll stay on mine, an' Colony'll stay on his'n 'r I'll know the reason why f'r." But Mother Keenan finished the white shirt and pressed the boy's tie and laid them out together knowingly. There was to be a "house warming" on the bottoms that night she knew, and she guessed her son's sudden concern over the condition of his wardrobe.

Sloak Keenan heard the sound of the fiddler that evening where he sat on the back porch smoking his pipe. He heard the feet of the young people scraping the rough pine boards. Now and then the voice of the "caller" came cradled in one of the sweet evening silences. It was a good sound, the sound of pulsating young life, but it did not quicken the old man's embittered sympathies nor soften the set lines of his grizzled face. His heavy boots, placed solidly on the worn step, did not beat time to the tantalizing strains of the music, nor did he even turn his deafening ears the better to catch the tune.

Sweet scents of pink honeysuckle from the hills tugged at his nostrils, and balmy breezes from the south lifted his stiff locks; but he sat unmoved amidst it all. To him there was challenge, defiance, in the sound of all this merry-making.

He crept stealthily through the dusk and the sweet-brush to where he could look in across the lighted floor, and see the young people moving about in couples; and yes, his son was there, his arm encircled a buxom light-gowned body. He was dancing with Kersey Leason's girl. The light of the smoking lanterns flickered fitfully down upon her upturned face, and Sloak Keenan stormed inwardly that he could not find it ugly or blemished. He stumbled home again to his bed and bitter dreams.

Meanwhile the strip of young corn grew and throve and the garden of his neighbor waxed strong in the sunshine. It stretched tantalizingly green at the foot of the ridge to kindle the old man's anger ever anew. He figured how much cotton it would have raised and what the profit would have been. It was then that he began to study the "lines." The northeast corner was lost, but he always had imagined about where the lines run. Still he might have been mistaken. He paced it all off in uncomfortable strides and decided that he was. The bitter expression of his face deepened. He would teach Kersey Leason to intrude upon him. In the end he would see who would be gainer, who loser. In July he had a surveyor come up from Comet and run the lines. This was just when everything was looking greenest and bursting buds promising a rich harvest.

They began at the northwest corner, a

gnarled hickory stub, and ran east. There was the old line, a sweet gum, a post oak, a dogwood, Sloak Keenan's eyes followed it out, but gradually they made to the north, a foot now, two feet, a rod. They made down into the gulch and took in seven of Leason's best walnuts, then they began to cut across his cleared patch, right through the corn which they divided in half. Sloak Keenan's exultation was supreme when he finally drove a stake right in the little new dooryard. He had been carrying the chain all the way, and he looked back now gloatingly. Yes, this was the true line. He had been cheating himself all these years. All the best of this bottom was his, his where the snug little cabin sat, his the crystal clear well that had been lately dug. Kersey Leason's girl came to the door and looked out timidly; but at sight of strangers she disappeared with a frightened face. Sloak Keenan stood stolidly, his big muddy boots planted squarely in her bed of French pinks. They had driven her little white rose that she had nourished so carefully down with an ugly stake. They had trampled and crushed out the tender young shoots of peony and flag.

She walked across the cabin excitedly, then she turned and came swiftly back, her face full of indignant determination.

"What you-alls mean," she cried passionately, "to come a traipsin' in on folks that-a-way? Hain't yo' had ary bringin' up to go a crunchin' into folkses gayrdens?"

"This is the line," said Sloak Keenan sullenly.

"I don't know if it's a line 'r not, it's my posy gayrden. Them there's French pinks Mr. Keenan, you're a stan'in' on;—If you'll please t' step offen 'em!"

"I don't know as it matters if I do 'r not, seein' they're mine." Sloak Keenan spoke savagely. "Line runs right frum here t' yonder."

"I fetched them pinks clean frum Red Stripe Mr. Keenan. I can't fig're out how be it they're you'n." The girls eyes were coals. Her cheeks flamed red. The meaning of the set stakes was a mystery to her. "If you don't step offen 'em, I'll call poppy," she cried fiercely. "I hain't got time to be raisin' posy gayrdens f'r you-alls t' trample."

"You had lots o' time it 'pears t' do a heap o' things that waren't no count."

Sloak Keenan turned upon her. "You spent a power o' time a clearin' up this bottom f'r me. Got a likely little strip o' corn out yander. Reckon it'll go nigh two-hundred. Little ruther 'twould a been cotton; but much obleeged to y'. That'll give Colony a start. I reckon him and his women air a goin' t' settle right down in that cabin thar. Mighty much obleeged f'r y'r trouble a buildin' it s' peart. Guess I'll jest look 'er over now I'm s' clost; sort o' give him time t' fig're on the improvements." He stepped up on the threshold and looked insultingly in across the snowy floor, spread with neat braided mats, at the piece-papered walls hung with small chromos in yarn frames, at the prim beds with their patchwork counter-panes and snowy upright bolsters. The girl's face had gone white and her eyes were terrified as she stood aside to let Sloak Keenan pass.

"It's a heap sight better'n I 'lowed it was," he remarked drily, as he went over and peered up into the little loft. "You and your pa be quite a carpenter I reckon. I guess with a little fixin' up Colony'll manage tolerable. Co'se him an' his wife may have some ide's o' their own 'bout how they want things righted. It's f'r them t' say bein' as they have t' 'bide it." He cast a malicious glance at the girl from under his shaggy eyebrows. He found satisfaction in the drawn and suffering lines of her face. "Where's your maw," he asked her bluntly. Tears sprang to her eyes but bitterness dried them.

"I never was glad befo' Mr. Keenan; but you enamost make me glad she's dead. Oh, what do you' alls mean by this outrage? Hain't poppy an' me worked hard for this y'r layout?"

"Law is law," said Sloak Keenan doggedly. "I hain't takin' more'n my right by law."

"Then why hain't you'alls fit f'r y'r rights 'fo' this? Why hain't y' crapped this yere bottom an' run yo' lines long 'go, be all it's as yo' say it is. Why must yo' wait till poor hones' folks put all their hopes an' their strenk in it,—folks as has never had a house an' has got one now? Can the law step in an' take away a man's home when he's worked hones' f'r it? Can it snatch a man's las' efforts outen his han's? Tain't right. Tain't justice if 'tis law. If this yere land that this yere house is a settin' on, Mr. Keenan, is you'n, mout be you'd set to an' hope poppy an' me move this yere shack an tote over the rails, an' seems like we mout go halves on the crops, bein' as poppy an' me put 'em in so fine?" She looked wistfully into Sloak Keenan's stolid face, but there was no sign of relenting.

"The law 'lows," he said, "that you-alls hain't better'n squatters. "You ' personal property you got a right t' tote that; but the buildin's an' crops, they belong to the land: That's law. You'alls shouldn't a been so previous," he said, the old resentment burning up afresh. "I lotted on my son Colony's takin' up this yere piece time back." he said. The girl watched them as they slowly moved away, then a wave of mortification and disappointment swept her brave spirit down. She sank down on the little wooden settle and buried her face in her lap.

"Yas sir, the house an' the well, an' most o' the corn crop, an' the gal's posy gayrden t' boot." Sloak Keenan was telling it to his wife and son. "The finest strip o' bottom along the river, just make a rich house patch. Tain't such a sorry shack neither, put up quite likely. That there surveyor said as how 'twas the richest little patch he'd seen in the county'"

"There was somethin' mighty dispossessin' about his looks." Mother Keenan spoke up from the chimney corner. "I 'lowed me the county surveyor was a peart lookin' sort. I seed him onct a ridin' through on his bay mare."

"I don't know as it matters a difference whether he was the county surveyor or no, an' a man hain't obleeged t' be harnsome. He run the lines to suit me all right." The old man spoke irritably. "I'm goin' t' have the fence run in right away, and see here son! That there shack an' all that bottom land, an' my west forty th'owed in, 'll be yours the day you an' Kate get married. You won't find a better gal, I tol' y' so a year ago, an' the west forty's the best I got. Give y' a deed right on the spot, an' turn over the colts, an' your pick o' the stock. It's been my ambition t' see y' settled down in them there bottoms." Colony looked up from a long and bitter contemplation of the firebrands with a faint spark of hope kindling his eyes.

"All right, father," he said quietly. He had his mother's mild temperament. The old man sprang up from the settle.

"You'll do it? You'll take the bargain? You'll marry Kate and settle down adjoinin'? Boy gi' y'r hand! Do y' mean it? Do y' mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it father." The boy's voice was full of firm decision. "Get your deeds ready, and be sure they're sound. All the river strip and the west forty mind, the day I bring Kate home."

"She's a good smart gal," said the mother sympathetically. Her eyes sought her son's mystifying countenance. She could not decide whether it was glad or sad. "She'll make you a good woman."

"Mebby the house will need some repairs," the father suggested. "I can have them out in a week's time. I suppose it'll be sort o' inconvenient this time o' year, but—"

"The house is all right as it is," Colony said fiercely. "I won't have a nail of it touched."

"—It's a bad time o' the year t' make a fresh start." The old man's conscience continued to trouble him, "but law's law."

On the morrow Kersey Leason got his notice to vacate. There was none of the storm and excitement Sloak Keenan had anticipated.

"All right neighbor," he said with evident good nature. "I wasn't aimin' t' impose on nobody. If I'm on your land that's all there is of it. I'm willing to abide by the law."

As the week of respite drew to a close, Sloak Keenan climbed the ridge several times and looked over into the hollow anxiously. There did not seem to be any signs of an eruption. The neat white curtains still hung at the window, and he had seen the girl on her knees in the garden righting the desecrated French pinks. On Saturday the friendly curl of blue smoke still rolled up from the chimney's mouth.

"On Monday out they go bag and baggage. Not another minute. A week is all that the law requires."

Saturday evening he had drawn off his boots by the fireplace, and sat drying his socks on the hot flag stones. Mother Keenan dozed at her knitting on the farther side. Her ball of scarlet yarn had fallen from her lap and rolled far away, but she did not bother to go and gather it up. The dog, tied to the smoke house outside, began to bark, and there was the sound of wheels in the lane; then Colony's familiar voice coming up the path.

"All right father! Here we are, Kate and I! I suppose you've got the deed all right! Just bring your papers out! You said when Kate and I were wed, and that we've been this very evening." The old man put his steaming feet to the floor.

"What! y' hain't married yit be y'? Well, bring 'er in boy! I'll stick t' my word. The ol' man's as good as 'is word. Come in Kate girl! Mother they've been an' got married." Mother Keenan dropped her knitting and stood entangled in her own scarlet meshes, holding out her hands, and such a light of welcome greeted Kersey Leason's motherless girl, as made her quite oblivious to the surprised and chagrined little old man standing on the hearth stones.

"I said Kate, boy! I said Kate!" he kept repeating stupidly. "The deed was t' be your'n when you an' Kate got married."

"And that we did this very evening. There wasn't but one Kate in the world to me—Kate Leason—my wife, father. Come here Kate and give the old man your hand!" Kate came to him with a gracious smile.

"Well I am ka-flumuxed!" The old man sank into his seat blankly. "But tain't right. 'Twon't hold t' law."

"Oh, well, I just thought if you wasn't satisfied," Colony looked his father squarely in the eye, "we'd have the County Surveyor come up and run the lines again. There might be some mistake you know. He's in the neighborhood. We'll just have him come up in the morning." But the old man interrupted him hastily.

"Never you mind! I'll stick t' my word. Don't you send for no surveyor son! It costs a slather o' money t' have lines run. I don't want that County Surveyor t' step foot on my land. See here son I'll throw in that oak knob long with the west forty; but don't you das't t' cut a stick o' that pine f'r ten years t' come.

MY SWEETHEART

A RAVEN curl—a brown-eyed girl,
A form of sweet enchanting grace.
Imperious mien—a very queen;
Withal a roguish, smiling face.

A dimpled hand—a tiny band
Of gold around a finger small.
A smile I see—then on my knee
Before this sweetheart mine, I fall.

Wee maid of three, so coy, yet free
To charm with winning, witching arts.
In coming years, what hopes and fears
She'll rouse with woman's game of hearts.

Sarah Martyn Might.

THE SHERIFF, THE MOB AND THE WOMAN

By VINGIE E. ROE

"LAW and order has been too long disregarded in the environs of this here precinct," observed the sheriff of Drifter County evenly, hitching the heavy holster at his hip into a more comfortable position, "and I opine its about time to call a halt. I give it as my personal view that there won't be any haberdashery party in Drifter City today. Not so as to be noticeable. Nor in Drifter county. If the citizens of this here commonwealth feel irresistibly impelled to differ with me, I'll be found within the city limits. And them new bars recently installed in the county jail is well worth the price the community paid for 'em."

With a sharp, comprehensive glance of his keen grey eyes that seemed to take in every detail of the group of men around him, Bob Emmers pulled his white hat lower above his brown hatchet face, turned on his heel and walked away in the direction of the low squat structure whose glaring new bricks and aggressively barred windows proclaimed Drifter's young aspirations toward respectability. There was quiet confidence in the assured swing of his gait, but for once and the first time in his somewhat remarkable career, the indomitable sheriff of Drifter county knew in his heart that he had written out for himself defeat. His practiced eye read the symptoms of a grim excitement in the smooth, half concealment of the men in the streets, and he realized clearly the shortness of the hours of the man in the solitary cell of the little jail. He, himself, with one deputy, stood between the prisoner and the citizens of Drifter and it amounted to a good deal more than if it had been any other man than Bob Emmers, but even Bob Emmers was no match for the citizens of Drifter and Dead Man's Gulch combined, for with the leisure of assurance the lynching was to be put off until the arrival of the populace of the sister city in answer to a hurried but courteous invitation.

For the man in the solitary cell was none other than One Hand Harry, the smoothest horse thief in the Waukama range.

There were too many scores against him for Drifter to be selfish. He had been taken quite by accident, and though the community accorded a proper amount of appreciation to Bob Emmers for the capture, it was quite another thing to accede to his request for furtherance of law and order by a trial by jury.

If it had been any other catch but One Hand Harry the new order of respectability might have been observed. But as it was,—Drifter quietly and with reluctance set aside its sheriff and its respectability.

It would be one o'clock before the festivities could be expected to begin, counting the time allowed for the going of the messenger and the coming of the visitors, and in the meantime the population gathered from the four corners of the compass.

Bob Emmers repaired to the squat brick structure, examined its defences, calculated how long it would resist its builders, filled his belt and an extra one with cartridges, and standing on the stone step, ornate with date and locality, wondered grimly how many hours and minutes it would be until he would look his last on Drifter, and, incidentally, life, for he was in deadly earnest, from that very step. It was nine-thirty now.

Behind him in the tiny office with his feet on the rough table sat "Poker" Redway, his one deputy, guarding the citadel.

There had been a moment of silence between the two men when Emmers found the state of things, a moment when they looked at each other eye to eye, and then they had silently clasped hands.

Very commonplace things rise into the unspeakable in the presence of approaching death.

The sheriff looked idly over the prospect of unpainted pine structures which comprised the busy mining town and wondered what to do with himself between now and one o'clock. There was no need of his presence at the jail. Drifter was quite content to leave its prize in that safe abode until one p. m. In the meantime, what?

And just then the dust of the early stage rattling in from its night lay-over at Henly's ranch, rose against the hot morning sunlight out across the plain. And that was the beginning of things.

Bob Emmers decided to go down and watch its advent into town. It was the natural daily diversion. Even a man who is waiting for one o'clock to do his duty against the inhabitants of two towns, mostly good shots, is entitled to what diversion he can find in the interim. So when Texas Pete drew up with his accustomed flourish, the sheriff was in the circle of mildly interested spectators.

And then *she* got out.

She was a little woman, slight and frail, and she carried a telescope much the worse for wear. Her hair, which was light and fine, was brushed carefully back beneath a somewhat shabby sailor hat and her grey skirt gave the impression of many thoughtful turnings. She wore grey cotton gloves and every detail of her shabbily respectable toilet bespoke painful neatness. It did not need the guarantee of her big, half frightened eyes to tell the populace that she had come a long distance. She was clearly from "back home" and as clearly dismayed as she suddenly found herself at her journey's end. She stood hesitatingly by the door of the stage, her nervous fingers clutching the heavy telescope and a little grey hand bag, and the panic that had flashed into her eyes on alighting spread slowly over her thin sweet face.

She looked timidly over the crowd, her anxious gaze searching every face with the unmistakable expression of one expecting to see a familiar countenance.

But as the embarrassing moments passed it became evident that the one she sought was not there and she stood still by the stage, possessed for the moment by that helplessness of terror which grips one in unforseen contingencies. The other passengers, two magnates from the East and a cattleman, took their luggage and departed. Texas Pete regarded her in perplexity for a moment and then climbed to his high seat and drove away. The big eyes followed the retreating stage in wild indecision. It was very evident that she didn't know what to do.

So destiny and Bob Emmers took a hand.

"Bég pardon, ma'am," said the sheriff stepping forward from the circle. "But if you was looking for some one who ain't here, consider me at your service, entire,—Bob Emmers, sheriff of Drifter county."

The frightened eyes flew to his face.

"School teacher," he commented inwardly. "Or dress-maker. Mebby milliner."

The little woman looked into the brown lean face. Many before her had trusted it. She did, as the drowning grasp at a straw.

"I *was* looking for some one," she said relievedly. "Maybe you can help me. He, —the friend I mean—didn't expect me today but I thought he might be here,—" She blushed painfully. The interest of the circle was intensified. "His last letter said Drifter. This is Drifter isn't it? But there has been some mistake in the mails. I hoped to find him here."

The tired looking lips drew down suddenly in an effort to hide the disappointment.

"He,—I—."

"Never mind, ma'am, we'll find him. He's sure to be in today sometime." Bob Emmers motioned the crowd apart. "Just you take my arm and I'll take you over to the hotel. Mrs. Andrews'l be glad to take care of you till your friend comes in. He's sure to be in today if he's in Drifter county."

"Dead sure," he thought grimly.

So with the old blue telescope in one hand, the other gallantly supporting the little woman from "back home," Emmers started for the pretentious shack which bore the cognomen of "Hotel." On the way over a whimsical thought struck him. Since this would in all probability be his last dinner in Drifter why not eat it with this lonely scared little scrap of respectability?

"If she'll let me I'll just do it," he thought. "Get Mrs. Andrews to make it an early one and I'll have time a-plenty till one. I'd just like to talk to her. Back home and all that,—maple trees and sycamore, fields and sorings and rivers. Apple blossoms and bees in the orchards. From New England I'll bet,—home,—*home*." His lean face softened wonderfully and he forgot for a moment where he was, and whom. The sight of this woman had brought up before him pictures long forgotten, so long forgotten that he had almost thought them effaced. He had once gone to school in a little house on a New

England hillside where a woman with just such eyes had presided behind a worn unpainted desk. Though the sharpness had for the moment left his features, they were serious. Even a lanky boy in scanty homespun may have his wondrous dream, his altar of worship, and though the saint in his niche may antedate him by a score or so of years, yet the whiteness of the young passion forever sets it apart.

There was something of that youthful wistfulness in his face when Bob Emmers turned to the stranger at the hotel door.

And that was how it came about that two hours later the sheriff of Drifter county sat opposite the little woman from the East at a private table and listened to something that first stiffened him with dismay, and then brought a red spot of excitement to his tanned cheeks, a light of battle to his sharp grey eyes.

"Holy smoke!" he said once, softly, for want of a chance at something stronger.

The little woman, assured by his gentleness, was telling him all about how she came to be in Drifter and why. And while she talked the quick mind of the man was working with lightning rapidity to find a way out of the amazing and pitiful tangle in which he suddenly found himself.

"It's been two years since I've seen him," she said longingly, with that brave little droop of the lips. Emmers noticed the way she pronounced the "been." "Two years, but I've waited as patiently as I could. And his letters have helped. He is so tender and good,—you don't think anything could have happened to him? The letters stopped three weeks ago."

"No," said Emmers gently. Then he leaned forward across the table between Mrs. Andrews' cabbage and hash. "No, nothing could have happened to him, and I think I can help you find him all right."

He measured the strength in her blue-veined face. That was his business and no eye was surer.

"But its a long shot. The west is a big place, ma'am, and you might never find him. Would you take a big chance to find the man you love?"

The little woman looked up, startled by the odd tone in his voice. The grey eyes were narrow and the pupils spread nearly over the iris. Something in them suddenly told her bits of some vague shadowy thing, warned her of danger, prepared her for some great issue, yet stopped the word on her lips.

"What do you mean?" she asked slowly. Her big eyes became frightened again. She looked for a long time into his face so full of this new portent. It seemed as if something of it was being transferred to her.

"Yes," she said presently. "Yes. Any chance."

It was half-past twelve. The streets of Drifter City were seething with surging crowds of chapped and sombreroed humanity. On the outskirts of town a circle of big-saddled ponies and buckboards bespoke the alacrity with which Dead Man's Gulch had availed itself of the other's invitation.

Slim, lean cowboys from the range, blue-shirted miners from the Wasatch hills, a few Indians, even a couple of tailored magnates from across the continent, all shouldered each other in their eagerness to see the finish of One Hand Harry. Not every day was primitive justice satisfied by such a forfeit. For nearly two years every cattle man on the range had had opportunity to observe the lightness with which this daring thief lifted the best of horn and hoof. No common mount ever satisfied his fastidious taste, no bunch of poor cattle suffered from his depredations. The ease with which he took what he wanted and got away was cause for wonder. He was almost a myth, for few had ever seen him, doing his work in the night and displaying a marvelous ability to cover his trail. Yet those who had glimpsed him in some running fight in the dusk or dawn, knew that he shot with his left hand, the right being missing from the wrist, and that he always carried the stump high with the bridle rein looped over it. He was known only as One Hand Harry.

Excitement was running high.

At twelve o'clock Bob Emmers, clanking under his double guns, had gone openly to the jail and entered. The crowd knew that the building held but the three men. There was a grim regret in every heart over the probable outcome for the sheriff of Drifter was a prime favorite where nerve and squareness count. At a quarter to one every masculine being in that part of the country had joined the mass that proceeded to the low brick structure.

It was a determined mob and the instruments of its office were in evidence—a suggestive coil of rope and a giant battering ram.

It meant business and there was to be no delay.

It spread out in a compact fan before the jail and Arizona Steve, chosen spokesman for the occasion and fully aware of his importance, mounted the neat wide steps and called with deep solemnity and plenty of lung power upon Bob Emmers to deliver up the prisoner. Drifter stickled for the nice points of justice. The sheriff should have his chance of peaceably obeying and getting out of the matter. There was a moment of silence after the demand, and then the heavy door swung open and Emmers appeared before them. He drew the door to at his back and faced the mob.

"Fellow citizens," he said in the appreciative silence that followed. "I have a favor to ask of you before the festivities commences. In the first place I ain't in no wise intendin' to give up my prisoner and recognizin' in the front row here Arizona and Doc Hanson I realize the unlikelihood of my bein' able to ask anything *after* the same is over. So I make my request now. Which the same is that you will give a few minutes of your attention to somethin' which I heard not more'n a hour ago at Mrs. Andrews' and which you will agree was some paralyzin'. The little woman which Texas brought in on the stage,—you all saw her. She's on a hunt, gentlemen, a quest fer a man she loves, a man who has been a-gettin' his mail at Drifter, and if she could ever get track of him it would be in a crowd like this, a representative gatherin' so to speak, and with you-all's permission she will tell you her story."

Emmers turned and beckoned, and from the corner of the jail the little woman in the worn grey dress came timidly through. She was palpably frightened as she mounted the steps and faced the mob of lynchers, the grimness of their faces for the time overlaid with amazement. The faint color had fled her face entirely and the blue veins stood out prominently in its transparency. Her thin fingers gripped the little grey handbag desperately.

She was far and away from all her previous experience, the world was in a chaos of terrible men in sombreros and gleaming guns, danger and mystery seemed to pervade the whole universe, yet the sheriff with the unlying eyes had said that if ever she could find traces of the one who was all her world it would be in just such a crowd as this one, gathered on some business it seemed, from all the outlying ranches and from the range. So she gripped her inherited courage hard by the throat and tried. She didn't know how to begin and her lips worked for a moment soundlessly.

"Jest ask 'em, ma'am, ef they happen to know him,—tell 'em all about it," suggested Bob Emmers from behind her.

"Does anyone here know a man by the name of Griffith?" she asked and her voice cut like a thin thread into the clear sunlight. "He has been at Drifter, or at least, his letters came from here. For nearly a year I have addressed him here. Does anyone know him?" She waited anxiously. The upturned faces were filled instantly with interest, though no one spoke. "Don't *anyone* know him?" A quiver of anxiety shook her voice. Arizona Steve took off his hat. "Mebby ma'am, ef you was to dee-scribe him it would help," he said, "what was his lay-out? His occupation?"

"I don't know. He never told me. Only he has always expected to make a lot of money, enough so that I could come to him out here. You see we were raised together back home and we were going to be married. That was three years ago. He worked in the mills and I taught school and we had it all planned out. He had his mother to support and I was paying off a mortgage on the home place with my wages, and it seemed that the time kept getting put off for one thing and another. Still we worked and planned. He was so good and gentle. You don't know how kind and steadfast he was," her eyes kindled. With the picture of him she forgot the strangeness of her position.

"You don't know how tender and strong he was! We had saved nearly enough when his mother died. That nearly broke his heart. He loved his mother. After that we had to wait some more. It takes a long time to save on mill wages." She pushed the shabby hat back from her face where the faint flush had returned. "But I was willing to work and help. How we did work! And every other evening he would come over and we would count up and plan. And then that winter the most terrible thing happened—' She stopped suddenly and the fingers on the string of the little handbag worked.

It seemed that some pitiful memory swelled her throat. The wondering crowd beneath her shifted from from one foot to another uneasily.

"Never mind, ma'am, we'll find him!" broke out Arizona irrelevantly.

The little woman smiled, braced, and went on.

"You see he was strong and young, Harold, and we thought that just as soon as we could save enough for part payment we would buy a little place and by hard work we could pay it out in a few years. It was a dream of happiness. Did you ever have a dream like that? There was another man at home who wanted to marry me then, a merchant, but we laughed at him, Harold and I when we counted our savings, and I said I'd rather work my fingers off with him. So it was, when it happened, the accident in the mills which changed all our plans.

It was on a Saturday, and all the women ran out in the streets when the trouble whistle sounded. Any of you ever live around the mills? Then you know that sound. They cried and wrung their hands, the women, each one afraid for her man. And presently they came carrying them in all directions—four men to each group. Some of them came down our street and one bunch stopped where I stood. There was a sack spread over what they had—but I knew what it was. He didn't die, but when he could walk again he was a cripple with never a chance to work any more and all the savings were gone again.

"I cried a good deal and didn't know what we would do. Only I never dreamed he would do what he did. It was a long time before he was well and then one day he told me that we could never be married, that he would not marry me now since he was maimed, and that he was going away. He said it was only right that I should marry the merchant. Oh, I talked and cried, but he was firm and one snowy day he left for the West. My heart nearly died then."

She had entirely forgotten her fright and her timidity. She only saw the sympathy in the faces turned up to her. A dozen men were nonchalantly hiding the huge ram and Doc Hanson had got the coil of rope behind his chaps.

"He let me write to him. I loved him so that I should have died without, though he said that I would forget sooner if I let him go completely. But a man can't measure a woman's love. Month after month I lived on those letters all the time pouring out my heart to him. I would *not* give him up. I told him I would work and come to him some day, that I would follow him forever.

"Little by little I made him see that I *would* hold to him. His letters began to take on a more hopeful tone and at last he said he would make a try.

"He said such love as mine was worth anything. And after a while he said it might come true after all, our dream. He had found something to do.

"Even a cripple wasn't always down he said. And then he began to send me money and to say that I should come sometime. How I saved and added to what he sent! And then he told me I might come. He gave me all directions for the long journey and sent me the last money,—and then, gentlemen, all of a sudden his letters stopped. That was three weeks ago. But I couldn't wait, though I was wild with fear that something had happened to him,—this seemed such an uncertain country. But surely it couldn't after all we have been through. So I came anyway and I must find him. Oh, if he is living I must find him! And you will help, will you not? If any of you know him, or meet, or hear of him you will tell me?

"You will, wont you? Oh, if you knew how I want to see him!" Once more the thin fingers fumbled the grey bag and the lips drooped at the corners.

"Ma'am," said Arizona Steve with a husky rasp beneath his mustache. "Ef this young man is in this country he will be restored to yer bosom. What sort of a looker is he?" The crowd seemed relieved by Arizona's breaking of the deadlock of painful inanition. The little woman brightened.

"You could not mistake him," she said with just a touch of pride in her tone, "he is so tall and straight and he has a head of straight, black hair. His eyes are blue and honest, and above all you know, he is a cripple—his right hand is missing from the wrist. You see that was why he could not work for me, why he would have given me to the merchant. Oh, you could not miss him!" The little woman ceased with shining eyes.

Arizona Steve collapsed suddenly on the end of the battering ram. His eyes were as blank as the hot sky above.

"Jeho-se-phat!" he said weakly. Doc Hanson's jaw hung open. The coil of rope slipped unheeded to the ground and lay around his feet. The crowd stood in such silence that a leather belt, creaking suddenly on its outskirts, could be heard distinctly.

"Jeho-se-phat!" whispered Arizona again, "Jeho-se-phat! One Hand Harry!"

In the hot hush Bob Emmers stepped quietly to the little woman's shoulder. His eyes held an odd look of warning, of compelling, of entreaty as he gazed across it into the faces of the men.

"Gentlemen," he said clearly, pointedly. "Gentlemen, can we help her find the man she has come so far to find? Have I the backin' of this here community to help make her dream come true? Ef we all spread out and scour the environs of this here precinct we may meet him. He may even now be a-headin' into town. Shall we lay aside our business and hunt him up for her? I leave it to you."

There was a painful interval of silence, owing to the fact that the chosen spokesman of the occasion was temporarily incapacitated by he refusal of his vocal cords to act. The sheriff stood still with his hand on the little woman's shoulder. Presently Arizona Steve arose and swept off his hat. Even in a crisis Arizona was a Chesterfield.

"I think I speaks fer this here aggrigation when I intimates that it will disperse instantly with the avowed intention of seein' that one—I mean—Mr. Harold Griffith is rounded up at Mrs. Andrews' hotel before dark tonight. And furthermore, I speaks here and now for the honor of escortin' over there the bravest, truest little woman in Drifter county!"

JOY

By ADLEDE WILLIAMS

THE portals of thy heart wide open fling
And let me in; it is fair Eastertide,
Mine own glad hour; I will not be denied,
For I am Joy, the Spirit of the Spring,
And close behind me, coming on swift wing,
Are Faith and Hope; alone sweet Love hath sighed,
Without her mates, the winter through. Ope wide
The barring gates—we must be entering.

If so it be that thou canst not believe
That Christ is risen indeed, oh, then receive
A message from my train, the bird, the bee,
The butterfly, the flower, the budding tree,
The scent of Easter lilies in the air,
And types of resurrection everywhere.

TOODLES or TAD or JUST PLAIN JOHN

By STEPHEN CONRAD

JOHN."

"What is it, dear?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Why, what is the matter? That's twice you've said that. Isn't my knee as comfortable as it used to be? Or doesn't that new style of doing your hair fit my shoulder as well? Really, though, it's mighty becoming to you and you look more like a girl in her first season than the proud and happy mother of a boy as old—Let's see, how old is Tad?"

"He'll be a year tomorrow and that's what I wanted to speak of. Don't you think —Now, honestly, John, don't you think a great big boy a year old ought to have some name besides Toodles or Tad?"

"Y-yes, I do. I never knew just why he was Toodles except that you derived the name from 'cute,' somehow. But he was such a cute little 'tad' that he just had to be called that. We might wait till he grows up and let him pick out his own name."

"What, and call him by his nicknames all those years?"

"Yes, Toodles would sound well till he was about fourteen and then he'd be 'Billy the Kid,' or 'Slimmy the Smooth,' or whatever five-cent favorite particularly appealed to him. Yes, we'd better call him Toodles as you want to."

"No, dear, we can't go on calling him that, I know. Now let's decide tonight. It will be just as hard if we put it off longer."

"All right, Helen, but let's decide first what he shan't be named. That's easier. Now, no Bible names—"

"Unless they're family names, John. Remember Uncle Joshua. Neither chick nor child—"

"Why, Helen, you mercenary creature—"

"Now, that's not fair."

"Well, I didn't particularly want to kiss your hand but you put it right over my mouth, so, of course—"

"Well, I forgive you, so let's go on. He can't be Algernon or Chauncey or any of that sort, can he?"

"Not on your present income, he can't. Maybe if—, well, when I get a million just as a retainer, then we can indulge in luxurious names like Algernon and Montmorency, but while things are as they are he'd better be something substantial."

"Your mother suggests John Brown. That's not bad, but—still I ought not to say anything, had I, when I consented to have my cards read Mrs. John Brown Young, Jr. Still I'd rather—"

"So had I. It's too much to expect a youngster even as healthy as Tad to live up to a double junior. How would John Brown Young, III, look? And I hope he'd have to be that for a good long time, too. I don't want dad to fan out just so I can be a senior."

"But why not just plain John? Two names are surely enough. And John is such a dear name."

"Thank you, dear, but I want to be John and we don't want him to be Jack, do we? We can't have two Johns. So plain John won't do. He's too handsome a youngster to be 'plain John' anyway. Why not take Francis? That's a mighty good name and being your family name— Francis Young wouldn't sound a bit bad. Now would it?"

"N-no, but Frances is such a pretty name for a girl and I hope—"

"Dearest, I hope so too, so we'll not use it yet. Let's see. My father's name is out of it. How about your father, Edward Otis?"

"Yes, I was wishing he might be Edward and yet— Well, we can't use Otis, can we?"

"Well, your mother's name? She was a George, so let's don't—"

"All right. Say, though, we're pretty nearly to the end of the string. No, there are still left the presidents. Now, George Washington— That's so, George is out. John— no John. Thomas Jefferson—No, Thomas is a Bible name and there's no one in the family—James? No. Andrew? No. William Henry—Now William is a good name. How about William? Nickname Bill—No, that's worse than Toodles. Martin—ugh! Abe—No, too Bibley. Ulysses—No, that's useless—"

"Oh, John, don't make fun. This is too serious an affair."

"Yes, dear, but we decided to decide tonight. And we have to do it. But isn't there any name you really want? Why, what's the matter?"

"Why, I've thought of a scheme. Here's a part of a newspaper on the table. Let's take some page—"

"Seven's lucky."

"No, today's the eighth. Let's take page eight."

"Yes?"

"And you run over all the names that are not barred by our rules—Oh, there's Toodles, crying. I'll be back in a minute."

"Now, John Brown Young, Jr., while Helen's gone, you'd better settle it right. Let's see—after both grandfathers is as good as any, so Edward John goes. We'll call him Ned. But—what if she should object? I'll tell her it's the only one I saw. Here goes. I'll fold page eight so I can't see any printing and I'll write Edward John on the margin. There! What, Helen? Back already? What was it?"

"He just cried out in his sleep, that's all. What did you find?"

"Got a good one, dear. How does Edward John strike you? Ned sounds lots like Tad so I can change easily."

"Oh, John, and it works in your name and papa's too. I'm so glad. Let's go and name him now and have it all settled and we'll write it in his record book too."

"I'm awfully glad it's settled. But before I forget it, I want to stick that paper in my pocket. There's something in it I want to show Jones down at the office. What did you say? All right, now come on."

"Now, John, we'll do it this way. You kneel on one side of his crib and I on the other, and then we'll say, 'Toodles,' I'll say that, and you say 'Tad,' 'we name thee Edward John.' And then we'll both kiss him at once."

"All right. Is this O. K. Now are we all ready?"

"N-n-no, John. I want to tell you something first."

"And I have something to tell you, too."

"John, do you really like Edward John?"

"Like Tad? Well—"

"Oh, I don't mean him. I mean it—the name."

"Why? Don't you?"

"Yes, ever so much, but I was afraid you might not."

"Well, I do, but I wanted to tell you—"

"Did you find it out? I just knew you would—And I was afraid you would, too. But I did want that name so much that I picked out that page that was all awfully stupid and didn't have but two names on it and I cut out Edward John's from other papers and pasted them tight over those. I hoped you wouldn't notice it but I wanted to call him Edward after papa and John for you and your father, but I was afraid you wouldn't like it to have Edward first, but I'm so glad you did find it out and—Oh, John!"

"Don't, dear. Don't cry. I didn't find out anything. I never looked at that page. I wrote the Edward John in on the margin and then put the paper in my coat pocket so you wouldn't ever see it. And I— There, one of your tears fell on Tad's face. Let's hurry up and christen him before it dries. Now, one, two, three!"

"Toodles, we name thee Edward John."

"Tad, we name thee Edward John."

"Now, just once, Helen, to show you forgive me. Oh, that last tear tickled my nose."

"But, John, that paper! We'll have to keep that for Tood—Edward John when he grows up. Let's go and look at it."

"All right, and isn't there something on ice in the pantry? Ginger ale will do if there isn't anything better.

Oh, here's to Edward John, drink it down,
  down, down,
Oh, here's to Edward Jonh, drink it down,
  down, down,
    Oh, here's to Edward John,
    May he thrive from this time on,
Oh, here's to Edward John, drink it down,
  down, down!"

NEW ENGLAND'S CHOICE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

By J. E. JONES

ON the glass of the double doors leading to the offices of the Governor of Massachusetts there is printed this cordial invitation: "Walk in." And many visitors to the famous State House beneath the golden dome on Beacon Hill, who might otherwise pass by contenting themselves with furtive glances, feel that here is a welcome so plain and cordial that any timidity they might otherwise be conscious of is entirely dispelled. The two simple little words inviting the public to the apartments of the offices of the governor are significant in that they form a sort of index to the hospitable and democratic character of the present governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Governor Guild was born in Boston in 1860. He was graduated from Harvard in 1881 with highest honors, and has been active in politics ever since he came of age. In his younger days, when many of his friends were joining the mugwump exodus from the Republican party, he elected to labor within the party ranks, working with ward and city committee and doing duty on registration committees. In 1895 he presided over the Republican state convention, and the following year was one of the delegates-at-large from Massachusetts to the national convention at St. Louis. He had firm convictions in favor of the gold standard, and was an important factor in securing the declaration in the St. Louis platform clearly defining the party's attitude on this question. At the request of the National Committee he gave up his business and devoted the summer and fall of 1896 to the campaign for the gold standard. This service was rendered chiefly in West Virginia, Maryland, Michigan and other western states. Again, in 1900, he was specially picked by President Roosevelt as a comrade and fellow speaker in the famous campaign through the West. He was with the present President's party at Victor, Colorado; at Chicago, Fort Wayne, and other places where open assaults were made on the then governor of New York and candidate for the vice-presidency. It is due to this wide range of experience as a public speaker that the governor's name for a position on the national ticket was early in the present year suggested by such newspapers as the Kansas City Star and such men as the Governor of Michigan.

In 1902 he was chosen to his first public office, when he became lieutenant governor with Hon. John L. Bates as governor. In 1904, presidential year, Massachusetts went Democratic as far as the governorship was concerned, and elected Hon. W. L. Douglas. Lieutenant Governor Guild, however, was elected in the same year by a handsome plurality and served with the Democratic governor. At the next state election Mr. Guild was nominated for governor, and transformed the Democratic plurality of nearly forty thousand into a Republican plurality of over twenty thousand. At the next election, John B. Moran, who had been elected district attorney of Suffolk County as an independent without the help of any party, ran for governor against Governor Guild, and succeeded in consolidating behind himself in this campaign the Democratic Party, the Hearst Independent League and the Prohibition party. Governor Guild's plurality in the election (over 30,000) against this combination showed an increase of nearly fifty per cent over the preceding year. His second re-election last fall against Henry M. Whitney was by a plurality of well over 100,000.

During Governor Guild's administration the legislature has passed upon his recommendation many important and far-reaching measures of reform. No man in Massachusetts has more at heart the interests of the plain people than the present chief executive, and the sincerity of his sympathies for and

GOVERNOR CURTIS GUILD, JR., OF MASSACHUSETTS

GOVERNOR GUILD AND STAFF IN FRONT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE attitude toward measures and policies directly affecting their welfare has been frequently demonstrated in public office.

The Massachusetts Medical Society recently passed resolutions thanking the Governor for his leadership in effecting certain medical reforms. The Commonwealth now cares for all the insane within its borders. It is in the future to hunt out and care for all those affected with tuberculosis, whether the cases are curable or incurable. New legislation has divided the Commonwealth into medical districts with special medical inspectors who are held responsible in each district. Factories are not only inspected thoroughly for unsanitary conditions, but medical examinations are now made for all minors employed in the factories, that tuberculosis subjects may not be exposed to the flying dust of the emery wheel or the lint of cotton carding; that the child with spinal weakness may be kept from employment where the backless bench or the wooden chair create deformity, and unhealthy citizens. Every city and town in the state is now compelled by statute to maintain medical inspection of schools, that school furniture may not encourage spine disease; that children suffering from contagious diseases may be detected and removed; that those suffering from eye or ear disease may be cured. In all of these reforms Governor Guild has taken the initiative. They have naturally been popular with workingmen. The condition of labor has further been remedied by the prohibition of all night work for children; by legislation to punish padrones and parents forging age certificates of children and by recognition of the principle that one day's rest in seven should be allowed to all workers.

The city of Boston, thanks to legislation originating with Governor Guild, is now neither a town with the lid off nor, on the other hand, a laughing stock on account of absurd restrictions. A new excise board in which both parties are represented has been established, and has more effectively than ever before divorced the saloons from politics. By this same legislation, the administration of the police department of Boston has also been recognized, political influence eliminated and a single efficient commissioner placed in charge. For two years there has not been a serious complaint against a department which was, until that time, a frequent subject of gossip and newspaper gibe. Bucket shops have also been driven from Massachusetts by new legislation, and old laws now enforced for the first time have alike put a stop to pool selling at horse races and prize fighting. The banking laws of the Commonwealth have been thoroughly revised, the office of the bank commission reorganized on a modern basis and under a single head with expert examiners. It is worth noting that last fall not a single banking institution covered by these new laws even trembled in the panic. On the contrary, Massachusetts was able to aid other cities. Governor Guild has had his battle with the railroads. He early called attention to the fact that the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad was violating the laws of the Commonwealth in acquiring control of trolley lines and the stock of other steam railroads, with a view to a monopoly of transportation and express business in New England. His message to the legislature upon this subject was bitterly criticized at the time by certain newspapers devoted to the railroad interests, but the outcome of the suit instituted by the attorney-general against the road has proved that the Governor was right, the supreme court of the Commonwealth having sustained his contention by a unanimous decision.

Governor Guild is the first soldier that the Republican party of Massachusetts has ever placed in the governor's chair. He served alike in the cavalry and infantry in the state militia, and has risen from the ranks to an election as brigadier general in the line and to appointment as brigadier general on the headquarters staff.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War he dropped his star as brigadier general and re-enlisted as first lieutenant and adjutant of one of the regiments ordered to the front, the Sixth Massachusetts. He was speedily promoted to lieutenant colonel and inspector general, and was invited by General Fitz Hugh Lee to serve on his staff as inspector general of the Seventh Army Corps. Colonel Guild broke up the fever camp of the Texas, Louisiana and Alabama troops in South Florida, and had them transferred to wholesome quarters on the bluffs above the St. John River. At Savannah, Colonel Guild, among other duties, was charged with the reorganization of the system of piloting on

MRS. CURTIS GUILD, JR.

the Savannah River as far as army transports were concerned. The Seventh Army Corps saw no fighting, but went to Cuba as the Army of Occupation. Colonel Guild became first inspector general of the Province of Havana, and during the transition period was put in charge of land-damage cases and did his share in effecting the radical sanitary and civic reforms which the government instituted there. The Governor is still earnestly interested in the militia, and has reorganized the militia of Massachusetts on the regular army basis. He has also been particularly interested in seeing to it that Massachusetts participates wherever possible in the maneuvers of the regular army. In all this work he has had the cordial support and co-operation of the big man from Ohio, Secretary of War Taft, with whom it is now proposed that he be associated on the national ticket.

Two years before the calling of the meeting of governors in Washington, Massachusetts, under Governor Guild, had taken up the question of forest reservations. Last year at the convention in Sacramento, Massachusetts was the only one of the five eastern states to send any representation, encouraging national legislation alike for irrigation in the west and forest reservations in the east.

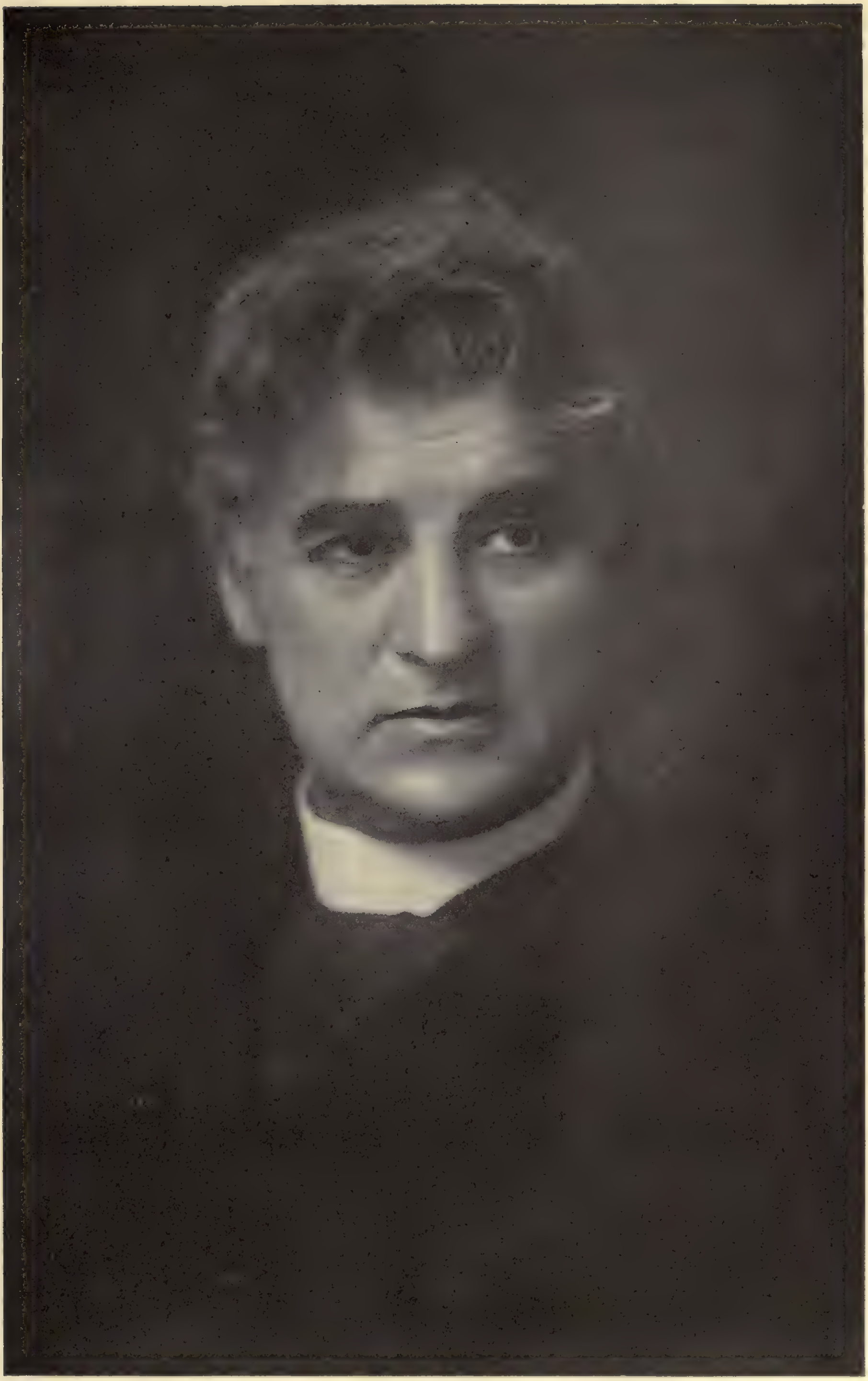
The Governor is a staunch protectionist. He does, however, believe in the immediate modernization of the tariff, and over a year ago headed a petition signed by an overwhelming majority of the members of the Massachusetts general court, asking for consideration of the tariff, looking toward the removal of duties unneccessary or injurious, together with such other revision as might promote alike American industries in common.

In private life the Governor is the proprietor of the Commercial Bulletin, one of the oldest business journals of Boston; he is also president of the Anchor Linotype Company. He is tall, broad-shouldered and has blue eyes and blond hair. He has always been fond of out-door life and physical exercise, fencing, rowing and golf having been his favorite amusements. He attends the Arlington Street Church, being a member of its governing committee. In 1892 he was married to Miss Charlotte H. Johnson, the eldest daughter of E. C. Johnson of the Boston dry-goods house of C. F. Hovey & Company. Mrs. Guild is much interested in her husband's efforts, and is one of his most efficient supporters in public work. Their home is on Marlborough Street in the Back Bay.

"Neither race, color nor creed should be pleaded as a reason for a man's appointment to or for his exclusion from public office in a free republic." This declaration of the present governor of Massachusetts in a speech made some years ago is quoted by many as the secret of his success. Massachusetts is no longer a Puritan commonwealth, nor is Boston a Puritan capital. Most of the inhabitants of Massachusetts today are either foreign born or of foreign parentage; the half-million added to the population during the last census was largely due to immigration and probably no state in the Union today possesses a more cosmopolitan population than the home of the Winthrops and the Endicotts. Governor Guild has been keen to appreciate the political significance of these shifting conditions, and had frankly recognized them in his appointments; so it happens that for the first time an Italian occupies a place on the bench in Massachusetts; a negro has become a clerk of one of the most important courts; in two instances Jews have been chosen as local judges; and French Canadians have found representation on boards in charge of charitable institutions and on delegations to national conventions. The recent decoration of the Governor by the King of Italy was in part a recognition of new legislation passed to prevent the swindling of immigrants by padrones and fake bankers.

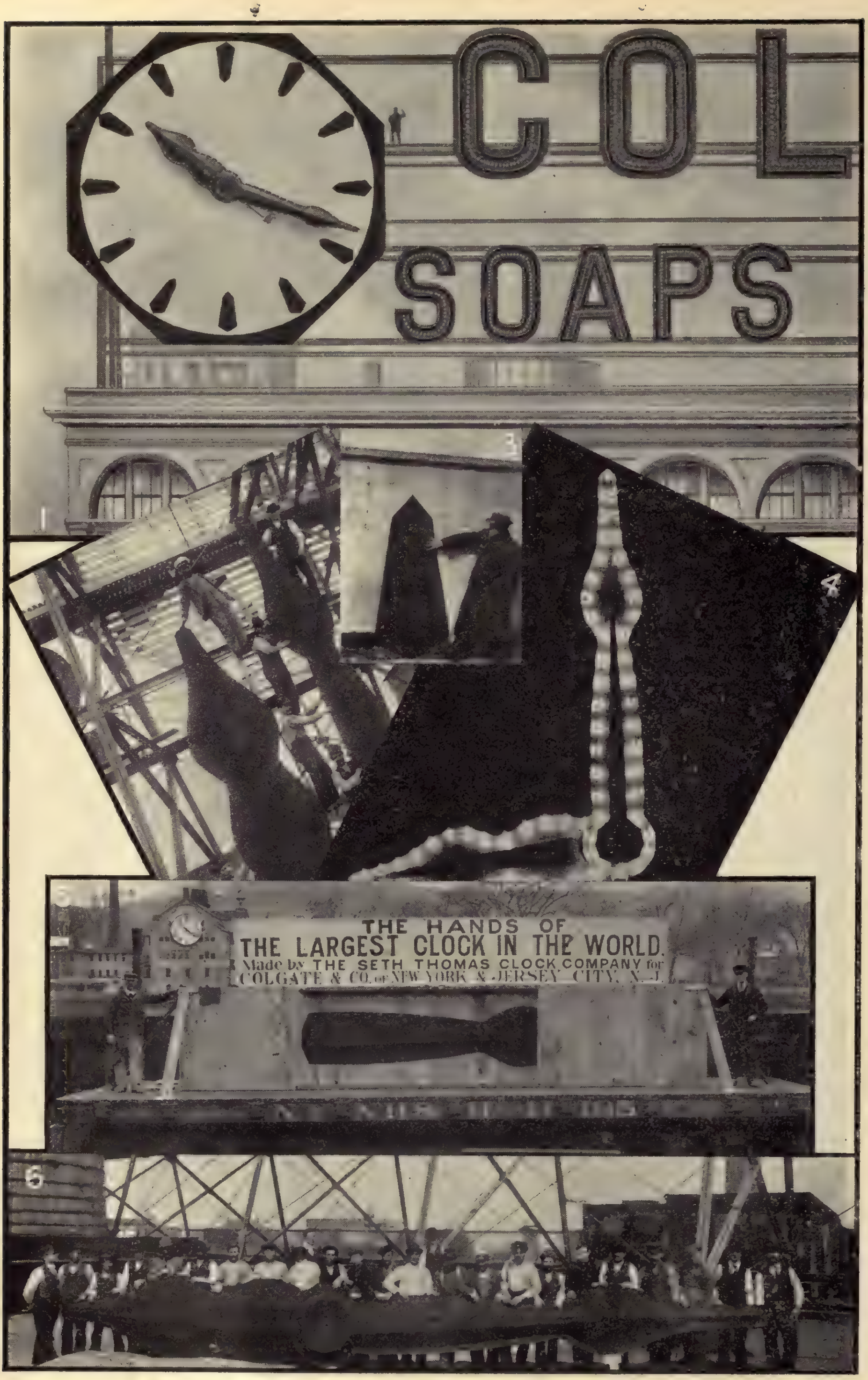
New England has not been given a place on the Republican national ticket since the days when Henry Wilson served with President Grant, yet no portion of the country has so steadfastly remained loyal to the principles and policies of the Republican party than that section now so ably and logically typified in the present Governor of the Massachusetts Commonwealth.

Is it then strange that with such a man and with such a record for tireless industry, positive achievement and efficiency in the administration of great public trusts, and with questions of geography and political expediency all answering in the affirmative, that New England should ask the Republicans of the United States to accept Curtis Guild, Jr., of Massachusetts, as the candidate for the vice-presidency?



DAVID BELASCO

The Popular New York Dramatist and Manager whose Productions have long held popular sway along the "Great White Way"


COL
SOAPS
1
2
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5
THE HANDS OF
THE LARGEST CLOCK IN THE WORLD.
Made by THE SETH THOMAS CLOCK COMPANY for
COLGATE & CO. of NEW YORK & JERSEY CITY, N.J.
6

1—The largest clock in the world on the roof of the Colgate Soap and Perfume factory, Jersey City. 2—The largest hands in the Colgate factory; the minute-hand is 20 feet tall. 3—One of the hour-marks. 4—Unique clock illumination; hands outlined in incandescent lights. 5—Shipping the hands to the Colgate factory. 6—The hands on the factory roof before hoisting into position on the dial.

GREAT BUILDINGS AND ENTERPRISES

NEW YORK, THE GIANT CITY

NEW YORK not only has the distinction of having the largest buildings in the world, but it has the largest "pocket-book" as well. The huge safe-deposit vault which was installed by the Carnegie Safe Deposit Company, at a cost of over five hundred thousand dollars, is one of the most perfect of its kind. This is quite a sum of money for even a big metropolis like New York to pay for a "pocket-book," but in this respect the great vault is built with a purpose of holding the valuable papers, such as mortgages, wills, stocks and bonds, not only of the city's population but of the entire Nation. It is curious to understand how it is possible for the farmer living on the rural free mail delivery route in some far off state making use of the safety feature of New York's greatest vault, but it is really very simple. Upon application the company sends a heavy linen envelope, twelve inches long tied with a tape. In this the far-off depositor places his valuable papers, seals the envelope and registers it and under the absolute protection of the United States government registered mail service, the envelope is delivered within the walls of the vault by the mail man who takes a receipt therefor, and mails it back to the sender. The envelope is numbered and placed in a steel box to be ready when called for by the proper party. Should the occasion arise when there is need for the paper, the first mail brings them back by the same trusty messenger with the original seals unbroken, and in all the interchange no person but the sender has any business with or access to the contents.

No. 1 WALL STREET

Cor. Broadway. Famous as the highest-priced property, per foot, in the United States. The land recently sold for $700 per square foot

The vault has been nearly two years in building. It is constructed of armor plate, the same as is used on the large war vessels and no drill could pierce them, the guns of a battleship could scarcely do much damage. The great door, weighing twenty-five tons, seals the vault hermetically and intricate time-locks prevent opening before the appointed time each day by the officers of the company. It is truly the "safest place in the world." As I climbed down the ladders during the work of construction into the great chamber three stories under ground, I felt that I had entered a place that was as impregnable of entrance as would be the very center of the pyramids of Egypt, were they solid throughout. To try to open these vaults surreptitiously would be like trying to dig treasure from the centre of the pyramids of Egypt with a pick-ax. In the planning and the execution of this greatest of all modern enterprises in providing a stronghold for the people's valuables, Mr. Charles Dickenson, president of the Carnegie Trust Company, has made a merited success, being one of the youngest, but greatest men in the biggest city of the country. The installation of this great safe depository for the people of far-off states brings New York in closer touch with the Nation at large and will vouchsafe a lasting benefit. For achievement Mr. Dickenson already takes his place beside Mr. McAdoo, who tunnelled under the Hudson River, for the builders of New York's great system of subways; for Mr. Dickenson has planted a fortress of finance for every individual of the Nation that will remain intact and impregnable when the pyramids of Egypt have been eroded and worn away by the rain drops of time.

"UP in a balloon boys sailing 'round the moon,"—That's the way it feels to be in the little cupola of the Singer tower, 612 feet above the street. The busy Broadway seems to be a skating pond for curious black insects that have neither hands nor feet—and these are ordinary every-day people pursuing their busy way all unconscious that they are being "looked down upon." Miniature street cars about one inch long—in the prospective—glide back and forth. Toy steamboats pass up the harbor with their freight loads and passengers. In fact, New York itself looks like a miniature city—a curious place, peopled by the smallest of inhabitants that rivals the imaginative stories in Gulliver's Travels. Together with our host, Mr. P. C. Coleman, secretary of the Singer Company; Mr. George A. Priest, and Mr. Frank Whiting, Superintendent of Construction of the great building and a group of newspaper men, we entered the elevators and we shot sky high to the "observatory" in forty-five seconds—which seems considerably less than the proverbial "forty jerks of a lamb's tail."

THE TRINITY BUILDING
The most beautiful structure of the kind in existence. Owned by Trinity Parish

Although the elevators take one to the "observation" or forty-third floor, we decided to go to the pinnacle by means of four iron ladders—the last a thrilling one—the vision of the street below being unobstructed. Looking over the city one may see the lofty Palisades of the Hudson on the north, the Orange Mountains on the west, south to Neversink Highlands, and east to Sandy Hook and over Long Island, where the view is lost in the ocean.

At night the tower is beautifully lighted with 5,000 electric and 25 searchlights of 2,000,000 candle-power each. These lights are so placed as to be hidden themselves, reflecting all their glow upon the architecture, making it a phosphorus building that will be a beacon light to mariners at sea.

* * *

THE largest clock in the world has recently been added to the wondrous sights of New York, the Giant City. While this clock—a real old-fashioned Seth Thomas, is a faithful time-piece to the people of New York, yet it is located on the factory of Colgate & Co. at Jersey City, New Jersey. In this it has the distinction of serving the people of two states. The tourist from across the ocean will find the hour of his return clearly set before him as he passes up the North River to his landing place. The small office boy of the down-town section may peep out of the windows, across into another state, to learn when "quitting time" comes around.

The dial of this gigantic clock will be forty feet six inches in diameter, and will be made of yellow pine boards six inches wide, spaced three inches apart. The minute hand measures twenty feet from the end of the hub to the tip and weighs, with the counter balance, 640 pounds. The hour hand is fifteen feet in length and weighs 500 pounds without the counter balance. The numerals on the dial are five feet high and thirty inches wide. The span of the hour hand measures three feet ten inches in width, while that of the minute hand is two feet eleven inches. The point of the minute hand travels every minute twenty-three inches, while in a week it covers three and two-thirds miles. The hour hand travels three feet four and three-quarter inches every hour, or 570 feet in one week.

The method of illuminating the hands is most unique. The hands will be outlined by a row of lights. Forty-two incandescent lamps will illuminate the hour hand and twenty-five lamps will outline the minute hand. The hour marks in the day time will be heavy black coffin-shaped strokes, thirty inches across at the widest point and tapering to a point at the inner end. The background of the dial will be white and the distance from center to center of the numerals will be ten feet.

At night the hours will be designated by a row of incandescent bulbs extending through the center of each hour mark.

* * *

SATURDAY afternoon in the office of a great New York financier is indeed a revelation of the way in which gigantic financial bodies move in the Great City. At 23 Wall Street, New York City, J. Pierpont Morgan's tall, burly form, keen, deep-set black eyes and solid proportions suggested power, and a fortification against financial disasters. Entering, he passed down the corridor to a corner of the office, where he seated himself behind a transparent partition of glass and proceeded to smoke a black cigar; when it went out, he laid it on his desk to be frugally relit later; amid a mass of books and reports, reposed his square-topped hat, though a hat rack was near at hand. Seated before his modest desk, he wheeled about in his chair and looked out every moment or two on Broad Street, the while moving his chin up and down in a reflective manner, as though meditating with satisfaction upon his latest move. Those familiar with the great financier know just what this action means in sundry very important financial transactions.

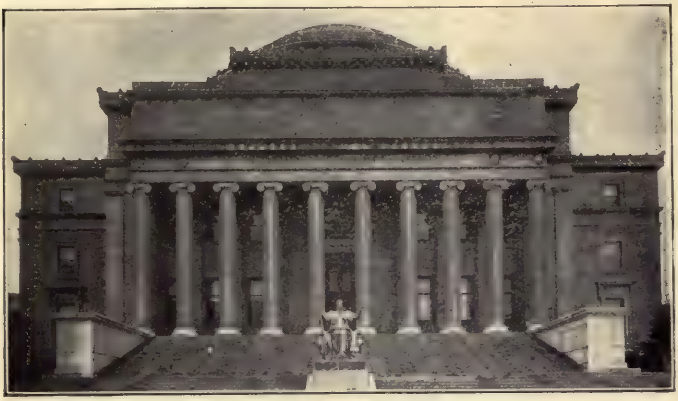
THE NEW HOTEL ASTOR
Costing $7,000,000 and containing a small city of 1000 employes

Outside this private office is Mr. Morgan's private secretary, Mr. C. A. King, and with him is a brigade of stenographers and clerks, continually bringing in letters and papers. There was little sitting down to reflect on the work to be done; the typists stood before pedestals, on which stood writing machines, dashing off matter while standing, and whirling away at amazing speed, handling reports and figures that entail the transference of millions of dollars just as though they had been cash sales in a bustling department store.

In a railed compartment with marble pillars, near the private office, the visitors assembled. That Saturday Mr. James J. Hill dropped in casually and went out after a few minutes conversation which seemed to

IN THE AWE-INSPIRING CANYONS OF NEW YORK SKYSCRAPERS
In the financial district contrasted with the older styles of building construction

be freighted with nothing of more importance than the ordinary passing of the time of day between friends—it was doubtless a conference of several millions in railways.



COLUMBIA LIBRARY, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
Gift of ex-Mayor Seth Low; contains 350,000 volumes

Mr. Morgan always maintains an equipoise that is refreshing in the hurly-burly of New York. Sometimes he gets up and walks to and fro, pausing as first one and then another clerk comes in quick succession before him, stating their case or standing before his desk, or possibly having a chance at the chair at his right hand. Mr. Morgan has a way of jerking his eyeglasses on and off, with a sort of graceful sweep and curve that suggests that the moment the magnifiers were before his eyes was sufficient for him to grasp the salient points in the mass of figures or the details of the report engaging his attention. At times the messenger boys hurried through with bundles of stocks and bonds and certificates, probably representing great values in industrial operations.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

Among those who waited in the corridor were gentlemen from London, Paris and Berlin, and several ladies in mourning and widow's weeds were there, indicating the implicit confidence of thousands of customers who pour their money into Mr. Morgan's coffers for investment. A curious instance of the confidence felt in his management was given in the fact that when he returned from abroad to New York the bonds of that city had been going a-begging, but he called up those in authority and said:

"Make it four and a half instead of four per cent."

In consequence of his action, in a short time the bonds were all subscribed for. Mr. Morgan is always a mover, whether in bonds or other matters. He is certainly gifted with great penetration, and has a habit of looking with his head thrown back, straight at the person addressed. Mr. Morgan's hair is very white, and though not a tall man, his erect carriage shows his height to the best advantage. He has a habit of raising and lowering his eyebrows, reflecting his close interest in the matter in hand, and indicating varying moods. He gives the impression that he is grasping all the details of the proposition in a single glance—with a side glance at the person.

Hanging on the wall was a tiny map of North and South America, and I don't think there was a country represented on that map in which the interests of J. Pierpont Morgan and his clients are not represented. Even across the tropics, to the frigid realms of the Southern seas, his business moves. Directly opposite the office stands the statue of George Washington, on the spot where the first president of the United States was inaugurated. About this corner swirled all the panics and the financial storms of the nation. Across the way is the Sub-Treasury Building and the New York Stock Exchange, where operations are under the eye of Mr. Morgan, as he sits at his desk and pushes the buzzers and twirls his eyeglasses.

ONE OF GREATER NEW YORK'S EIGHT RECREATION PIERS
Provided by the city, adjacent to the congested tenement districts, for mothers and children to enjoy the refreshing river breezes

At an early hour that Saturday afternoon the big burly gentleman in gray who stands sentinel at the door, came forward when Mr. Morgan made a move to go home, which was indicated in the signal of lighting his cigar afresh. He was helped on with his overcoat, and off he went, having finished his day's work without even a glance at the cash register.

* * *

On Monday morning the first comer was a young lady with calendars, or some similar commodity in the art line. She was politely ushered into the waiting circle and instructed to send in her card, but she saw Mr. Morgan, apparently disengaged, but visible through the glass doors, and it was too much for her. Without a moment's delay, she started to go to him; the big usher checked her and listened to her story. How patiently the people sat there, all waiting to see the great financier, who did not seem very busy, but a glance at the papers gliding over his desk might have made it seem different. He looked through the window now and then, fumbled with his eyeglasses or a piece of paper, but in those swift passing moments he was deciding questions which concerned the fate of many an important enterprise, and was doubtless doing his full duty as a patriotic citizen—in as good measure as those who advertise their work of saving the country and raising hell and the morals of their country as a specialty.

HOTEL BELMONT
The tallest hotel in the world

The clerks and office force are extremely loyal, and each one respectfully saluted the commander, who had sailed the financial ship through many a storm. Their confidence is shared by buyers and investors, who continually bring their securities in for the attention of the J. P. Morgan Company, who to the accompaniment of the incessant clang of the electric car bells are daily transferring and depositing stocks and bonds for clients all over the world.

One little chap came in selling something, and Mr. Morgan exclaimed:

"I don't want it—I don't want it."

The little man was not daunted (it is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer). He kept his eye on Mr.

HALL OF RECORDS

Morgan as he disappeared into his inner office; on his return he went around to the other side of the desk and persisted with "new evidence," until the financier looked at the paper and then over his spectacles at the seller. He raised his eyebrows and the deal was closed; the young fellow walked out with his check. It is curious how much is done in that office, in large as in small transactions, by a wave of the hand. While waiting I had a little chat with Mr. James J. Hill, who remarked:

"The whole situation today turns on the fact that ninety-seven per cent of the business of the country is done on credit, based on confidence in men and institutions. Once this credit is shaken, innocent and guilty suffer. It is a good deal like a strong man lying stunned by a blow from a club—his strength is still in him—he has as much ability as ever, but he is unconscious; he is not at work, and for the moment he is paralyzed; there must be a lack of confidence in his power, though it may exist just as definitely as before the blow."

Stocks and corporations simply represent value determined by the men who are behind these stocks. It is for the people to determine and measure that confidence. No matter what opportunities are presented, nor how splendid the equipment for the performance of the work, they avail nothing if not operated and executed, and if they have not behind them the confidence of the people and customers.

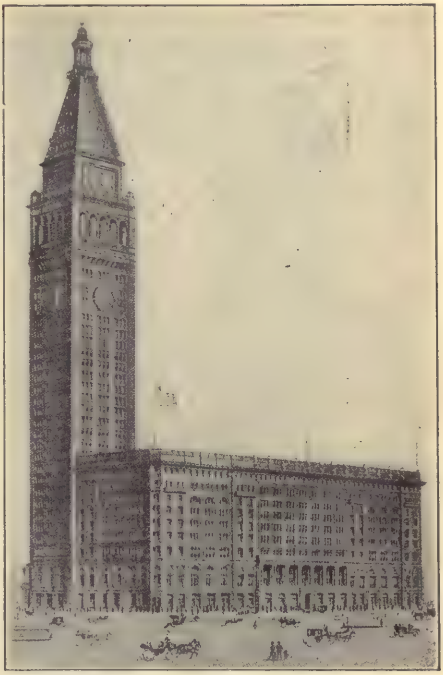
There are several points of resemblance in Mr. Hill and Mr. Morgan—even their hats are similar, of the soft, square topped derby type, but there is nothing in the appearance of either man to suggest that they are aware of the fact that they are "giants in the land," or that they fill an important position in the industrial world. Their splendid conceptions and achievements are developing the latent reserves of the country. They will be known to history as picturesque captains of industry, who have marshalled the financial forces and marched on to victory, with waving plumes and clashing arms—great financial moves and no clinking dollars.

THE OLD ASTOR HOUSE

While Mr. Morgan may desire to be known only as a banker, few men of this day have the sagacity to grasp the resources of the country and know, as he does, how to convert industrial prospects into tangible wealth. His remarkable faith in the future and his intuition to estimate the force of public opinion, and the under-currents of finance that sweep along so mysteriously in the opinion of the uninitiated, bring to him ultimate results of which he is assured, and he is ever ready to step into the gap in case of need. Without the remotest anticipation of public recognition, solely for the purpose of protecting values and maintaining confidence, J. Pierpont Morgan has twice saved the credit of the federal government, once in 1895 and again in 1907. In other words, during six months of these periods, he practically loaned amounts sufficient to pull the government over the bumps. In 1895 he carried out his pledge to protect the exportation of gold for six months—and he did it—and delivered his own bills of exchange to meet every demand that came from Europe. When the strain is all over, he goes in his own quiet way, "doing things," heedless alike of praise or blame.

The history of the Great City of New York would never be complete without mention of the man who has moved things, from the historic spot where the walled street protected the sturdy Dutch settlers from the inroads of the invader.

* * *


METROPOLITAN LIFE BUILDING

THE Metropolitan Building was considered one of the show places of New York, even before the building of its 700 foot tower. It was one of the first skyscrapers built above 23d Street, and its early location speaks for the wisdom and foresight of John R. Hegeman, president of the Metropolitan Insurance Company. The interior of the building is of handsome marble, and the several departments employing 23,000 people are conveniently and systematically arranged to take care of the work attending the needs of its 9,000,000 policy holders. The building is fitted out with dining rooms, assembly rooms, gymnasiums and roof promenades for the exclusive enjoyment of its great number of employes. At night time the clock in the tower flashes numerals every five minutes, telling the hour to watchers a hundred miles at sea.

THE PLAZA

* * *

SPEAKING of cash—Macy's is a strictly cash concern, and, it is said, sells more merchandise for cash than any other store in the world. The twenty-four and a half acres of floor space in the Macy store if converted into ordinary fifty-foot-front stores would make a chain of such establishments nearly four miles long. There are ninety-one different departments in the building. Over 5,000 persons are employed in the store, and over 10,000 in the store and the various Macy manufacturing enterprises which serve as feeders for the store.

A PICTURE FROM THE CLOUDS OVERLOOKING NEW YORK CITY
"The sky-scrapers loom on the horizon like the imposing spires and minarets of ancient cities in all their splendor"

MY LORD HAMLET

Historical, Literary and Psychical Considerations Touching the Principal Character in Shakespeare's Tragedy

Dedicated, with sincere good wishes and admiration, to Robert Bruce Mantell, Tragedian—*The Authors.*

By JOHN McGOVERN and JESSE EDSON HALL

[*Editor's Note.*—The people of the English Language—a tongue now generally spoken in Great Britain and Ireland, North America, Australia, New Zealand, North and South Africa, India, East India and Eastern Asia—will, in 1916, salute the memory of William Shakespeare, the acknowledged Master of Human Speech, with such a literary festival as has not been before celebrated among men. Having this great reawakening in view, the NATIONAL MAGAZINE presents its readers with the beginning of an extended work on "Hamlet," which cannot fail to hold their attention and stir their pride in the mighty exemplar of our speech. In order briefly to show the value of the forthcoming series, the scheme of the work is here entered in full.]

SCHEME OF THE WORK

PART ONE

- Introduction.
- Chronology of William Shakespeare's Career.
- The World-Myth of the Brother-Enemies.
- Early Literary History of the Ghost.
  - The Witch of En-dor (B. C. 1000-1100).
  - Tragedies of Eschylus (B. C. 456-525).
  - Tragedies of Seneca (B. C. 3-A.D. 65).
  - Suetonius, Biographer (A. D. about 100).
  - Plutarch, Biographer (A. D. 50-100).
- Apparitions in the Middle Ages.
- Feigned Insanity in History and Fable.
  - King David.
  - Brutus.
  - "Titus Andronicus."
  - "Hieronimo."
  - "Hamlet."
- Thomas Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy."
  - Sketch of the Famous Play.
  - Summary of the Sketch, with regard to "Hamlet."
- "Titus and Vespasian" and Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus."
  - Cast of the German Drama.
- Blood and Slaughter in Shakespeare's Times.
- Indications of a Lost Play of "Hamlet," Probably by Thomas Kyd.
  - First Indication—Nash.
  - Second Indication—Henslowe's Diary.
  - Third Indication—Lodge.
  - Fourth Indication—Dekker.
  - Fifth Indication—In Germany.
  - Sixth Indication—The Adapters.
  - Seventh Indication—A Familiar Quotation.
  - Conclusion.
- Literary History, in Europe, of Amlethus, Amleth, Hamblet, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.
- Saxo-Grammaticus (A. D. 1200).
  - Matteo Bandello (A. D. 1554).
  - Francois de Belleforest (A. D. 1559).
  - The English Translation of Belleforest, Sketched.
- The Name, Hamlet.
- Influence of John Lyly on Shakespeare and on "Hamlet."
- Shakespeare's Mysterious First Quarto (1603) of "Hamlet."
  - Passages Collated.
  - To be, or not to be.
  - The First Soliloquy.
  - "Ophelia."
  - Specimen of Shorthand Work.
  - Puzzles.
  - "Hamlet" and the Guilty Queen.
  - The Guilty King at Prayer.
  - This too too solid flesh.
  - How old was "Hamlet?"
  - Matter "killed" by Shakespeare Himself.
  - Omission of a Line.
  - The Dying Speech of "Hamlet."
- Shakespeare's Methods of Work Imagined.
- Kyd and Shakespeare.
- Rudiments, as Defined by Darwin.
- The World-Myth of the "Manifestation of Goodness."
  - The Osiris Motif.
- Jephthah's Daughter—A Variant of the Osiris Motif.
  - "Lavinia"—in "Titus."
  - "Bellimperia"—in "Hieronimo."
  - Joan of Arc.
- Summary of all the Preceding Articles.
- The World's Opinion.
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PART TWO

- "My Lord Hamlet"—Thesis and Exegesis.
  - First Act.
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  - Third Act.
  - Fourth Act.
  - Fifth Act.
  - After the Play.
- Index.

INTRODUCTION

THE most celebrated dramatic invention of Shakespeare's day was a character familiarly called "The old *Hieronimo,*" leading personage in "The Spanish Tragedy," by Thomas Kyd. The noble grief of *Hieronimo*, following the murder of his son, *Horatio*, wrought deeply upon even the savage sensibilities of those times, and, as late as 1633, old Prynne, in his attack on actors, called "Histriomastix," told the story of a dying woman who would listen to no confessor, but continually cried out: "*Hieronimo, Hieronimo*, O let me see *Hieronimo!*"

We shall give a synopsis of Kyd's famous drama in this series, and it is through the medium of *Hieronimo* that we shall obtain the view of "Hamlet"—a knowledge of the methods of its construction—which offers a principal reason for our work.

William Shakespeare, the actor, probably played in "The Spanish Tragedy." In the writing of the "cards" or "parts" for the actors, he may have had more than a copyist's hand.

About the time he had reestablished the honors and privileges of his family, and acquired great wealth, his only son, Hamnet, a boy of over eleven years, died at Stratford-upon-Avon—a sad wreckage of the poet's hopes.

A dear and intimate friend is mentioned in Shakespeare's will as Hamlett Sadler, and signs the will as Hamnet Sadler.

There was almost certainly at Shakespeare's hand an English prose tale of mythical *Danish* times relating the Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. In that tale, however, there was no *Horatio*, nor were there two *Hamlets*. There was no *Ghost*. There was no dumb-show, Prologue, or mimic drama written for a purpose by the Avenger. We have also, in the present series, given an abstract of the old English translation of this Danish story.

We believe that William Shakespeare, upon the death of his son, accepted the grief of *Hieronimo* as his own—the eloquence of *Hieronimo* as properly voicing the tumult of a stricken father's heart. We think he adopted *Horatio* as the only friend of "the young *Hamlet*," and thereupon erected, as a memorial of his own loss, the literary cenotaph known as the drama of "Hamlet," now admired in many lands as a principal work of the human imagination.

Shakespeare set himself to the task of a drama in which a son (*Hamlet*) grieved for the loss of a father; but psychologically the author was forced to reverse this situation, and to report to our understanding a maturer and more ineradicable sorrow. In a word, (psychically) *Hamlet* is the stricken and hopeless Shakespeare or *Hieronimo*. *Horatio* is his beloved son; when, at last, *Hamlet* is dead, *Horatio* is Shakespeare, and the fallen Hero is *Hamnet*, who lies at Stratford-upon-Avon: "Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest." Works of Shakespeare, supposedly coming afterward — "Timon," "Troilus," "Antony"—betray a bitterness of disappointment unequaled in the literature of human despair.

With this chief thought in view, we have set ourselves, we hope, to a sympathetic study of the Revenge drama of *My Lord Hamlet*. We have gathered some part of the material which wrought upon Shakespeare, and on which he wrought.

In a welding-together of a Revenge story of the Mediterranean type ("The Spanish Tragedy") with a Revenge story of the Norse type ("The Hystorie of Hamllet"), both being Two-Brother myths, difficulties superposed themselves upon the playwright Shakespeare's attention. His solution of those difficulties, or his indifference to them, has left the character of *Hamlet* inscrutable. The most eminent of Shakespeare-scholars, Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, declared, after forty years' study of the subject, that he had abandoned the idea of establishing a logical hypothesis that would account for all of *Hamlet's* actions. That is the common-sense view of it.

But, laying many minor inconsistencies to one side, it will serve the purposes of this work if we be allowed to state to the reader that we look for the reasons of *Hamlet's* supreme fame and popularity in the fact that, the character issuing from Shakespeare's brain occultly satisfies our hearts as the Human Sacrifical One. We deal with that idea at some length in the showings of material entitled, "The Osiris Motif" and "Jephthah's Daughter."

My Lord Hamlet's portrait is drawn by *Ophelia*. He was the observed of all observers. He himself speaks to us with an eloquence, felicity, and equivocation always limited by our own powers of appreciation. His father's name was *Hamlet*, but, in the Danish myth, that king had no son *Hamlet*. *My Lord Hamlet* we take to be Shakespeare's dead son. While he is inscrutable, he is ever-present; he is of psychological years; he is young or mature; he is cunning as Macchiavel; he is tender as King David, lifting up his voice above the gates; he is cosmic, sensitive, radiant, elemental—does not move with other personages into the past.

We shall behold this ideal Man, *Hamlet*, at the outset of the drama, ruined by a triple crime—treason, murder, and incest—this crime committed by his mother, though *Ham-*

let does not know there has been a crime. At the moment in which his own soul rises in insurrection against the bitterness of his fate, there confronts him the shadow of his murdered father's unresting spirit, and he is commanded in classic form to quit the uses of the world, and to dedicate his life to just and classic Revenge. He madly loves the sweetest, most beautiful, most obedient of maidens. She, responding to his affection, in her turn, has been compelled by the murderers to forego his love and repel his further hopes. He is surrounded with spies and murderous enemies—none so poor to do him reverence—none save one, a faithful friend, *Horatio*, with whom alone he speaks in confidence. Betrayed, abandoned, and devoted by the angry powers of other worlds to carry out their omnipotent will, he feigns insanity, and comes upon the innocent and unhappy maiden who, in duty to her father, must forswear him. *Here is the critical and principal misunderstanding and cross-purpose of the drama.* At this meeting he has reason to believe her false and deceitful. She has reason to believe him mad. This second perfidy of woman might make him insane though he were only bent on simulation of madness. It is important that we should behold (1) the same *Hamlet* whom *Ophelia* had known and adored; also (2) the insane *Hamlet* who (to her senses) appeared before her, to be himself (sanely) shocked with the deceits which she was forced to practice upon him; also (3) that we should remember the "weak and melancholy" *Hamlet* whom the Hero continually beheld in himself. The fellow-soldiers—*Francisco*, *Marcellus*, *Bernardo*—who have witnessed the anger of Heaven, have disappeared; none save *Horatio* and the audience can understand the motives or sorrows of the *Prince*. Thus sequestered, he goes forward to the necessary Revenge—a part against which some of the noblest aspects of his nature revolt. He slowly removes the feeblest of his doubts; he spares his wicked mother, and magnanimously counsels her to repentance; he slaughters by mistake; he escapes slaughter by stratagem—when, suddenly, he comes upon the open grave of *Ophelia*. She has believed that her lover went mad and killed her father; she, too, has gone mad and drowned herself. Her lover is not mad, but his sorrows are overwhelming. He leaps into her grave with the afflicted brother. Will *Laertes* drink of the cup of Calvary-vinegar? —*Hamlet* will do it! He has wept over the slain *Polonius*. He makes, and will still make, honorable amends to the stricken son and brother, *Laertes*. He meets *Laertes* in a friendly bout with foils, and, through the treachery of *Laertes* and the *King*, receives the envenomed wound. While his wicked mother dies, unwittingly self-poisoned, *Hamlet* lives barely long enough to execute the decree of Heaven by driving the deadly rapier into the heart of the incestuous, murderous, damnéd, fratricidal *King*. The Hero sinks. The rest is silence. Had he but time—O he could tell you! We believe, assuming a psychological sense, that, as *Hamlet* dies, *Horatio* becomes Shakespeare, and when he says "Good-night, sweet prince!" he bids farewell to Hamnet at Stratford-upon-Avon. The Memorial is finished. If it be the chief work of Shakespeare, so it was intended. If it be inscrutable, so is Shakespeare. If it be studied and admired, that speaks forcibly and well for civilization and all high ideals.

M. Maurice Maeterlinck, in an essay, "Wisdom and Destiny," laments that *Hamlet* was not a sage. "Is not every action of *Hamlet* induced by a fanatical impulse, which tells him that duty consists in revenge alone?" It does not seem possible that the French philosopher overlooks the classic fact that Shakespeare, in "Hamlet," is writing a Revenge drama. Rather, it must be a serious feeling, however degenerate, that the Sacrificial One should refuse to be a factor in the oncoming Tragedy—that any real sage would have done so. "I say again," says M. Maeterlinck, "that *Hamlet* thinks much, but that he is by no means wise." For ourselves, we are sure that *Hamlet* says more wise things than were ever originally spoken by any other character of either history or fiction.

M. Maeterlinck asks: "Can you conceive Jesus Christ in the midst of the unnatural gloom that overhung Elsinore?" We answer that we very easily can so conceive, else we could *not* imagine *My Lord Hamlet* as the Human Sacrificial One. M. Maeterlinck himself might see Jesus Christ blasting the fig-tree; denying his mother and his brethren; scourging the money-changers out of the temple; at last, creating capital social disorder. In our opinion, *Hamlet* is our most beautiful variant of the same Ideal.

My Lord Hamlet, though he be inscrutable, yet immanent, from any one lens of our myriad-eyed human race, is yet human enough to comfort the humblest heart; proud enough to stir the stoutest pulse.

With this preliminary and partial explanation, we arrange before the reader, in conspectus-form, a good part of Shakespeare's material, and offer at the end our own Thesis and Exegesis.

CHRONOLOGY OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S CAREER

Note.—It is intended, by means of this brief article, to at least temporarily fix important dates in the reader's mind

In the business of studying some of the obvious sources of the framework of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," it would serve usefully if a few figures—dates in the neighborhood of 1600 A. D.—were impressed on the mind, at least tentatively.

William Shakespeare was baptized April 26, 1564, old style. Add ten days for new style.

His wedding bonds were signed November 28, 1582.

His daughter Susanna was baptized in May, 1583.

His son Hamnet and his daughter Judeth, twins, were baptized in 1585. Hamnet was perhaps named after the Hamlet Sadler of Shakespeare's will. Shakespeare lived fifty-two years, but had no legitimate children after he was twenty-one years old.

The earliest printed thing bearing Shakespeare's name is the Poem, "Venus and Adonis," 1593.

August 11, 1596, there was buried at Stratford-upon-Avon "Hamnet, filius Wm. Shakespeare." This was Shakespeare's only son.

No fewer than six of Shakespeare's plays were printed and sold in London in the year 1600, showing that the author must have been famous at that time—that is, at thirty-six. "Hamlet" was not in the list.

A book by the Rev. Francis Meres, entitled "Palladis Tamia, or Wits' Treasury," published in 1598, called "a school book" by Anthony á Wood, contains, at page 282, one of the most important of all references to Shakespeare. After speaking of "Venus and Adonis," "Lucrece," and the "Sugred Sonnets," the book mentions no less than twelve of Shakespeare's plays that were then extant: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. For comedy, witness his 'Gentlemen of Verona;' his 'Errors;' his 'Love's Labour Lost;' his 'Love's Labour Won;' his 'Midsummer Night's Dream;' and his 'Merchant of Venice.' For tragedy, his 'Richard II;' 'Richard III;' 'Henry IV;' 'King John;' 'Titus Andronicus;' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.'" Here "Love's Labour Won" is considered by the commentators to have been the original title of "All's Well that Ends Well." It will be seen by this that Shakespeare's "Hamlet" was *probably* not in existence in 1598.

Philip Henslowe's Diary, or Account-Book, contains dates touching Shakespeare's plays from 1592 to 1600; it has been published by the Shakespeare Society at London; the original MS. is now at Dulwich College, London.

On an assessment-roll for Bishopsgate ward, St. Helen's parish, October 1, 1598, fortieth year of Elizabeth, William Shakespeare is assessed thirteen shillings four pence, on property valued at five pounds. This is supposed to be on account of furniture or books in chambers which he may have rented.

The earliest official license extant of any "Hamlet" drama is dated July 26, 1602, for a "Revenge of Hamlet." Shakespeare's name is not given in the title-page which supposedly was here copied, though Shakespeare's company of actors is mentioned. No copy of the drama named is known to exist, or to have been printed.

On May 19, at Westminster, early in the reign of James I, the Government issued a license which began: "Pro Laurentio Fletcher and Willielmo Shakespeare and aliis." This document authorized the above, with John Heminge and Henrie Condell (and others named and unnamed) "freely to exercise the arte and faculty of players."

Old printed plays exist, in which William Shakespeare's name figures as one of the cast of actors. In this way we are told that he acted in Ben Jonson's "Sejanus." His name never heads such a list.

A document by William Quiney, of Stratford-upon-Avon, is in existence, which identifies this actor-Shakespeare of London, with William Shakespeare of Stratford.

In 1612 William Shakespeare, with three others, purchased a house and garden, in Blackfriars, for £140. This house was near Baynard's Castle, which was at the river's edge. Signatures of William Shakespeare, on the seals of the deed, are preserved. In the will, this house is described as being then occupied "by one John Robinson." John Robinson also witnessed the will.

There is no signature of William Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon, although several legal transactions are recorded there in his name.

Shakespeare's will is dated March 25, 1616. One of the legatees and one of the witnesses is Hamlet Sadler. Until 1858 the will was in the Prerogative Office, Doctors' Commons, London. In that year the Prerogative Courts became the Probate Courts. The signature to the third sheet of the will, "By me, William Shakespeare," was for years exposed to both light and wear, and the last letters are practically invisible. Some thirty or forty years ago, better protection was given to the document. Each of the three sheets bears a signature of William Shakespeare. That on the first sheet is cramped, and would seem to have been made under peculiar circumstances; that on the second sheet is nearly as good as the final writing, which was an elegant piece of script.

Shakespeare died at Stratford-upon-Avon April 14, 1616, new style.

His former theatrical partners, Heming and Condell, in 1623, published the First Folio, (a large, long book) containing no fewer than nineteen plays that had not been printed before. "Pericles" is not in the First Folio, but had appeared as a quarto (smaller, square pages) in 1609.

F. J. Furnivell, for the New Shakespeare Society of London, published "Some 300 Fresh Allusions to Shakespeare, from 1594 to 1694 A. D." (Allusions to passages in works attributed to Shakespeare.)

THE WORLD-MYTH OF THE BROTHER ENEMIES.

NOTE.—It is the object of this article briefly to describe the Fratricide Fable, from two variants of which "Hamlet" descended. One variant came through Rome by Seneca; the other through Denmark, by Saxo.

On any favorable night early in our year, at a point in the Zodiac, or Sun's path, nearest to the North Star, there may be seen riding overhead two very bright stars—Castor and Pollux—principal stars in a constellation named the Twins, the ancient or Chaldean name having been translated.

It is a prehistoric tradition of the human race that the First Man had two sons; that in this third month of the pre-historic year, named also the Month of Making of the Bricks, they built the first city; that, to obtain a blood-offering, the elder brother slew the younger. Cain, the builder of the first city, Hanok, killed Abel. Every ancient city eastward of Rome, mythically, was thus founded, and at Rome Romulus killed Remus.

The myth was dominant in western minds for a thousand years into our Christian era. Attila, Alaric, and Charlemagne killed their younger brothers.

When Saxo-Grammaticus set down the chronicle of Hamlet's father and uncle, he, a Christian, was telling a variation of the pagan story that men heard on the plain of Shinar.

When the first play of "Hamlet" was written (possibly by Thomas Kyd) it certainly was taken to Germany, perhaps along with "Titus and Vespasian" (afterward Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus") and Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy." These were transformed into German, and the title of the "Hamlet" (copies of which exist in German) was "Der Bestrafte Brudermord, oder:

Prinz Hamlet aus Dannemarck" ("Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark.")

The German "Hamlet" is short, like the Shakespeare First Quarto of "Hamlet," and the character who is to be *Polonius* is called *Corambus*, and *Reynaldo* is called *Montano*, as in Shakespeare's First Quarto.

The Germans at once recognized a variation of the Fratricide Myth in the drama of "Hamlet." This is shown in the title they gave to the play.

The Jehovist editor of Genesis, in Chapter 4, of the Bible, gives us the story of the Brother Enemies and of the first city. This is the oldest recital that has so far come down to us, although some of the *other* Zodiac stories, as actually told in the cuneiform writings, of a much earlier date than the Hebrew records, have escaped destruction.

The reader may consult the chapter entitled "The Fratricide" in Francis Lenormant's "Beginnings of History."

Thomas Kyd in a lost "Hamlet," possibly united the Ghost-demanding-Revenge, and the drama-within-a-drama, to Saxo's variant of the world-myth of the Brother-Enemies.

Reference to the stories of Thyestes and Agamemnon, further along, will show the reader that, by a coincidence, the Ghost-portion of the "Hamlet" drama, as accepted by Shakespeare from Kyd, is also a variant of the world-myth of the Brother-Enemies. Atreus and Thyestes were Brother-Enemies, like Horvendile and Fengon.

Psychologically more astonishing than any other cognate phenomenon, the Brother-Enemies myth persists so far that *Hamlet* and *Laertes*, at the end become Brother-Enemies, and a new variant arises—each Brother kills the other, *Hamlet* being the innocent and Sacrificial One.

But for the interference of Heaven, *Hamlet* would have wedded *Ophelia*. He calls *Laertes* brother, and *Laertes* receives his "offered love like love."

In some hot desert country, far from the steaming, dangerous and profane sea, the Moon with her cool light enabled primitive man to travel, toil, and celebrate. Occasionally the Moon disappeared for a term of days, but always reappeared. Undoubtedly her name was Sin—Shin—and our Sun may be the same name transferred to the chief luminary. As the Egyptians seemed to link the name of Osiris most often with the Moon, and as their records in this matter have reached us, while those of Asia have disappeared, if they ever existed, we are led to recognize the Sun and Moon in the Brother-Enemies. On a following page, in our sketch of Seneca's "Thyestes," it is noted that each of the Brother-Enemies was to reign in his turn.

If we guess aright, therefore, regarding pre-historic man, the Sun and Moon, with the disappearance and resurrection of the Moon, gave rise to the earliest form of the Fratricide Myth.

The reader of Shakespeare will note that the Two-Brothers idea in general had a strong hold on the great playwright. The Duke, the Prince, the King, in Shakespeare's plays, often has a brother. Here the monarchic customs of the world joined with the great Fratricide Myth. The Brother was always in a dramatic relation to the monarch, and the Myth was also ever-present in all scholarly minds.

EARLY LITERARY HISTORY OF THE GHOST.

NOTE.—It is the object of this and the following article to give examples of the ghost myth from Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and middle age European literatures, and to show the gradual evolution of the ghost into a more active and ubiquitous speaking part on the stage.

I.

FIRST SAMUEL, CHAPTER 28 (Hebrew).

(About 1000-1100 B. C.)

Saul, in disguise, sought a woman at Endor who had a familiar spirit, and commanded her to bring Samuel out of the earth. This she did, Samuel being visible only to her, and Samuel foretold evil to Saul. Saul had suffered a long fast, which predisposed the mind to the seeing of visions and the hearing of voices, yet, it seems probable, from the general tone of chapter 28 of the First of Samuel, that the *seance* was similar to the sittings of "spirit-mediums" at this day. Note, however, that the Ghost is brought from below, as in "Macbeth."

The episode of the Witch of En-dor is

mentioned in Pavier's English translation, of Belleforest's French translation, of Bandello's Italian adaptation, of Saxo's Latin "history" of Hamlet. Little could Saxo have thought how important a part demonology was to play in the story he was telling—although he himself touches lightly on the subject.

II.

ESCHYLUS, FATHER OF TRAGEDY (Greek).
(B. C. 525–456.)

1. In the tragedy of "The Furies," by Eschylus, a scene is laid in the temple of Apollo, where *Orestes*, slayer of his mother, *Clytemnestra*, has fled for asylum and is promised protection. The *Furies* are sleeping. The *Ghost* of *Clytemnestra* now appears. She addresses the sleeping *Furies* in a long speech, demanding vengeance on her son at their hands. She, somewhat like the *Ghost* of *Hamlet's Father*, is indignant that she should be dishonored and reviled among the dead, while her murderer remains unpunished. When the *Furies* awake, they sing and dance. The song is written in measure similar to that used by the witches of Middleton in "The Witch" and of Shakespeare in "Macbeth." Eschylus used as many as fifty *Furies*.

In the story of *Orestes* the *Furies* drove him *really* mad.

2. In the tragedy of "The Persians," by Eschylus, the scene is at Susa, near the tomb of Darius. The Council of State, acting as *Chorus*, hears the unhappy news brought by the *Messenger*, and, in an ode of short measure, conjures the *Ghost of Darius* to appear. While they are singing, the *Ghost* rises from the ground and interrupts them. He asks what has happened, and is told. He delivers long speeches, bids all farewell, and "descends to the realms of darkness."

Note that the *Ghost of Clytemnestra* demands vengeance for her foul and unnatural murder. (She has been slain by her son *Orestes*.)

The poets of Greece finally resolved their *Fates* and *Furies* usually to three, the prototypes of the *Weird Sisters* in "Macbeth." In certain ways, "Macbeth" has a pure Greek pedigree; "Hamlet" a Roman one.

In the earlier ages of ghostly visions, the Spirit of the departed stayed near the tomb. In the story of the Witch of En-dor, it seems that Saul went to the woman's house, where there must have been a fountain. The Spirit of Samuel arose out of the ground of her habitation. So, the story of the *Ghost of Darius* seems to pertain to an earlier myth than the *Ghost of Samuel.*

In the drama of the ancient world the "*Chorus*" as here in Eschylus, might number fifty people, masked, who remained on the stage during the performance. Sometimes they divided into two companies, and sang or chanted in turn. Chief among their duties was to explain the progress of the play. By Shakespeare's time the "*Chorus*" had dwindled in numbers, and where only one actor took the part, he might be called "Prologue," or, as in Shakespeare's "Pericles," he might be represented as the incarnation of the poet John Gower, who had also written on the subject of the play. Here he hardly can be called a Ghost. In the play-within-the-play in "Hamlet," we shall see the rudiments of the ancient stage, where first the little play is acted in dumb-show, and thereafter the "Prologue" (an actor) appears and speaks as if to explain the forthcoming performance.

The masks worn by the *Furies* in ancient times were calculated to excite horror in the minds of the spectators. The terrible faces made by the conventional villain of the early English drama, descended from the use of the mask. *Hamlet* cries out against this convention.

III.

TRAGEDIES OF SENECA (Latin).
(About 3 B. C.-65 A. D.)

The celebrated Roman philosopher, L. A. Seneca, wrote, or is supposed to have written, ten tragedies. The second is named "Thyestes," and the eighth, "Agamemnon."

"Thyestes" was translated into English by Jasper Heywood, and printed at London, in 1560.

"Agamemnon" was translated into English by John Studley, and printed in London, in 1566.

1. We will now copy Jasper Heywood's synopsis of the drama "Thyestes," using his language, but with modern spelling. Says Heywood:

"*Megæra*, one of the hellish Furies, raising up *Tantalus* from hell, incited him to set mortal hatred between his two nephews, *Thyestes* and *Atreus*, being brothers, and reigning as kings over Mycenæ by interchangeable turns, that is, to-wit: *Thyestes* to reign the one year, and *Atreus* the other. Now *Atreus*, enraged with fury against his brother, partly for defiling and deflowering his wife *Ærope* by policy, and partly for taking from him a ram with a golden fleece, practiced with his servant how to be revenged of his brother. This *Atreus*, therefore dissembling a reconciliation, and inviting *Thyertes* to Mycenæ, secretly and unknown to him set before him at a banquet the flesh of his own children to eat. Afterward, *Atreus*, having also given to his said brother the blood of his children in a goblet to drink, did lastly command the heads also to be brought in, at the doleful sight whereof *Thyestes* greatly lamenting, knowing he had eaten his own children, was wonderfully anguished. But *Atreus*, for that he had thus revenged himself, took therein great pleasure and delectation."

The "*Chorus*" stands on the stage. In the first scene, *Megæra*, (the Envying Fury), appears with the *Ghost* (*Umbra*) *of Tantalus*. After an extended tirade by *Megæra* to the silent *Tantalus*, the "*Chorus*" chants, and the drama proceeds in eight other "scenes" (dialogue or monologue), the people from the lower world appearing no more.

2. John Studley, who translated Seneca's "Agamemnon," printed no synopsis or "argument" to go with it.

In this drama, the *Ghost of Thyestes*, desiring to avenge the injuries done him (as recited in the drama of "Thyestes," preceding), appears and incites his son *Ægisthus* to action.

The play opens with the "*Chorus*" standing on the stage. The *Ghost of Thyestes* appears, recites his wrongs to the silent *Ægisthus*, and the "*Chorus*" takes up the theme in different measure of verse. Here, again, the visitor from the under-world does not reappear in the drama.

IV.

SUETONIUS (Latin).

(Wrote about A. D. 100.)

Suetonius wrote what are known as the "Lives of the Twelve Cæsars." In the Life of Caligula, chapter 59, he says: "After Caligula's body was buried in the Lamian Gardens [at Rome], the attendants were alarmed with apparitions at night."

V.

PLUTARCH (Greek).

(A. D. 50–100.)

It has been averred that more information concerning the great men of the ancient world comes to us through Plutarch alone than from all other book-sources. Montaigne, the prince of essayists (French), pays repeated tributes to Plutarch, and Montaigne's friend Amyot translated the Greek into French.

North translated Amyot's French Plutarch into English in 1579.

Among the biographies in Plutarch's large volume are lives of Cæsar and of Brutus. From these writings Shakespeare is supposed to have built the play called "Julius Cæsar."

In the North Life of Brutus it is said "a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body appeared" to Brutus. "Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evil spirit, Brutus; and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi. Brutus, being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it, Well, then, I shall see thee again. The spirit presently vanished away; and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise nor saw anything."

In the North Life of Cæsar the text says: "Above all, the ghost that appeared unto Brutus showed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar. The vision was thus: Brutus, being ready to pass over his army from the city of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent, and, being yet awake, thinking of his affairs . . . he thought he heard a noise at his tent door, and, looking toward the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness and dreadful look, which at first made him marvelously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood at his bedside and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him, I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi. Then Brutus replied again, and said, Well, I shall see thee, then. There-withal, the spirit presently vanished from him."

Shakespeare changed this "evil spirit of Brutus" to "the Ghost of Cæsar."

APPARITIONS IN THE MIDDLE AGES

I.

While the Christian Church permitted the belief that angels, archangels, and saints might appear to the faithful, there was, on the other hand, a stern repression of witchcraft. Witchcraft, of course, was the persistence of belief in the Furies, and their ability to call up spirits from the under-world, and to wreak evil on mankind.

We may best illustrate this condition of mind with a reference to the case of Joan of Arc (A. D. 1429). It was held in those days that the Devil could not hold communion with a maid. The apparitions that the girl said she saw in the Lady's Oak at Dom-Remy, she took to be the archangel Michael, and the Saints Catherine of Damascus and Margaret of Alexandria. These saints were pictured on the windows of her little church. England was invading France, and Joan's revelations in effect saved France. When the English bought the Maid from the feudal lord who had betrayed her, it was necessary for the English priests, or the French priests in English pay, to deny that Joan was a Maid, to make her out a witch, or Fury, and thus to show that it was the Devil and the under-world that guided her. In the trial at Rouen, and the appeal at Paris, this was proved to the satisfaction of the English Church, and Joan was publicly burned as a witch, or Fury.

Generally speaking, communication with the people and powers of the other worlds was looked on with suspicion, and one must be of holy character to vindicate the belief that the affair was good.

II.

It may be seen, from the dramatic history of the Ghost and the Furies, that they all came from below, and therefore, to the minds of common people in the times of Kyd and Shakespeare, were to be abhorred.

When the English dramatists came to make the *Ghost* an efficient part of their plots, the utmost care was necessary in order not to defy public opinion. In the case of the supposed Kyd's-"Hamlet," where Kyd seems to have allowed the *Ghost of Hamlet's Father* to vociferously incite *Hamlet* to action, the play may have been killed by ridicule rather than bigotry, for the wits seem to have united in dubbing the *Prince of Denmark* "Hamlet Revenge," a name by itself, like John Doe or Richard Roe.

Shakespeare, with great pains, often repeated, takes note of the popular opinion, and *Hamlet's* action in dealing with a spirit from the grave at midnight is founded entirely upon the duty of filial piety—a belief equally old and respectable among mankind. *Hamlet* risks his soul, and loses love, happiness, throne, and self-respect, in obeying one of the ancient statutes of mankind, and in following the directions of the *Spirit of his Father*, which calls for revenge.

III.

With regard to the *Weird* or *Weyard Sisters* of Shakespeare's time, (as used in "Macbeth") they are a persistence of the classic *Furies*, and they, in turn, were a continuation of the very ancient star-worship, or fear of the North, Set, Typhon, the slayer of Osiris—in a word, the Night. "Weird" runs into the word "North." Man from the first trembled at the thought of the Arctic darkness, as reported by adventurers.

IV.

In Reginald Scot's "Discovery of Witchcraft," London, 1580, there are recipes for the preparation of diabolical ointments, whereby witches may ride in the air in the moonlight. (Moonlight was favorable to the journeys of witches.) The ointment is rubbed on the skin of the witch, particularly on the hips. In "Macbeth" the incantations of the witches about the cauldron are suggested by Middleton's "Witch," and Middleton's terminology, describing the contents of the cauldron (for making the ointment) is copied from Scot's book. When King James came to the throne he caused Scot's book to be publicly burned. This again shows on what dangerous ground Shakespeare was treading when he introduced demonology and ghosts into "Macbeth" and "Hamlet."

In the later era of the Puritans in England Shakespeare and his theatre would have been impossible, and we should have had no Shakespeare cult. There would have been no *Hamlet*, *Iago*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Mark Antony*, *Romeo*, *Prospero*, *Wolsey*, *Shylock*, *Richard*, *Timon*, *Falstaff*, *Bottom*—no sonnets and poems—nor all the rest. Long before Shakespeare died, traveling players had been barred by high license from appearing at Stratford itself.

V.

Marlowe's "Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" excited the horror of the devout. Among the Harleian Manuscripts is preserved a paper: "Note containing the opinion of one Christopher Marlye, concerning his damnable opinions and judgment of religion and scorn of God's word." To this a commentator has added: "A Note delivered on Whitson-eve last of the most horrible blasphemies uttered by Cristofer Marlye, who within three days after came to a sudden and fearful end of his life." Israel Gollancz says: "On the question of Marlowe's heresies, and his imminent danger of arrest, just about the time when he was slain by Francis Archer, the first of June, 1593, compare Mr. Sidney Lee's valuable article on Marlowe in the Dictionary of National Biography."

Possibly, Shakespeare in "Hamlet" was hurling a dramatic brick-bat at the owners of "Dr. Faustus" when he dwelt so persistently on "Wittenberg" and "the University," for Dr. John Faustus, the hero of Marlowe's tragedy, was a Master at the Saxon seat of learning, and the scene of "Doctor Faustus" is laid at Wittenberg. This, however, might really please the Catholics, for Wittenberg was the first Protestant college.

There is also preserved a work printed in 1594, entitled: "The Second Report of Dr. John Faustus, containing his appearances, and the deeds of Wagner. Written by an English Gentleman, student in Wittenberg, an University of Germany, in Saxony."

FEIGNED INSANITY IN HISTORY AND FABLE

NOTE.—It is the object of this article to trace the Feigned Insanity *motif*, and to show that it gradually became rudimentary in the Revenge drama. Insanity, in the myths, had been real before it was feigned. In "Hamlet" it was dramatically unneeded, and became an obstruction.

I.

KING DAVID

Saxo - Grammaticus, through Bandello, Belleforest, and Pavier, in the history of Amlethus (Hamlet), points out that "King David counterfeited the mad-man among the petty kings of Palestine, to preserve his life from the subtle practices of those kings."

See First Samuel, 21:13 : "And he changed his behavior before them, and feigned himself mad in their hands," etc.

II.

BRUTUS

Lucius Junius Brutus, in order to escape assassination for himself, and to free Rome from the Tarquins, feigned insanity:—*Livy*, 1 and 2; *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, 4 and 6; *Plutarch* quotes *Aristides Milesius*, author of an Italian History.

Plutarch finds a Greek parallel for part of the Junius legend in the Macedonian History of Aretades Cnidius.

Legends such as bestrew the early pages of Livy's History of Rome are world-myths, and were attached to the history of nearly all early cities.

III.

"TITUS"

"Titus Andronicus," in which insanity is feigned, comes through "Titus and Vespasian" (lost), and is a variant of the story of the Roman Brutus. The vestiges of the three Furies are also seen in the play.

IV.

"HIERONIMO"

In the "Spanish Tragedy," as will be shown, *Hieronimo* feigns insanity, although Ben Jonson, in his additions, made the error of casting *Hieronimo* as *really* mad (like *Orestes*).

V.

"HAMLET"

Probably in the lost "Hamlet" the Prince feigned madness, as he certainly does in Shakespeare, thus following both *Hieronimo* and the Hamblet history.

VI.

VISIONS

Parallel with this was the belief of the ancients that the swallowing of hemlock or belladonna would cause temporary lunacy or hallucinations. For instance: "Macbeth," 1, 3. (The *Witches* having vanished.) "*Banquo.* Were such things here . . . or have we eaten the insane root that takes the reason prisoner?"

VII.

SUMMARY

The feigning of lunacy by a prince, or younger brother, or other person, is a world-myth, and is among the earliest of Livy's fables. David feigns insanity; Junius Brutus feigns insanity; *Titus Andronicus* (in the *Vespasian* play) feigns insanity; *Titus Andronicus* (in the Shakespeare play) feigns insanity; *Hieronimo*, in the "Spanish Tragedy" feigns insanity; *Amlethus*, in Saxo's chronicle, (the world-myth traveling northward) feigns insanity, and the tale was so translated—by Bandello into Italian; thence into French by Belleforest; thence into English for Pavier; *Hamlet* (in Shakespeare's play), feigns insanity. Doubtless the *Hamlet* of the lost "Hamlet"-drama feigned insanity.

The *Furies* are often associated with the insanity myth, as in *Orestes*, "Andronicus" and "Macbeth." In *Hieronimo* there is but one *Fury* (*Revenge*).

Dr. Johnson noted the futility of *Hamlet's* feigned insanity, but gave no reason for the presence of the *motif.* He was inclined to be entertained rather than delayed with the diversity of incident in the drama.

THOMAS KYD'S "SPANISH TRAGEDY"

NOTE.—It is the object of this important article to show the evolution from the cannibal feast as a stage-situation into the play-within-a-play, written by the Avenger. The Ghost from the Fratricide model is retained. We have made an earnest attempt to sketch Kyd's great play, and to point out its direct and irrefutable influence on Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

I.

The literary history and an abstract of the Danish Fratricide Story will follow further along in these pages. Meanwhile we come to a stage in the development of the classic end of the matter where the student of "Hamlet" may recognize many familiar landmarks. "The Spanish Tragedy," licensed October 6, 1592, was the most famous and most popular drama of Shakespeare's day. It touchingly portrayed the grief of a father for his murdered son; and if the vengeance of that father was terrible, it was on lines made classic by 2,000 years of the world's best drama. From this wonderful play of "Hieronimo," as it was popularly called, Kyd almost undoubtedly advanced to a drama of "Hamlet," and failed. It was so bad that it lives only in the jibes that were hurled at it. Playgoers resented the direct entry of the *Ghost* into the action, for the poor *Ghost* could only cry for Revenge, and was tiresome. Note how annoying to the eye the three avengers in black become in the opera of "*Don Giovanni.*" It required Shakespeare's great speech in "Hamlet" to bring the *Ghost* authentically on the boards.

When Shakespeare gave himself to the adaptation of "Hamlet" and the creation of the Melancholy Dane, the loss of Hamnet Shakespeare was still fresh in the stricken father's mind.

The term "psychological" has been possibly vulgarized, and the term "metaphysical" is ill-understood, but in a study of "Hamlet" on the lines of twentieth-century philosophy, we must use one term or the other. We must view "Hamlet" psychologically—or, rather, we must admit that we are ourselves in some state of hypnosis when we learn that a man in 1600 could address our intellects more wisely and more directly than can any man of 1900, although the triumphs of man over physical nature in the 300 intervening years have been incalculable in number and inconceivable in importance.

Psychologically, then, as Shakespeare got under the world-load of "Hamlet," it was not his father who had also just died at Stratford that he was lamenting—it must have been "the foul and unnatural" loss of his only son, even though it were by non-violent death—a disaster whose bad effects no father ever out-lived. In Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" we have the true condition—*Hieronimo's* son is no more. Psychologically, at many moments, *Hamlet* is *Hieronimo*—a man with a stricken father's age, wisdom, sedateness, and melancholy.

Hieronimo's beloved son was named *Horatio*. In the "shifting of scenes" made necessary in Shakespeare's "Hamlet," *Horatio* becomes the only friend—the only confidant—of the unfortunate *Hamlet*, and *Hieronimo* psychologically becomes the *Prince of Denmark*. The melancholy of the young *Hamlet* flows far more logically over upon the mature "Macbeth," where the demon-motif is closely related, and where *Macbeth* can be far more naturally *Hieronimo*. Many speeches by *Macbeth* are, psychologically, speeches by *Hamlet*. That is, it is really the mature man Shakespeare speaking in his deepest melancholia, induced, we believe, by little Hamnet's death at Stratford.

Shakespeare, commonly regarded as the greatest writer who ever lived, was thus played on, by literary models and by life's misfortunes. The character of *Hamlet*, resulting, has fastened itself to men's hearts with hooks of steel—has served as the psychological mirror of many men's own inner lives. It is the chief miracle of literature.

Victor Hugo said, when he contemplated "Bloody Week" in the Paris Commune of 1871: "It is Paris, nailed upon the cross, for the sins of the whole world." The heart of man nearly always goes toward a martyr; for each contemplative mind sees self-martyrdom in life—hence, probably, we have the pre-historic Osiris-motif which we briefly treat historically a little further on. In *Hamlet* mankind sees an Osiris, and, without entering the religious field at all, a perfectly human being, the creation of Shakespeare, takes on the human vestments of the Nazarene born at Bethlehem in Judea.

II.

With the preceding observations, we shall now attempt a running account of the "Spanish Tragedy," by Kyd, tarrying at times to note its other influences on Shakespeare's plays.

The drama opens with a prologue between the *Ghost of Andrea*, late a Spanish nobleman, and a Fury named *Revenge*. *Andrea* tells *Revenge* how he loved and won *Bellimperia*, but went to battle and was slain by *Balthazar*. *Horatio*, son of the Spanish Marshal, *Hieronimo*, gave *Andrea's* body honorable burial. *Revenge* tells *Andrea's Ghost* it shall see *Bellimperia* kill *Balthazar*. The twain now sit down "and serve for Chorus in this tragedy." Later, *Revenge* goes to sleep, as did the Furies in the tragedy of Eschylus. The Shakespeare commentators have made sport of this, being indifferent to its classic pedigree—for *Revenge* sleeps while crimes are "unwhipt of justice."

In Scene 2, the *King of Spain* is told the story of the battle, by his brother, *Cyprian Duke of Castile*. After *Balthazar* had slain *Andrea*, *Horatio*, son of *Hieronimo*, captured *Balthazar*. The *King* therefore compliments *Hieronimo, Marshal of Spain*, on being father of such a son. "Frolic with thy King," says the monarch, implying that the Marshal shall give some sort of entertainment. The "army" now enters with *Balthazar* captive, led by *Lorenzo*, nephew of the *King*, (villain of the play) and *Horatio*. Both captors claim *Balthazar*, but he is sent to *Lorenzo's* house, and *Horatio* is induced to keep them company.

Scene 3 is at the Court of Portugal, whither news of the lost battle has come.

In Scene 4 (again in Spain) *Horatio* tells *Bellimperia* how *Andrea* died, and she determines to love *Horatio*, in order to be revenged on *Balthazar*, who loves her. Note that *Lorenzo*, villain, is brother of *Bellimperia* and son of *Castile*. Enter *Lorenzo* and *Balthazar*, the prisoner, the scene revealing the rivalry between *Horatio* and the prisoner for *Bellimperia's* hand.

In Scene 5 the *King of Spain* gives a banquet to the Portuguese Ambassador, who has come with ransom for *Balthazar*, but the latter declares he is prisoner to *Bellim-*

peria. Hieronimo plays a dumb-show with a company before the *King*, and explains it. The *King* and all are pleased.

Lastly, in Scene 6, the *Ghost of Andrea* complains to *Revenge* that things so far are not going to suit him at all.

In Act II., Scene 1, *Lorenzo* and *Balthazar* commune concerning *Bellimperia. Lorenzo* says: "In time the savage bull sustains the yoke." [In Shakespeare's "Much Ado," Act I., Scene 1, *Don Pedro* says to *Benedick:* "In time the savage bull sustains the yoke."] Enter *Pedringano*, servant to *Bellimperia*, who is forceed to confess that *Bellimperia* loves *Horatio. Horatio's* death is now plotted. Note that *Bellimperia* makes a shift in her love from *Andrea* to *Horatio* as sudden as *Romeo's* change in passion in the first act of "Romeo and Juliet" (where there is also a *Balthazar* in the cast.)

Scene 2 is a fine one. *Horatio* and *Bellimperia* make love, while *Lorenzo* and *Balthazar*, placed in concealment by *Pedringano*, interlude with witty comments.

In Scene 3, *Cyprian*, father of *Bellimperia* and *Lorenzo*, tells the *King* his daughter shall obey him.

Here the speeches and inter-relations of *Cyprian, Bellimperia* and *Lorenzo* are highly useful in tracing the puzzling acts of Shakespeare's *Polonius, Ophelia,* and *Laertes*, in "Hamlet." *Bellimperia* is of royal blood, while *Ophelia*, her psychological copy, is not. Shakespeare has perhaps slighted this fact.

The scene arranges for the wedding of *Balthazar* and *Bellimperia.*

Scene 4 resumes a love-colloquy which Shakespeare marvelously improved upon in "Romeo" and in "Shylock." While *Horatio* and *Bellimperia* are at the height of their love-making, the conspirators, including *Pedringano* and *Serberine*, two tools, rush in, and hang and stab *Horatio*, carrying away the lady.

In Scene 5, *Hieronimo* hears the lady's screams, and rushes on the scene, to cut down his son's dead body, and to utter a speech of sorrow that touched all hearts in the ancient audiences. The wife and mother, *Isabella*, is also aroused, and together the stricken parents bear away the slain son, *Horatio.*

In a late addition by Ben Jonson to his celebrated scene, *Hieronimo* becomes immediately mad, and Jonson has certainly imitated the manner of *Ophelia's* madness in Shakespeare's "Hamlet." The scene is better out.

Finally, again, in Scene 6, the *Ghost of Andrea*, who has been watching all this, complains that matters are still worse, and *Revenge* begs him to be patient.

Act III., Scene 1, opens and closes with the inconsequential sub-plot at the Court of Portugal.

Scene 2 begins with one of the best speeches in the Elizabethan drama, wherein *Hieronimo* laments the injustice of the world: "O world! no world, but mass of public wrongs." "The night, sad secretary to my moans." In the midst of this speech he picks up a letter written in blood from *Bellimperia*, telling him how his son *Horatio* was murdered. Here, as with *Hamlet*, there comes fear of a trap, and *Hieronimo* determines to seek confirmation of the letter's truth by other means. *Lorenzo* enters and offers aid, which is declined. "My thoughts no tongue can tell" says *Hieronimo*, with *Hamlet's* equivocation. ["Give thy thoughts no tongue," says *Polonius*.] In a monologue *Lorenzo* lights the way for Shakespeare's *Iago* in "Othello." *Lorenzo* says:

> And better 'tis that base companions die,
> Than by their life to hazard our good haps.
> Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith;
> I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend.

Lorenzo, like *Iago*, has won his victims through their love of gold. *Pedringano*, at *Lorenzo's* command, assassinates *Serberine;* is captured, and (briefly) will be hanged for it, *Lorenzo*, in true *Iago* style, expressing horror of so foul a deed, and leaving *Pedringano* to his fate.

The execution of *Pedringano*, dupe of *Lorenzo*, carries us to Scene 7, where *Hieronimo* receives a letter written by the dead rogue, the hanged *Pedringano*, which fully confirms what *Bellimperia* had written. *Hieronimo* will now complain to the *King*.

In Scene 8 *Isabella*, the mother of *Horatio* goes mad.

> Ah! but none of them will purge the heart!
> No, there's no medicine left for my disease.

[*She runs lunatic.*]

[*Note.*—In "Macbeth," *Lady Macbeth* has gone mad, *Macbeth*. "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" The text of "Macbeth" hereabouts, with the word "purge" recalls Kyd's text, having a similar stage situation. There is "a troop of fiery Cherubins" in Kyd. *Hieronimo* becomes *Macbeth* very easily, with his wife going mad. This is mentioned here to get the psychological mood of "the young *Hamlet*," and to argue that, in "Hamlet," we are really dealing with the stricken father, William Shakespeare.]

Scenes 9 and 10 continue the Macchiavellian operations of *Lorenzo*, prototype of *Iago*. Feeling that Shakespeare had Kyd's work before him as he wrote "Macbeth" (as well as "Hamlet"), let us quote Kyd's ending lines:

> As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
> Incertain to effect his pilgrimage.

Shakespeare's *Murderer* says:

> Now spurs the lated traveler apace
> To gain the timely inn.

Here we have two creative writers, (Kyd and Shakespeare) both at work in an atmosphere of assassination. It is additional proof, too, that Shakespeare went directly out of "Hamlet" into the making of "Macbeth" (or *vice versa*.)

At Scene 11 comes one of Kyd's finest passages, where *Hieronimo* discloses his own madness.

In Scene 12 the drama well merits the praises that were bestowed on it. *Hieronimo*, in soliloquy, contemplates suicide, but is restrained by the duty of revenge. "Here's the King—nay, stay; and here, ay here—there goes the hare away." The origin of some of *Hamlet's* remarks here is perceived.

The mad *Hieronimo* breaks upon a court-scene, where *Balthazar's* wedding to *Bellimperia* is being arranged.

> *King*. Who is he that interrupts our business?
> *Hier*. Not I. Hieronimo, beware! go by! go by!

[This became stock slang of Elizabethan times. Shakespeare's *Sly* says: "Go by, Jeronimy."—"*Taming of the Shrew*," *in the Induction*.]

Here, in Scene 12, the madness of *Hieronimo* is noted by the *King*, who directs that it be looked after—as in "Hamlet."

We have not dealt with the additions by Ben Jonson to the "Spanish Tragedy," for they are of a date late enough to have themselves been influenced by Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

Scene 13. "Enter *Hieronimo*, with a book in his hand." He decides against suicide. "And therefore all times fit not for revenge."

> No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
> Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue
> To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,
> Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
> Thy cap to courtesy and thy knee to bow,
> Till to revenge thou know, when, where, and how.

To him enter three *Citizens* and an *Old Man*. They entreat him to appear as their attorney-at-law. The *Old Man* bewails a murdered son, thus exciting *Hieronimo's* sympathy: "No, sir, it was *my* murdered son." "Here, take my handkercher"—"my purse." Now follows a speech, the model of *Hamlet's*, where he wonders how the actor could simulate so much woe:

> *Hier*. Behold the sorrows and the sad laments
> That he delivered for his son's decease!
> If love's effects so strive in lesser things,
> If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,
> If love express such power in poor estates:
> Hieronimo, as when a raging sea,
> Toss'd with the wind and tide, o'er-turnest then
> The upper billows' course of waves to keep
> Whilst lesser waters labor in the deep:
> Then sham'st thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect
> The sweet revenge of thy Horatio?

"What would he do," asks *Hamlet*, "had he the motive and the cue for passion that *I* have?" "Prompted to my revenge bv heaven and hell," says *Hamlet* here. "I'll down to hell," says *Hieronimo* here. "Revenge on them that murderéd my son."

Hieronimo tears the clients' papers. They cry out: "You, my lord, have torn the same." "That cannot be," says *Hieronimo*, "I gave it never a wound. . . Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can." [Here we see *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, where she returns the letters, and where *Hamlet*, simulating madness, runs out.]

Scenes 14 and 15 move toward the wedding celebration, with *Hieronimo* concealing his purposes. His attitude toward *Lorenzo* (villain) brother of *Bellimperia*, models the attitude of *Hamlet* toward *Laertes* brother of *Ophelia*, in the graveyard of Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

Scene 16 concludes Act III., and on account of the "Dumb-Show" (as in "Hamlet") is especially interesting.

The *Ghost of Andrea* calls on *Revenge* to awake. *Revenge* continues to doze. There enters a Dumb-Show, in which is silently enacted a wedding that ends in gloom. *Revenge* interprets the Dumb-Show, as *Hamlet* interprets the Dumb-Show to *Ophelia*. The *Ghost* is pacified. It, however, must be noticed that Kyd separates the Dumb-Show from the Mimic Play.

We have now come to the last act—Act IV. Kyd reserves the play-within-the-play for the end, and herein, we believe, it is better play-building than is seen in "Hamlet."

In Scene 1, *Bellimperia* joins with *Hieronimo* for revenge.

Balthazar and *Lorenzo*, the intended victims, are sent by the monarch to beg *Hieronimo* to again "frolic with the King." *Hieronimo* shows them a book, tells them how he "studied at Toledo" when he was young [this foretells Wittenburg University in "Hamlet"] and wrote a tragedy. If *Lorenzo* and *Balthazar* will act in it, *Hieronimo* will produce it before the *King* to grace the wedding-feast. *Bellimperia* also agrees to play, and it is arranged, *Hieronimo* telling the story of "Soliman and Perseda," the proposed drama. *Hieronimo* will play the murderous *Bashaw; Balthazar* will play *Soliman; Lorenzo* will play *Earsto;* and *Bellimperia* will play *Perseda*, who in the story slew *Soliman*.

Hieronimo here gives to each the "card" or "part" belonging to that character, and agrees to spend *Horatio's* money (the ransom for *Balthazar*), in setting forth the entertainment.

In Scene 2 the mad *Isabella* kills herself, as the mad *Ophelia* dies in "Hamlet." "See where his ghost," she says, "solicits with his wounds, revenge on her that should revenge his death." [Here the *Ghost of Horatio* is the *Ghost of Banquo* in "Macbeth.]" This suicide is noted by *Hieronimo* as an additional reason for Revenge.

Scenes 3 and 4 proceed with the play-within-a-play. The guests and courtiers pass to the gallery and are locked in. The players are to all speak in different foreign languages. The *King* takes a chair or throne on the stage, and gives to his brother *Cyprian*, father of *Lorenzo* and *Bellimperia*, the prompt-book. The *King* announces: "Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo, in sundry languages, was thought good to be set down in English, more largely for the easier understanding to every public reader."

Thus, the *King* is on the stage. The *Viceroy of Portugal*, father of *Balthazar;* and *Cyprian*, father of *Lorenzo* and *Bellimperia*, are locked with the audience in the gallery.

Accordingly as the little play proceeds, the *Bashaw* (*Hieronimo*) stabs *Erasto* (*Lorenzo*); *Perseda* (*Bellimperia*) stabs *Soliman* (*Balthazar*) and thereupon stabs herself. This is all real, while the audience supposes it to be merely impersonated. The *King* now asks what follows for *Hieronimo*. *Hieronimo*, coming from behind the arras, shows his dead son *Horatio:*

> See here my show, look on this spectacle:
> Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end. [etc.]

[*Hamlet*, with a dead body at hand, behind an arras,—(the body later is dragged upon the stage),—addresses his mother, as *Hieronimo* now addresses the *King*, reciting the dark crime which has been committed. "Look here!" says *Hamlet*, his bloody sword in hand.]

Hieronimo, having explained to the audience the extent of the tragedy they have seen, now prepares to kill himself, with the manner of speech of *Othello* at his suicide, but the audience breaks in, and *Cyprian* holds him. *Hieronimo* at last [like *Iago*] refuses to speak more, and the *King*, with "Speak, traitor! damnéd, bloody murderer, speak!" [as in "Othello"] calls for the torture. "I'll make thee tell."

Hieronimo now bites out his own tongue. They declare he must write. He calls for a knife "to mend his pen," and, with the knife, he slays *Cyprian* and himself.

"The trumpets sound a dead march; the King of Spain mourning after his brother's body, and the King of Portingal bearing the body of his son"—so reads the ancient stage-direction. [See the end of "Hamlet," which is exactly similar.]

In Scene 5, the *Ghost of Andrea* recites all these tragedies, and *Revenge* suggests that they now go below and each deal out ease or woes according to the deserts of the slain ones.

> I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
> Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.

So ends the most popular tragedy of olden English times. We have recalled "Macbeth," "Othello" and other Shakespearean plays to show that the Swan of Avon knew his "Spanish Tragedy" exceeding well, but our *real* object has been to prepare the reader for the proper reading of "Hamlet." In the making of "Hamlet," the "Spanish Tragedy" is only one building-part of the house in which *My Lord Hamlet* took up his immortal abode.

III.

SUMMARY.—The abstract of a drama, scene by scene, sometimes confuses the reader's attention. Let us therefore again see what we have of *Hamlet* and his environment in Kyd's work—and there is a great deal:

1. There is a *Ghost.* Inhabitants of the under-world direct the tragedy. In the lost "Hamlet" that *Ghost* is believed to have developed into a speaking-part, crying for revenge.

2. There is a Dumb-Show, foretelling future action in the drama.

3. There is a play-within-the-play, which the principal actor has written and directs. He is a dramatic expert, and college-bred.

4. The relations of *Cyprian* and his children, *Lorenzo* and *Bellimperia*, are somewhat like those of *Polonius*, *Laertes* and *Ophelia*, and all three die. Occasionally the attitude of *Hieronimo* toward *Lorenzo* is like that of *Hamlet* toward *Laertes.*

5. There is a beloved *Horatio.*

6. There is a slain one to be avenged, whose foul and unnatural murder is gradually revealed to the next of kin. The natural Avenger doubts, hesitates, demands further proofs. He simulates madness, or really is mad. Kyd wrote the play equivocally in this regard, and Shakespeare copied him.

7. A female character, because of the murder of a near relative, and the supposed madness of another, goes mad and kills herself.

8. The hesitating Avenger contemplates suicide. He carries a book at this point. His apparent mental condition arouses the attention of the *King*, who directs that it be looked into.

9. The principal character notes the cause of grief in another as being comparatively trivial, and chides himself for not acting, on a far greater cause.

10. He denies that he ever had certain papers, and runs out like a madman.

11. With an arras, and with a dead body (murdered) on the stage, there is a speech of explanation by the Avenger.

12. At the end of the action, in both dramas, a dead march plays and the bodies of the dead are borne from the stage. Five have been killed on the stage at the end of Kyd's play; four at the end of Shakespeare's. In both a woman at the end is the immediate means of her own death.

Any criticism that dwells on the horrors of Kyd's drama falls with nearly equal harshness on "Hamlet," and we think the general construction is the better in "Hieronimo."

The reader who shall honor us with a perusal of our entire work will act consistently in paying far more than a cursory notice to this abstract of *Hieronimo.* We regret that space forbids a reprint of Kyd's full text; but modern reprints of "The Spanish Tragedy" are both cheap and beautiful.

The inquiring student also will be sure to desire to know more about this Thomas Kyd, author of "The Spanish Tragedy."

Thomas Kyd was baptized in the Church of St. Mary of Woolnoth, in London, November 6, 1558. (Shakespeare and Marlowe were born in 1564.) He was educated in Merchant Taylors' School, a first-class institution.

In Kyd's translation from the French of "Cornelia," which was printed in 1594, he wrote, in a dedication, that he had "no leisure but such as evermore is travailed with the afflictions of the mind, than which the world affords no greater misery."

Bodenham, in 1600, speaks of Kyd as among "the modern and extant poets," but Dekker, in 1607, writes of Kyd as having entered the Elysian Fields some time before the biting and satirical Nash, who died about 1601.

So Kyd lived between 1558 and 1601, some forty-two years. Shakespeare lived ten more years than Kyd and twenty-three more than Marlowe. Shakespeare's possible relations with Middleton also should be carefully investigated.

If there were a lost "Hamlet," Kyd's translations from the French render it possible that he made that "Hamlet" from Belleforest's continuation of Boiastuau's French stories (from Bandello, the Italian). It would be there that Kyd would naturally develop the play-within-the-play, add it to the Hamblet story, and thus have the general structure of a play ready for copying by the young card-writer Shakespeare.

The Reverend Francis Meres, in his book, coupled the names of Kyd and Shakespeare, which may have been done because they may have been associates.

Israel Gollancz is our authority for the statement that Shakespeare's company of actors owned "The Spanish Tragedy."

When Nash wrote his bitter criticism of Kyd (to be shown later) Kyd's "shifting companions" would almost certainly refer to

Shakespeare. "Companions" was a word for "fellow," and was faddishly used. Greene had called Shakespeare *Shake-scene* and Ben Jonson ("On Poet-Ape") had called him *Shift-scene.*

Finally, the *Hamlet*-material in Kyd's work aroused feelings of hatred toward Kyd in the Shakespeare-commentators of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and they usually vied in dismissing him with slight and contemptuous mention.

For this reason we beg the reader to study "The Spanish Tragedy" for himself, remembering that its blank verse is earlier than Marlowe's; Marlowe and Shakespeare were of the same age.

(*To be continued*)

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

TO be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep:
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Hamlet, Act. iii, Sc. I.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

(With apologies to Edwin Markham)

By G. EARL STEBBINS

OH, the man with the hoe is a merry old soul,
A merry old soul is he,
As he turns the sod and plants the seed,
And dreams of the crop to be.

He digs and he hoes with a right good will,
And he hums a merry old lay,
As he plants and he sows, and he rakes and he hoes,
Beginning with break of day.

And the sun looks down on this merry old soul,
This merry old soul with the hoe,
And he turns on him his brightest smile,
And watches his face all aglow.

For he knows that it's good for a man to sweat,
And to enjoy the rewards of his toil,
And so he coaches this merry old soul,
As he tills away in the soil.

And this merry old soul as he digs and he hoes,
Mops his brow with the back of his hand,
And he laughs "He He," and he laughs "Hoe Hoe,"
As he works away on his land.

But there are times of grief for this merry old soul,
This merry old soul with the hoe,
For when rains come down, the weeds come up,
To vex this toiler so.

And others reap what he has sown,
With apparent good grace and ease,
For the worms of the dust, and the fowls of the air,
Hold their tournaments and digging bees.

And the cutworms cut, and the grubworms grub,
And the chicklets chick with glee,
And the henlets scratch with both their feet,
For it's all they have, you see.

Then the heart of this merry old man grows sad,
As they slash, and they scratch, and they grub,
And his soul is filled with an inborn ire,
While his hand is filled with a club.

Then the air is filled with a din and a crash,
And a shriek and a cloud of dust,
And the neighbors are filled with much surprise,
While the hens are filled with disgust.

But in spite of his trials, he's a merry old soul,
And he begins each day with a smile,
He's up with the lark, and he works with a will,
For his work is a work that's worth while.

So here is our hand to this tiller of soil,
And here is a smile as we go,
And we'll doff our hat to this merry old soul,
This merry old soul with the hoe.

* * *

MADAME, THE DOCTOR, AND MYSELF

By MISS F. D. BARROWS

THE m's were finished at last. I had spent more than a month in reading through the yellow, dingy pile, and now I could give my attention to something else. It was all the fault of that Frenchman, Maupassant.

I had heard of him once, long ago, when English lectures were given in the district school-house of my home village. It seemed as if centuries had flown by, however since I had grown up and ventured to town, a poor kinless creature,—a slave to old books, in Mr. Bagley's shop. But Maupassant had never appealed to me in those olden days, as he had been doing in this short month from the pages of some shabby French volumes. What made him seem to be speaking directly to me, I could not have told, unless it was that through him I came to know, for the first time, just what kind of a person I was.

My battered desk by the window was merely a hint of a useful object, during these days of reading. As I was becoming acquainted with Maupassant's simple, sad people, the mumbling of old Mr. Bagley in his counting was to me like the far off humming of the bees and bugs in the gardens, about some ancient French chateau.

Often the little bell over the door would tinkle, and some businesslike person was admitted. Mr. Bagley would clear his throat. It might have been a small, distant growl of thunder for all I knew or cared. Then the lightning would strike near me, in a sudden pound of his fist on the table. He would glare at me over his glasses, and begin in his hesitating voice, as I jumped to my feet, "M-m-Miss"—When I had finished a sale and had become absorbed in my book again, I could hear him completing his speech. "M-Miss Alen!"

The days passed and although I had worked in the book-shop for a long time, my eyes would travel over the place lovingly, each night, as I left it. It was a hazy, gloomy room, and dark even on the brightest days, in its corners, where treasures lay untouched, on rows and rows of shelves. Stacks and piles of unlisted old books were always waiting for me. Sometimes, their former histories showed themselves when the name of a past owner was revealed; more often they were poor, homeless waifs, and I handled them tenderly as I gave them a home and companions in the musty place.

Soon, I began on a new pile of Journals, but still one story of the French writer seemed very vivid to me, while the wretchedness and sweetness in the life of his Madame Jeanne clung to me.

Across the narrow, cobbled road, over which drays and trucks thundered all day, was a queer, low building. Mr. Bagley had informed me that it was occupied by a branch of a corporation, which dealt in all kinds of old, second-hand goods.

Things of every sort were carried in there and out again. However, I had not bothered my head about the junk they carried, until one day a load of old furniture rattled up before its doors, and then I became excited. Perhaps, in that jumble of articles, there were some chairs like those large ones, which Madame Jeanne's drawing-room had once boasted of and proudly displayed. I felt that one of those chairs was the only thing worth possessing now. I could see it before the fireplace in my room. I imagined myself leaning back in it, in comfort, just as if Madame Jeanne's arms were there with a timid, silent offering.

As I sat gazing through the window, my eyes drinking in the heaped up wagon, a man came out of the store-house door and started across the street, directly toward me. I felt my eyes widening as I watched him come. He was familiar and yet I could not find any place into which he seemed to fit. I stared, and my hand slipped down from my chin. Soon he was on the pavement, under my window. Would he look? Why yes, he had not looked at anything else, since he had started from the doorway. There was just a glimmer of the same wonder in his eyes, too. He almost stopped under the window, at least he hesitated, then he disappeared.

I could not read again. I sat stupid and immovable. Studying Maupassant was bad for one's nerves. I slammed my books together with unsteady hands and begged Mr. Bagley to allow me the rest of the morning free. He consented, giving me a glare over his glasses, as usual.

I found myself traveling across the way to the store-house. A busy young truckman took some time in searching over the place with me, but not a decent chair could I find. He told me that they expected a variety of old pieces of furniture from some wonderful place and that I would be wise to come in early the next week.

I walked to my dinner at "The Home" still thoughtful, and wondering about the young man I had seen in the morning. Then suddenly I remembered having met him several times, having seen him run down the steps of one of the large, brick houses near "The Home." Dr. Tilden, the most famous surgeon in the city lived there. Could the man, whom I had seen, be the doctor's son? The rattle of the dishes at the meal, distracted me, as I tried to puzzle out the matter. The unfriendly faces made me realize again, as I often had before, that I did not know people, I was too busy studying them from a distance.

Not a boarder at "The Home" liked me. It must have been the disdainful little expression, which was always peering out of my eyes and the corners of my mouth, that accounted for their passing me by. Anyway, they left me entirely alone, and my only ally was a tiny, fat waitress, who always served me first, and who never left my glass unfilled.

At first, this failure of mine to be popular, had made me morbid and I spent hours at night mumbling into my pillow in the dark, and woke up at daylight very cross because the place where my head rested was soggy and tearwet. I finally stopped that nonsense, for I found that the little maid was also chambermaid on my floor, and she began to show signs of worry. Every night I found a clean slip on my pillow! I no longer indulged in tears, and decided that even as matters stood I could still live, as surely as my name was Rita Alen,—and I did.

The first of the week came, but I was too busy to go over to the junk shop. Somehow, the street seemed to have grown wider and recollections of the place were more remote. Then one afternoon it all became real and alive again.

I had been listing some dull encyclopedias, through the whole day, and suddenly I jumped up to drive away my stiffness. It had been a long afternoon and it was almost time to turn on the lights. I felt drawn to the aisle of the m's; I longed for Madame Jeanne. I felt my way along in the dim light to the spot where I knew she lay. I concluded that I would be obliged to light up if I wished to read. I put my hand to the shelf and the place was empty. A great sick feeling burned through me. Someone had bought her at last.

As I stood there, I felt that someone was watching me and I turned quickly to see who it was. At the end of the aisle I saw a dark figure, and a pair of lean, square shoulders were silhouetted against the window. I knew in a moment it was the supposed son of Doctor Tilden. There was a deadening silence, then the air about me came to life and made my fingers tremble as they had that morning when I first saw him.

"Perhaps you will wait on me?" was the low remark. It became a command however, as he reached up and deliberately turned on the light in aisle M. The voice was good and somehow matched the thin shoulders in its clear cutness and strength. I stood still, trying to decide whether I would obey or not, for he was holding my Madame in his hands carelessly. He had bent the cover back to test the binding and I clenched my teeth together, to prevent myself from telling him to stop hurting her.

He looked me over uninterested, at first, just the way the boarders at "The Home" always did, then he recognized me, and his face relaxed a little. But I looked him over with my bothersome, disdainful eyes and mouth, for I was not going to let him know that I recognized him. He was well dressed and his manner was impatient and compelling, as if he were accustomed to attendances, even before his wishes were spoken. That did not make any difference to me.

I put out my hand and touched the book, almost caressingly. It was foolish of me to feel so. I might have known that Madame would go sometime.

"You want this?" I managed to ask him.

"Yes," and he looked at me as if he wanted to add, "and why not?"

My grasp tightened on its soft pages. "I might as well tell you—I had not expected that anyone would want this book. I am so fond of it."

"So am I. It's the kind of a copy I've been looking for, for months," and his fingers held it firmly.

There we stood like two quarrelsome children, neither willing to yield. It was not businesslike of me and I could not imagine the results if Mr. Bagley ever discovered it. I should have struck a bargain on the spot and a good price I could have made, but there I stood, actually refusing to sell it. It did not belong to me. I determined to buy it then and make it mine.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Queer stores, I must say. How much is the book? I'm in a hurry."

I drew a long, shaky breath and with my hand still on the book, looked up. "It's promised. I shan't sell it."

"Shan't?" he laughed. "All right, keep your old book then," and his eyes spoke oceans of sarcasm as he left Madame in my hand. It was a heavy, clumsy volume and this sudden release, leaving it in the air, supported by a single hand, was a surprise. It made my arm twist, then I could hold it no longer and it fell down to the floor with an awful bang, sending up a shower of dust. The next thing I knew I was leaning against the book shelves, dazed. A cool, hard hand was rubbing my forehead and a boyish voice kept repeating, "Say, but I'm sorry. That was no end of a bump."

I opened my eyes and looked up. He laughed in relief. Evidently we had both stooped for the book at the same time and there had been a collision.

I completely forgot myself for a moment. "I can't bear you," I muttered, rubbing my eyes. It was an odd thing to say and he looked surprised. "'Madame Jeanne has suffered enough, without being hurt in this way. I pity you though. The book is mine, but I'll leave it here in the window. If you will be careful of her, you may read it sometimes when you come in here."

His sympathy and his laugh disappeared, and with a stiff, disgusted, "Much obliged, I'm sure," he turned abruptly and walked up aisle M, out of sight. A moment later I heard the little bell over the door tinkle and he had gone.

I put out the light and standing there in the dark laughed uncontrollably. It had all been so queer and unconventional. Perhaps he thought I was insane, for I had certainly acted so. What shades of feeling his face had shown under the low light! After all, he was just as impossible as I was.

I heard Mr. Bagley beginning to pronounce my name. It was time to close up. "M-Miss-O here you are," he grunted, as I came out into the light. I was trembling, thinking perhaps he had overheard the conversation in aisle M, but he simply wanted to tell me to come early the next morning.

In my room, that night, when I had arrived in the middle of a shampoo, I thought of poor Madame Jeanne. There she was lying on the floor of aisle M, torn and bleeding, figuratively. It was five blocks to Bagley's, but to allow Madame to lie on the floor all night seemed impossible. I would not have believed that I could be guilty of walking back into the neighborhood of the book-shop at nine o'clock; enter that dark, shadowy place just to pick up a book. I tried to persuade myself not to, but it was useless.

My hair was but half dry, so I tied it back with a red ribbon and covered it with a gay, red cap, then slipping into my raincoat, I set out. I reached the old book-shop safely and found the book where it had fallen. Somehow, I could not leave it there in the dark and loneliness. This was an old copy, French in printing, pictures, and binding, and I knew that Mr. Bagley would be glad to have me refasten the pages and so I justified myself in carrying it with me. If I should leave it, that son of Doctor Tilden's might come in earlier than I the next morning, and give Mr. Bagley a neat little sum for it.

Safe under my arm, Madame traveled home with me. Fate seemed pursuing me, however, in the form of a certain personage, for I had almost reached "The Home" and was passing Doctor Tilden's house, when the door was thrown open and two merry people ran down the steps.

"Good-night Chub. Take good care of Sue." The voice rang out clearly on the quiet, shadow-filled street and there was just the hint of a laugh behind the words. It was familiar and I looked up more closely.

A figure stood outlined in the flood of light shining from the hall on the steps. It was the man who had wanted Madame.

A sudden gust of wind came down the street. I, also stood there outlined in the light, hatless, for the wind had taken my cap flying. I was a miserable figure, my hair in my mouth and eyes, my old raincoat sailing out behind.

The merry couple stood laughing at me a moment, then turned the corner. I heard the door shut with a bang. The figure was outside now and was running down the street after my cap. I was fully aware that he had been watching me as he stood there and I could almost see the surprise and sarcasm in his eyes again. I hurried along with a blind idea that perhaps I could escape him. I had almost reached "The Home" steps, when I heard him running close behind me.

"That was a sprint and a half," he exclaimed, breathlessly, over my shoulder. "Allow me," and he set the cap on my head rakishly.

The glare of "The Home" lights fell upon us both, as we stopped there. Instead of the disgust I had expected to see in his eyes, there was a quizzical surprise. It was the red bow! I knew! Then I saw the look change to admiration,—my mother had always told me that red was the color, which the women of our family had worn for generations. I did not speak, but stood with my foot on the steps, ready to fly.

"I see you have Madame with you," he laughed, glancing at the bundle under my arm. "Take good care of her. Good-night."

When I reached my room, I looked in the mirror. My cheeks were red, my head ruffled and curly, and the red cap was resting over one ear, jauntily. Amazed, I laughed back at myself. It was a queer laugh, part mocking and part triumphant. Perhaps you can imagine why!

Loads and loads of old material came and went from the junk shop, but no furniture. Weeks and weeks passed and I saw no signs of my interesting acquaintance, if he could be called that. The house in which I supposed him to live was closed up now, when I passed by it. I took Madame back to the store. I had paid an extravagant sum to Mr. Bagley for her, and kept her on the window stool of aisle M, as I had promised to do. Not that I ever expected to see Doctor Tilden's son or whoever he was, come in and read it there, thus showing me that I had won, but I wanted to tempt that beast, Chance.

Imagine how I felt one bright Saturday afternoon, when I was hunting for a book in aisle M, to look up and meet the friendly nod of my square shouldered stranger. He was seated in the window reading Madame. I turned quickly and walked out and I did not feel victorious, for I was angry. The book was lacking in value now. That night, I went after Madame, determined to take her home, but as I lifted her up from the window, I saw a card slipped in among the pages. I opened the book, to find that the piece of paper marked the middle of a chapter. I decided that I might as well leave it and let him finish the chapter, when my glance fell upon the card. There was Doctor Tilden, address, and office hours. I laughed. The idea of using his father's cards! It never entered my stupid head that he might be Doctor Tilden himself.

The next Saturday I wore a scarlet bow on my collar. Of course, Mr. Bagley did not notice it, but about four o'clock the bell tinkled and when I had calmed myself sufficiently to look up, I met the eyes of Mr. Tilden. He nodded and I looked down quickly, knowing that my face matched my ribbon in color.

And so passed many Saturdays, until I grew accustomed to looking up and meeting those eyes and nods. My desk was near aisle A and the reader of Madame would bring his books and sit near my window. I could not glance up without seeing him, and I often felt him looking at me, when I was working diligently.

I gave up reading Madame now, for it made me so ashamed to open the book and find my fingers hastening to the marked places.

One Saturday, at four, I looked up and window A was empty. I was more than surprised, I was disappointed and lonesome. Madame lay quietly in her place and seemed contented. After looking at her regretfully for a few moments, I came back to my desk and gazed through the window. What did I see before the door of the store-house! Excitement filled me. It was the long waited for wagon load of furniture. When I rushed out of the door, poor Mr. Bagley did not even offer to detain me.

Almost all of the furniture had been taken from the team before I had noticed it, and now the men were stacking it in a rear room. My friend, the truckman, piloted me through the over-stocked place and I found myself in the midst of all sorts of household ware.

I hunted, but could find no chairs like those Madame had owned. I crept about alone, after the truckman left me, hoping and expectant, when whom did I come across but Mr. Tilden. He was standing before a beautiful carved chair, his hands in his pockets, his soul in his eyes. This, then was the reason that he had not appeared at the book-shop during the afternoon. I began to understand just how he was my enemy. He was gloating over the very chair that I wanted.

I dived past him, and knelt down before the chair, rubbing my hands over its polished arms and back. He looked amazed to see me, and stepped nearer.

"Isn't it the exact type?" he cried eagerly, touching it as if to test its value. He had probably been here all day, admiring it. "It will be a bully companion for the one I have, and the two before my den fire will give just the picture I want. You understand what I mean, don't you? No one else does," he rambled on, exasperating me.

My heart sank. I crowded against the chair and my cheeks flamed. "Yes. I've been waiting for this chair for months. It's just the type. You shan't have it," I cried.

He gave me one look, then laughed. "Why, it's mine already. I've paid for it, you goose."

"Pooh!" was all I could think of to utter. I happened to look up quickly and scornfully, and his eyes were no longer full of love for the chair, but they were fixed on me. My hair, my cheeks, my hands, my red bow even, I saw them quickly pass over. A little quiver of excitement made me forget the chair for an instant. Perhaps he would relent and sell it to me, just because "I" was "me." But my foolishness went as quickly as it had come. I was ashamed and let my face drop down on the arm of the chair. I would say good-bye to it and then regain my diginity.

After a moment I stood up and straightened my dress and my hair, feeling his eyes on me every second. I looked off towards the band of light in the distance, which came from the door, and said very cooly, "You are selfish. You have one chair. I cannot understand why I should not have the other. But of course it is yours by right of having and holding. However, please leave a few things in the town for me, after this, when you go on a raid."

"You have the book, why shouldn't I have the chairs?" he protested, still with his quizzical, half mocking manner.

I waited for him to stand aside, to let me pass, but he acted as if he had forgotten how to do such things. The color came and went in his face, and I could feel it doing the same in mine.

Then he blurted out, "I know I'm a cad, but I just can't give up that chair,—couldn't we own them jointly?" He stopped, overcome perhaps,—I know that I would have been. It must have been my horrible, scornful expression that made him stop, but he did make me feel queer in my throat. I put my hand out on the arm of the old chair, for support. It seemed as if Madame Jeanne patted it as it lay there, enjoining me to be good and not to quarrel.

He looked at me eagerly. "You see what I mean, do you not? All the fellows call me an odd duffer—I do not know you except as I have become acquainted with you in Mr. Bagley's store. I know that you like the things that I like—at least I believe you do." He was getting sadly confused. His eyes brightened as he looked at me. "But, confound it, anyway, I'm in need of you Mademoiselle Jeanne! Won't you see it?"

The words were not much, but the appeal was strong and came from deep heart beats. Suddenly I felt my knees shaking and I almost laughed out. Surely this was no place for Rita Alen! I was being hypnotized in daylight in a common junk shop. What a place for a proposal!

I wanted to turn out the lights and laugh as I had in the book-store that night long ago. Perhaps he saw a glimmer of this in my eyes as I dared to look up at last, for he moved aside ever so little. I must have been hysterical, but I was disgusted with myself at losing my dignity. I muttered, "No, you offer impossible things. Keep your chairs." Then I fled.

When I reached the door, I stopped and looked back. He was watching me, and his hand was resting on the arm of the chair, where mine had been and where my head had rested. It was a little thing for me to notice, but it sent a delicious feeling down to my very toes, and made me spoil the whole thing by waving my hand to him as I slipped out.

It was the next day at dinner that my fat, little maid whispered something in my ear, which made me swallow the rest of the meal whole and rush up to my room. There on the bed lay a long box, but a fragrance had crept through its cardboard safe and filled the whole room. I sat on the floor and when the cover was off I saw them—roses, red like my red bow and my cheeks; roses like those Madame Jeanne must have smelt in the early morning and seen nodding and flicking in the breeze from the ocean. I guessed where they were from before I saw a card in the bottom of the box—and there staring at me again was Doctor Tilden—office hours and all. This time I believed it, and instead of feeling frightened at my escapades, I laughed and longed for battle again. I left the roses in an old vase on the hearth and went out.

A new feeling clutched at my throat. I was gay, I was feverishly happy and my feet seemed to fly over the narrow street to the book-store. If he came in again soon to read Madame, he would find one of his red roses close against my throat—then—but I would save the joy until that moment.

That afternoon passed, the shadows flew out from the corners and held me; the rose grew sweeter as it withered. The whole room seemed a new place. Then the newsboy jingled the bell over the door and I picked up the paper to glance it through, as usual.

Auction! Old Belden Estate.
2—8 p. m.
March Tenth—Monday
Large collection of French paintings,
furniture, and dishes.

That was as far as I read. O, could I go to it and find something? Could I afford it? I would anyway. The date was the coming month.

Each night as I hurried home past the row of houses in which I knew my questionable enemy lived, I wondered if he knew of that auction. I hoped not. I did want to win this time and find something. Each night, as I opened my door, a flood of fragrance came to greet me, and forced that person upon my memory. Each afternoon, in the store, I sat and gazed through the window. I could not work steadily, and "he" might go to the junk shop. But the city seemed to have swallowed him up and during that month I began to feel, that what I had thought was loneliness before, was nothing compared to this new feeling. Madame lay resting on the window all the time now. The roses had faded and my mouth was becoming scornful again, before the month preceding the auction was over.

Then Monday night of the tenth came. I did not go home to supper, but slipped on my raincoat and hat and sped toward the water. The old Belden estate ran along the water front, on a high piece of land. It was a wonderful place, with terraces, beaches, cliffs, boat-houses, Italian gardens, and innumerable unpractical things.

It was a damp, misty night, and the streets were crowded with the business people hurrying to their suppers eager to get in from this clinging air to fires and voices.

I was eager also, but it was the eagerness of battle and searching. As I dodged by teams and cars and people in the business district, I spied a pair of thin square shoulders ahead of me. It was the first time that I seen them in a month. At first I was afraid that he wouldn't see me and then I was afraid that he would.

He walked ahead of me for several blocks and at last I decided that he did know of the auction and was going to get there before I did. Well, he shouldn't see me! I would let him go in first and then I would stand in the rear and outbid him every time. I was very brave now and really thought that I could do it. Soon, I forgot to think of the auction, and just watched his long, easy strides and the way he threw his head back as he walked. I watched him turn corners and felt that he must know that I was near him.

At last, ahead, I saw the lights on the iron gates which led into the grounds, then those of the house beyond. All my interests in auctions left me and I felt frightened and alone in the darkness. I could no longer see anyone before me. The wind was east and the waves were beating up on the beach noisily. The wind swept past me, bringing with it the cry of the auctioneer in the lighted house.

I groped my way along the road and spying a seat under a pergola of Italian style, I sat down, biting my teeth together and digging my hands deep into my raincoat pockets. It would be useless to go into that house and bid with my little capital,—and the disappointment of seeing someone else—the disappointment of seeing "him" buy the things I wanted myself, would be too much.

My eyes followed the lights on the water, and the mist shimmering about them. I wished that I had never met Maupassant, if he was to affect me in this way. Mr. Bagley had told me that Maupassant was not healthy. I had wondered at the time if he had known what he meant. Now I knew that he had.

Suddenly, a black shadow loomed up from the mist before me and slumped down on the other end of the seat. Then it muttered, "Beastly collection." I stopped breathing. I was really afraid. I moved ever so little toward my end of the seat. Two eyes were strained toward me, and the shadow moved too and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon. I had no idea that there was anyone here."

It was boyish, the voice I knew. I almost reached for his coat-tails in my eagerness. "It's only me," I quavered.

"Bless us—it's Mademoiselle," he cried, and then I was swept against a smooth coat, a scratchy face, and a bold mouth. I closed my eyes and let him have my hands. Nothing seemed to matter now but this.

Then the whirlwind passed and I opened my eyes to see the shimmering mist as before, the lights; and heard the auctioneer still shouting. The cool, hard hand strayed to my forehead and brushed back my hair, as it had that day in the store. In the middle of my cheek somewhere (queer place for an ear), a low voice questioned—"Then you won't let those two chairs stand so lonesome before my den fire very long? One has red cushions—and I have seen you sitting there for weeks already."

"Must I be stationary and sit there all the time?" I laughed tremulously.

"No, only when you are not hunting up new treasures with me."

The mist shut out the lights on the water, the auctioneer's voice died away in the wind, and my fingers clutched something soft in my raincoat pocket. It was a rosebud—one of the last ones of the boxful. I brought it out and held it up to his face. "O, I love them so. Can't you see them waving with the breeze in Madame's garden?" I whispered.

"We will see them together some day, sweetheart."

THE SHADOW OF A DREAM

By Edward Wilbur Mason

IN common things I see its wondrous light;
I see its glory in the purpling rose;
Its breath I feel in every wind that blows;
Forevermore it gleams on my rapt sight.
I see its wing immaculate and white
In clouds that pass and in the falling snows;
I see it twinkle where the brooklet flows;
In flame-struck bird I see its beauty bright.
The Shadow of a Dream! Ah soul of mine!
If navelled in this darksome vale of strife
There be such splendor and such deathless cheer,
How fairer than its symbol or its sign
Must that far country be where radiant clear
The shadow of the dream indeed is Life!

THE HOME

BLUE MONDAY

"I'll scarcely earn my *board* this week!"
Groaned the Tub dejectedly;
The Wringer *turned*, and with dismal squeak,
'Twill be a *tight squeeze* for me!"

"I haven't a *copper* to bless my name!"
Fumed the Boiler over the fire;
"Not a *nickle* have I, 'tis a *burning* shame!"
Puffed the great Range, red with ire.

"My blood is blue, I'd have you know!"
The Bluing-bottle cried,
"Alas! to think I could sink so low!"
And it fell on its face, and—*dyed*

Snapped the Line, "I can't make both ends meet!"
"You're too *slack*," spoke up the Post,
"I'm *in a hole*, but I'll keep my feet,
And the *strain* won't be long at most."

"I've always had to *pinch* " whined the Pins;
"A flat pocket mine," yawned the Bag;
(The Sheet was wiping the Prop's lean shins,
And looked like a dirty rag!)

Mourned the Soap, "I've *wasted* riotously
Haven't even a *scent* for my needs!"
At which the Suds fairly *bubbled* with glee,
And, ran away 'mong the weeds.

C. B. Moddock.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the little helps found suited for use in this department, we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

—

TO CLEAN WHITE PAINT

By Mary Cassody. Whitewater, Wis.

The best way to clean white paint is to dip a piece of soft flannel cloth in warm water, wring it out, then dip it in clean bran, using this to rub the paint. The friction of the bran will remove the stains without injuring the paint.

—

CREASELESS DOILIES

By Mrs. B. H. Baker, Milwaukee, Wis.

To prevent doilies and all fancy linens from creasing and mussing when laid away, roll up in a partly stiff paper. and they will keep their shape as though freshly laundered.

—

ANTIDOTE FOR KEROSENE

By Millie Biller, Florence, Wis.

If a child should drink kerosene, give it a large spoonful of castor oil with two spoonfuls of cream.

TRANSPLANTING SMALL TREES

By Mrs. James R. Hindes, Perrysville, Ind.

A small tree or any shrub may be successfully transplanted at any season or at any stage of growth in the following way. Dig a trench entirely around the tree, a foot or more in width and a little deeper, leaving the roots imbedded in a ball of earth. Fill the trench with wet cement, and leave undisturbed till it hardens. The tree may then be lifted and removed at pleasure. After placing it where it is to stand, break and remove the cement and immediately fill the space with earth.

FOUR SUGGESTIONS

By L. L. Markus, West Duluth, Mich.

The very best way to remove the odor from pans in which fish, onions etc., have been cooked, is to put into the dish the coffee grounds left from dinner. All odor almost instantly disappears.

Keep an old comb to clean the carpet sweeper with and you will save your hands as well as time.

Tough boiling meat will be made tender by putting a little soda in the water.

Always flour suet before chopping as this keeps the particles from sticking together.

CURE FOR JAUNDICE

By Mrs. Agnes Haskel, Lowell, Mass.

By a typographical error, the word "bayberry" was used instead of "barberry" in the following:

Barberry root or bark is a sure cure for jaundice. Steep well and extract all the goodness possible. Drink freely of this bitter liquid. Many years ago this cured the writer's mother of the severest attack, and of recent years, a lady residing in Lowell, Mass.

HOW TO MEND GLOVES

By Isadore Short, Pecatonica, Ill.

I prolong the usefulness of my black silk gloves by turning them wrong side out when I first buy them, and strengthening the ends of the fingers with black court plaster and when a place wears thin anywhere I also put the plaster on the wrong side. The same might be done with white gloves, using the white court plaster.

HANDY WHILE SEWING

By S. K. Guernsey, Orlando, Fla.

It will be found convenient and many steps will be saved if a common magnet is attached to a four-foot string or thread, so that when you drop a needle or scissors you need not get up to get it, but can easily pick it up with the magnet.

NEW USE FOR TALCUM POWDER

By M. J. B., Rochester, N. Y.

Sprinkle the spot or spots thickly with talcum powder, let stand over night, and in the morning when the powder is brushed off the grease will have disappeared also.

TO KEEP LARD FRESH

By Mrs. Russell Evans, Brownsville, Tenn.

To keep lard fresh for several months, stir in about a tablespoonful of honey to every six or eight gallons of lard, after removing the dried fat.

OILCLOTH ON TABLE MAT

By Miss G. E. Jameson, Great Works, Me.

I have covered the silence cloth with white oilcloth and bound the two edges together with white tape. This saves washing the cloth and keeps it in its original state, and also saves the polish of the dining-table, which is often harmed by the spilling of hot dishes. A great convenience in this arrangement is that the tablecloth can be slipped on without sticking to the padding beneath.

CAR SICKNESS

Seasickness and also car sickness (both steam and electric) can be avoided by the liberal eating of well-salted popcorn. This has been tried many times, with success, and is a very simple remedy.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SCOURING SOAP.

By Mrs. F. S. Youtsey, Denver, Colo.

When entirely out of scouring soap, I have found that common baking soda sprinkled on a cloth is very efficient in cleaning marble basins and bath tubs.

TO KILL COOKING SMELLS

By Christina, Springfield, Mass.

To kill cooking smells, throw a few whortle-berries on the stove and notice the fine aroma it creates. You will never use anything else, once tried.

AN EXCELLENT TONIC

By Mrs. A. E. Kent, Roseburg, Ore.

Water cress contains much sulphur, and is an excellent tonic for complexion and hair. Eat it raw or as a salad dressing.

TO RELIEVE BURNS

By Dollie Mathes, Whitesboro, Texas

Make a salve of powdered alum and water and bind on the burn; the pain will immediately cease.

WHEN MAKING FRUIT PIES

By Elsie I. Phelps, Pittsburg, Kan.

In making fruit pies, brush the lower crust with unbeaten white of egg to prevent the juice from soaking through.

CANNED TOMATOES

By Bessie Bennett, Glidden, Iowa

Melted butter poured on the top of canned tomatoes just before sealing will make them keep sweet.

TO MEND BROKEN CHINA

By Alonzo Rice, Shelbyville, Ind.

Bind the broken pieces together with twine, and boil in milk for thirty minutes or more.

FOR INSOMNIA

By Ann Dutson, Leamington, Utah

For insomnia, take a cup of hot milk before retiring.

A NEW SPADING FORK

By A. L. C., Arleta, Oregon

My Lady who has a little piece of ground she wishes to set a few choice roses or to make a canna bed or pansy plot, when the menfolk are all busy in town and have no time in the evenings or mornings, just order from your hardware man a flat-tined potato fork, and use it instead of the spade or shovel, and see how much easier your task becomes, especially if the ground be gravelly. I just moved to town here and was struggling trying to make an impression on and in the hard ground to set out our roses and violets we had moved with us, when one of our neighbors called over the back fence and wanted to know if I didn't want to borrow her fork. I tried it and decided to pass the good news along to other women, and to the men, too.

STORING FURS

By Mrs. W. H. Greene, Burlington, Vt.

Take an empty kerosene barrel and put in a few newspapers on bottom and sides; then put in your goods, and head the barrel on tight, putting in an out-of-the-way place. The furs will be safe from moths for any length of time. When removing them from the barrel, hang in the open air for a few hours, and you will find them as good as new and no odor of kerosene will remain.

SURE CURE FOR CANKER-SORES

By Mary C. Harmon, Red Wing, Minn.

Canker-sores when they first appear in the mouth can be readily cured by applying red vaseline. Anoint the sores just before retiring at night, and once or twice during the day. Sometimes a single application will be enough. The writer knows of no better, milder remedy for these painful sores.

OLD-TIME REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA

By Mollie Jervey, Charleston, S. C.

One ounce bicarbonate of soda, one ounce of powdered rhubarb, one ounce of aromatic spirits of ammonia, eighteen tablespoonfuls of water. This is bottled together, and a dessert spoonful taken after each meal. Is splendid for all suffering from dyspepsia.

TO PREVENT "BOILING OVER"

By Mrs. C. H. Phillips, Cassadaga, N. Y.

When cooking anything that is apt to rise and boil over, like rice, peas, beans, etc., if a small piece of butter is put in it will stop it and is no detriment to the thing being cooked. This is one of the very best helps I have found.

TO PREVENT BED-SORES

By Mrs. E. A. Hill, Syracuse, N. Y.

Add alum to alcohol used for bathing people who are obliged to be in bed constantly; it toughens the skin and prevents bed-sores.

BAKED PORK CHOPS

By Mrs. W. H. Jersey, Nyack, N. Y.

Pork chops will be much more tender if, after being prepared as for frying, they are baked in the stove oven.

IRONING SHADOW EMBROIDERY

By Mrs. M. J. Bailey, Custer, S. D.

To make shadow embroidery stand out well, lay it right side down on a Turkish towel when ironing. You will be delighted with the result.

WHEN GLUE GETS DRY

When glue gets too dry and hard to use, pour in a little vinegar, and in a day or two it will be as good as new. This can be done over and over as it dries.

PEELING RIPE TOMATOES

Instead of pouring boiling water on ripe tomatoes to loosen the skin, rub over them the back of the paring knife. The skin will then peel off easily.

The skins can be loosened on ripe peaches by pouring on them boiling water for a few minutes. This makes less waste of fruit than the ordinary paring.

BUTTER THE DISH

Rub with butter any baking dish in which you expect to cook milk, such as macaroni and cheese, and the food will not stick to the dish and will be much easier to wash.

TO FRY PORK CHOPS

By Clara Douglass, Livonia Center, N. Y.

Try dipping your pork chops and pork tenderloins in flour before frying them, and see how delicious they are.

STALE BREAD

A crust of stale bread boiled with cabbage will absorb the disagreeable odor.

A COUGH CURE

By Mrs. D. S. Wean, Kinsman, O.

Take one pint of New Orleans molasses and add one teaspoonful of pine tar. Let simmer a little together till well mixed, then add one small teacup of good cider vinegar and one-half teaspoonful of ipecac. Cook slowly till a good syrup is formed, but not too thick to run well from a bottle. We have used this recipe for over twenty years in our home, and can recommend it.

FOR TONSILITIS

By E. L. H., Lansing, Mich.

Dampen the end of your finger and dip it into common baking soda, and touch each tonsil; repeat this treatment every hour until the soreness is entirely gone. You will find this a sure cure however severe the case may be.

TREATMENT FOR AN OLD FLOOR

By E. B. Manning, Ashland, Wis.

For filling up cracks in an old floor which you intend to paint, there is nothing better than kalsomine mixed to a paste. It will soon harden and may then be smoothed off with sandpaper and painted over.

SEALING FRUIT JARS

By P. W. C., Wheeling, W. Va.

When canning fruit if you dip the rubber in the juice of the fruit just before putting on the jar the sealing process will be more effectual. Try it.

SWIFT & CO.'S EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

By MITCHELL MANNERING

IN these times there is a pronounced recognition of the value of the work of the captains of industry in keeping things going. Labor and capital are everywhere at hand, but the main power that can combine the two factors with the genius for creating new wealth or giving better service and better products to the people is rare enough to command the highest reward that can come from supplying the increased public demand. Criticism (not to use the uglier word, vituperation) like death, loves a shining mark, and so every conspicuous success must take its share of the—well—criticism.

A good example of this is found in the so-called "Beef Trust" of Chicago, which has been condemned without limit for all kinds of wickedness; although ordinary common sense would realize that there must be much more than wickedness to account for the fraud results. In fact, a little inquiry shows that the methods introduced by the Chicago packers for utilizing the previous wastes, created a value for the public in the by-products a hundred fold more than the accumulations from the profits.

Recognized as one of the leaders in the packing industry is Swift & Company. They started in 1885 with capital stock of $300,000, and in 1908 have a business capitalized at over $50,000,000 with a volume of business exceeding $250,000,000 every year. In the meantime, hundreds of other concerns with equal opportunities and even stronger financial standing at the outset went into oblivion. Can there be any possible explanation than the fact of superior creation, intelligence with superior ability in the management to account for the success.

For many years past I have always found at the stock yards in Chicago the most interesting phases of our commercial and agricultural development. There is always something beside the meat packing business to interest the observers.

One of the most remarkable and successful Employes' Benefit Associations in the country is the organization recently perfected among the employes of Swift & Company. It has been a natural outgrowth of the great business of this concern, and of the most thorough and painstaking study of the question by Mr. Louis F. Swift, president of the great business organization. The result is one of the most effective organizations of the kind. Organized in July, 1907, it already leads in the matter of co-operative industrial insurance. The plan after all is so simple that the wonder is it was never thought of before. It provides industrial insurance at less than regular cost, with all the expense of administration to the policy holders entirely eliminated. There is not the least aspect of any charitable design. They have simply made a business proposition to pay all the expenses of the administration of such an organization. There are no collection expenses as no one but the employes are admitted to the association. There is no deficit to be looked after, and the medical examinations and the visitation of the sick are provided for by the company.

The project was made a regular department of this great business operation with offices furnished by the company. The board of directors represent the seven various plants, with Mr. Carton, treasurer of Swift & Company, serving as chairman of the advisory board. The advisory board, elected last November, is as follows:

Frank Stout, Chicago, boiler shop; M. S. Robinson, Kansas City, time keeper; C. W. Beltz, Omaha, labor gang; A. G. Hines, St Louis, superintendent's office; T. H. O'Brien, St. Joseph, fire department; N. D. Purves, St. Paul, time keeper; G. F. Clark, Fort Worth, time keeper.

The brief record of the Employes' Benefit Association from its organization July 1st, 1907, shows the wonderful possibilities of such an organization. Its primary object was simply to establish and maintain a fund for the benefit of the employes in the association in case of sickness or accident, and to aid their families in case of death. During the first month 2,538 members were enrolled and in a little over six months the membership had increased to 5,374. Up to February 29 the benefits paid numbering 954, including fourteen deaths. The total amount paid out in direct benefits was $17,615.25.

The statistics of mortality are especially interesting considering the small percentage of deaths among the employes engaged in the packing house business. The beneficiaries paid, include employes of every department of the business, and the promptness with which every case has been investigated and all claims paid has proven conclusively the efficiency of the organization. The benefits are, of course, guaranteed by Swift & Company, and under agreement they stand back of any deficiency that might occur. The salaries of the officers, medical examiners, clerks and other incidentals are paid by the company while the advisory board, elected by the employes, serves without salaries.

The basic policy of the association is much the same as that on which the restaurant is run, where a meal is provided at a cost which would hardly pay for the raw material consumed, to say nothing of the expense of preparation, serving and rental, but the plan greatly increases the efficiency and stability of the staff of employes.

The charter members of the Employes' Benefit Association all started at the same rate and on the same basis, and they were able to do this since very few of the employes were over forty-five years of age. A provision is made that any one leaving the employ at any time can maintain and hold his death benefit the same as when he entered.

When it is remembered that Swift & Company, with a rapidly growing business, already have over 27,000 employes on their pay roll, some idea of the scope of this enterprise can be realized. Instructions to the members of the Employes' Benefit Association are printed in six languages. The benefits so far required about one-half for accidents and one-half for sickness, with only a small fraction for death benefits, which compares favorably with the mortality statistics in any city in the country.

The record of medical examinations, showing general health and hygienic conditions, have a striking psychological interest little dreamed of years ago in anything known as private enterprise. The company has already begun to carefully analyze its own mortuary statistics, and finds that the risks have been steadily improving. Not one cent is paid out of receipts except for benefits and in this respect the Employes' Benefit Association is one of the most complete co-operative and mutual benefit associations that has ever been established.

The great amount of money lost in the regular associations to policy holders is occasioned through lapses of premiums which goes directly back to the beneficiaries in this organization. The spirit of the whole system seems to be the insurance of health, rather than assurance in case of death. When the time of election for representatives from the different plants as members of the advisory board occurs, there is always a spirited and lively election which is indicative of the splendid enthusiastic interest in the association.

The Employes' Benefit Association of Swift & Company is the first of its kind to provide for paying all benefits without requiring a release of any kind from employes for liability in case of accidents or the waiver of any rights whatever under any circumstances. There is no change in the status of an employes' rights by reason of his receiving accident benefits. This is one of the most radical steps ever taken by any organization or association of this kind. In fact, it is almost a fundamental proposition of this association, which intentionally obviates all possible loss from spasmodic payments and wasteful lapses so common in ordinary industrial insurance.

The association is organized through a deed of trust made by Swift & Company to provide for themselves and other persons who shall become beneficiaries under this trust, benefits in case of sickness, accidents or death. The annual meeting is in November and the whole project was carefully studied out under the direction of Mr. Louis F. Swift to provide something that was absolutely business-like and economical in every possible feature as a direct benefit to its members.

Interest in this project encouraged me to interview a number of the members of this advisory board. Everyone seemed to be enthusiastic over the splendid success it had already achieved. In meeting and talking with the various members throughout the plant and yards, there was but one opinion as to the effective operation of this organization. They insisted that there was nothing that quite equalled the insurance given them by the Employes' Benefit Association.

Primarily and fundamentally a thoroughly business proposition, the influence of the association certainly tends to make every beneficiary at heart more loyal than ever to the corporation. There is no anxiety on the part of an employe that his family will suffer in case of accident or sickness. He knows there will be no passing of the hat to provide for his wife and children. It makes him feel that he is an integral part of the great concern for which he is working.

Incidentally, I could not help noticing the splendid physical condition of the workmen and employes generally in the Packingtown district which has been so grossly misrepresented as to the industrial conditions, by certain writers. From one of the alleged tyrannical ogres of Packingtown has come a plan for industrial insurance far in advance of anything yet evolved by any of the sociological dreamers out of their abundance of sympathetic professions and Arcadian projects of universal happiness.

The Packingtown insurance idea, as inaugurated in this Employes' Benefit Association, if generally adopted would do much to eliminate the needless apprehension of want, useless and expensive struggles between labor and capital, or employer and employe. In the last analysis, the interests of both are mutual and as the general business prospers, it must insure the same prosperity in fair ratio and proportion to all concerned.

EARTH'S CALL

By Augzetta Connor

COME back to the earth, oh, ye people!
So wearied and worn with your toil,
And gain health and strength from the sunshine,
While winning your bread from the soil.

As God once spoke in Eden's garden,
Nature's God is now speaking so true—
That flaming sword will not bar your way;
That the gates are wide-open for you.

And Earth, in her dainty spring-time dress,
Is now hinting of after-whiles,
When she'll pile her treasures at your feet,
And banish your cares with her smile.

ADMINISTRATION OFFICES AND SHIPPING DEPARTMENT
Its thrifty appearance at once commands the visitor's admiration

A TRANSPLANTED INDUSTRY

NEW ENGLAND EXCELS OLD ENGLAND

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WILLIAM CARTER, SR.
Who in 1907 celebrated his semi-centennial in the knitting business

THE last time I visited dear grandfather in old England, he was just celebrating his one hundredth birthday. Quite naturally, I think he was a wonderful man, having spent a century of life, and every word which he uttered has burned itself into my memory, words replete with maxims and words of ripe wisdom, chiefest of which was, "Joe, me boy, if you want to live long, get up in the morning, and have a good hearty laugh. If you can't think of anything humorous, tickle yourself, but get up right and shake yourself with a good hearty laugh, it livens up the diaphragm. Then you are in tune. And remember that every man is born with a gift as a birthright; when you discover what yours may be, set about developing it for the best results. God bless you, me boy. I can't leave you any legacy beyond a good stock of good English grit."

Somehow or other this came vividly to mind when I started out on a tour of inspection at the establishment of The Wm. Carter Co. at Needham Heights. We saw the achievements of a sturdy English knitter, who came to this country fifty years ago, determined to make his way in the new land of the West. There was not much to do at first as there were few knitting mills, and little to employ the skill of the lad who had served his full time as an apprentice in the knitting mills of old England. It is a singular fact that, following this pioneer of American industry many of the best knitting mills in this country are now clustered around the spot where this young Englishman located.

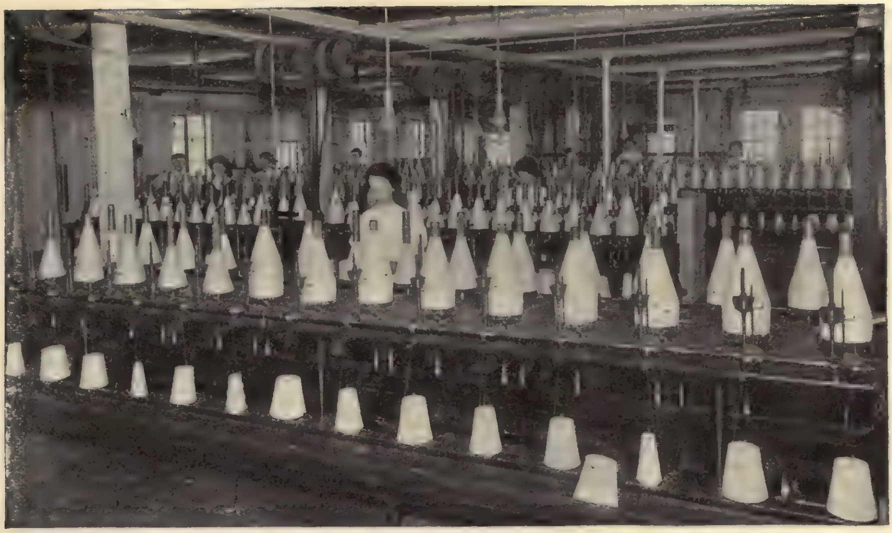
Imagine if you will a large, neatly painted white building with dark green trimmings situated in a beautiful dale between low wooded hillocks and beside a winding crystal lake fed by the ever flowing subterranean springs. It was a bit of scenery that suggested old England, the trees and the foliage all seemed to make it an ideal setting for the perfection of this industrial product—knit underwear. And yet I dare say that the scene was not so natural as the product of this man's genius.

Seated in the office my attention was called to a bunch of fabric samples, ranging from the very finest gauzy effects to the more substantial merinos, and all knitted in the softest elastic ribbed-stich.

No sooner had we begun to inspect the mills than I realized that here was the setting for a story to tell the readers of the "National" where the finest underwear in the world is produced. This aroused the enthusiasm of Mr. William Carter, Sr., who was aglow with reminiscences concerning the evolution and growth of the enterprise, in which he still takes great pride. And in a few sentences he told the whole story. "We get good labor. These people are the descendents of English knitters and trained help for generations. We take a pride in our work to produce the best. I can remember the time when we imported our knitted goods; for no sooner did an ambitious manufacturer achieve a slight success than a ship load, perhaps, of foreign-made commodities would swoop down glutting the market and swamp the struggling manufacturer who was compelled to pay higher and better wages than in the old country. But when we had a tariff and were enabled to build up our trade, not only were the goods alone greatly improved, but the workmanship became thoroughly expert."

Associated with Mr. Carter in his business are his sons. Mr. Horace Carter, Treasurer, accompanied us as we started down the hill to visit the mills. Then was the view of this charming scene presented and we stopped to feast upon its beauty. Another son, Mr William H. Carter, soon joined us. He is superintendent of the mills and conducted us on a tour of inspection, revealing the enthusiasm he had in the work and the product. I think it is the personality of Mr. Carter and

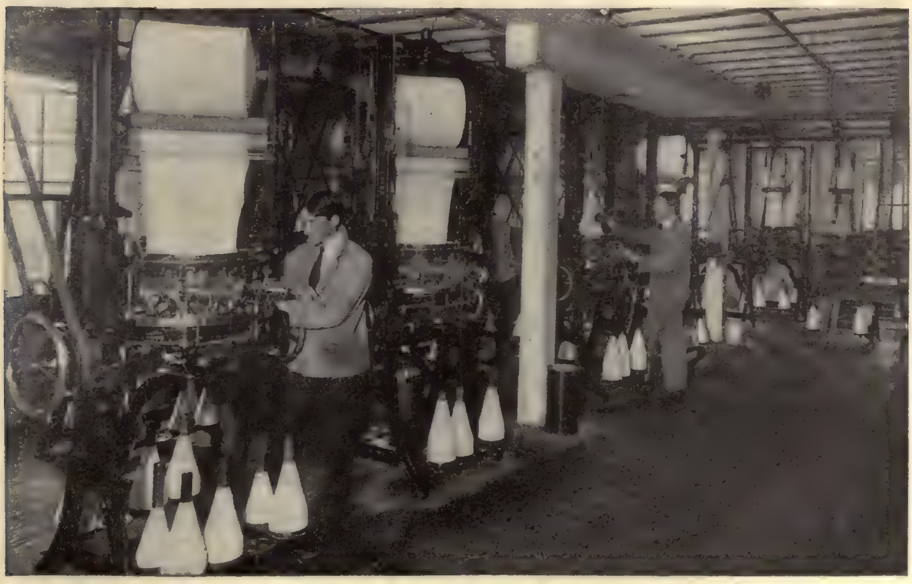
IN A BEAUTIFUL DALE BETWEEN WOODED HILLOCKS
It is a bit of scenery that suggests old England



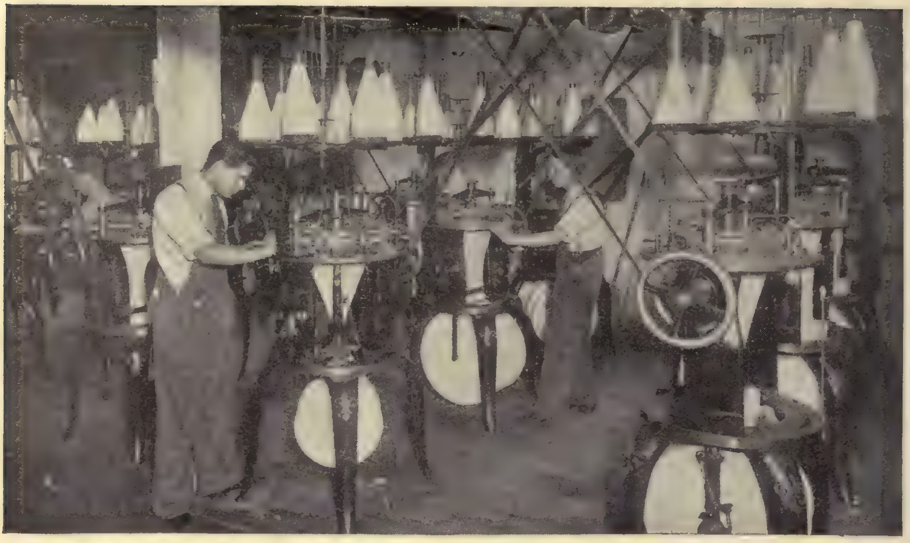
THE WINDING AND REWINDING MUST BE WATCHED ATTENTIVELY
Nothing short of perfection is the result

his sons that accounts for the high grade, and rapidly increasing demand for the Carter goods.

The foundation was shown in the selected yarns and materials used. For the first time I understood what lisle thread means. It is primarily a doubled and twisted yarn (whereas, other yarns are single threaded) with the nap burned off by being passed rapidly, in a dexterous way, over a singeing flame, doing the work as effectively as mother burned the downy feathers off a chicken with flaming paper. In the winding room there were long frame-machines where the thread was wound and rewound, to carefully inspect it for any imperfections and to prepare it carefully for the knitting machines. It was wound from cylindrical form to conical form in order that finally the tension and pull would be just right when used on the knitting machines.

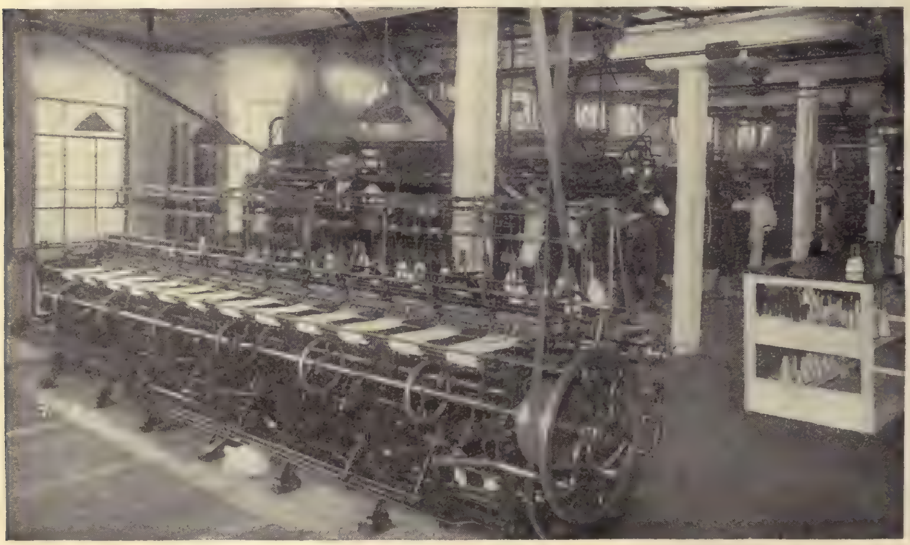


KNITTING THE TUBULAR WEBS
Note the touch test with the back of the hand

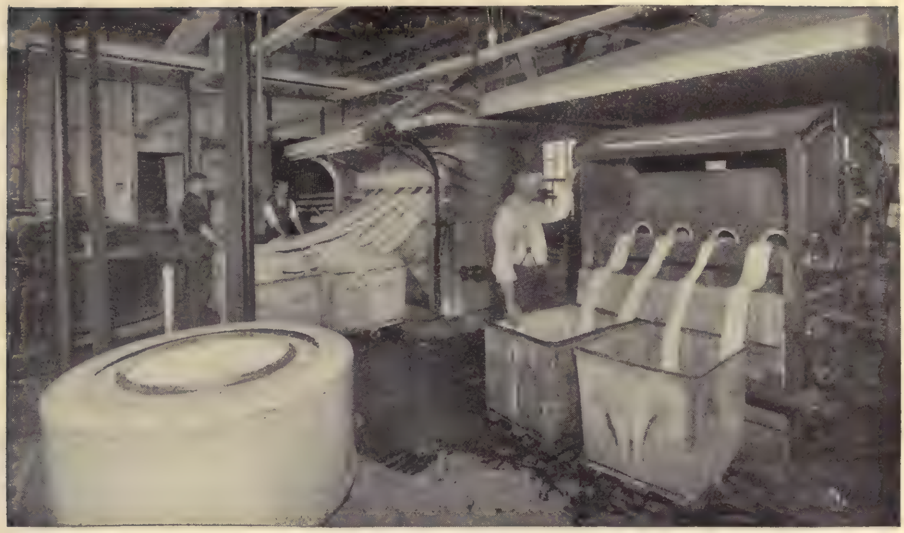


EXAMPLES OF KNITTING MACHINES DELIVERING THE FABRICS DOWNWARD
Years of patient study were required to invent such machines

For sometime we stood by one of the hundreds of knitting machines, all of the latest types, where on cylindrical machanisms were hundreds of tiny needles going up and down, worked by cams in tiny throats or grooves, each one grasped and then released the delicate threads with far more dexterity than the crochet needles can do it guided by the human hand. There were two banks or rows of needles, the upper, and the lower bank; and each tiny needle must do its part, each one acting with precision in its work of building the cob-web-like thread into the individual stitches that make the undergarment. The knitting machine in form is somewhat like the ordinary lamp. Imagine the body of the lamp contains on the sides two banks of needles, the upper and lower bank. Just conceive the body of the lamp to revolve and as it revolves the tiny needles on the sides move upward and down in response to mechanisms alternatingly grasping and let-



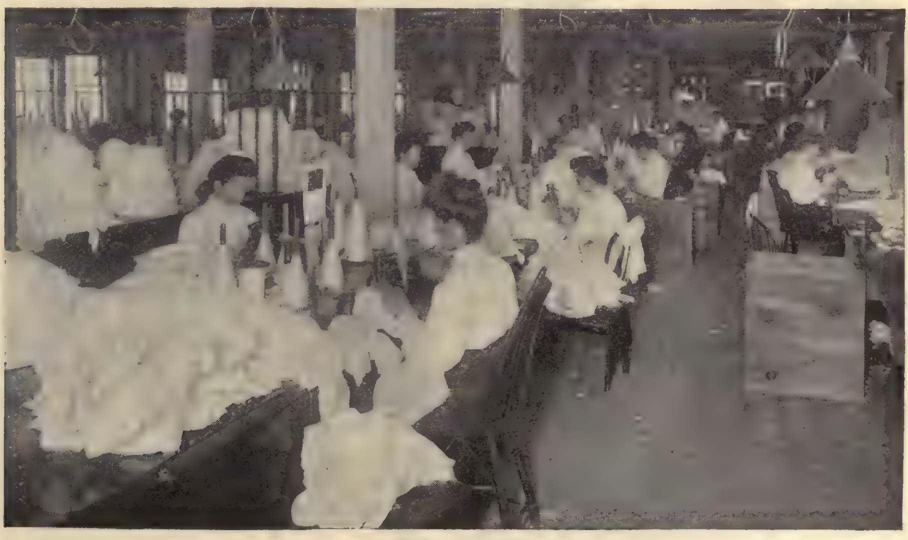
THESE LOOMS KNIT THE ELASTIC CUFF MATERIAL
Even in the little details there is no stint of watchfulness



THE LAUNDRY
Passing and repassing between Cylinders to thoroughly bleach and cleanse—Centrifugal Dryer at the left

ting go the thread, which is fed to it from four or six cone-shaped bobbins beneath. Then imagine that the chimney of the lamp is the woven goods which also revolves in exact time with the knitting machine, and as the knitting is done from the lower edge, the cloth is gradually wound up on a huge spool at the top. The daily product of one of the machines is about one hundred yards. The watchful operatives with the back of their hands give the cloth a touch from time to time, keeping an eye on each of the threads that are being fed to thousands of little needles that are like busy bees adding to their tubular web.

The characteristic quality of the Carter product is its elasticity, due to the multiple threads and the ribbed effects; also to the perfected methods of fashioning garments and making all seams smooth and non-irritating. In the making upon machines into full-fashioned garments, the work is



SEWING ROOM
Having had cuffs attached, all seams felled down, button-holes made, and buttons sewed securely on, the garments have arrived at the machines in foreground for receiving the Embroidered Edges

done so thoroughly that not a detail is slighted or in any way short of the very best.

The knitting process accomplished, the fabrics are next scoured, and put into machines, where, by centrifugal motion, nearly all the water is thrown out; then run through wringers, and finally strung upon upright tubes from which warm, dry air is forced upward, puffing out the cloth at the top as it is slowly raised and wound on spools above. In this way it assumes its original appearance, free from wrinkles.

Emaculately clean and without a blemish the cloth passes to the electric cutting machines. Here unwound upon long tables, and super-imposed .one thickness upon another, the dexterous operatives cut fifty garments at a time. So that an error in running the little electric knife would spoil a lot of cloth. The patterns are no sooner cut than busy sewing machines are humming, and the garments have begun to assume form.

All the details of the making of these garments are most fascinating to watch, but perhaps the most important of all the processes is the double stitch to eliminate all roughness and prevent the irritation under arms and around the neck. And how those machines did hum, cutting and working button-holes, putting on buttons, embroidering dainty edgings, putting on cuffs, and so forth.

Right here I must stop to tell you I never saw in any factory a more intelligent and better looking lot of young women at work, each one as intent upon producing the best quality of goods as if she were at work in her own home and making garments for herself or her loved ones.

There was a "go" movement and wide-awake interest such as one seldom observes in other institutions. But why not? Outside through the windows were the blue sky and hillsides of New England. Near by were clustered their homes. They were all American born and as friendly and congenial to each other as girls at a boarding school.

There is something about Carter Underwear that has individuality as pronounced as an Easter hat or a graduation dress, and it reflects the happy conditions prevailing at the Carter Works, and the intelligence exercised in the making. This can be better expressed in Mr. Carter's own language when he said that they "could not profitably employ cheap labor, for it is experience and 'know how' that is required to produce the best,—and that must be paid for."

The afternoon sped away too soon, and I felt that no more profitable hours could have been spent in a lecture room or in pouring over library books. I wish I could present more pictures of the deft and fascinating processes by which these millions of tiny needles, and hundreds of dexterous hands are making the justly celebrated underwear at The Wm. Carter Co.'s famous Knitting Mills at Needham Heights, Massachusetts.

SUNNY SKIES, SWEET, BALMY AIR AND AN OVERLOOK
Upon a lake of crystal purity. It is an ideal spot for The Wm. Carter Co.'s Knitting Mills

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. JENKINS

TO the student of modern corporation affairs no feature is more apparent than the manifest tendency of many American cities to hamper the public utility companies with conditions that make it very difficult for them to obtain money on their bonds and securities. Many of these companies are unable to borrow a dollar on their bonds at the present time, and this because of the fact that their city governments show too plainly an utter disregard of the obligations of existing contracts with the corporations.

The evils of the days of the Confederation were in mind when our Constitution was adopted. The makers of the Constitution believed that states and cities would observe and have the same regard for contracts as do individuals of integrity. In the early days it was common for states to not only repudiate their contracts, but to destroy by legislation the contracts between individuals, and in a few instances, since the adoption of the Constitution states have, by legislation, attempted this proceeding, but in late years such attempts are very rare. But that it is one of the evils of municipal government of the present day is a fact well known to every public service corporation manager, as well as to all well-informed attorneys.

Many men whose intentions are perhaps honest, but who are wholly incapable of managing the smallest kind of a business, are given official positions in municipal affairs, and as a result no well-defined policy is mapped out; and oftentimes the work of one administration is overthrown by the next, and the taxpayers are being continually plunged into unnecessary trouble and expense. As long as this is mere legislation, under our present system, there is no help for it, because in mere legislation one council cannot bind a succeeding council. One can act, but the next can repeal; but it should be observed that when the enactment of a council is a valid contract, then the council cannot repeal and it is the duty of courts of justice to see to it that the provisions of these contracts are observed.

It is a sad commentary upon our system of municipal government to state that city councils oftentimes do not entertain the same respect for the obligations of a contract as is ordinarily manifested between two individuals. If a set of politicians can gain distinction and popularity with the voters by championing some popular cause, the obligation of previous contracts in reference to this cause is given but little consideration. If a politician promises the people a three-cent street railway fare, instead of the prevailing five-cent charge, he gets more votes than does the office seeker who insists that all contracts heretofore made with the railway company are binding obligations that must be respected. Many politicians argue that a public grant given a street railway company or other corporation must be given the construction most favorable to the public when it is susceptible of two or more constructions, but they forget that neither statutes nor ordinances are to be frittered away by construction. Like contracts, they should be held up by the four corners, examined and given a fair consideration and explanation.

It is manifest that municipalities often do a grievous wrong to innocent people who have been induced to invest their money in corporations of a semi-public nature. It is often true that no consideration whatever is given the fact that it casts a serious reflection upon a municipality when one of its public utility companies is forced into the hands of a receiver.

Public service corporations must build many months and sometimes years ahead of the city. They must have confidence in the good intention of the people and also in the growth of the city, and this confidence cannot be promoted if radical common councils impose upon the corporation-men conditions that are impracticable and impossible. Eastern or other investors are not loaning money to the corporations that are inflicted with antagonism on the part of their city council or civic and municipal leagues. Without new money, corporations cannot in the majority of cases do any more than keep up their equipment, to say nothing about extension and improvements.

The rational plan is for those who represent municipalities to throw aside every vestige of politics and consider all matters pertaining to the public utility companies in a calm, considerate manner.

The tendency of modern cities is to spread over large areas for the purpose of securing better light and air. This is made possible, principally, by the cheap and easy mode of transit the street railroads furnish. They are not simply a present convenience, but they anticipate and promote the growth of cities. They create to some extent their own patronage by the promotion of the growth and the distribution of the population.

The manager of a monopoly or a corporation, enjoying and using a valuable franchise carrying great powers which the people think belong to them, is placed in a position which is calculated to develop the bad traits of human nature. The people, or their legislators and city councils, improvidently granted in the past huge powers which are often beyond the reach of a reasonable or proper regulation. There is in many cities undisguised hostility on the part of the public toward public utility companies, and many corporation managers think it is impossible to please. They must earn dividends for the stockholders, and they end by hating the public and disregarding it and its interests. Not so with the managements of the Des Moines Edison Light Company, Des Moines Telephone companies, the Street Railway company and the Water company. At the head of these corporations I found competency and courtesy—men who invite just criticism, who seek out the weak spots, meet the people who have complaints eagerly, cordially and honorably, rectify errors with the utmost alacrity, remove defects when they are pointed out and who declare by word and act that they recognize to the full, not merely their duties to their corporation, but that great broad duty to the public which they are trying with all their hearts to serve.

The whole nation is now demanding that corporations and public utilities shall adopt a higher and better standard of service to the public, and to the method of fulfilling the trust due to investors; and only men who are broad enough to realize these facts can ever expect to place a corporation upon a pedestal that invites admiration and respect.

There are many of the smaller cities contemplating the inauguration of street railway service. In many, if not in most instances, the lines must first be operated at a loss. In the case of the Des Moines Street Railroad the system was operated at a loss for fourteen years, being nearly half the time which the city undertook to provide an exclusive right. The lines were sustained and additional tracks built involving an investment of $200,000, in reliance upon the future. Almost immediately after the road became remunerative, the city sought an opportunity to compete for and divide the very patronage which the road had created at a cost of a quarter million dollars. At the present time the city is asking the Des Moines City Railway Company to vacate the streets, because of the supposed termination of its franchises, and this request is being made of a corporation that has spent millions of dollars in building a system for the benefit of the people of Des Moines. No dividends have ever been paid to anybody, and no unreasonable salaries were ever given to any one. For twenty years Mr. J. S. Polk was actively engaged as promoter and financial supporter of the system, during which time he received less than $5,000 for his services.

Within the past two years I have studied the street-railway problem in nearly every important city in the United States, and I can truthfully say that the Des Moines City Railway Company compares favorably with the best in the excellence of its system, the efficiency of its management and the general competency and courtesy on the part of employes who come in contact with the people. It is true there are some minor improvements necessary, which I am credibly informed will be made during the present year.

The first street-railway franchise in Des Moines was granted in 1866 to M. P. Turner, J. S. Polk and F. M. Hubbell. This grant was for a narrow gauge railway. In a very short time after the franchise was secured, Polk and Hubbell sold their interests to Turner, and the latter constructed a few miles of track on the main business streets. In 1886 there was considerable complaint among the citizens regarding inadequate service and poor cars, and at this time Mr. Turner sold out the system to what was known as the Sherman Syndicate. New money was put into the enterprise, and the owners started to greatly improve the service at once. In 1887 the Des Moines Broad Gauge Railroad Company obtained a franchise for a street railway covering certain streets, and constructed several miles of road. The Sherman Syndicate began action in the courts against the Broad Gauge Railroad Company, claiming that the Turner franchise granted to them, as successors and assignees, an exclusive right to all the streets of Des Moines for a period of thirty years from 1866. This case was decided by the Supreme Court of Iowa to the effect that the Turner franchise was exclusive for the term of thirty years for the operation of cars by animal power only. This decision, of course, practically put the Broad Gauge Company out of business so far as animal power was concerned, but fortunately for the company electric traction was just about that time beginning to attract attention. The Sprague Electric Company were experimenting with their system in Richmond, Virginia, and their rivals, the Thompson-Houston Company, the parent of the present General Electric Company, made arrangements with the owners of the Des Moines Broad Gauge property to have their franchise modified so that they could operate their cars by electric power. The Des Moines Company at once equipped their system with the new power, and in 1888 the first electric cars were operating on the streets of the city. Des Moines, therefore, was among the pioneers in electric railroading.

In the meantime there had been various franchises granted to other corporations, to wit: The Des Moines Sevastopol Street Railway Company, Des Moines Rapid Transit Company, Des Moines Suburban Railway Company, Des Moines Belt Line Company and the Des Moines River Line Company. Most of these companies were operating by steam, because of the fact that none could utilize the animal power without conflicting with the decision of the Supreme Court. Between the two main companies, the Des Moines Street Railway Company and the Des Moines Broad Gauge Electric Company, there was a constant and bitter warfare for possession of the street and territory. These fights were not only in the courts, but actual skirmishes took place on the streets, which on a number of occasions called out the police. The situation at this time became so intolerable to the business men and traveling public that a settlement of the trouble was strongly urged. Influential citizens importuned J. S. Polk, one of the pioneer residents, and a man of large experience in railway operation and construction, to undertake the consolidation and reorganization of all the companies so that they could be brought under one head and one management. Mr. Polk proved equal to the occasion, and formed a syndicate which in 1889 purchased the various companies and at once began the re-organization along modern lines by abandoning the narrow gauge and relaying tracks to standard gauge; by purchasing new cars and electrical equipment and abandoning all the horse and steam cars and converting the road in its entirety to electrical equipment.

Before this consolidation it would cost a passenger from five to twenty cents to ride from one portion of the city to another. After consolidation a five-cent fare was given, with transfers to any part of the city.

The consolidated company since that date has been continually improving its tracks, cars and power plant, until today the company has some eighty miles of track and operates large double-truck cars on all lines, and has a modern up-to-date power plant. The company is giving the citizens of Des Moines excellent service, in fact better than is given in many of the large cities.

About two years ago a suit was begun by the Civic League of Des Moines in which the franchise rights of the Des Moines City Railway Company to the streets of the city were attacked. The railway company claimed the Turner franchise grants a perpetual right to the use of the streets of Des Moines for street railway purposes, and the exclusive feature as above stated had already been sustained by the Iowa Supreme Court. The suit on behalf of the city to test the franchise rights of the company was tried before Judge McPherson of the United States District Court, and his decision, rendered about a year ago, sustained the company in every contention that was made. The case has now been appealed to the United States Supreme Court by the city, but the decision has not yet (May 1) been rendered.

It should be noted that the city contended that the company's rights to the streets of Des Moines expired in 1899. It should also be noted that no attack was made on the franchise until 1905-06, about seven years after the city claimed that the franchise had expired by limitation During this period the city had published the franchise in the revised book of ordinances in 1900, which is said to contain only the valid ordinances at that time. The city had allowed the company in those six or seven years to expend several hundred thousand dollars for additions and betterments of the tracks in the city and in the purchase of new equipment, and in the construction of the new power house.

PARENTS

When you come to think about it, you, of course, realize the grave danger that menaces your children when they play in the streets on which there are car tracks, but do you think about it often enough?

And do you caution your children about it often enough?

Are you sure that YOUR children are not daily exposing themselves to the danger of being struck by a car—in fact, jeopardizing their lives?

Remember that when children are playing, their minds are engrossed with their play and they are utterly unheedful of approaching cars and frequently dart directly in front of them.

Don't Let the Children Play on Car Tracks.

Assist Us In Preventing Accidents.

DES MOINES CITY RAILWAY COMPANY.

Prior to the beginning of this suit, eastern capitalists who are interested in the company received the opinion of the best lawyers that the franchise is a perpetual one. After the trouble began with the city, the company submitted the franchise ordinance and all facts bearing on the same to Judge Dillon of New York, who is recognized as one of the highest authorities on corporation law and franchises in this country. After carefully considering the matter, Judge Dillon rendered a decision that, in his opinion, the franchise was perpetual beyond a question of doubt.

In my study of the question, I interviewed a great many of the representative bankers, manufacturers and business men, and I found a very favorable sentiment existing toward the company and its management. There is no apparent desire on the part of the leading citizens to hamper the corporation in any way which might interfere with its ability to secure money on its bonds and keep up a street-car system of which the city might feel proud. It is difficult, however, to keep such matters out of politics, but it is believed that a majority of the people intend at all times to deal fairly with the corporation.

The Des Moines City Railway Company owns one hundred and fifty cars, and at certain seasons of the year they are all in operation. The company has a capitalization of $1,305,000; $250,000 of which is preferred, the balance common stock. No dividends have been declared on this stock, the policy of the management has been to put all the earnings back into the property. The gross earnings in 1907 were $780,000. The corporation has a bonded indebtedness of $2,900,000, the interest on which has been promptly paid when it fell due. The company has adopted the gate system as a matter of safety to the people, and as will be seen by the accompanying advertisement, its policy is to obtain the co-operation of the citizens by exercising a little caution and care in this respect.

The officers are G. B. Hippee, president; H. H. Polk, vice-president; N. T. Guernsey, secretary and A. G. Maish, general manager.

The Des Moines City Railway Company controlls the Inter-urban Company of Des Moines, which has about eighty miles of track and connects the following towns and cities with Des Moines: Altoona, Mitchellville, Colfax, Granger, Woodard, Perry and Valley Junction. The road carries both freight and passengers and is in excellent condition.

The people of no state have recognized the utility of the telephone to any greater extent than have the people of Iowa; and the people of no state have been given more efficient service or cheaper rates. The last statistics published by the government in the telephone business show that the average gross income per telephone per year in all the states was for the year 1902, $37.50; the income per telephone in Iowa was $16.35. The income per telephone and operating expenses were lower in Iowa than in any other state. New York stood at the head with an income per telephone of $66.47 and operating expenses of $39.79.

To the student of telephone affairs these figures are very interesting. They show that the people of Iowa have been able to obtain telephone service at a much lower cost than have the people of any other state. This is due to the large number of rural companies in Iowa, there being in the neighborhood of 1,500 rural and independent organizations.

The mutual telephone system is the intervening state of development between the independent rural or farmer line and the commercial system. In some instances an entire rural system is cared for and operated by a man and his family, while an urban system requires a force of both day and night operators as well as a large force to repair the lines, connect and disconnect instruments, and other necessary labors. In mutual systems any deficit in the expense of operation is met, as a rule, by assessment on the owners and the surplus, if any, is usually expended in improving the system. The growth of the mutual system in Iowa has been one of the interesting features of the development of telephones in the West. No progressive farmer in Iowa is without the telephone.

The rural or farmers' telephone companies are entirely distinct from the so-called independent companies. They have traffic arrangements in most instances with the Iowa Telephone Company, a subsidiary of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, while some have connecting arrangements with certain independent companies in the state.

On account of the popularity of the telephone in Iowa, the promoters of independent telephone companies have found that state a very fertile field, but the fatal features of the organization of these corporations seem to be their attempt to do business on inadequate receipts for service and their lack ot long-distance connections. Then again, independent companies have in several of the smaller cities been competing among themselves; in one city there were at one time five companies, while it is no uncommon thing to find two or three independent concerns competing for the same business.

The independent companies entered the state in the early '90's, and began operations in the small towns. Later independent plants were built in Des Moines and Sioux City; the latter company giving up the fight and passing out of existence after a few years' unsuccessful effort to gain a foothold. The Des Moines company is still in existence, although the present organization bears no resemblance to the plan and purpose expressed in the original articles of incorporation. The company was organized in 1896, and received their first franchise from the city in that year. This document is an interesting instrument, in that it contains several clauses which aptly illustrate the imperfect knowledge of the art at that time. It was the plan and purpose of the projectors to launch a purely mutual company. This feature, however, was abandoned in the early days of its career when the stockholders came face to face with assessments. The first rate was $24.00 for business and $18.00 for residence telephones. It became early apparent that these rates could not meet the expenses, and they were raised to the limit provided in the franchise, or $36.00 for business and $24.00 for residence telephones. In 1905 the council gave the company permission to raise the price to $42.00 for business and $30.00 for residence 'phones, with an additional charge for special equipment and lines over two miles from the central station. Under its present franchise it can raise its rates to $60.00 for business telephones and $42.00 for residence telephones.

The newspaper files disclose a history that is punctuated with determined efforts to borrow money and increase the rates. The original intention was to organize a mutual company solely for the benefit of its members. The capital stock was $90,000, divided into 2,000 shares of $45.00 each. The shareholders of the corporation were entitled to one telephone for each share of stock, provided the connection was within one mile from the general exchange. Those who were outside of this limit were expected to pay an additional sum to cover the actual cost of line construction.

In 1903, as a result of an extensive strike of operators and toll line employes, the toll line companies, tributary to Des Moines, were compelled to take an active interest in the property and have since had considerable voice in directing its affairs.

At the present time the corporation is endeavoring to float a refunding and improvement bond-issue of $475,000.

The Mutual Telephone Company has an

authorized capital of $1,600,000, and can bond itself to the extent of $1,000,000. The system covers the city of Des Moines only, and the last directory shows 5,144 names, including duplicates.

The original franchise calls for the payment of five per cent taxes on gross receipts. These taxes accumulated from year to year until the amount unpaid was about $12,000. In 1903 the council relieved the corporation of this feature by accepting a payment of $2,000 cash and the cancellation of a claim which the company set up against the city for telephone rentals.

The business men of Des Moines have on numerous occasions condemned the double system of telephone service, and many express a wish that the two existing companies might be consolidated.

The Iowa Telephone Company, commonly known as the Bell Company, was organized in its present form in 1895, being made up of the consolidation of a number of small companies in Iowa holding licenses from the American Telephone & Telegraph Company to use its instruments.

The Iowa Telephone Company operates in all the counties except Pottawattamie, in which Council Bluffs is situated, that county being a part of the district controlled by the Nebraska Telephone Company.

The company operates a very complete system of toll lines in the state and owns over 6,000 miles of lines and 28,000 miles of toll wire. It operates exchanges in all the large and many of the small cities and towns. Besides those exchanges directly owned by the company, it is financially interested in many others and has connecting agreements with nearly 400 exchanges in the smaller cities and towns.

The head offices were at Davenport until 1904, when they were removed to Des Moines, the company having erected a commodious building for its exchange plant and offices. In that year the company put in an entire new switchboard and laid all its wires in the business district underground.

On March 31, 1908, the Iowa Telephone Company had 6,369 subscribers in Des Moines. The rates are: Individual business telephones, $60.00; 2-party business telephones, $48.00; 4-party business telephones, $36.00; individual residence telephones, $30; 2-party residence telephones, $24.00.

The equipment is of the most modern Bell type, and sixty-two per cent of the entire telephones operated in the state by the Iowa Telephone Company are served underground from buildings owned by the corporation.

The system is in charge of G. E. McFarland, who has been with the company twenty-nine years. Mr. McFarland started in as manager of the Marshalltown exchange, later he was appointed superintendent of construction, after which he became general superintendent, and about a year ago was appointed vice-president and general manager.

There is perhaps no public utility company that maintains a more pleasant relationship with the people of Des Moines than does the Iowa Telephone Company. The business is being built up along conservative lines and when a new patron is secured, he becomes a permanent one. Every detail of the business is watched with the greatest care, and all complaints are speedily adjusted and troubles promptly removed.

All telephone companies in Iowa make an annual report to the State Executive Council for taxation. The last published report shows that there were 95,672 exchange telephones and 159,644 rural instruments, a total of 255,316 telephones. It also shows that there were 75,396 miles of pole lines. Of the total number of telephones, 137,432 are connected with the Iowa Telephone Company's system, the remainder being connected with the Independent Companies' lines, or are isolated farm lines that have no connection with either.

The next few years will be of considerable interest to those who have investments in the Iowa independent telephone companies. Within a short time the reconstruction period will have arrived, and then the solidity of these companies will be put to the test.

When the city of Des Moines granted a franchise to B. F. Allen, F. M. Hubbell and J. S. Polk to construct a system of water works in 1871, a provision was inserted that gave the municipality the privilege to acquire the plant by purchase at any time a majority of the people might so desire. For twenty-five years there was no manifestation of a wish on the part of the people to apply municipal ownership to the water-works system, but in 1897 an agitation was started with this end in view. The proposition was then submitted to a vote, but it failed to meet the approval of the majority.

The water-works franchise is claimed by the company to be perpetual, and for forty years from the date of the grant in 1871 it is exclusive. This feature will expire in 1911, at which time the city and the corporation must come to a definite understanding regarding further franchise agreements.

There is no sentiment among the leading citizens of Des Moines at the present time that the city should acquire the property, and there is no doubt but that a satisfactory arrangement will be made which will enable the company to find a market for securities at the lowest rate of interest and at the same time extend and improve the plant in keeping with the rapid growth of the city. It is somewhat probable that for political or other purposes the politicians may endeavor to make political capital out of a water works issue, but it is believed that there is sufficient conservatism and good judgment among the people of Des Moines which will make it possible to speedily effect a new arrangement that will be satisfactory to all concerned.

To any one familiar with water-works systems of different cities, a most casual investigation will demonstrate that the people of Des Moines have good reason to feel proud of their water-works plant, but it is very doubtful if the system would have attained its present degree of efficiency had the controlling force been centered in the municipal government. This, of course, is merely a matter of opinion, but it is shared by a great many experts who are recognized as competent to judge.

The location of the Des Moines water works is in many respects excellent, in fact there are few cities possessing a source of supply so near the center of water consumption that is as free from pollution. The prehistoric Raccoon River occupied a valley one mile in width and distributed over its bottom sand and gravel to a depth averaging about twenty feet at a point where the water-works station is located. The present water supply is obtained from two filtered or collecting galleries, and a third furnishes a connection with the river to be used in cases of emergency. The old gallery is 2,390 feet in length and its bottom lies from eight to ten feet below low water in the river. The new gallery is 1,000 feet in length and is connected with a suction well from which the pumps draw their supply by means of a cast-iron syphon thirty-six inches in diameter and 600 feet in length. The bottom of this gallery lies fifteen feet below low water in the river. The water is drawn from a suction well and is discharged directly into the city distribution system. It is delivered to the mains under an ordinary domestic pressure of 100 pounds, which is raised upon an alarm of fire to 120 to 140 pounds, depending upon the location and extent of the conflagration. The pumping machinery consists of one eight-million-gallon Holly pump installed in 1902 and a six-million Gaskill pump installed in 1883

GROUNDS AND PRUMPING STATION OF THE DES MOINES WATER WORKS and lately completely remodeled and a six-million-gallon Worthington pumping engine installed in 1884. The boiler plant consists of six horizontal tubular boilers each sixty-six inches in diameter by eighteen feet long. They are comparatively new and in first-class condition.

Previous to 1894 it was a common occurrence to draw part of the supply from the river during several weeks of the dry season. During 1897-8-9 the gallery supply was supplemented by a small amount of river water during about half of each summer. Since that time it is believed that no river water has been drawn except upon July fifth and sixth, 1907, at which dates it was estimated that 250,000 gallons were drawn each day.

The Raccoon River in the vicinity of Des Moines and for many miles to the westward winds through a flat valley about one mile in width. It is flanked on either side by sharply rising ground and terminates in a plateau country generally 100 feet or more above the present river. The valley was evidently eroded through the plateau by the ancient river which finally cut its way to a hard bottom and covered this bottom with sand and gravel brought down from the glaciers, and at a more recent date covered this sand and gravel with a deposit of alluvium five to ten feet in thickness. The sand and gravel deposit, which is of much significance in this matter of water supply, consists of what may be termed clean coarse sand, at some points practically free from gravel. So far as has been noted from numerous borings, there is no marked difference in the underlying material at any point.

It has been the custom of the water company to make periodical analysis of the water supplied to the citizens of Des Moines. For this purpose a consulting water-analyst is permanently retained. For a number of years Mr. Floyd Davis has furnished analysis monthly. The result of the last five years' analysis indicates a water, the equal if not the superior of the majority of our filtered water supply systems. The bacterial contents have been uniformly low and only once has the colon bacilli been found.

The water shed from which the supply is obtained is remarkably free from pollution. The principal villages and cities upon the water shed are five in number, with a total population of about 12,000 people, but as the distance of these cities is from thirty to seventy miles above Des Moines there is practically no danger of water contamination.

The Des Moines system consists of 130 miles of mains ranging from four to thirty-six inches, less than one mile being four inches. Last year five miles of additional mains were laid and a new additional boiler was installed.

No serious case of electrolysis of water mains is reported at Des Moines. The hydrants are inspected by the water company regularly and during the severe weather in winter every hydrant is inspected each day, and in the business district oftener.

The improvements which will be made for the betterment of the system during the present year will cost in the neighborhood of $200,000, and this exclusive of the amount paid for recent additional land.

The capital stock of the Des Moines Water Company is $500,000. It has an authorized bond issue of $2,500,000, of which $1,500,000 have been sold. The property is valued for taxation at $1,500,000.

The officers are: Charles H. Payson, Portland, Maine, president; E. J. Fletcher, treasurer; Charles S. Denman, general manager. Mr. Denman succeeded his father as general manager, and has been in charge of the corporation since that date.

Upon a very careful investigation among the principal business men of Des Moines, I found a very pleasant relationship existing between the water corporation and the citizens. Complaints are promptly attended to, and errors when they are discovered are cheerfully corrected. The management believes that one of the best assets the corporation can possess is the good will of the people of Des Moines, and it is constantly striving to maintain this asset. The following general instructions for employes who come in contact with the people were adopted by Mr. Denman fifteen years ago: "Deal gently, hear all patiently, act quietly, speak cheerfully, and in a moderate tone." Mr. Denman believes that the observance of these rules has made the corporation a host of friends.

The rates charged by the Des Moines Water Company are low, in fact they are lower than in the majority of private corporations of this nature, and much better rates and service are given than is furnished by the municipal plants in many large cities.

The ever-present question of light and power calls for serious consideration from the people of Des Moines. There is to some extent a wrong impression among certain people of that city regarding the two lighting companies, the gas and electric. The two corporations are entirely distinct and separate. There is no collusion regarding rates or methods. Both are competing for each other's trade, and the rivalry among the solicitors of each corporation is often most bitter and keen. It would, perhaps, be to the interest of the people of Des Moines if the two companies were united and under one management, as are similar public utility companies in cities of this class. Lower rates could be given if the expense of maintaining two sets of officers could be reduced by abandoning one of them. But it is unfair to assert that when two offices are maintained that it is for rate-regulating purposes only. In the case of the Des Moines Edison Light Company such an imputation is a manifest injustice for the reason that the corporation voluntarily reduced its rates last summer; and from a careful analysis of the current consumed I estimate that the citizens of Des Moines were given, by this reduction, a gratuitous donation of at least $20,000 per year. This incident and other features of the electric lighting conditions of the city, which can be learned by the most casual investigation, impels an unreserved declaration that the rates, the efficiency of the plant and the competency of the management of the Des Moines Edison Light Company are among the best. There is no attempt on the part of the management of this company to impose unfair terms or conditions upon the people. Its policy is liberal and consistent. It believes that the good will of the citizens is an asset worth striving for, and the results achieved during the past year reveal traits which must extort the admiration and win the confidence of those who, in days gone by, seemed to be confirmed in their hostility to the early lighting companies of the city.

The first electric-lighting franchise was given in 1885 and is known as the Thompson-Houston franchise. A franchise was subsequently given to the Capital City Electric Light Company. Both of these franchises are perpetual. Later a thirty-year franchise was given the Des Moines Water Power Company. In the course of time these different companies were consolidated. Previous to the consolidation, however, and notwithstanding the fact that Des Moines was well supplied with electric lighting companies, the city, in 1897, sought to build a municipal lighting plant. Resolutions to this effect passed the common council, and $20,000 were appropriated toward the construction of the system. An injunction was issued restraining the city from building such a plant, and in the following year the council abandoned the idea and the $20,000 were used to make good deficits in other funds. Since 1900 the corporation has practically rebuilt the entire plant. No machinery used ten years ago may be found in the present equipment. The power station has been entirely remodeled and greatly enlarged, and this in consequence of the rapid development of the art.

For efficient equipment it is necessary to appropriate at least ten per cent of the entire value of the plant for depreciation each year. This is an expense which the general public seldom considers, but must be taken into account when matters of cost of service and rates are being considered. The present lighting rates of Des Moines are as low as is given by the majority of cities of its class. In fact, it is lower than a great many. The rates are as follows: For business connections, for first 2 K.H. of 16 c.p. lamp equiv. 12c., balance 6c. Residence connections, the first 2 K.H. used on ⅓-16 c.p. lamp equiv. 12c., balance 6c. Minimum charge as fixed per month 10c. per 16 c.p. equiv. for first 10 lamps, and above 10 lamps at the rate of 5c. per 16 c.p. equiv. Power rate is 7c. per K.H. with a minimum charge per month of $1.00 per h.p.

The officers are as follows: F. L. Dame, president; J. Howard Hanson, vice-president; H. M. Francis, secretary and treasurer; P. B. Sawyer, general manager. Mr. Sawyer started with the corporation in June, 1901, as time-keeper; then assistant superintendent, and later was promoted to superintendent. In June, 1907, he was appointed general manager, and has been indefatigable in his efforts since that time to promote a spirit of friendship on the part of the citizens toward the corporation. The capital stock is $1,125,000, and the present outstanding bonds about $730,000. The plant has an assessed valuation of $775,000.

CATTLE MAY BE FATTENED UPON THESE GRASSES WITHOUT CORN

MAKING OPPORTUNITIES FOR HOMES IN THE WEST

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

SURELY pioneering in the West, such as we read about is a thing of the past—like the buffalo herds, the trapper and Indian fighter that once were common types in western life.

Today the prairie schooner train has given way for the tourist cars, and distance has been telescoped into concentrated journeys in the ratio of forty miles per hour.

The great agency that has revolutionized conditions is the railroad, and perhaps no road has been more progressive in opening up territory for settlement than the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.

The time when pioneers "journeyed" westward along some well-worn trail, urging on the ox teams by day, and at night stationing guards to protect the camp against Indians, has passed into the misty halo of old men's recollections. Whether new conditions have providentially come along to suit the tastes of a degenerated and less hardy race than our forefathers, or whether the many comforts attending travel are here because the public demanded them, and the demand was imperative, may never be argued to a finish. Be that as it may, old wagon trails have become well nigh obliterated, and in their stead gleam the steel rails of transcontinental lines with a bewildering number of branches, spur tracks, junctions, and railroad centers.

Take for instance the railroad construction from Chicago westward. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul's System through Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas, looks like a series of boundary lines between counties, so thoroughly has the needs of every growing community been considered. The construction of new lines in South Dakota alone by this company during 1906–7 is said to be the greatest era of railroad building in the history of the state.

Added to the splendid facilities afforded in the Central West for farm lands within fifteen or twenty miles of their road, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Company is now striking boldly across the continent, passing through Butte, Montana, and thence straight into Tacoma and Seattle. With this road finished early in 1909, in time to celebrate at the great Alaska, Yukon & Pacific

OVER ONE HUNDRED KERNELS TO THE HEAD

Exposition, in Seattle, it is logical to predict that a similar system of side lines and spurs will be built by the company through Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and Washington, as it has already in operation in the central West.

This new road is called the Pacific Coast Extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. In October last the first trains were operated between Mobridge, South Dakota, and Lemmon, 100 miles west. Mobridge is on the Missouri River and here a three span steel bridge has been built, each span 425 feet long, with steel trestle approaches 1,300 and 125 feet respectively on the east and west sides, with tracks 60 feet above high water mark. One of the piers supporting the bridge work is put down 92 feet below the river bed, while another is 68 feet below. This bridge required over two years in building and at a cost of more than $2,000,000.

Between St. Paul and Minneapolis, and Miles City, Montana, through Standard Sleeping Cars are now operated in addition to day coaches and dining cars; and train service is maintained through to Lombard, but 92 miles east of Butte. Probably owing to the rapid settlement in other parts of the west most people have an idea that there is no longer much government land available for homesteading. This is a mistaken notion as there are still thousands of acres of the finest farming land that may still be obtained under the homestead laws from the government for a nominal sum.

In Butte County, for instance, situated in the extreme Northwest part of South Dakota, there is an empire, almost, in itself, being about 100 miles in length from east to west, and at its widest part, over 90 miles from north and south. One particularly rich portion of Butte County is what is called the Grand Meadow country in the eastern part. These lands are being settled, and upon cultivation will be among the richest in the west.

HE RIDES IN EASE THROUGH HIS MILES OF GOLDEN GRAIN. HETTINGER COUNTY, NORTH DAKOTA. THIS IS HIS SECOND CROP

WHERE SUCH SAGE BRUSH AND GRASS GROWS, CROPS WILL GROW UNIRRIGATED. SCENE IN CUSTER COUNTY, MONTANA

Other portions of Butte County contain very rich lands, and home-seekers will find them among the most desirable in the United States. The same applies to Custer, Rosebud and Fergus counties, Montana. The government land in these counties speaks eloquently for itself to any one who goes to investigate conditions; and already many prudent homesteaders are on the ground.

The building of new towns along the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is a very interesting phase of development. Last fall the towns of Mobridge, Lemmon, Hettinger, Bowman and Marmarth were established in the Dakotas. Lemmon was the first town on the line at which town lots were sold. Here they were auctioned off on October 3rd. Several weeks later the sales were held at other points. Nothing at first appeared but the open prairie lands, but business men and investors were on the spot, and today, hardly eight months later, each of these towns has a population close to 500 or more. There are stores, hotels, restaurants, live newspaper offices in evidence; and hardly a week passes but some new line of business is introduced; and the prices of lots have already about doubled.

This spring, during the month of May, other sales have been arranged. On May 14th lots were sold at Reeder, North Dakota, on the 19th at Ismay, Montana, and on the 21st at Haynes, North Dakota; and at Scranton, North Dakota on the 26th. There is already a greater interest in the purchase of these town lots than was manifested last fall.

Hotels are always needed in these new towns; likewise stores of all kinds, and men with trades and professions. They all help the communities and prosper because they are essential to the communities.

During June and July this season, sales will be held at Marmarth, North Dakota, and at Millstone, Roundup, Mildred, Musselshell, Lavina and Griffin, Montana.

IN BOX CANON, MONTANA
Along the Pacific Coast Extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

LUMBER CAMP IN THE GREAT WHITE PINE FORESTS OF NORTH CENTRAL IDAHO. ON THE PACIFIC COAST EXTENSION OF THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY

A glance at a new map shows how their road cuts across the northern part of South Dakota and then crosses into the three southwestern counties of North Dakota,—Adams, Bowman and Billings. These are acknowledged to be among the very best sections for general farming, dairying, poultry and stock raising. The principal crops are wheat, oats, rye, barley, hay and potatoes. There is an average rainfall sufficient to insure crops every year, while the climate is mild enough for cattle to range all winter without housing. There is an abundance of lignite coal, which in many places can be had for the digging, but where gotten out, is sold at the mine for about $1 per load to farmers.

Besides the coal supply, there is a fringe of timber skirting either side of the numerous creeks and rivers, which insures cheap fuel for settlers.

South Dakota with its 76,000 square miles of rich farming and pasture lands, particularly adapted to diversified farming and stock-raising, with its half million of people who are the most sturdy, energetic and contented in the world, is attracting the attention of all sections of the Union, as well as foreign countries, in the vast magnitude of its production of all kinds of small grains, corn, minerals, live-stock, etc. In the advertising section of this edition will be found absolute and authentic statistics bearing on the products of South Dakota.

The climate is mild, invigorating and most healthful, for which reason the death rate is the lowest in the United States.

No more convincing proof of the growth and prosperous condition of any state can be produced than the peoples' cash deposits in the banking institution of this great commonwealth. In May, 1907, the reports of the Comptroller of Currency, at Washington, D. C., and the State Bank Examiner, combined, showed the total capital stock, surplus, undivided profits and deposits of $70,498,433.62.

South Dakota is the best-equipped state in the Union for educational purposes. The state has erected and maintained four normal schools: at Aberdeen, Spearfish, Springfield and Madison, with complete modern buildings in every respect.

The State University at Vermillion, which has made a fine history covering a period of twenty-five years, is now in condition to render high-grade service to the cause of education.

In addition, the State College of Agriculture and Mechanics Arts at Brookings, South Dakota, has become recognized as one of the greatest agricultural colleges in the northwest and is doing much to teach scientific farming in this state, and the young people who attend this college are receiving instructions that makes them well-adapted for any vocation in life.

In addition to this, the state has for its unfortunate insane patients a splendid Asylum at Yankton, comprised of five of the finest buildings money can erect, modern in every respect. For the feeble-minded there are two splended buildings at Redfield. For the blind at Gary a splendid structure with careful management is conducted. The School of Mines, at Rapid City, is comprised of three large structures, which greatly assists in one of its greatest productions of that portion of the state.

The South Dakota School for Deaf Mutes, at Sioux Falls, is also another state institution. The Soldiers' Home at Hot Springs, South Dakota, which is a magnificent structure, is an ideal place for the declining days of the veterans.

In addition to these the different religious denominations have splendid colleges, notably the Presbyterians at Huron, South Dakota, the main structure of which cost $125,000, and a credit to a state of three times the population. The Congregationalists have colleges at Yankton and Redfield; the Methodists at Mitchell and Hot Springs; the Baptists, Scandinavian Lutherans and Episcopalians, each have colleges at Sioux Falls; while the Catholics have well-equipped academies at Aberdeen, Sturgis, Elkton, Marion, Vermillion and other points, and the Mennonites at Freeman.

South Dakota is known as the sunshine state and has gained the reputation of being first in health, first in wealth and first in production per capita in the United States.

The conditions surrounding homesteading are not irksome. After examining the quarter section and paying necessary entry fees, settlers are expected to live upon the land for five years and cultivate, at least, part of it. If, however, they desire to commute, or buy the land after living for fourteen months upon it, they may do so by making a small cash payment per acre to the Government.

In the Dakotas the total fees are only $34 as a maximum, and $26 as a minimum charge for each 160 acre tract; while in Montana, they are $42 and $30 respectively.

The subdivision of large ranch properties into smaller ranches and farms in Montana that is now going on, is simply a repetition of history of that which has occurred in North Dakota, South Dakota and other states.

The chances for investments in Montana land are now good, because the transition of large to small tracts has just begun. Especially in this true in eastern Montana. The prices are low and the values high.

Ladies' Domitory Main Building

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, HURON, SOUTH DAKOTA

SOUTH DAKOTA STATE COLLEGE

Adjoining Miles City is a tract of land previously known as the Harris ranch and now known as the Towers-Burt property.

There are some features connected with this property that are interesting. This tract, aside from the Government lands owned, practically embraces all the continuous odd-numbered sections for a distance of sixty miles long and varying in width from one to eighteen miles.

There are more than one thousand acres of irrigated land in this tract and other portions may be irrigated by impounding water by means of dams; large tracts are sub-irrigated and produce a never-failing and bountiful native hay crop. Much larger tracts may be classed as successful dry-farming land and the remaining portion is grazing land.

This tract will doubtless eventually be subdivided by land operators and sold in small tracts thereby bringing in settlers and adding to the prosperity of Eastern Montana.

There are still great cattle ranches in Montana suitable for ranching that offer splendid opportunities for men with iarge capital, or men of moderate means at the start.

The greater part of this land does not require irrigation. This is especially true of the rich grazing land in the Musselshell Valley, on either side of the Musselshell River in Yellowstone and Fergus counties, near the central part of the state. The Government Experiment Station, which was established at Lavina, Montana, about a year ago, has conclusively demonstrated that practically all the grains and crops which are raised in the middle west can be produced in that section of Montana absolutely without irrigation.

SOUTH DAKATA FARM SCENE

Lewiston, the largest city of the Judith Basin and the County seat of Fergus County, Montana, is a city of about 3,500 inhabitants and occupies an ideal location for future development and healthy growth.

It is the terminal point of the Montana Railroad, a branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system, and within a short time will be in direct communication with the new "Hill" road, the Billings & Northern, which is now laying steel from Great Falls to Billings, Montana.

It is located in nearly the geographical center of the state, at an elevation of approximately four thousand feet above the sea and on the banks of one of the most remarkable and beautiful streams to be found in the West, which never freezes in the coldest weather.

Settled in the early eighties, it has had a steady and unchecked growth, and today is one of the most inviting places for investors and homeseekers to be found in the country. With a surrounding territory of great extent and fertility, which has enormous resources in the line of farming, stock-raising and mining, the city is sure to continue its present rapid development, and become one of the noted cities of the state.

Within a distance of twenty miles of the city are located some of the most noted gold mines of the West, which produce more bullion per year than the mines of any other country in the Treasure State.

Within two miles of the city are coal mines capable of producing an unlimited supply of cheap fuel of excellent quality, and within one mile of the city limits are immense quarries of fine building stone said to be equal to any.

Among other resources, at present undeveloped, is an inexhaustible supply of material which will produce as fine a quality of tile or brick, either vitrified or pressed, as can be manufactured.

The volume of business transacted in this little town is truly astonishing, and it is safe to say, that there it not a place of the same size in the country which can show a larger amount of trade during the same period of time.

There are three banks, the Bank of Fergus County, the First National Bank of Lewistown and the Empire Bank & Trust Company, having a combined capital of a half million dollars, a combined surplus of over one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars and deposits aggregating over three millions. The bank clearings for the last twelve months amount to over $7,250,000.

The city reflects the progressive spirit of its people in the character of its schools and the public utilities with which it is provided.

PLOUGHING LAND WEST OF LEWISTOWN
Along the Pacific Coast Extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

Besides the city or district schools, which are accommodated in two substantial brick structures, and which employ fourteen teachers who have charge of six hundred and fifty pupils, there is the Fergus County Free High School which furnishes free tuition to any student resident in Fergus County, and is considered a school of hig rank among similar institutions of the West. This school possesses a museum which is generally conceded to be the finest owned by any educational institution of the same class in the entire northwest.

The building occupied by the high school is a commodious and well-arranged structure of native stone, which was erected at a cost of thirty thousand dollars; it employs a corp of six teachers of high rank in their profession, and at the present time has an enrollment of eighty scholars.

There are five religious denominations in the town which own their own houses of worship: the First Presbyterian Church, the Episcopalian, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist and Roman Catholic.

There are two private hospitals. A large and imposing structure of native stone, nearing completion, is being erected at a cost of about $40,000 by the "Daughters of Jesus," for hospital purposes. When this building is completed it will be a thoroughly modern and up-to-date institution of its kind.

The city is provided with one of the finest gravity water-systems in the northwest, a good sewer system to which a substantial addition is now being made, two long-distance and local telephone companies, a branch of the Western Union telegraph, a fine electric light and power plant, owned and operated by the "Citizens Electric Company, and a finely equipped and efficient fire department, which is unexcelled by that of any other city of its size.

There are numerous finely constructed business blocks of native stone and brick, which have been erected at a cost of from $25,000 to $40,000 each, and would be a credit to any city of several times the size of Lewistown. One of the institutions which deserves mention is the Carnegie library which occupies a very handsome stone building, erected at a cost of about $15,000, of which sum Mr. Carnegie contributed $10,000.

There are being erected at the present time: a county court-house of re-enforced concrete, brick veneered, which is to cost $100,000; a four-story hotel building, 100 x 90 feet, of native stone, which will be a thoroughly modern establishment when completed; and a new business block which will be occupied by the "Empire Bank & Trust Company; this building is expected to cost about $30,000, and will be built of concrete, a method of construction new in this vicinity. Among projected buildings the new Masonic Temple bids fair to equal in importance any of those heretofore mentioned.

Taken altogether this little city, until four years ago one of the greatest stage centers of the United States, where over eighty coaches arrived and departed weekly, and entirely without railroad communications up to that time, is now one of the most bustling and attractive cities of the northwest.

Moore, the second town in importance in Fergus County, is twenty miles south and west of Lewistown, in the heart of a splendid farming district.

Although less than five years old, Moore has a population of over 500, has two banks with combined deposits of $400,000, which are steadily increasing, numerous well-stocked mercantile establishments—including drugs, harness, hardware and meat markets, three hotels, one restaurant, two barber shops, one grain elevator with three more to be built to accomodate the growing crops, three lumber yards, a creamery and ice cream plant, well-equipped machine and blacksmith shops, a large livery and feed stable, two telephone exchanges, a volunteer fire department, a band, and better than all a tributary country unsurpassed for its fertility and productiveness.

Churches are well represented, consisting of Christian, Methodist and Catholic denominations. Lodges and societies are likewise in evidence and visiting members will be welcomed.

Moore has a graded school which is being enlarged to meet the demand of increasing population and a live up-to-date newspaper which enjoys a wide circulation.

The business and professional interests enjoy a profitable patronage and the town has grown steadily from the first.

Moore is the center of the grain belt. More grain is marketed here than in any other town in the famous Judith Basin.

A live Commercial Club is maintained by the business men, and all inquiries addressed to the secretary of the Moore Commercial Club will receive prompt and careful attention.

Where the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul and the Northern Pacific tracks cross and where the Yellowstone River flows through the fertile valley is the young town of Terry, Custer County, Montana. It might well have been christened "Tarry," for it offers many strong attractions for settlers and business men seeking investment, for it is a town that "keeps coming along."

Perhaps the best proof of the town's growing importance is the increase of the local bank deposits during the last six months to over $240,000. Its population has increased from fifty people to about 400 in the past eighteen months. With a large and fertile farming country depending upon Terry for a distributing center there is likelihood of two or three thousand people residing at Terry in a very few years. Only a little more growth, or some little circumstance, perhaps, is necessary to boost real estate prices, and when that occurs investors will enjoy handsome profits. Immigration plans are already under way, and this means that big holdings will be divided and subdivided for intensified farming.

DOCKS AT SEATTLE. THE GATEWAY TO ORIENTAL TRADE
One of the Western Termini of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

Another section of the state, which is attracting much attention is the so-called Judith Basin in the northwestern part of Fergus County, Montana. Nearly 2,000 square miles in area, this is destined to be one of the richest and most productive farming sections of the state. It has a very mild climate and the summers are not too hot, nor the winters too cold for comfort. Already thousands of farmers are engaged in the Judith Basin in dairying, truck farming, the raising of hogs and poultry, for a large part of which there are ready markets in the mining towns. Last year, by tabulation, wheat on eighty-one farms averaged 36.66 bushels per acre; oats, on ninety-three farms, 56.40 bushels per acre; barley, on seventeen farms, 43.91 bushels per acre; rye, 25 bushels per acre; potatoes, 225 bushels per acre.

Besides agriculture, there are rich gold and silver mining tracts in the Judith Basin, and in sections mining is carried on quite extensively.

Naturally there is not much land left contiguous to the railroad, the nearest available being about twenty miles back; however, it can be safely predicted that within the next few years there will be a network of cross lines and parallels built by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul reaching the most populated sections of this growing country. Excellent agricultural land may still be purchased in this section for $20 per acre and upwards, and it is not necessary to pay all at once, but in many cases, land may be secured in payment of $1 per acre down, and the balance on easy terms.

The nature of the country through which the railroad passes in Idaho is different from that to the eastward. Here there are vast quantities of white pine, the most of the country being heavily timbered. This is probably the largest tract of white pine yet remaining in the United States. St. Joe City is already a prosperous milling town, having one sawmill with a capacity of 40,000 feet daily, and another one building, which will be in operation soon, with a capacity of 100,000 feet a day. St. Joe City is located in one of the most beautiful sections of the country, and has gained a reputation for the beauty of its surroundings, and as a pleasure resort. West from St. Joe City the line passes through the Coeur d'Alene Indian reservation. The lands in this reservation are now being allotted to the Indians and later the balance will be thrown open for white settlers. This is an excellent farming country and will be a very rich section when developed.

The counties of Whitman, Adams, Douglas, Kittitas and King are crossed by the new line of railroad in Washington. The cele-

VIEWING THE BEAUTIES OF LAKE AND MOUNTAIN AT ST. JOE CITY, IDAHO. A POPULAR PLACE FOR TOURISTS brated Great Bend and Palouse districts, known for their yields of wheat, are both crossed as the line goes westward toward the coast.

In Whitman, Adams and Douglas counties alone during 1907 more than 20,000,000 bushels of wheat were raised; while oats, barley, alfalfa and timothy hay, potatoes, garden truck, dairy products and poultry are extensively produced, and invite the attention of all who are about to engage in such lines of business.

The celebrated farm lands of Washington are among the many advantages offered settlers in that state. Along the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, small irrigated farms for orchards of five and ten acres may be secured at a very reasonable figure, and while the trees are coming into bearing the orchardist may derive a good living by raising potatoes, garden truck or vegetables among the trees or in the adjacent territory. Once producing, orchards in Washington yield from $500 to $600 per acre, while cases are on record where during the past year the produce of an orchard has brought at high as $3,000 per acre; though, of course, such instances are not common. But there is hardly any limit to the wealth that can be produced with close care and an intelligent application of one's time.

In Washington, the same as in the Dakotas and Montana, the founding of new towns has attracted the attention of astute investors. During the fall of 1907 eight new towns were opened along the new line, and during May this year five more towns have been added to the schedule in the Palouse district of eastern Washington. Town lot sales have been scheduled to be held in Spokane as follows: For lots in Pandora and Seabury, May 25; for lots in Kenova and Palisade, May 26, and for lots in Malden, May 27.

People with limited capital and who wish to secure large profits without hazarding the principal would find all the indications for quick and big profits from investments in these town-lots. Possibly no safer investments exist anywhere.

No more picturesque scenery may be found than along the new Pacific Coast Extension part of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. In the Box Canon of Montana, between Lombard and Butte, the mountains are especially beautiful. One mile of track in this section has been constructed at a cost of $150,000, which is probably the most costly piece of railroad construction work for the distance ever undertaken.

Forty miles west of Harlowton, the land crosses the Belt Mountains at Summit at an elevation of 5,800 feet. The Continental Divide is crossed through the Pipestone Pass at an elevation of 6,350 feet. Here there are two tunnels, one 2,450 feet long and the other 1,280 feet; while three trestles from 100 to 160 feet high and from 400 to 600 feet in length add to the picturesque features of the route. The Bitter Root Mountains are crossed at St. Paul Pass, the summit, with an

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, PULLMAN, WASHINGTON. EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES WITH CHURCHES AND LIBRARIES ARE EVERYWHERE FOSTERED elevation of 4,200 feet. In this part of the system is a tunnel of 8,500 feet long.

When the Columbia River is crossed, a fifteen-span bridge 2,750 feet long with steel trestle approaches on either side of 1,000 feet is required and the tracks will be 80 feet above the low-water mark. Twenty miles west of the Columbia River, at Johnson Creek summit, a tunnel, 3,400 feet long must be constructed. For the present a surface track will be used in crossing the Cascade Mountains, but ultimately there will be a tunnel at Snoqualmie Pass in King County, at an elevation of 2,569 feet.

When this New Pacific Coast Extension was first surveyed, it was expected to be finished about 1911; instead of this, it is now safe to say that it will be completed early in 1909, the construction being the fastest of any like undertaking ever known.

Tracks are now being laid at the rate of three miles per day, and bridges are being completed as fast as material and labor will permit.

In a year's time the traveler may see along the whole line of this new Transcontinental Railroad evidences of life and the production of wealth from the soil, which, had it been left for settlement to the slow-going methods of the erstwhile prairie schooner trains, could never have been attained in the next fifty years, to say the least.

SEVENTY-FOUR PERFECTLY FAIR, SOUND APPLES GREW ON THIS TREE IN A BIG BEND ORCHARD, WASHINGTON

One of the most important factors to be considered is the abundance of good water, and this is assured for nearly all the farms in Butte County, Dakota, without having to dig to a very great depth. Wells can be struck at from 25 to 40 feet, and artesian water undoubtedly underlies the most of this great basin. Besides there are numerous watercourses that carry sufficient water for stock the year round.

The grass upon which the herds of cattle may graze on the open range the year round is of such a character that it cures standing, and is the most nutritious kind of grass known among cattle men. Cattle may be fattened upon these grasses without corn, and in this section are maintained some of the largest cattle shipping points of the West.

Besides the new Coast Line Extension from Mobridge, another Extension has been made from Chamberlain, South Dakota, to Rapid City in the Black Hills section. This was given to the people of the western part of South Dakota, a direct line to the eastern towns without having to travel down into Nebraska by rail to reach the eastern side, as was formerly the case.

The Black Hills country on account of its rich gold deposits has become widely known as the "richest hundred miles square on earth." The gold production in this section alone has reached $10,000,000 annually; but besides, there are rich deposits of copper, mica, tin, lead and coal; also gypsum in numerous quantities has been found, and limestone enough to insure an ample supply of building material, and beautiful sandstone is found in inexhaustible beds.

There is granite and lignite in large quantities, and precious stones, such as garnets, amethysts, and topaz are among the valuable gems here found.

Between 5,000 and 6,000 miners are employed to develop the resources of the Black Hills; these with their families offer a growing market for truck farming and dairying in adjacent territory.

The famous Rosebud Indian Reservation in Tripp County has been allotted to the Indians to some extent, and the balance, amounting in the aggregate to about 1,000,000 acres will be thrown open to white settlement this coming summer and fall.

The Black Hills Extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad passes only a few miles north of the northern boundary of Tripp County and will afford an easy way for the thousands of settlers who will enter the Rosebud Reservation. It is only twelve miles from Presho, South Dakota, direct to these lands.

The soil of South Dakota east of the Missouri River is much like that of western Minnesota and northwestern Iowa, a rich black loam. The rainfall is ample in most parts of the state to sufficiently mature crops of all kinds. For seven consecutive years the United States Weather Bureau gives a record of from 18 to 35 inches annually according to locality. What is worthy of notice is that it has been demonstrated definitely that rainfall increases with settlement and cultivation of the soil. During the past thirty years the area of sure crops in the West has extended steadily to the north and to the west.

Land formerly offered at prices of from $2 to $5 per acre, is today figured at from $40 to $80 per acre and is constantly increasing in value.

The educational facilities, with churches and libraries are carefully fostered in nearly every section through which the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system passes. There seems to be a "Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul influence" which establishes civilization upon these essential corner stones; besides taxation is low and the development of rural communities goes hand in hand with the building of towns and cities. This insures the right balance to society and is a bulwark against tight money and hard times.

The best way for a young man to settle the question that is bound to come up where there are several boys and girls in the family, and some of them must sooner or later leave the ancestral roof tree and make a new home, is to pack the grip and to see with his own eyes the evidences of opportunity which abound through the great Northwest, and especially along this great artery of commerce which will unite Minneapolis and St. Paul, and the commercial cities of the great lakes with the twin cities at the gateway to the Pacific,—Seattle and Tacoma.

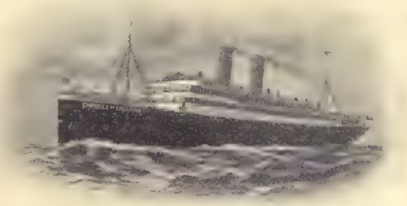
TACOMA, WASHINGTON. THIS CITY AND SEATTLE ARE THE WESTERN TERMINI OF THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY

FOUR DAYS AT SEA, TO EUROPE

By E. M. CRAIG

THE people of the United States resemble the ancient Athenians in that "they are forever seeking some new thing." The latest novelty among traveling Americans, within the past year or so, is to depart from the beaten track and take the Canadian Pacific route, by which ships leave for Liverpool from Quebec in the summer and St. John in the winter.

The finest vessels of this line are the new twin boats, the Empress of Ireland and Empress of Britain, and those who have ever been aboard either will envy friends who contemplate making a trip by this route, which offers, besides the variation from the usual course of "American liners," the novelty of a return journey around the North of Ireland, instead of, as is usual, skirting the southern coast both going and coming. The Empresses are the royal mail steamers, and are exactly alike, being built in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1906.



THE C. P. R. STR. "EMPRESS OF IRELAND"

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company richly deserves the vote of thanks tendered them by the passengers who traveled on the S.S. Empress of Ireland, on her maiden trip in July, 1906. As they aptly said, the advent of these splendid twin steamers truly heralds "a new era in trans-Atlantic travel." In appointment, in comfort, in safety, in speed and excellent service, in all that insures the utmost pleasure possible on an ocean voyage, the Empresses are second to no boats leaving American ports.

One may study the C. P. R. literature, with its handsome illustrations; one may ascertain by personal inspection that these ships have every advantage which constructive genius affords—that their length is 570 feet, with equally ample breadth—that they accommodate 350 passengers in both first and second cabin, and over 1,000 in the third class—that they register 14,500 tons and 18,000 horse power, but to understand the charm of crossing the ocean on such a boat it is necessary to actually travel on an "empress."

Many tourists prefer to make the voyage to Liverpool early in the year. The American will enjoy leaving his "lady of the snows" to visit the primrose-studded fields of the "old country," while for the Briton nothing can exceed the delight of being in his native land, "now that April's there." No need to wait for the St. Lawrence to be free from the clutch of the ice—St. John, the winter starting point, can be readily reached by Pullman from either Boston or New York, and once in that hillside city, the Canadian Pacific Company take entire charge of both passengers and luggage, transporting them gratis to West St. John, where the Empress lies awaiting her cargo. Incidentally St. John and the harbor are worth seeing, and it is advisable to go early and put up for a night at one of the good hotels to be found in the city.

Once on board, all thought of any hardship in ocean travel is dismissed, and the traveler feels as though he had been spirited away to a delightful house-party in a charming, old-world, country mansion. The stewards and stewardesses do for their guests everything that would be done in the best-managed household—in fact, the wants and wishes of the passengers are often anticipated. At the dining table the service is perfect, and leaves nothing to be desired. Nothing is forgotten, nothing overlooked, even to the boutonnière for each guest at table.

State-rooms may be had to suit all tastes, and may even be obtained *en suite* with private bath. These perfectly-equipped bedroom and parlor suites carry out the idea of a handsome country mansion, and a visit to the music room and library completes the delusion; the color scheme and furniture of both are attractive. In the music room the rich blue of carpet, divans and chair coverings, and the delicate terra cotta of curtains and table covers contrast charmingly with the yellowish tints of the handsome woodwork and grand piano; the open fire, shedding its ruddy glow on brass fender and fire irons, completes the homelikeness of this beautiful apartment. It is indeed a delightful place in which to lounge after dinner or on damp days. The library is in mahogany and dark green, and here, as in the music room, the light enters through windows composed of prettily tinted glass. In both rooms ample divans run around the walls, and comfortable armchairs are scattered here and there where the light is especially good.

ON THE DECK OF THE "EMPRESS OF IRELAND"
The Northern Transatlantic Route of the C. P. R.

The domed dining saloon is very much admired, and here is a cottage piano, which comes into active service for the concerts with which each voyage finishes. The children's dining saloon is as handsomely appointed as the large one, and is on the same deck. On the lower promenade deck is the handsome café—where light refreshment may be had at any hour. In the open air on this deck cricket, golf and various other games popular at sea may be seen in progress all day long. On the upper promenade deck is ample space for chairs, promenaders and loungers. Both decks being covered, one may be "upstairs" in the air in all kinds of weather.

The extreme steadiness of the Empresses is indicated by the fact that the photographs of these ships, published by the Canadian Pacific Company, were taken while the voyage was in progress, and the twin steamers are known not only as comfortable far above the average, but as very safe and rapid.

Apart from the major considerations of safety, speed and comfort, the C. P. R. steamers have an immense advantage over other lines in the attractiveness of their route. The traveler who makes the journey in the spring. leaving St. John, sees a considerable part of Canada and skirts the coast of Nova Scotia and of Southern Ireland, landing in six days in Liverpool. If he returns by the summer route, he sees something of the northern coast of Ireland, is only four days in the open sea, and spends the remaining two days in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Thus he not only avoids the six or seven days in the open sea, needed to make the journey from the United Kingdom to New York, or Boston, but gets a splendid view of the banks of the St. Lawrence and has an opportunity to visit the historic old city of Quebec; if the traveler saw nothing but these two beauty spots of the new country, he would feel well repaid for his trip across the ocean.

The charm of such travel is hard to describe. From the moment the passenger boards the Empress until he returns once more to Canadian soil, he seems to be on enchanted ground. While memory lasts he will have refreshing visions of the handsome well-equipped Empress, the green fields of the "old country" in springtime, with the fragrant, delicate yellow of the "pale primrose," the rich gold of the abundant furze blossoms and those "wee, crimson tippit" daisies, that are everywhere—the peaceful beauty of such scenes will contrast in memory with the magnificence of the great St. Lawrence, and that picture gallery of recollections will be a constant inducement to "go and see it all again."

NEW ENGLAND ORDER OF PROTECTION

By J. E. JONES

OCCUPYING modest offices in the Ford Building, at No. 15 Ashburton Place, Boston, are the headquarters of the Supreme Lodge of this splendid body which has made such rapid headway since its organization in 1887, and which now has a membership of 57,000.

Fraternal societies have gained a foothold with the American people that cannot be under-estimated, and it is safe to say that most men have at some time or other "taken a degree" or "ridden the goat" in some society whose aim is either to promote a fraternal and brotherly spirit, or may go still farther and offer protection in case of death or sickness to the families of its members.

The secret society is one that has borne the brunt of criticism and the savage attacks of those opposed to the manner of its meetings for several centuries, but notwithstanding this, it can be pointed out as proof of the value of these organizations in which men and women have united in good acts of helpfulness that they are today more popular among every class of people than at any time in history. Their importance to society is seen in times of trouble and sickness, in sorrow and adversity, and thousands of widows and orphans are giving grateful testimony of the benefits derived from these organizations

Whole volumes have been written upon the spirit of fraternalism, and yet how little has been said. In the lives of all of us there is something which we can trace in these organizations that band people together in ties of brotherly love and help to create an interest and stimulate a desire to know more of the kindliness which permeates the members of these societies and which has resulted in so much good work being done.

A few weeks ago I was called to the home of a prominent citizen in Salem, Massachusetts, and as I stood waiting in the outer hallway to be received, I was joined by a gentleman who wished to call on the same party whom I was seeking. A moment later we were both ushered into a comfortable sitting-room, and it was then that I learned that the gentleman whom I was to call upon was confined to his bed, and that the visitor who had been introduced into the home with me was the representative of a fraternal organization situated in a neighboring city, and that the purpose of his visit at that time was in the interests of his lodge and its fellow-members in offering their services to the family of their sick brother.

Such incidents as this are happening in every part of the country every day, and in this spirit of fraternity which grows in the lodge room and carries its manifestations into every phase of life is found the popularity of fraternalism as it exists today, and it demonstrates that fraternalism and the work of the secret societies is not a mythological thing, but that there is an actual cementing and fastening of the ties of friendship which leads men and women to perform those sacred responsibilities unto their neighbors and fellowmen which otherwise are too apt to be neglected.

It is the plan of organizations like the N. E. O. P. to secure for its members not only the benefits that accrue to a splendid fraternal organization, but to give in addition a form of protection to its members in the way of insurance at the lowest possible rate that is compatible with solvency and perpetuity, and the countless homes that are protected against want through these organizations are the best evidence that can be produced to show its value throughout the entire six New England states in which it operates.

The "Encyclopedia of Fraternities," an excellent volume published by E. V. Treat, and compiled and edited by Albert C. Stevens, treats voluminously of the subject indicated in the title of the work. From the preface, which was published some years ago, the following is of particular interest not only as bearing upon fraternities that carry insurance for members, but upon fraternities in general:—

"The probable extent of the influence of secret society life may be inferred from the fact that more than 6,000,000 Americans are members of such organizations, which confer about 1000 degrees on 200,000 novitiates annually, aided, in instances, by a wealth of paraphernalia and dramatic ceremonial which rivals modern stage effects. More than 30,000 members are annually added to the rolls of Masonic lodges in the United States; quite as many join the Odd Fellows, and one-half as many the Knights of Pythias; more than 100,000 join other secret societies, the lodges, chapters, or councils of which dot the country almost coincidentallly with the erection of churches and schoolhouses."

Mr. D. D. Aitken, president of the National Fraternal Congress, in an able address at the meeting of the fifty-one societies in Buffalo last summer, drew attention to the magnificent work of the fraternal bodies, and the whole of his address contains so much of value that every person interested in this work should have a copy of his remarks. Here are a few paragraphs which bear particularly upon a portion of our subject:—

"There is an old Arabian tale of a chief who had a magic lantern so wonderful that when it was pressed in one particular point it unfolded a tent under which the chieftain could repose secure from the blasting sands of the desert or from the burning heat of the sun; pressed again, it unfolded yet more, until his whole family might rest beneath its folds; and, pressed a third time, it yet unfolded until the whole tribe of the chief could rest comfortably under it. So it is with our fraternal work. It unfolds and extends from the person to his family and dependents, and wider still until whole communities gather under its protection. When we begin to realize this we begin to understand better what fraternity is and what it can do for us; we begin to appreciate better our fellow-men and our fellow-women; we begin to realize that every tender word we utter, every blessing we bestow is a thread of sunshine woven into somebody's life, and all the smiles and all the sympathies that come to us from others' hearts and others' lives are threads of light and threads of love woven into our own hearts and lives."

It is somewhat astounding to note the figures of tables which I have on hand and which have been increased during the past year.

At the beginning of 1907 the record of fifty-one associations in the United States includes a membership of 4,194,299 persons, showing a net increase for that year of 271,727 persons, to say nothing of a social membership of the same organizations which do not include the insurance privileges of 412,195. At the same time there was in force throughout the United States an insurance of $5,746,437,703.84; and when it is taken into consideration that this tremendous sum of insurance represents the protection afforded, in the most part, to what might be termed "the great middle classes," and when it is further noted that the amount of insurance of practically all of these organizations is limited to the matter of from 3,000 to 5,000 dollars, one forms a comprehensive idea of the magnitude of the work being done by fraternal organizations throughout the nation. A great many organizations, including the N. E. O. P., have a benefit fund; and in a period of one year, covered in the tables of figures as given above, we find that there has been paid in benefits to members and their families considerably more than $60,000.

One of the strongest features of fraternal insurance is embodied in the assistance of its members in maintaining their local lodges and grand lodges and supreme lodges at the lowest minimum of expense. There are no fat salaries nor monied interests concerned in this class of insurance, conesquently there are few scandals such as shocked the country at the time of the investigation of certain exposures which took place in New York within the memoty of all who may read this article.

The mortuary tables or expected deaths based upon fraternal insurance have stood the test of years, and the basis formed thereby gives a careful estimate of the probable expense of this class of insurance, so that the orders are able to practically guarantee to their members what the cost of the protection will be. The members themselves have learned to make comparison of the beneficial and membership income, and know of the expenditure and death rate of the various

FREDERICK T. PEABODY, SUPREME WARDEN

orders through comparison, and place greater confidence in fraternal orders in general and their own special ones in particular, and it is this study and investigation that has been carried on in the homes and lodges throughout the country that gives to fraternalism its greatest business strength, because every member is more or less a critic; and as each has a voice in the management of their own society, so do they find an interest in informing themselves as to those things which will be of greatest benefit to their allied interests.

The N. E. O. P. is one that seems to instill great confidence in their membership; although there is but one degree in the ritual, still it is filled with interest, and the exemplification of it impresses the candidate in such a manner that the initiation cannot fail to have a perpetual place in his or her memory. In speaking of the membership in this manner, it might be noted that the organization is constituted not only of members of the male sex, but that the ladies are also on an equal plane with men.

One of its old members, in speaking of the lodges and their work, likens it unto a great family gathering in which men and women meet their neighbors and their friends and are thus thrown together in a friendly social intercourse which cannot fail to aid the work in which these organizations are engaged. Since the instalment of this organization in

1887 there has been a steady growth in membership, and at no stage in the history of the organization has there been any backward step.

In November of last year there was initiated in a single night a class of 2,508 new members. The exemplification of the degree and the initiation of these new members was an event in the history of the order which exceeded all previous efforts of the association, and so large was the attendance of the members from all over New England that it was necessary to press Mechanics Building into service to accommodate members of the order who were present to take part in this splendid event in the history of the N. E. O. P.

HERBERT M. CHASE, M.D.

On that occasion the then mayor, John F. Fitzgerald, a member of the order, represented the city of Boston; there were also present Hon. John F. Cole, speaker of the House of Representatives, who represented the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; the Honorable George A. Hibbard, present mayor of Boston and at that time the postmaster of the city of Boston, as representative of the nation. The two last-named gentlemen were the only persons outside of the order who participated in any of the exercises.

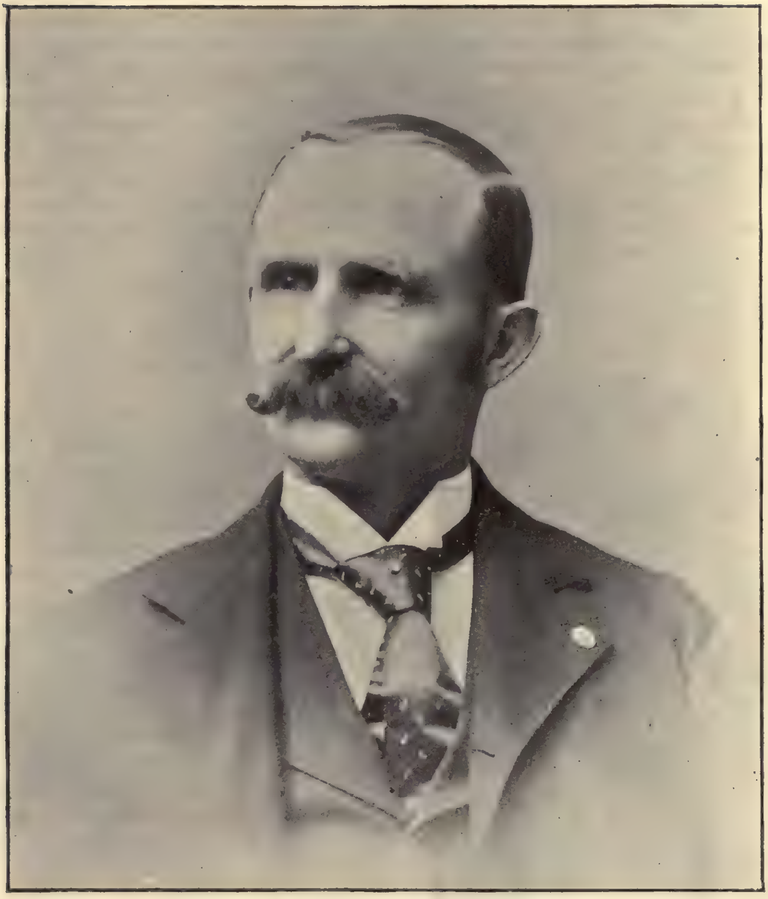
It was an event that attracted much attention, owing to the particular prominence not only of the order but of the progress of the fraternal bodies, and the strength given to the order through the addition of so large a class was by no means an inconsiderable factor in total membership.

On April 1, 1908, there was a total of 408 lodges in New England, and among the membership may be found some of the principal citizens of all of the New England states. Including some of these are governors, mayors, ministers, legislators, judges, journalists, physicians, manufacturers, bankers, educators, lawyers, and other representatives of citizenship.

The organization is incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, which is in itself the strongest guarantee of the management of the affairs of the organization. While the N. E. O. P. has not lent itself to the policy of a large reserve fund at the expense of its members, in 1901, under the administration of Supreme Warden Judge James H. Flint, a fund not exceeding three full assessments under a non-limited membership basis was provided for, and this has been kept intact by levying assessments to pay all death losses from time to time.

There is nothing speculative about this class of insurance; beneficiaries must in all cases be members of the family of the insured or the policy can be made direct to the members themselves, and in case of death revert to the estate; but there is nothing in the insurance that can be sold or used for barter or trade. A wise provision permits the insured to change the beneficiary of the policy at his or her own will at any time they may see fit.

The members of the organization pride themselves upon the record they have made in prompt payments of claims; usually settlement is made with the beneficiary of the policy holder within three or four days after receipt of the proofs of death at the Boston office. There have been but few disputed claims, but in cases where attempts have been made to defraud the N. E. O. P. the order itself has protected their policy holders against this class of claims. For nearly twenty-one years the N. E. O. P. has proceeded to conduct its business along the plan originally outlined by its originators, and so satisfactory has been the progress that today



DANIEL M. FRYE, SUPREME SECRETARY

its membership stands as a justification of the wisdom shown by its promoters at the time of launching this successful body into the great family of fraternalism.

Since its organization it has paid 4,086 claims, amounting to $7,221,700; and all claims, including the first death loss, have been paid in full. During the last year there has been a net increase of 7,311 members, and this increase has come through the natural strength which the order derives through its membership and their enthusiasm and interest. There have been but three or four deputies, and their work has been devoted more largely to the development and strengthening of the order in places where, through some local conditions, there has been need of stimulating the weaker lodges.

The present Board of Supreme Officers has as its head Supreme Warden Frederick T. Peabody, who is now serving his second term after having first won his spurs as Grand Warden of Massachusetts. It has been the policy of the order to select as its supreme officer one of the Grand Wardens of the State Grand Lodges of the different states, and those who have come forward and made a success of the work of the Supreme Warden have first won their spurs in the Grand Lodges of their respective states.

Mr. Daniel M. Frye, Supreme Secretary, who is perhaps known to more members of the organization than any other member because his work brings him in close contact with the very life of the organization, has served in his present capacity for more than fourteen years.

The Supreme Medical Examiner, Dr. Herbert A. Chase, has served in his present official capacity for seventeen years, and Hon. John P. Sanborn, Supreme Treasurer, has occupied the position which he so ably fills for seventeen years.

Mr. Frank A. Rice, Supreme Vice-Warden and who will probably succeed Supreme Warden Peabody, has served two years as Grand Warden of the state of Massachusetts, and it can be said of all officers representing the organization that they have not been advanced to the principal positions of trust of the supreme body until they have first shown their willingness to take up the great responsibilities that must of necessity follow their elevation to these positions; furthermore, they must have demonstrated that they were sufficiently mentally equipped to do credit to the services which they were to undertake.

HON. JOHN P. SANBORN,
SUPREME TREASURER

The organization seems to have a spirit of enthusiasm that is manifested in every degree and station of the great order, no matter whether it be in the lowliest of its membership or the personality of its most prominent members, and it is this degree of push, coupled with supreme confidence in the worth of the order itself, that has made the N. E. O. P. what it is today. There is benevolence, equity and charity exemplified in all that it undertakes to do, and in a record of twenty-one years there has not been a single thing to mar the even tenor of its progress. As Supreme Warden Peabody has so splendidly said: "It is truly an organization that stands for all that is best in civic life; that surrounds the home and family with every service, and enables the men of moderate means to provide protection for loved ones at actual cost, and that so small that it is within the reach of all."

During the past year 475 beneficiaries of deceased members have received $774,400 in benefits.

The gain of insurance in force during the past year has been $6,166,000, while there was a gain in membership of 7,311.

In a little booklet which the lodge has issued the management of the order is designated as having been constructed on a principle in which every member has a voice. Towns and cities may have one or more lodges, while each state has a Grand Lodge, and over all a Supreme Lodge. The lodge is composed of its members, the Grand Lodge of representatives chosen from the past wardens of lodges, and the Supreme Lodge of representatives chosen from the Grand Lodges. Every warden in a subordinate lodge is eligible to election as a representative to the Grand Lodge. An age limit of between eighteen and forty-five years is placed upon the membership, and assessments are made on the basis that covers the actual cost of insurance to meet the losses occurring from deaths. It issues certificates of $500, $1,000 and $2,000, and a fair idea of the availability of this insurance for people of moderate means is herewith shown, the figures given being based upon the rates for $1,000, with an average of twenty-four assessments a year.

AGE	RATE	AGE	RATE	AGE	RATE
18 to 25	$.30	25 to 30	$.35	30 to 35	$.40
35 to 40	.45	40 to 45	.50	45 to 46	.55
46 to 47	.60	47 to 48	.65	48 to 49	.70
49 to 50	.75				

The expense of management has been provided for by a per capita tax of one dollar annually, and the cost of management of the organization, including the large matter of postage for the year of 1907, was $37,997.08 —bringing the actual cost of management per member down to seventy-one cents. It is also shown in the reports of the N. E. O. P.

that the deaths included 1,000 beneficiary members for the year 1907, amounting to 9.24 per cent, and the average age of the membership is 40.09 per cent. A person of thirty-five years of age carrying a policy at this rate would pay only nine dollars and sixty cents per $1,000 for his insurance under the plan of the organization.

When this ate ,is providing all that is accomplished by old line insurance, where no better protection is affordded than in the N. E. O. P., it would seem that there need be no further argument as to the advantages of this class of protection. To quote from the Official Circular: "It is as *safe* and is as permanent as any business, banking, insurance, manufacture or merchandise. Its history of growth and development, its prudent management, the loyalty of its members and the safeguards which surround it furnish a guaranty of its future soundness and prosperity; it is as safe as any savings bank, when both are honestly managed, and the New England Order of Protection will be doing business at the old stand when the defamers of fraternal insurance are forgotten."

The N. E. O. P. is one of many societies that are doing a vast amount of good work, and as this is an organization that does business only in the New England states, its whole policy has been aimed to meet conditions in the particular territory which it covers. The N. E. O. P. has made great progress in and about Boston, and it might incidentally be mentioned that a large number of the employees of the government postal department of the Boston post office are members of the order, which of itself speaks significantly in its praise.

It is based upon safe, solid principles underlying the basis of fraternal assessment insurance, while the personnel of the officials at the head of the Supreme lodges and Grand Lodges in the different states has always been endorsed as the highest type of citizenship It is safe to predict that the order will continue to grow and to do good in the years that are to come to an even greater extent than is shown by the record of the past.

FRANK A. RICE, SUPREME VICE-WARDEN

Men and women engage enthusiastically in this noble work of fraternalism. There is an interest that makes the home better and life more worth living; and a study of these organizations convinces one that better things can be gained out of life by practice of precepts and examples of such noble orders as the N. E. O. P.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

YOU and I have been acquainted a long time—readers of the National Magazine, and whenever I have anything to say, I just say it right out. The "Happy Habit" book has been issued. I do not dare tell you how much trouble it has cost me. It contains selected sketches that have appeared in the pages with which you are familiar during the past years of our acquaintance. There were proofs to be read, selections to cut down, selections to add, something to be fitted in, and so here you are at last,— the book is out.

The last night I spent with the proofs going over the pages with its sweet memories, I felt like shedding tears, there was such a deep feeling of sadness because it had been with me so long that I had begun to be fond of it. The book contains the scattered leaves of ten years experience as your editor. In the foreword you will find these words:

"In this volume are gathered the 'scattered leaves' culled from my Pleasure Book. They tell of the first ten happy years when I 'just visited' among my own people as editor of the National Magazine. Since these sketches were written, the untimely death of great men has crystalized personal experience and scraps of simple narrative into the dignity of history, in whose eternal aura every life story of the great past sits empurpled—'mystic, wonderful.'

"My attempts to picture the courage, enterprise, patriotism and cheery endurance of this great nation have received the approval of thousands of true, loyal men and women, who have deemed the efforts worthy of commendation. This volume has been compiled in deference to their appreciation and desire.

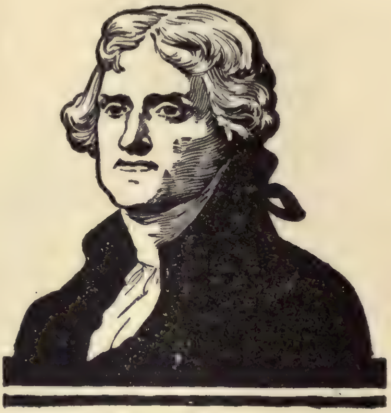
"The observations of a not uneventful life —when young manhood launched a career among the pioneers of a prairie frontier, where intense cold, drought, hail, fire and tornado intensified the struggle for a bare existence—early inspired an admiration for courage, industry and hope unfailing; later years have vindicated the wisdom with which, like good soldiers, 'they endured hardness for a season.' These rigorous experiences and associations inculcated a conviction of the need of practicing the 'Happy Habit' in every walk of life—under every conceivable condition—making dark days more endurable and the sunny days more enduring."

* * *

IT is said that one can think better while walking than when sitting. Notable instances are common where lawyers, clergymen, editors and financiers dictate their profoundest thoughts to their stenographers while pacing up and down their office floors with rythmic steps.

The importance of walking is still very much underestimated though the habit is rapidly becoming popularized. Scarcely a treatise on health and hygiene is published nowadays that does not endorse walking as an exercise most conducive to health, and more and more of the American people are already beginning to recognize the value of walking.

The most enthusiastic advocate on the subject of walking I have ever met is Mr. Humphrey O'Sullivan, the inventor of the famous rubber heels. I found him one day in his office—his coat off and up to his eyes in work—gathering together the famous



Thomas Jefferson
Third President of the United States

AMERICA has furnished to the world the most conspicuous Apostle of Personal Liberty that ever lived.

The Declaration of Independence (the creation of his genius) is an eternal monument to his fame—more enduring than statues of marble or bronze.

As a statesman in Congress he advocated the brewing industry as an aid to agriculture and national temperance; and upon several occasions he bought and freighted rum, wine and whiskey to the brave soldiers of the Revolution. He himself declared that the juice of the malt was never absent from his board.

Thomas Jefferson was a splendid athlete, a crack shot; and in his prime at the old Raleigh tavern he delighted to enjoy his "cakes and ale"—or dance half through the night with the fair maids of old Virginia.

At eighty-three he died, regretted by the nation he helped to create. His deeds and written thoughts absolutely and irrefutably prove that good malt beer is not injurious to mind or body.

"The Writings of Thomas Jefferson," by Paul Lester Ford, Vol. 2, page 329; Vol. 5, page 511; Vol. 10, pages 113, 125, 251; Vol. 11, page 498, etc.
Morse's Biography, pages 2 and 8.
Shouler's History of U. S., Vol. 1, page 99.
Encyclopedia Americana, Vol. 3—"Jefferson.'

Budweiser

DIRECT into your home it comes—a square and honest product—foaming, sparkling and alive with the true recreative energy and filled with the power of both sun and soil.

"Budweiser" flowing melodiously from the bottle is a wondrous, pleasant drink. How delightful—the penetrating odor of hop gardens—the subtle fragrance and charm of barley fields in harvest time.

THE KING OF ALL BOTTLED BEERS

Budweiser is Sold in all First-Class Clubs, Hotels and Cafes.

Bottled Only at the
ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWERY
St. Louis, Mo.

sayings of famous people on the subject of walking. Before him was a photograph of Dan O'Leary, the noted pedestrain, who has walked nearly one hundred thousand miles since 1874, most of the time on O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels, but this is but an incidental reason for Mr. O'Sullivan's admiration of this veteran athlete.

Any thing whatsoever on the subject of walking will command the attention of Mr. O'Sullivan, and the great part of his advertising is along these lines. Recently he published a half page advertisement in the daily papers without even suggesting the name of "O'Sullivan," knowing that every one reading it would intuitively connect it with O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels as a matter of course, inseparably associated with walking.

Thackeray, Dickens, Sidney Smith, Thomas Jeffreys, and the whole gamut of notable English authors were represented in these expressions on Walking and one could feel that they gained inspiration from walking along the English lanes arched over with trees.

Among the gems he collected were the following:

Charles Dickens wrote: "Come, come, come, walk in the green lanes. You will work better for it all the week."

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote: "Walking is the best value as gymnastics for the mind."

Plato said: "It (walking) would almost cure a guilty conscience." Here the walks of the Platonic dialogue are recalled.

Mr. O'Sullivan has made a careful study of the science of walking. When he entered the shoe business, in 1877, he noticed that every autumn physicians and thoughtful people brought in their shoes to have the bottoms covered with rubber soling; and a portion of the leather heels removed and replaced with rubber packing. This soling was done with cement, reinforced with screws, but this did not give the resilience demanded; so Mr. O'Sullivan, after devoting considerable study to the matter, conceived an invention that is now known the world over and has been aptly called "The Armor of Health." The holding screws robbed the rubber heel of its resilience. Now people are wearing rubber heels the year round, for the slippery ice of winter and for the support they give in the delightful long walks of summer.

Mr. O'Sullivan has studied the subject of walking thoroughly and has noted that the natural position when one foot is put forward is for the heel to strike the pavement first. The entire weight of the body is thus thrown upon the rubber heels. This gives the effect of that springy step of the moccasined Indian upon the leaf-mold paths of the forest. It relieves the stiffness and harshness of the pavement. On the subject of walking a noted Harvard professor has stated that "Man is fitted to be the king of the animal world, and his legs can outlast those of any animal." Walking and outdoor exercise are the hope of the future for upon them the health of the people depends. Nature walking is an art, and everything that can assist in making walking easier is of lasting benefit to humanity

* * *

The Indian hunter is noted for his graceful and almost noiseless step. Bare-footed or wearing thin moccasins of deerskin, he gives full play to the muscles of his feet and his toes, and those who understand this, and realize the constant damage to health and beauty by stiff-soled shoes and rigid, unyielding heels have condemned them as utterly unfit for comfortable walking. Aside from all this, however, the fact remains that you cannot enjoy the pleasures of a summer vacation or an ideal rest unless you can take pleasure in those walks which have inspired so many of the finest verses written in our language. Who could conceive of the poets, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier or even the genial Bobby Burns writing their immortal poems without first having taken those solitary walks, where among the trees in the great temple of the universe they could commune with Nature and God?

Mr. O'Sullivan is certainly an enthusiast on the subject of walking and as we were about to leave he brought his fist down on the table, saying, "If I could only get the people walking more. I don't care whether they wear rubber heels or not. If they would only get out and walk instead of sitting around the house, whining and complaining about the weather, there would be more hope and optimism among the people today—for there is nothing like outdoor exercise and long walks to attune and adjust one's mind to contentment with his lot.

Rebuild Your Overworked Physique into Sturdy Strength and Vigor

How often do you come home at night too dogged tired to even respond to the pleasant reception awaiting you? Life's struggle becomes more and more intense as the twentieth century progresses. Mentally and physically you must conserve your energies, build up your strength and equip yourself for the test. You must have sleep, good digestion, steady nerves, bone and muscle, clear mind. These can be secured, maintained and enhanced by the use of

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

Being an extract of rich barley malt and choicest hops, it furnishes nourishment in predigested form and acts as a tonic. A desire for food is stimulated and power furnished the system to draw quicker, better and greater energy from what you eat. At the same time the gentle, soothing effects of the hops restore your nerves to their normal state. Peaceful and refreshing sleep is induced, the brain strengthened and new life given to the tired muscles.

Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, being a predigested liquid food, is welcomed by the weakest stomach. It relieves insomnia, conquers dyspepsia, strengthens the weak, builds up the overworked, helps the anaemic, feeds the nerves, assists nursing mothers and invigorates old age.

At All Druggists—Insist Upon it Being Pabst

Booklet and Picture "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.

PABST EXTRACT CO. DEPT. 20, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THE "Romance of Arlington House" has had a remarkable sale, but we want to see it in the hands of every young lady reader of the National.

"A Romance of Arlington House" will be mailed to subscribers at the uniform price of $1.00 postpaid to any address. Now let every father and mother see that this pure, dainty and interesting story becomes a welcome addition to their daughter's library. If they do not do it, a second appeal to the young men who appreciate the beauty and charm of our American girls will not be necessary to give their friends a book that every woman can appreciate and admire. It would most appropriately come from a father or mother, but if a father or mother fails to appreciate this opportunity, here is a side hint to those who want to know just what a girl would like. The young lady will not fail to appreciate a copy of "A Romance of Arlington House," and will not overlook the good taste of the giver—which counts.

"A Romance of Arlington House" is an appropriate gift at all times, whether at Easter tide; in the summer days at the seashore where the "summer girl" reigns supreme; among the mountains; in the glorious golden days of autumn; amid the whirl and activities of winter's gaiety, or at Christmastide. There is never a time or season when a gift of a beautiful book which has a sweet message of confidence and friendship is not altogether appropriate.

The enthusiasm that has followed the success of our various publications the readers of the National quite appreciate and understand.

* * *

THE chirping birds and the buds and blossoms that herald approaching summer bring an instinctive longing for the "out-of-doors." It is Nature's call to break the bonds of winter's close confinement, and to the good housewife, summertime is porchtime. On the first bright warm days, the house is turned inside out, so to speak, and the porch rockers are installed, the hammocks hung, the settees backed up against the corner, the potted plants, ferns, palms and other varieties common to most households, are brought out for decorative effect, and on the floor are spread the new, clean, sanitary Crex grass rugs—the very latest convenience in porch comforts. What a cool and inviting place such a porch becomes with its appearance of solid comfort during the hot, sultry days of summer!

* * *

It is a comparatively new luxury—this porch idea—and hardly a home is built nowadays without as much care and attention being given to the placement of a convenient porch, sometimes a modest name for a large veranda, as to any portion of the interior, and where arranged for privacy it allows for "out-door" dining rooms and sleeping rooms. Nor do the owners of the older houses, those built before the porch idea became uppermost, escape the fever for this comfort.

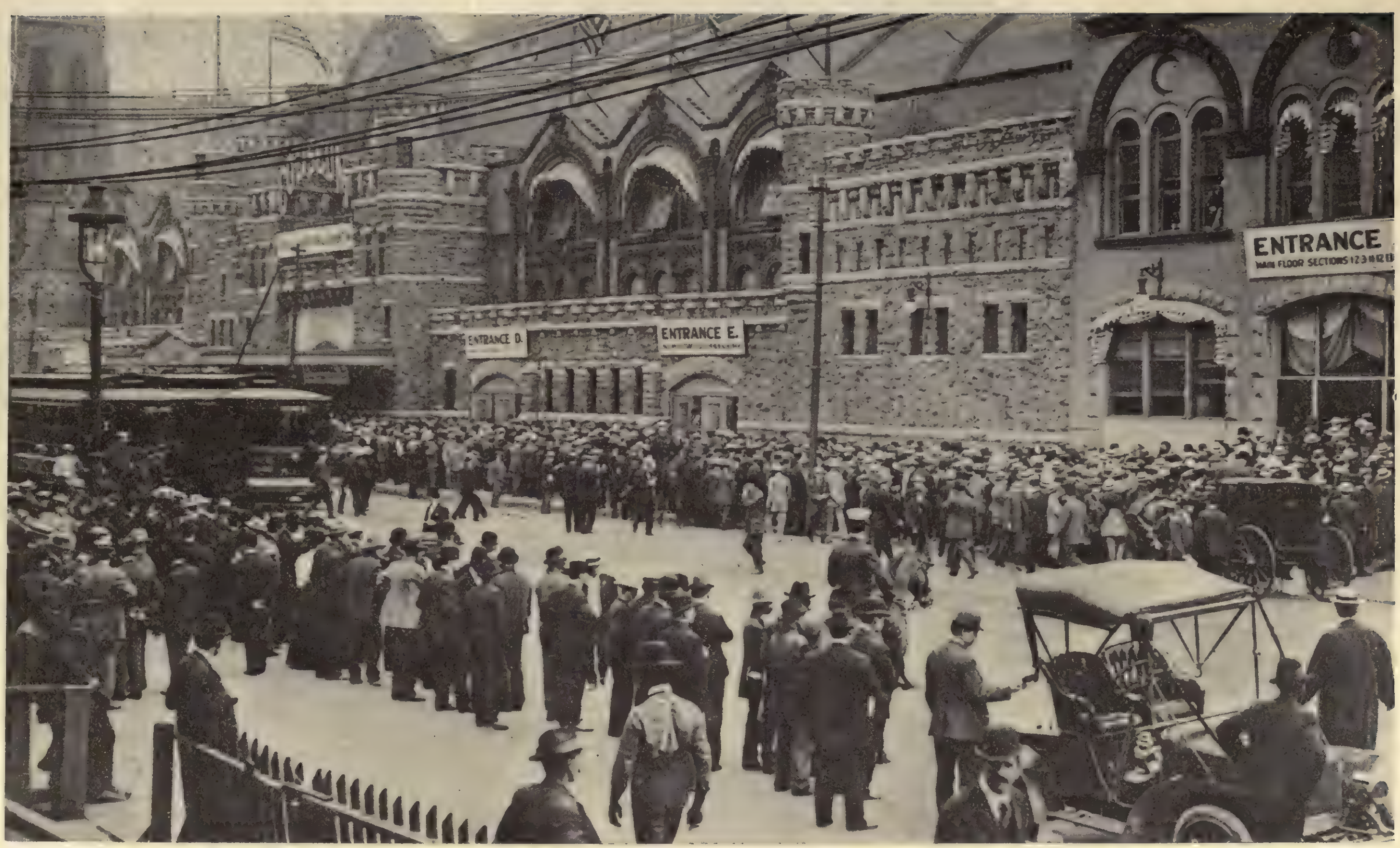
* * *

"John," says the good housewife, "we'll take our vacation money this year, and build a large porch upon which to have our outings, not for a week or two, but for all summer long," and the matter is settled; for when it comes to matters concerning the needs of the home, "she" knows. She knows that the baby is too young to be carted around from place to place in hot stuffy cars; she knows that, with the attractive porch furnishings now to be had, the veranda can be made an ideal although inexpensive summer house, fringed with vines and flowers, where the baby can creep back and forth over the clean grass rugs and coo through the porch railing at passing objects with wondering eyes and eager appreciation, not for a week or a month—but during the long hot summer.

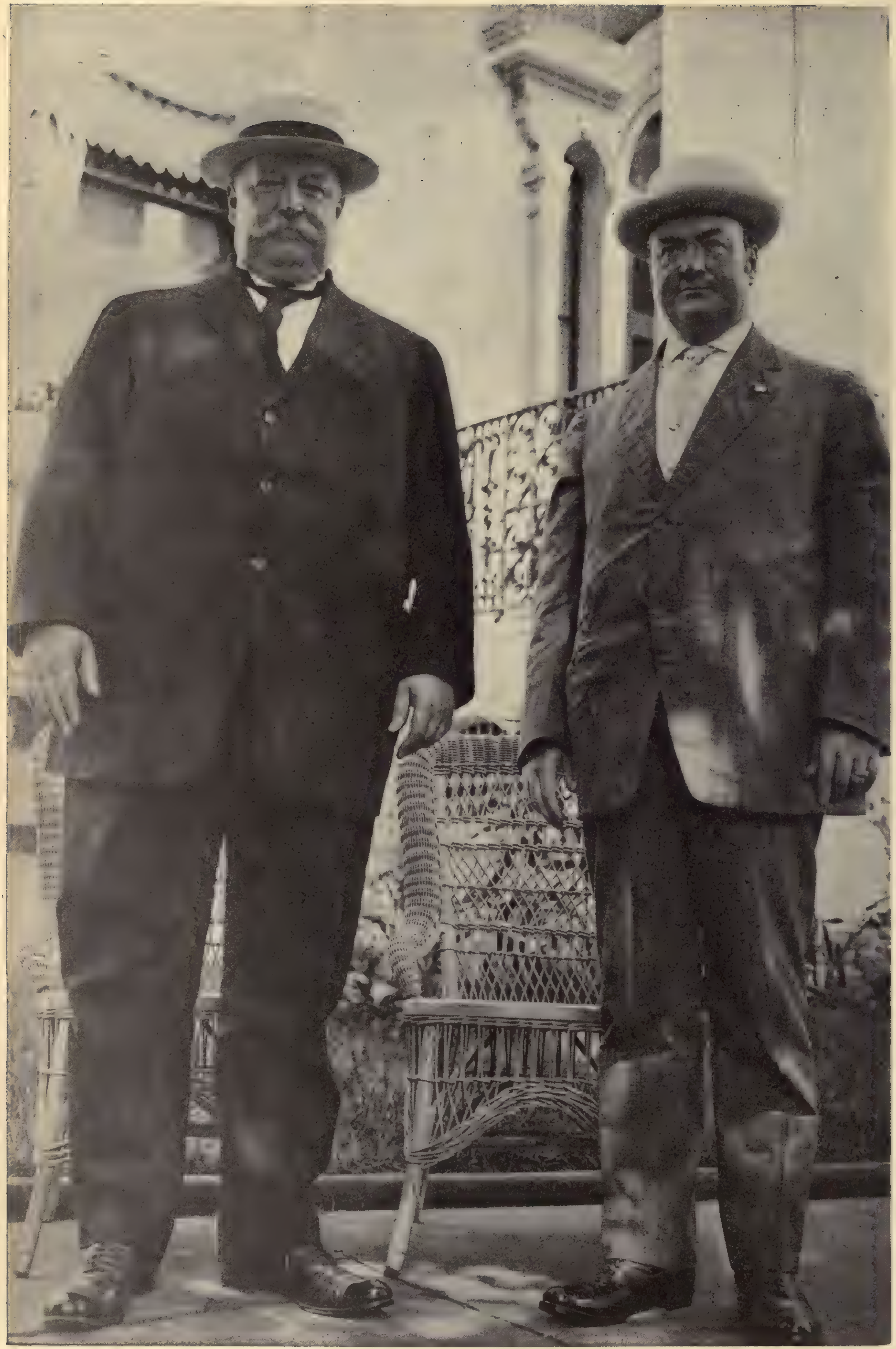
* * *

SECRETARY TAFT'S second trip to Panama will probably focus the attention of the American people upon the progress of the work on the Isthmus as nothing else could. Since Secretary Taft's former journey much has been accomplished by Uncle Sam's soldiers, engaged in the simple but manly art of "ditch digging," and that they know how to get out and "dig" for results is no state secret.

The sanitary problem has played a very important part in the conquest, only the other day the government shipped to the Isthmus 3,600 boxes of "Rough on Rats"—enough of the deadly mixture to kill 3,600,000 of these plague-carrying rodents.



ENTRANCE TO THE COLISEUM ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION WHERE THE MASSES SURGED LIKE A GREAT SEA OF HUMANITY "WITH AND WITHOUT" TICKETS—BUT EVERY ONE HAPPY AND GOOD-NATURED



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WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT—JAMES SCHOOLCRAFT SHERMAN, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVIII JULY, 1908 NUMBER FOUR

Affairs at Washington

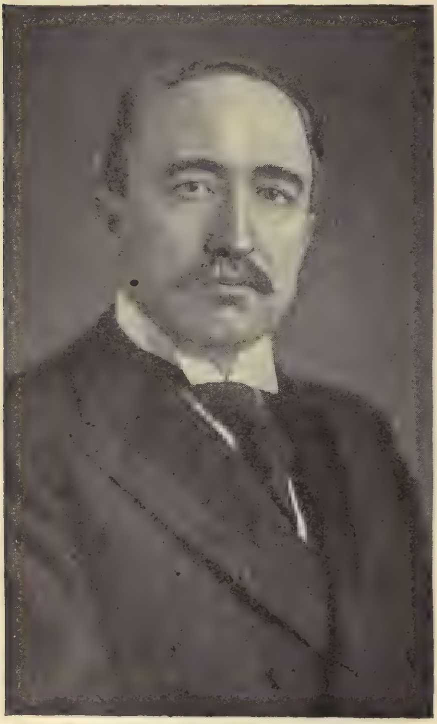
By Joe Mitchell Chapple

SOMEONE has grimly intimated that the last official act of President Roosevelt before leaving Washington for the summer capital home at Oyster Bay was to set his seal of approval upon the nomination of his successor. While at play in the tennis court, the word was brought to him of the final consummation of Taft's nomination. Never before has so much importance hung upon the words that went singing over the telephone wires of the decision at the Washington end. Nor was this a mere expression of a whim or a personal will of any man, but rather the registered will of the people filed at Washington as an endorsement of the policies of the administration. It would certainly have been a betrayal of trust not to have carried on those purposes to the letter. The President has decided not to ride from the Capitol to the House with his successor, and will consequently break away from another old-time custom.

President Roosevelt has planned to visit Africa to hunt jungle game, leaving this country about the first of April, accompanied by his son Kermit. Preparations for the notable chase in darkest Africa are already on foot. Interest has revived in rhinoceros, hippopotamus and other African game which have only been seen behind the bars of a circus or managerie. As president, Theodore Roosevelt perhaps feels that he has taken a wide survey of game fields of the western hemisphere, and now sighs for bigger game. It is unnecessary to say that information concerning Africa and African game will have an illuminating interest after next year, following in the wake of the experiences of the intrepid explorers Henry M. Stanley and David Livingston. President Roosevelt is said to be following out a childhood impulse and dream inspired by the reading of the adventures of these distinguished African explorers in earlier years. After one more gay social season, official Washington will say "*adieu*," or perhaps only "*au revoir*," to the Rooseveltian reign.

* * *

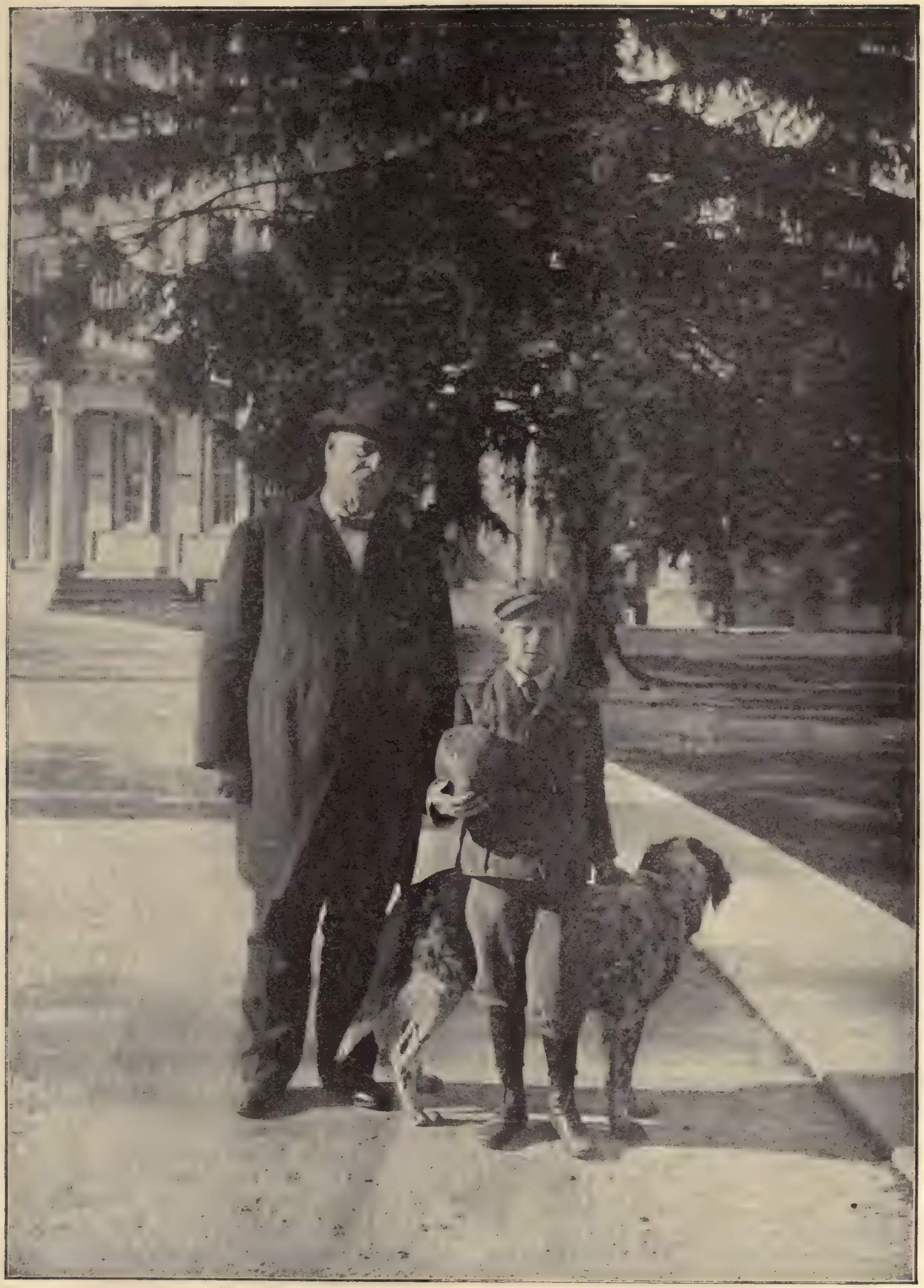
WHEN the present secretary of the treasury was at the head of the Post Office Department, he was tendered a banquet by the postal officials of New York State. Upon this occasion, Mr. Cortelyou paid a splendid tribute to Mr. Willcox, then postmaster of New York City, as one of his co-laborers in the Postal Department. The address was full of philosophic inspiration, and the occasion was one of the most notable banquets of the year. The splendid ovation given to their old comrade in the Post Office Department—for tradition will always associate Mr. Cortelyou more pre-eminently with this department than any other—was a milestone marking the splendid and increasing efficiency of the federal service. Mr. Willcox is now Chairman of the Public Service Commission in New York State. Few people realize the tremendous work which this commission has accomplished in the first eight months of its existence. A capacity of over 15,000,000 seats has been added to the transportation service in New York City, while over sixteen hundred (motor) cars have been inspected and overhauled. The law under which the Commission operates is the most drastic measure of the kind on any statute book—even surpassing the radical acts of an Oklahoma legislature, or anything of a similar nature in Europe. Its regulations are mandatory, and violation of any one of them is subject to a heavy fine. The organization of this Commission was one of the favorite measures of Governor Hughes when he first took up the duties of his office as chief executive of the Empire State. Many observing students see in this Commission one of the most sane and effective checks on the iniquitous acts of corporations. It is a regulation that regulates, and is entirely free from that combative, prejudicial and confiscatory policy that often actuates the opposition to corporate interests. In fact, corporate interests are beginning to realize that the regulations are a benefit rather than a hindrance to their welfare. The day of corporate apprehension of the destruction of property rights and of traffic interference from this kind of state control is passed. Mr. Willcox states that the great thing needed in New York City just now is more subways. Bids for a new one in Brooklyn have just been awarded, and plans have been approved for another extending the full length of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. The construction and equipment of these additional subways calls for an expenditure of $150,000,000. The increase in traffic every day in New York is becoming a serious problem. The "pay as you enter" cars on Fourth Avenue are proving a great success, and in all fairness to the railroad company it should be said that these cars were ordered before the suggestion came from the Public Service Commission.


WILLIAM RUSSELL WILLCOX

* * *

JUST behind the statues of General Garfield, Senator Cass and Ethan Allen, is located the Ladies' Lobby of the House of Representatives, furnished with some luxury of rugs, convenient tables and rocking chairs and nearly every seat is filled during the sessions. To observe the way in which the timid congressmen approach this corner of the rotunda of the Capitol affords a study in psychology. Some approach with the suave nonchalance and debonnaire bearing of the cavaliers of old, as if sure of their welcome; others hesitate and approach gingerly, reminding one of the husband who recalls something he was to have brought home, but has overlooked it until he is within sight of home, and begins to anticipate the household storm that his negligence will bring forth; the while he would be ready to assure any one that in his house he reigns supreme. It is clearly to be seen that the women constituents have their favorites among the legislators.

There is a very varied assemblage in that room—the woman in widow's weeds tells the story of recent bereavement—the trim, exquisitely-dressed feminine lobbyist, timid young women looking for appointments—the visitor "from home," who is ready to be shown about, and see in reality all that she has hitherto only read of. It would be interesting to have a phonographic reproduction of some of the conversations that go on in that corner beyond the whispering dome, they would be interesting revelations of many phases of congressional life. Stories are told there, serious, pathetic and humorous. One congressman came out looking intently at a paper and remarked "To carry out the mes-



THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND AND HIS SON, AT HIS HOME "WESTLAND," NEAR PRINCETON, N. J.

sage on this sheet which I have just received from a woman constituent would preclude the possibility of pursuing my public career."

In that same rotunda stand the various statues representing the different states in the Union, and among them there is only one of a woman, Miss Frances Willard. It is to the credit of the United States Congress that, although the poor men-suffragists andv oters who come to see their congressmen must manage as best they can—for the women, the suffragettes, is provided their own cozy little nook created and furnished especially for them in the women's lobby. This is proof positive that Uncle Sam is a "lady's man." Perhaps if the truth were known, many of the most important and meritorious measures have had their origin in suggestions made in that corner, where the burly suffragists are received only as a compliment and not by right.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

There really has been no national Woman's Suffrage convention in Washington since 1904, but in 1906 and 1908 the usual effort to secure a sixteenth amendment was made and hearings granted by the Judiciary Committee of the House and Woman's Suffrage Committee of the Senate.

This lobby was especially well-filled during the meeting of the National Women's Suffrage Convention, which was a gathering of unusual interest. The movement is in unison with that of the English suffragettes, who have led the van for universal voting, and who believe that much important legislation will never be attended to until women have a right to vote.

How that little "cloud no larger than a man's hand" has grown. It was an important moment when the women of Manchester, working in the mills, were called on to help support a member of Parliament who was being denied his rights by the men, but the voice of the women reached to Downing Street and shook even the halls of Parliament, until the members had to go about their business guarded, to avoid an attack from the militant women who were championing their cause in the streets, with a courage as high as that of their ancestors who wrung the *magna charta* from King John. The women of the United States have not entered on a similar campaign, but it is certain that their influence has done much to advance needed reforms in our country.

By many it is regarded as merely a matter of time until women have the desired vote. At the present day it would be difficult to find a citizen in Colorado or Wyoming who would have the least desire to take away from women the right of suffrage. The worthy successor to Susan B. Anthony is Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who is president of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance

Mrs. Catt was born in Wisconsin and reared in Iowa, but it was in California that she was "born again." Working on a newspaper in San Francisco (she was the first woman reporter in that city) she was subjected to a personal indignity from a man with whom she was doing some business. This shock caused her to reflect on woman's industrial position, and suddenly she realized that to secure industrial independence woman must be enabled to protect herself by the ballot. The ballot meant as much to the working woman as to the working man. "A call" to consecrate her life to womankind came to this young woman—indeed she was little more than a girl—and walking up one of San Francisco's streets she made her vow. This was before she had ever been in the East, before she knew Miss Anthony or any of the Eastern leaders. Miss Anthony retired from the presidency of the national association in 1900. Mrs. Catt was elected in her stead, serving until 1903. In 1902 an International Woman's Suffrage Committee was organized in Washington, with Mrs. Anthony as president. Next meeting was held in Berlin, Germany, in 1904, and the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance was organized. Mrs. Catt was elected president. From June 15 to 21 (1908) the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance assembled in Amsterdam, Holland, with twenty-three countries represented by delegates. Mrs. Catt is in Amsterdam now. My friends who know tell me that Mrs. Catt is fairly idolized by the foreign women. She is a really wonderful presiding officer as well as all that you say of her as a public speaker.

In the early days on an Iowa farm she imbibed those large ideals and purposes which have been so conspicuous in her brilliant career. An easy and graceful speaker, one fully versed in her subject and convinced of the justice of her cause, it is a delight to listen to her on the platform. Her words have the force of real heart-purpose as she makes her earnest plea for her fellow-women. No one can hear her speak without being convinced that the women suffragists of today have a higher and wider purpose than any accredited to them, and their work means as much to their fellow-men as to themselves, in the purifying influences which they will bring to bear all over the country, as a basis for the uplifting tendencies of civilization.

In her college life, in her school work, in her whole career Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has been a most effective and vigorous leader. She follows along the lines laid out by Susan B. Anthony, and from that leader has imbibed the lofty purposes which ever animated her work.

THE attempt to revive the railroad pass in Congress, indicated that the pass is really a thing of the past. The Senate committee on interstate commerce discovered that, with the Hepburn Bill passed, with the free transportation clause, the shortest way to settle matters was for Congress to cut off passes of all kinds. The bill introduced by Senator Stone, early in the session, suggesting that transportation be issued in return for newspaper advertising, never got farther than the committee; for Congress could not see why an editor should be permitted to ride free, while congressmen paid for the privilege or walked. Senator Stone indeed did his part in introducing the measure, but it is not yet counted among the "stone dead."

MRS. GUGGENHEIM, WIFE OF SENATOR GUGGENHEIM OF COLORADO

PASSING up the steps of the Chancery wing of the British Embassy on a visit to the Right Hon. James Bryce, the most distinguished Ambassador Great Britain has ever sent to this country, and recalling with a mingled sense of pleasure and awe, my two well-thumbed volumes of "the American Commonwealth," I felt that I was about to pay homage to a master mind—to one whose literary influence has passed beyond the realms of his own empire, and made itself felt in the farthermost corners of the earth.

Where is the American who is unfamiliar with this great classic text book on modern government—who has not derived pleasure and profit from its perusal? Perhaps to many there is a memory of a lesson not too well learned, or a difference of opinion as to its conclusions, but when, in the battle of life, we are brought into contact with the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, the words between the covers of this book come back like the voice of prophecy.

Entering a dimly lighted ante-room, I saw only one old-fashioned desk, with a solitary clerk standing near it, and books, everywhere books—books on all walls, books on shelves reaching to the ceiling with that rich, musty odor of old books and reports,—a fitting entrance to the sanctuary of a great scholar and writer.

Ushered into the great man's den by the "clerque," I took, while awaiting the Ambassador, a copy of Todd's "Principles of Parliamentary Practice in the Colonies" from one of the shelves, and during those few moments acquired some knowledge, at least, of the various systems of self government in the different British possessions, in which, it may be said in passing, the time-honored expression of monarchical countries, "The king can do no wrong," is somewhat qualified, and I felt that by coming in contact with a great book and a great mind my horizon had been materially widened.

A few moments later the great man—I might say, indeed, the great man and his books—for they are inseparable—came forward to greet me, his voice gruff and hearty, and having in it the ring of true sincerity.

James Bryce, now three score years and ten, ripe in years and study and observation, is a comparatively small man, with pointed grey beard, keen, fascinating grey eyes, and a manner which indicates by its heartiness a real conception of the American character. Genuine sincerity seemed to pervade the very atmosphere, and on the old-fashioned flat-top desk was visible evidence of it, for, notwithstanding the great amount of labor entailed, the British Ambassador never foregoes the stately courtesy of a personally written letter—a refreshing conventionality in these days of the typewriter and commercialism.

His quick eye caught the title of the volume I had been reading, and in advising me, after I had told him what a moment of pleasure the book had afforded me, to get the latest edition, he said: "Life is made up of stray moments, and if we could always utilize the stray moments what a wonderful amount of work could be accomplished."

Ambassador Bryce, though kept busy with the various duties of his important office, will not allow himself to be wholly weaned from those literary and scholastic pursuits which have made his name famous in the world of letters. And Literature will be glad of it, for from the publication of "The Holy Roman Empire" to his latest work Mr. Bryce has had a large following, and no matter what he may write in the future he is always sure of a large audience.

One only has to be in the great Ambassador's presence for a few minutes to realize that here is a man whose work is thorough—a man who would not permit the publication of his "American Commonwealth" until he had made three visits to the United States. These visits extended from 1870 to 1883, representing thirteen years of painstaking investigation and keen observation, which have given to the world an incomparable text book on the American people and their political institutions. Every page of it scintillates with enthusiastic interest. With grim irony my mind turns to a page in the second volume—to his declaration that the less of government the better, meaning the fewer the occasions for legislative interference with individual rights, the more loyal the people to the national constitution.

After calling my attention to the general ignorance of the methods of law-making in a country of so many law-makers, and reading with evident delight the proofs of Speaker Joe Cannon's article in the May National Magazine on the passing of a bill, he dis

Copyright, 1907,, Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE, AMBASSADOR FROM GREAT BRITAIN cussed at length the statement of a member of the Supreme Court that the people as a whole little understand that many of the judicial opinions handed down by that court did not express the personal opinions of the learned justices writing them, the Supreme Court being a tribunal for the legal interpretation of the law only.

"No country and no age," said Mr. Bryce, "has had a greater amount of legislation in proportion to its population than the United States, and the fact that a Congress and forty-six legislatures are kept constantly at work framing new laws shows a remarkable popular faith in the power of the law to place mankind on a higher plane, but it is a faith which I hardly think the future historians and philosophers will consider to have been justified."

You can well imagine the feast I had in that visit. Every word and sentence seemed to have a world of deliberation and thought behind them. He called my attention, for instance, to one important bill which was amended and reprinted in twenty-two successive drafts (I thought of the Aldrich Bill) and occupied the whole time of the Cabinet throughout the present session, and the suggestions he had made in a recent address on the conditions and methods of law-making to at least lessen this evil. These suggestions were: The careful and conscientious study of the subject matter of all bills prior to their introduction; a consultation upon the merits of all bills between men of long political experience; the arranging of all bills in the shape most likely to cause their expeditious passage, and the fixing upon some one legislator the responsibility for the fostering a particular measure, and doing everything possible to insure successful action upon it.

With this inexhaustible fount of information, the result of diligent research and careful investigation, to draw upon, is it any wonder that the great American public look up to and admire Ambassador Bryce as a gentleman who not only voices the most matured opinion of the British Empire, but in its highest and broadest sense the opinion of the United States as well.

All honor, then, to Ambassador Bryce, the scholar and statesman, the author and orator. Truly a Briton in the broadest sense of the term, but for all that a citizen of a world with no national boundaries, international in thought and universal in sympathies, this genius might well be called an Ambassador for the Human Race.

SAILORS' EXCURSION TO CORCOVA DE MOUNTAIN, RIO; JANUARY, 1908

MRS. JAMES BRYCE, WIFE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR

TRADITION has it that no more genial or handsome man ever was placed upon Uncle Sam's pay-roll than James Burton Reynolds, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. A graduate of Dartmouth College, he made his first plunge into life's struggle as editor-in-chief of the college paper, and was duly initiated into the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity.

As a political and editorial writer on the Boston newspapers and representative of the press for the Massachusetts General Court, he won a popularity seldom credited to a newspaper man. In Washington he did special correspondence work, and thus began his more serious political career as secretary of the Republican State Committee of Massachusetts, where he served two presidential terms—a full eight years. He also served as delegate to the Republican National Conventions of 1896, 1900 and 1904. In 1905 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury by President Roosevelt, and few public officials have been more popular and have done more effective work.

JAMES BURTON REYNOLDS
First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

Mr. Reynolds is a member of the Metropolitan Club, Cosmos Club and Army and Navy Club of Washington. The University Club, the Puritan Club, the Press Club and the Boston Athletic Association have his name on the rolls, and several prominent New York clubs claim him as a member. In general, he belongs to the Universal Brotherhood of Good Fellows.

Mr. Reynolds was born in Saratoga, New York, where his father was a practicing physician for many years. Although still on the sunny side of forty, he remains a bachelor. His office is one of the most popular in the Treasury Department. On the wall hangs the picture of the first custom house in the United States, located at Yorktown, Virginia, where the first custom revenues of the country were collected; a view is also shown of Stadts Haus, the first custom house in New York, under the old Dutch governors. It is always a pleasure to have a hearty hand-grasp and genial passing greeting from "Jimmy" Reynolds, whose department shows a collection report of $350,000,000 in real money collected for the year, which is a large proportion of the total revenue of Uncle Sam to support his billion-dollar government.

* * *

ON the walls of the office of Colonel Henry Casson, the sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives, hangs a cabinet photograph of every member of the Sixtieth Congress. These photographs have become the most popular collection of modern art in portraiture at the Capitol, and is one of the most interesting collections in the country, combining as it does the elective as well as typical representation of types of manhood of the great republic. Here also the members do their banking, and here is kept the sacred mace, about the only relic remaining of the ceremonial equipment of legislative proceedings in colonial days.

After ten years of close personal association with members of Congress, the conviction is forced upon me that no other body of men could possibly be gathered more directly representative of the people—the average temperament and the ideals of the republic at large strongly individualized in the physique and mentality of its Congressional representatives.

As I looked over Colonel Casson's photographs, I realized that here was depicted about every type of physique and race. The

Asiatic traits of Representative Legardo of the Philippines, the more rotund face of the Hon. Prince Jonah K. Kalanianaole Hawaii, and the Indianesque of features of Congressman Carter of Oklahoma contrasted sharply with the Slavonic head of Congressman Sabbath of Chicago, and the Hebrew profile of Congressman Goldfogle of New York. The sturdy Norsemen have a typical representative in Congressman Steenerson of Minnesota, the genuine Irishman in Bourke Cockran of New York, and the Creole in Robert Broussard of Louisiana. The Huguenot strain is revealed in Congressman Legaré of South Carolina, while the placid face of the Quaker who still "affirms" and never swears is worn by Congressman Butler of Pennsylvania.

The Englishman's characteristics are recalled in the facial outlines of Congressman Jenkins of Wisconsin. The latest type of the Rough Rider of the plains is Bird S. McGuire of Oklahoma. Congressman Sherman is the typical New Yorker, with trim side whiskers. The pure Middle West American type is embodied in Congressman Charles Landis of Indiana, while the calm, steady gaze of Congressmen Currier of New Hampshire and Foster of Vermont show the real Yankee type. The curled forelock of Congressman James E. Watson of Indiana tells of Hoosier ancestry, and the old-fashioned western farmer's profile is evidenced in a portrait of Congressman Reeder of Kansas. One might go on indefinitely, and find right in the features of individual congressmen every facial and racial trace of physiognomy represented in the great Republic. The stately Southern bearing of Colonel Henry D. Clayton of Alabama, the hearty, genial bearing of Ollie James of Kentucky and the rugged brusqueness of Colonel Peter Hepburn of Iowa all have a part in the ensemble. Every accent, every mannerism and quaint colloquialism, every sectional peculiarity of thought and speech find, in some way, an expression on the floor and in the committee rooms of

Photo by Clinedinst, Wash.

MISS WILLIE CHAPMAN COOPER
Daughter of Representative S. B. Cooper of Texas

JAMES SCHOOLCRAFT SHERMAN
REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

ALL IN CONVENTION ARRAY

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

"ON the job Bill!" was the clarion cry of the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1908. The hurrahs and erratic demonstrations of former conventions gave way to a sober, seasoned edict of the party to get "on the job Bill!"—to use a current and expressive vernacular. The turn of the tide toward the full flood of industrial activity and universal prosperity sweeping in along the whole national shoreline must go forward unchecked. The verdict of this convention found expression in the campaign slogan, "On the job Bill!"

The subtle, all-pervading undercurrent of conviction of the party, irrespective of political or personal influence, was expressed that William Howard Taft was the logically equipped man for the job of presidency. He had served an apprenticeship and possessed the knowledge and experience that was needed to grapple with the great problems of the times.

* * *

On the one sweltering-hot day of the convention, the nomination was handed to Taft by his party in "shirt sleeves"—so to speak—without eruptive enthusiasm, but with a forcefully-impelled conviction that it was time for everybody to be back "on the job" and start the forces of creative development in motion. "On the job Bill!" was a cry that drowned the blare of bands and political shouts. It was felt that good times are assured if everyone is "on the job." William Howard Taft's public career always found him equal to the tasks set before him. In school and college; his first activities as a newspaper reporter; collector of internal revenue; the industrious and painstaking young lawyer; strong and conscientious solicitor-general; a fearless and just judge; the first governor to grasp the vexed and unsettled problem in the Philippines; the foremost member of the Cabinet whose fame was world-wide in the lime-light of criticism and before the tribunal of American popular opinion. Successful in small beginnings and ever-increasing opportunities, and unmoved by greed or vanity, he came to be the man of the hour—the trusted nominee to be put on the job.

Was there a vexatious problem in the Philippines, a boundary dispute in Alaska or Colombia, a Panama Canal to be pushed to completion, the Chinese boycott of American goods to be peacefully obliterated, an incipient revolution in Cuba to be averted, or a Japanese war cloud to be dispelled, William Howard Taft was always "on the job," and always "made good." The skilled constructor of public confidence, energy and optimism; the bridge-builder of over-sea commerce is called, and a president nominated whom men trust and honor from coast to coast, from Orient to Occident.

* * *

For seven strenuous years Theodore Roosevelt has led the awakening of public conscience. The convention appreciated the power and unimpeachable influence of all this discussion and agitation, and called in no uncertain tones "On the job Bill!" "Teddy" has done the talking, and "Bill" will do the building. A prosperity is promised that will be permanent and enduring, giving equal opportunity to all. The big hearty smile and good nature of the nominee was infectious, and a characteristic feature of the convention. It will continue to foreshadow the equal temper of the campaign. With "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together," the great hailing sign has met with a response from the people which will characterize this campaign as marking a new golden era in national history. The slogan sweeps irresistibly along the party line as everyone finds the magic words singing themselves over and over again. Everyone "on the job with Bill!"

* * *

Yes, I can hear you all saying, "What

HA, THERE!—THE NEW YORK DELEGATION HAS ARRIVED—SMILING OF COURSE—READY TO DO BATTLE FOR "SUNNY JIM"

kind of a time did you have?" A good time,—of course. The sedate Massachusetts delegation started out on a special train smiling and joking; a more congenial crowd never gathered for a trip between Boston and Chicago. The journey was made all too swiftly; everyone was in high spirits because everyone wanted to "visit." You often hear men charge woman in general with an overweening desire to visit each other and pass the time in gossip—you should listen to a lot of men at a political talk-fest. Why, we just sat in the sections of the Pullman and "visited" back and forth without a recess. Staid, severe business men let loose on all the great and weighty problems of business and public life, balancing them with the pros and cons of their associates' opinions.

There was the usual thrill and quiver of excitement in the arriving of the delegates at Chicago, characteristic of other conventions. As we marched up the steps of the Van Buren viaduct, we were met by Senators Lodge and Crane and Congressman Lawrence, who were eager to welcome the home people, and they escorted us to headquarters in the Auditorium. The large luminous electric lights of the hotel and the brass band in the balcony making merry with all the latest airs, furnished the setting to a grand scene of welcome from "Uncle Joe."

* * *

Curious how men will stand and talk and talk and hold pow-wow. We went into training early, and found that standing in

A. L. VORYS, MANAGER TAFT CAMPAIGN

HOW'S THIS FOR A BUNCH OF SMILING LEADERS, BEGINNING ON THE LEFT WITH SENATOR BURKETT OF NEBRASKA, JAMES SHERMAN OF NEW YORK, EX-SPEAKER KEEFER OF OHIO, SENATOR N. B. SCOTT ("SCOTTY"), OF WEST VIRGINIA, CONGRESSMAN "JIM" KENNEDY OF OHIO, THE ORIGINAL TAFT MAN

the hotel foyer sixteen hours a day was the demand; had we been obliged to labor in this fashion at any other occupation, we would have been exhausted, whereas, in the excitement of meeting new friends and old, and the stimulating effects of the spirited discussions, we considered our duty no hardship. There was a jolly "Hello, Bill!" everywhere—just like visiting Elks—with "How's the folks?" "Where's John?" "Where's Jack?" "Don't you remember '96?" and similar rapid-fire inquiries. The overflow of good-fellowship and brotherly feeling presaged a convention free from bitter rancor. In a corner of the Auditorium lobby I met that genial, sunny-tempered gentleman who served so many years in Congress—James Schoolcraft Sherman of Utica, New York. He has a jolly way of winking behind his glasses, and when I ventured to ask him, in a sober, philosophical way as to the "greatest moment in his life," he winked and said: "When I am nominated for the vice-presidency." We little thought then that there was a likelihood of his being named on the first roll-call for vice-president, although every congressman and those connected with Congress were talking "Jim" Sherman right from the start, and large portraits of him were ready to be placed beside that of Taft, in event of his nomination, to impress the conviction on the people's mind visually that "Taft and Sherman" would prove the ideal ticket.

The suggestion had its psychic force aside from the expected word "from Washington," as this was not a convention where the initiative of the individual delegates could find its full play. The real power and control of the convention was not in Chicago. As one old-timer remarked: "Some conventions are run by hurrahs, but this one was run by hell-ohs—from Washington." Long-distance telephone calls from Washington were frequent, and Frank Hitchcock, in charge of the "card index" system, was at his post since the first meeting of the National Committee. Grim, quiet, implacable, and on

MISS LOUISE W. TAFT, DAUGHTER OF HENRY W. TAFT, OF NEW YORK CITY, WHO LEAD THE FAMILY DEMONSTRATION IN SECTION 63 WITH A HUGE BOUQUET OF CARNATIONS

duty night and day, the stalwart form of the young political biologist stood the brunt of battle.

There is something about the day before a convention that is always exhilarating—the fire of expectant anticipation. While the nomination of William H. Taft was conceded, it was felt that there was that fascinating possibility of something else or "the unexpected" happening—but it didn't. The friends of the other candidates kept actively in the fight. In the evening there were rousing shouts and songs in the headquarters of "Uncle" Joe. The Knox devotees were equally active, although it was insisted that the keystone badge suggested an epitaph for the Knox-boom. In the headquarters of Indiana there were rousing shouts for the favorite sons of that state—Fairbanks, Beveridge and Heminway—whose portraits were garlanded with flowers. Taft's headquarters were of the quiet sort that gives a feeling that there are plenty of votes—with others in cold storage. In the New York headquarters there was the reflection of Tim Woodruffs' waistcoat, and the continued enthusiasm and solid front for Hughes was effected with the "flag drill." They felt it their duty to stand by their nominee before making a compaign for Sherman as vice-president.

SENATOR W. MURRAY CRANE
This is the staid, sedate and well-beloved Massachusetts Senator, after he caught the Smile Fever

The veteran sergeant-at-arms in charge of the New York delegation industriously carried pictures, ice-water and badges to the enthusiastic New Yorkers and "visiting" friends. In every presidential convention the solid phalanx of seventy-eight New York votes counts, and the more doubt about New York "getting together" the greater the excitement.

* * *

The handsome paintings in the hotels were covered with placards—there was no reason for anybody getting lost. The lobbies were packed with the ebbing and flowing tide of people elbowing along in great throngs—millionaire, magnate and workingman pushing arm to arm through the crowd. On every hand were men of national and international fame: diplomat, society swell and bootblack jostled and was being jostled. There were ambassadors of foreign countries, who for the first time were having a real touch of the "go glint" and push of the life in the Middle West, and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves, no matter how much crushed. A man who would have been deliberately ill-natured on this occasion would have curried popular disfavor in short order, for everyone seemed determined to be a "good fellow" and joined the ranks of the smilers.

* * *

Around the ruddy-shaded lamps in the Annex lobby the glee club from Columbus, Ohio, sung their songs of triumph. "We Want Bill" was a popular number when the words were heard, but when they started on the thrilling notes of "Dixie" there were wild shouts. Up on the sixteenth floor John Hays Hammond was playing "Mine Host" to a large number of admirers. Massachusetts headquarters were holding forth in honor of the old Bay State and the candidacy of Governor Guild for the vice-presidency; everyone had buttons and then—more buttons.

At the New Jersey headquarters there was that typical political character whom everybody knows but to love—David Baird—preparing to launch the Governor Murphy boom for the vice-presidency in the genial way which has always endeared him to his friends. He held consultations morning, noon and night, as the throngs called, and eagerly hoping that a repetition of the action of '96 would be witnessed in choosing the vice-presidential nominee from the state of New Jersey.

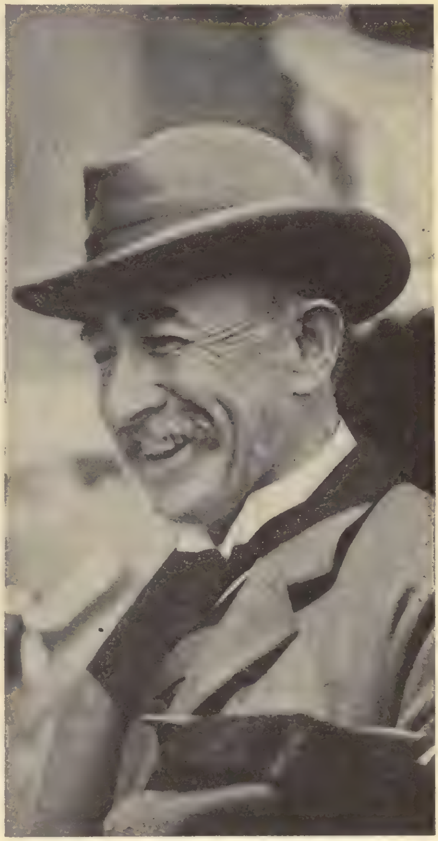
The Wisconsin headquarters was an inspiring scene. Here the well-trained yelling of the university of the state broke forth in unrestrained enthusiasm for LaFollette as they sang out, "We Want Bob!" "*We Want Bob!*"

The old-time repetition of words in a rythmic tone has become a modern political war-cry. Twenty-five of that state delegation hung together as if glued, and even seemed to breathe as one when they shouted. The Wisconsin delegation believed they had a message to bring to that convention, and they brought it with a center rush,—football fashion.

Up the winding stairs, in the headquarters of the Iowa delegation there was that tremor of excitement following the possibility of two presidential nominees. At first Senator Dolliver was named as the President's choice, but, owing to local political conditions, the Senator felt he must decline. Then started the boom for Governor Cummins, and all night long there was that quiver and undercurrent of excitement as to who would be decided upon at Washington. Everybody waited for the Washington "Hello," and when it came the vexatious conference was over. Curious how "small talk" pervades a convention. Someone wanted to know what Taft's religious beliefs were, and it was given out as straight *orthodox* Unitarian, while Mrs. Taft is a member of the Episcopal church. There was a rumor that Taft was gaining in flesh at the rate of ten pounds a month, and it was estimated that he would weigh five hundred pounds before he could be inaugurated.

* * *

It seemed as if I saw everyone I ever knew in the whirl of the Auditorium annex lobby, to say nothing of "Peacock Alley." Friendships formed while "awaiting a waiter" at table or trying to struggle through the entrance of the Auditorium, or standing side by side in line for an hour or two just to go where everyone else was going. Some of these friendships will blossom into life-long attachments. Here everybody seemed swept into the great maelstrom in lobbies and aisles, and the "butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker" jostled those who counted their wealth in millions; a senator, judge and what-not had to "push" as well as those in the lower walks of life. It was indeed a splendid revelation of the enthusiastic, effervescent and yet stable qualities of comradeship among men of America. Did I say men?—well, the women were there in force, too. They may not have had anything to do with directly affecting results or controlling votes of delegates, yet there was something about the occasion that was happily graced by the presence of the charming, vivacious American woman. She was there ready to help and assist her husband or friends; all smiling, too—everybody smiled. The great gathering in the convention hall on the first day revealed a large proportion of women. Who dares to say the American woman is not interested in public affairs! The reserve power and force of the convention was the American woman—God bless her! She may no have been there even, but, absent or present, her influence was felt; the struggles and strife for power and position contemplate the witching smile of woman somewhere.



JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

The world-renowned Mining Engineer who made a splendid showing for Vice-Presidential Votes among his host of friends in every state—Yes, he smiled too

* * *

The National Committee had decided upon

Senator Julius Cæsar Burrows as temporary chairman. He was regarded as the safe man to hold the proceedings in check should the undercurrent of Roosevelt sentiment threaten a stampede, which event was much talked of in a mysterious way the day before the opening of the convention. Someone has to throw an oratorical spark to ignite the tinder for a stampede; and this tinder had been kept in cold storage deliberation and was not likely to conflagrate, as the people at the primaries had circumspectly and positively called for the nomination of William Howard Taft—instructions from the sovereign voter counted at this convention.

* * *

Credit must be given at this time to the absolute sincerity and lofty purpose of Theodore Roosevelt in carrying out not what was alone his personal sentiment and preference, but what he thought was the absolute will of the people. He put aside every temptation up to that last telegram to Senator Lodge before the speech in which the Senator insisted that any attempt to renominate Theodore Roosevelt should be regarded as the work of enemies. Realizing that his work in awakening the moral conscience of the people to the evils of the times and in enforcing the law needed different execution, he foresaw that the constructive and forceful policy of Taft possessed more power to evolve prosperity for the people than a continuance of his own administration. When history is written an entirely new aspect of Roosevelt's unselfish and ultimate purpose in refusing to be pushed into office by his enthusiastic enemies or admirers, proving the same positive devotion to public interest today as at the beginning of his administration, will be shown. Early in his career he was forced into office more by his enemies than by his friends, and in many cases he has managed to use his enemies rather than his friends, paradoxical as it may seem, in his plans for national policies, manipulating their purposes to his own desired issues.

* * *

That day before the convention seemed the longest day I ever spent. From the wee hours of the night to six o'clock in the morning we slept on a cot in a small room; and one cannot expect luxurious ease and rest in a room where there is "something doing" all the time. However, we accepted the situation optimistically,—that was the spirit of the convention.

* * *

On the wall of the Maine delegation's headquarters was a portrait of James G. Blaine which they had brought from the state capitol at Augusta. His name has been the magnetic influence of many Republican conventions; it is the name that awakened the enthusiasm of Robert Ingersoll as he delivered that ideal nomination speech for the "plumed knight of Maine."

At every state headquarters there was a reunion. Men got together and indulged in good-natured "argiments" that would have delighted the audience on the barrels at the country store. Everybody seemed to agree that the sentiment and expression of the people was voiced in that novel political call: "On the job Bill!"

The glee clubs shouted songs the words of which no man could understand; but when they called for "Billy Taft," with the feeling that he was already trained for the "job," we did not need an interpreter; there was no chance for strategy or the hypnotic and kaleidoscopic changes that have featured other national political conventions.

* * *

"A THRILLING moving picture of American history in real life," was the terse expression of a well-known diplomat as he looked upon the scenes of the Republican National Convention at Chicago, June 16. He had made a close study of American history, but he insisted that no words could describe the reality of a scene of this nature. The very organization and plan of the convention itself was a reflection of the business genius of the times.

Chairman Fred W. Upham of the Chicago committee displayed his good-nature and genial manner even in the rush of multifarious details, anticipating every method for handling the large crowds in the days before the clans gathered.

The "night before," I sailed down Wabash Avenue in a "pay as you enter" car, where a sign, "The city gets fifty-five per cent of your fare," greets the passenger, to look after tickets. The thirst of the American youth for circus tickets was noth-

HOW'S THIS FOR A REAL BILL TAFT SMILE, HIS BROTHER CHARLES P. TAFT ON THE LEFT, HAS JUST TOLD THE LATEST JOKE TO VORYS

ing in comparison. There seemed to be about 50,000 strangers in the city—all desirous of tickets—and the space of the Convention Hall would only hold sixteen or seventeen thousand at the utmost. It was plain to be seen there were disappointments ahead. In the great auditorium the decorators were putting the finishing touches to the many-colored festoons. The swallows twittered in in eaves, building their nests with perhaps the same precision and thoughtfulness that the committees on resolutions were trying to put the planks of the party platforms together. The daintily-draped flags and large golden stars of the decorations lent the patriotic touch of color. An aerial balcony surmounted a great eagle with outstretched wings, and here the band was stationed to let loose its martial airs. The great placards marking sections and numbers were as accurately arranged as an adding machine. The speaker's stand was elevated and flanked on either side by the press seats labeled "Sections 16 and 17." On the speaker's platform were the seats for the National Committee, and the first row back was reserved for the President's guests, which included members of the diplomatic corps. Looking on the scene, I thought of the great drama of three one-day acts to begin on the morrow. The last straggling rays of light were vanishing from the vast area, and the many rows of chairs surrounding the oval space seemed to be doing sentinel duty, awaiting the formalities of the next day. Even the ice-pitcher had found its way to the speaker's table, and the demijohns were distributed throughout acres of chairs and aisles, ready to receive the cool water with which the thirst of the thousands was slaked. The emergency hospital had every vial in place; the fire alarm was in excellent working order, and every entrance and exit carefully inspected, for the horrors of fire are still remembered in Chicago. The properties for the play were all in place.

SENATOR CHAUNCY M. DEPEW OF NEW YORK
The Real Peach, the Original Conventional Smiler and Picturesque figure at all Republican Conventions

* * *

In the office of the annex Sergeant-at-Arms William F. Stone of Baltimore was busy, dealing out the pasteboard tickets and ornate badges to delegates. The offices were besieged with anxious ticket-seekers. Senators, judges and workmen stood in line waiting patiently to get past the threshold. Once inside that door, the sergeant-at-arms was found meeting every emergency with grace and cheerfulness. Those who went out without tickets felt that there was a man whom it was a pleasure to meet, tickets or no tickets. Perhaps it was because General James T. McCleary, Second Assistant Postmaster General wore the magic badge of the Optimist's Club, which originated in his district in Minnesota, anyhow the good feeling was a genuine surprise, for in all that hurly-burly, rough-and-tumble skirmish for tickets with the sergeant-at-arms his aids were meeting every demand and emergency with the courtesy of cavaliers. The bulky badges were worn with ostentatious manner, and the heavy links clattered like a sabre on a beardless militiaman.

* * *

The thrill of excitement comes with the overture of the convention—the gathering of the people. There were some still busy "talking" at headquarters. What all the people found to converse about I don't know, but I found myself talking and talking. The time took a toboggan slide, and before we knew it the morning had vanished. The scene at high noon was indeed inspiring. The great spherical space was filled with a sea of faces with every racial feature on earth represented. The band was playing from its eerie heights, and the lady with the strong voice was trying to pierce that ocean of space to which even the strong-lunged brass band had succumbed. There was a buzz of excitement and fluttering of fans over in Section 63, where the family and friends of Secretary Taft were seated. In the first row balcony, behind the speaker, sat Alice Roosevelt-Longworth, the "observed of all observers." On the first day she wore a large "Merry Widow" hat, which she took off in consideration for those who sat behind her. Two remarkable feathers shooting at a northeast angle graced this "creation." The next day she wore one of those Chinese hats with a turned-down rim; so you see I did make hattery observations, after all. Near by sat William Allen White, as sober as a police justice, making a psychological analysis of the great assemblage. Now I know why the nominators hang on to their speeches so long: this opportunity comes but once in a life-time —and they endeavor to make the most of it.

Photo, by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.

JOHN R. MALLOY, THE SECRETARY OF THE CONVENTION, WHO HAS A GOOD VOICE AND A GOOD DISPOSITION AS WELL

After the first difficulty in passing the line, the police became familiar with the faces. I thought, of course, that he would recognize me by my well-known features or by the stunning "guest" badge I wore; but he insisted that he knew me "Be the bundle of books in ye's pocket."

HON. WADE ELLIS OF OHIO
Platform builder—He made a gallant fight for his planks—incidentally a host of friends—He smiled too

In the press gallery on either side, on an elevation, was a deep alleyway. From the end of this alley it was possible to look the thousand delegates directly in the eye, the visual range sweeping from the Wisconsin delegation, on the left of the speakers, diagonally across the floor. Here was stationed Frank H. Hitchcock, and as I stood beside him I obtained an idea of how a national political convention is handled. There were messengers flying back and forth, watching every motion, bringing telephone and telegraphic messages and records of those present and absent with a tally sheet on the latest rumors. With arms folded, Mr. Hitchcock stood during the entire proceedings, carrying out the plans of the convention to the letter. Hearty congratulations were showered upon him when his prediction of over 700 votes for William H. Taft on the first ballot—made several months ago—was confirmed on the first roll call.

* * *

On the first day's session of the convention the weather was ideal. Julius Cæsar Burrows as temporary chairman delivered his speech in an hour and ten minutes. It was impossible for the great throng to hear with any distinctness, owing to the great space which the voice had to cover, yet they watched with unabated interest for every gesture of the pantomime. Was not this a great national drama being enacted? The state delegations were lining up for the battle on the morrow, while the Taft managers felt that if the imminent stampede could get by Burrows' speech, the 700 votes were assured.

The roll-call on the quadrennial amendment to the resolutions cutting down representation in the convention to actual Republican votes was close enough to be interesting, as there was a difference of only 37 votes. Mr. Hitchcock, with firm-set lips, remarked: "that convention is well-organized, and every man is going to stand by his pledge!" Even in this close roll-call skirmish Hitchcock was congratulated by Congressman James Burke, the brilliant opposition leader, as he dashed by for a drink of water.

No time was spent in sleep that night, for in the morning the credentials committee would be in session for permanent organizations. The first national song that seemed to strike the popular fancy was "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue." Every convention seems to have its particular favorite. "Dixie" brought forth its usual enthusiasm, but the "Red, White and Blue" seemed to be the song of the hour, except when they broke forth into "Tammany" or some of the latest popular rag-time.

* * *

As the various speakers concluded their addresses, the table was moved back. To see the speakers climbing up that sky-scraper platform was as interesting as a circus trapeze performance.

THE AMERICUS MARCHING-CLUB CARRYING THE KNOX BANNER DOWN MICHIGAN AVENUE IN FRONT OF THE AUDITORIUM

ON THE ROLL-CALL DAY

ALL IN CONVENTION ARRAY

NOW for the great day! The chairman of the great Republican National Committee had enunciated in clear tones, and his speech was considered the oratorical and scholarly effort of the convention. Massachusetts had the honor of furnishing the chairman of the convention, which distinction the old Bay State attained at the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln, in 1860, and also at the Niagara convention in 1880, when Senator George F. Hoar presided and General Garfield was chosen for the presidential nominee.

Asher C. Hinds of Maine, who officiates with "Uncle Joe" at the Speaker's desk in Washington, sat near the right hand of Senator Lodge, watching carefully for the parliamentary flaws. Mr. Hinds is looked upon as a leading authority on parliamentary rules in this country.

The refreshing event of the convention was when "the man with the voice" appeared. No matter what he says or what his ideas may be, if he can make himself heard in a pleasant way, the crowd are with him, ready with generous cheers. On the floor fans, upon which was imprinted a large picture of Taft, waved in all directions.

Thursday was a hot day. The young fellows arrayed in linen suits would rise in their seats now and then to make sure they were not glued down. The ladies seemed to have learned the old, old Chinese trick of fanning the back of the neck—the place where some of the candidates thought they were getting it—saving labor in generating the greatest coolness possible, by passing the fan gracefully from one to the other.

* * *

Judge K. M. Landis, the judicial "trust buster," who is waiting patiently for that $29,000,000 check from the Standard Oil Company, sat near Judge Gary, the head of the steel trust; beside him was a traveling man and next a stone mason from Fort Dodge, Iowa, who wanted to have two vice-presidents on the ticket—Dolliver and Cummins.

THE HONORABLE TIM WOODRUFF AND WIFE
Of New York, in the latest New York smile

The resolutions were read by Senator Hopkins, as chairman of the committee. In front of the speaker were suspended four little telephone transmitters, one of which was directly connected with the White House. The note of defiance in forensic debate came from Wisconsin when Congressman Cooper read the minority report, which he had signed alone and single-handed. It demanded physical valuation of the railroads, enlargement of the powers of the interstate commerce, also concerning popular election of senators and a publicity campaign fund law. These were voted down in various amendments on roll-call.

The roll-call proceeded, and there was an expectant hush over the great assemblage. No response was made to the stentorian tones of the clerk until Illinois was reached. Congressman Boutelle took the platform and opened the oratorical guns with a comprehensive tribute to "Uncle Joe" Cannon of Illinois. Four mortal hours of oratory must be uncorked to settle the nomination. Not a vote could be influenced in the remotest way by this rhetorical skill, yet it must be delivered. In the meantime the people took turns at the lunch counter in the basement.

Long past the noon hour spectators still continued their football rush on the pie counter in the basement; there were sixteen thousand people and only a thousand pies!

As I was trying to make my way through the crowd in the basement, narrowly escaping a fall on the floor which had been duly plastered with sandwiches, pie and coffee, I came upon Ambassador James Bryce and his wife under the care of John Barrett, who was trying to get them something to appease their appetites. It was certainly a trying situation for the distinguished visitor, but never did the genial Briton lose his temper. Feeling that the honor of the Republic was at stake, I climbed over the counter and discovered a man just entering with a can of fresh milk. Rumor already had it that the milk had given out, so I resorted to desperate measures to obtain the can, and after subduing the milkman I finally landed the precious fluid. The newspaper boys insisted that I had smuggled in a cold storage cow, as otherwise they could arrive at no explanation in regard to its presence. Anyhow, it was there, and never did milk taste better. The scene called to mind Charles Dickens' comments on the American lunch counter.

When we returned from our foraging trip Governor Hanley of Indiana was still nominating Vice-President Fairbanks. He could not make himself heard very distinctly, and the gallery became restless and rudely mimiced in pantomime his gesticulations. At this point Chairman Lodge came to the rescue with the firm announcement that the nomination speech would not be limited, and

Copyright 1908, *Robert L. Dunn*

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF THE NOMINEES ON THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL TICKET AT CINCINNATI, WHEN THE SUB-COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE CALLED IN SMILING GRACE

insisted on order or the galleries would be cleared.

During the morning the marching clubs made their way to the floor in front of the speakers, and the splendid showing made for Senator Knox was indeed a high personal tribute. As they passed along, their preference for a favorite son was indicated by the music the band played. When the New York clubs came rolling in there was the stirring strains of "Tammany," and Indiana marched to the tune of "Banks of the Wabash." The Blaine Club, in their white hats, was a stirring reminder of those enthusiastic days when hosts were led by "the plumed knight of Maine." General Steward L. Woodford, the sturdy veteran who nominated Governor Hughes, was given a most respectful attention, and his high-pitched voice rang out clear and distinct. The New York delegation lifted their Hughes banner and waved their flags. General Woodford was the stalwart type of the old school, and made a good impression on his auditors. The long address of Congressman Burton was the occasion of a real outburst of Taft sentiment. This was the first time during the convention that the delegates on the floor participated in a demonstration. The state banners were carried around the hall in high glee, with plenty of shouts, and one by one the states fell into line. New York, Alaska, Porto Rico and Arizona and two-thirds of the states and territories were soon massed into one solid file, while Texas lifted a form on which was suspended a huge pair of trousers indicating the size of their preference among the nominees. The Taft demonstration was one of the record-breakers. In Section 63 Miss Louise Taft of New York, a handsome girl with snapping black eyes, wearing a red hat and carrying a huge bouquet, joined in the cheering which rolled in responsive waves around the hall for twenty-three minutes. Delegate McCoy of Ohio made the nomination speech for Senator Foraker, which was seconded by a colored delegate with a ringing voice who hailed from Georgia. Lieutenant-Governor Murphy of Pennsylvania, a handsome man, son of Francis Murphy,

CONGRESSMAN THEODORE E. BURTON
As he raised his hand—yes, it's a real smile—to nominate William Howard Taft! Explosion followed

the noted temperance lecturer, named his classmate Philander C. Knox in the most eloquent setting of any nomination.

* * *

It remained for Wisconsin to bring out a real red-hot message. There was Cochem, the football coach, a handsome, athletic, pompadoured gentleman, who started out brilliantly, but, like all the others, hung on too long; but with splendid and passionate persistency and plenty of water, he finally delivered his message. Mr. McGee followed showing the splendid harmony of team work, and made a real nomination speech that had a thrill in it when he threw emphasis on the last words with a shake of his leonine locks.

The demonstration that followed LaFollette's nomination was made the occasion for another attempt for a Roosevelt stampede. The lithograph of Roosevelt floated on a large flag over which the galleries went wild once more, but the delegates in their seats were unmoved while the galleries roared. It was no use; the stampede was submerged, and the earnestness and enthusiasm and even radicalism of the Wisconsin speakers demanded attention.

Pencils were out and a thrill passed over the room as it was really felt that the roll was actually under way. On the first six states there was an unbroken response for Taft; the first to break was the colored vote from Georgia. The nomination of Secretary Taft was only absolutely determined when his own state of Ohio responded to the roll-call, a total of 510 votes, or more than a majority. So, after all, his own state of Ohio has the honor of nominating William Howard Taft.

* * *

The convention was over at five o'clock. How the crowd did wilt and swelter, and when the vote had been announced by Chairman Lodge there was a rush for the fresh air and escape from the seats which had been "warmed" for seven long hours. Something to eat and a cool place to rest in was more than campaign slogans just then.

The excitement was increased after adjournment that first day, for no one knew what the morrow might bring forth in the way of a threatened "Roosevelt stampede," which, by the way, seemed to be the spectre hanging over both sides. The shouting was suppressed. Back to the hotels and talk it over! Everyone talked, and the conversation seemed to go on and on like Tennyson's brook. In little nooks and corners, delegates were talking over old times. Here was a veteran of the Blaine days; there an old guard of Hanna; and in a secluded corner was a group of original McKinley men, with a goodly sprinkling of Reed supporters; pages of the history of national parties passed in review. The old-time honor of inviting veterans to "a seat on the platform" came thick and fast in form of resolutions. George Ades' father, the veteran Hoosier with chin whiskers, who was a delegate to the convention of

HERE IS WHERE THE LAST ACTUAL SURVEY OF THE TAFT FORCES WAS MADE BY SENATOR LODGE, FRANK H. HITCHCOCK AND ALBERT L. VOREYS—THIS WAS MEDITATION, BUT EVERY ONE FEELS "SMILING" JUST THE SAME

'56, was given a hearty invitation as he was hoisted to the platform among other veterans.

Later on, in the hotel, I found one of the veterans wandering about trying to find his room and his friend. He had forgotten the room number and was somewhat dazed by so many long corridors and numerous doors. I sat in the lobby with him until his friend was found. This old gentleman was James H. Tripp of Jonesville, Wisconsin, and he told me he was eighty-eight years of age. Mr. Tripp was a delegate to the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln in the wigwam at Chicago, in 1860. "Forty-eight years ago, my lad," he said, "but yet it seems but yesterday. We did not know we was doing anything great, but there was suthin' about 'Abe' that made us feel like hollerin' every time we looked at him—or even thought of him. We did not think he would be elected, but we stood right by him as long as he was in the race. Those eastern fellers who were with Seward were pretty mad when he was nominated, but we felt that 'Abe' could smooth out any o' them."

As we sat there talking of those days in the wigwam in 1860, all about us the interest was concentrated upon the candidates for 1908. What a story the crumbled walls of the wigwam could tell to the Coliseum: the great development of the Middle West and of the great city itself, where the two notable conventions were held. Marvels of modern times in national and civic growth are included within the span of life of the veteran delegates of 1860.

* * *

The people thronged the lake front and surged along the avenue, watching for celebrated faces, and in the committee rooms everyone was busy. In the lobbies bands were playing and glee clubs were singing, as the increased interest began to focus on the vice-presidency puzzle. Rumors floated through the corridors, but everyone waited to learn what came over the Washington wire. The old-time whispered contest in the corner was absent. Political rivals of other days went about arm-in-arm. Delegates from the East, arrayed in Tuxedo and immaculate linen, jostled the rough-and-ready boys from the West who hung up their slouch hats as they passed into the dining room of the Auditorium. The great pool in the Pompeiian room had been boarded over, as it was recalled that at a previous convention a Wisconsin delegate walked into the pool amid the playing fountains in an endeavor to react a scene from "The Prince of Pilsen." In the Elizabethian room, with its quiet restfulness, in the rosy glow of the shaded lamp, the ladies held forth in their high collars and lace ruffles looking not unlike the dashing Queen Bess herself. The gayeties of the ball before the battle of Waterloo were suggested in the gay scenes. Indeed every convention is, in its way, a battle; it means someone's defeat and another's victory. Around the tables sat the old guard, toasting the memory of past leaders and roasting the active workers and leaders of today. Photographers were busy taking snap-shots, and the word seemed to run along the line: "Smile, smile, smile," as the camera man seemed to choose only those wearing the Bill Taft smile.

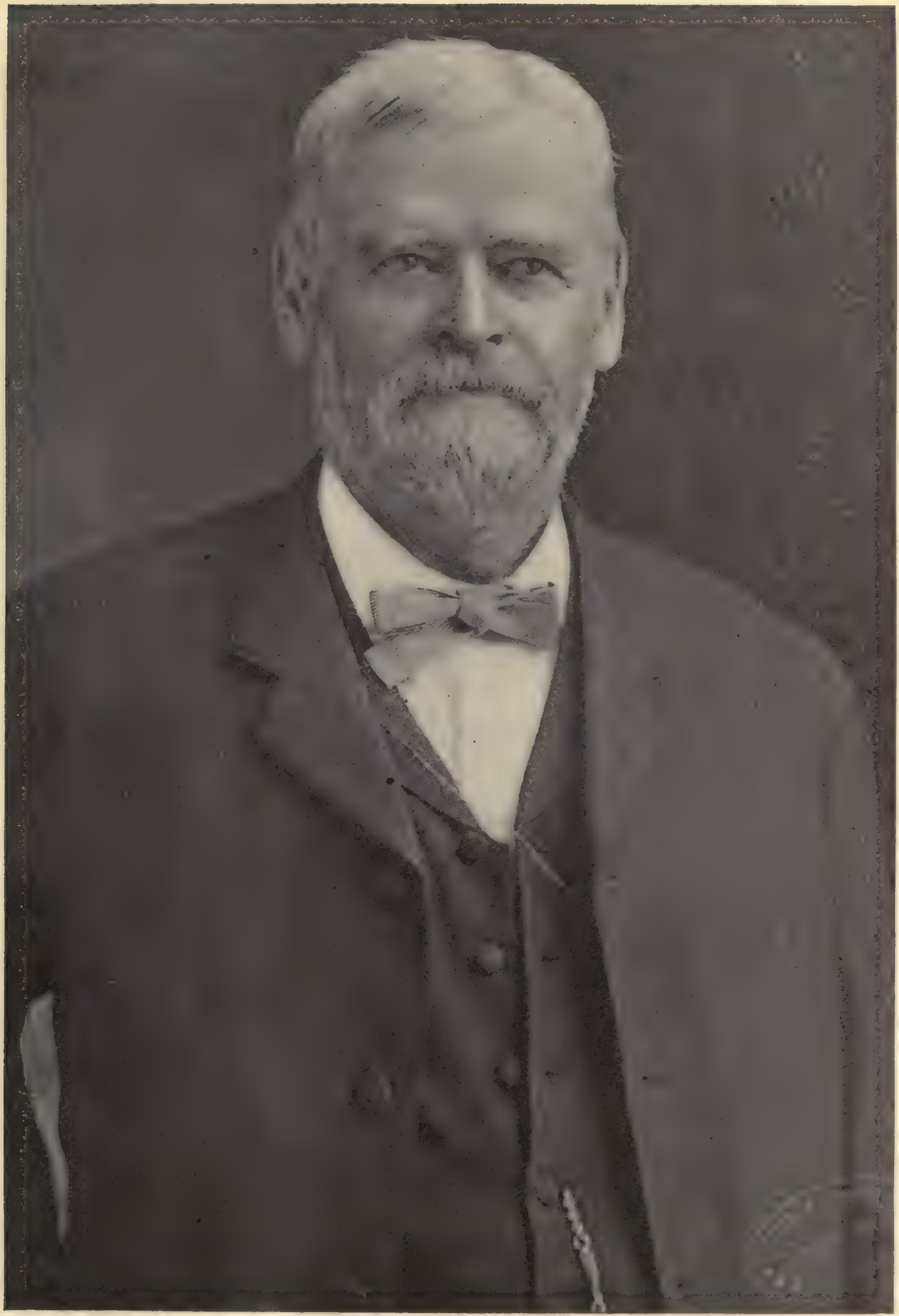
* * *

On Wednesday the line-up began taking form. Spectators found their way to seats with the enthusiasm of baseball fans. With the permanent organization effected, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge took the chair. The long-expected Roosevelt stampede was about due to break forth. A comparatively small man in stature, Senator Lodge has a mammoth voice that was mighty pleasing to the large throng. When he brought down the gavel, it descended with decision. When he mentioned the President's name the Roosevelt strength asserted itself in great "hurrahs," and as he continued with his eulogy the ripples of the song "Four, four years more; four, four years more," ran around the gallery and was taken up by the great throng. It was a splendid tribute to President Roosevelt. The typical old-time convention shouter was in evidence. Coats waved in the air, umbrellas were brought into play, flags were frantically wigwagged, and everything that would create excitement and attract attention was called into play. College yells burst forth from all parts of the hall. When calmness once more reigned, Senator Lodge continued his speech, punctuating it with a projectile that seemed to shoot straight from the executive mansion, insisting that no real true friend of Theodore Roosevelt would ask him to break his word sacredly given and insist upon another nomination. The statement was made with a force and decisiveness of a direct message from the President himself. It did much to checkmate any plots or counterplots, and settled the stampede business once and for all. Here was the spectacle of a retiring president essentially shorn of his official and political power yet effectively and absolutely dominating a national political convention. This has never had a parallel in history. His influence was felt to be not the mere whim and wishes of a man, but the voice of the people expressed in and through him.

* * *

All night long the battle raged in the committee rooms, as there was a feeling that the vice-presidential nomination was unsettled. The delegates rose bright and early, and were greeted with typical convention weather.

The galleries soon filled with the ladies, who, in their white dresses, high collars and long white gloves, looked very cool and comfortable. How they manipulated their fans and kept cool during the session was a mystery which man in his density could not fathom; for we fanned vigorously and yet sweltered there with wilting collars. True, some of the haughty plumes of the ladies hats which had entered the Convention Hall that morning so gaily, were somewhat dejected-looking before adjournment; but, never mind, we only nominate presidents once in four years.



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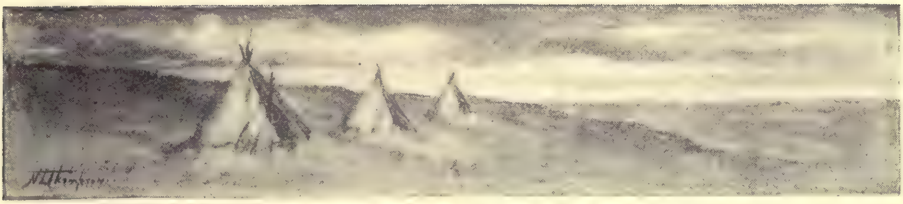
SENATOR JULIUS CAESAR BURROWS OF MICHIGAN, TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, CHICAGO, JUNE 17

"As I stood looking down upon her, wondering if I dared lift her and carry her within."

—See page 393



A KEEPER OF THE DOOR

(CONTINUED)

By GRACE KELLOGG

(Copyright, Grace Kellogg, 1908)

CHAPTER X.

I sat in the door of Waupeka's wigwam today as I had sat for so many days, that I was full weary of the pastime. At my feet lay Waupeka, idly blowing the smoke-rings into the lazy air and dreaming the long dreams of youth. All the world was smoking in the door of his lodge, too idle even for dicing. Through the vista of trees one could see the squaws at work in the corn-fields under the mid-summer sun.

My brain was running in the same old week-long puzzle-cycle. During the seven days of healing I had thought it all out—and rejected the conclusion; during the twelve days of purification—of which this was the last—I had thought it all out, as many times as there were hours in the days,—and rejected the conclusion. Now I was thinking it over for the twelfth time today—and knew I should for the twelfth time today reject the conclusion.

I laughed now when I thought of how I had "known" that her love had come out to me as mine had in truth gone out to her the day on the Pickawa Plains when I had held her fast—huh—let us not befool ourselves with memories! She hated me. I had seen it in her eyes—and eyes do not lie. Why? The answer came swiftly from long custom: Because I had forced my passion upon her, and it had been too strong for her. She felt subtly that I had wronged her.

But there had also been fear in her eyes. Again with the thought I flushed hotly, angered and hurt that the thing I loved should shrink from me.

And I had the wit to see that, after I had refused her life, she hated and feared the more, in increasing ratio. Therefore had she, in her hatred the only clear-eyed one of them all, seen that there was no totem on my breast. Therefore had she cried out in hatred sending me down to death by her voice.

Yet an instant more and she had given her whole strength to undo her words. Why? At the question there sprung up again the flicker of maddening hope. Because as soon as she had conquered, she began to pity.

No—no! I could have not been mistaken that day in the grove when she told me that my pulse-beat struck her blood as storm strikes the river. She knew it not, but she loved.

Then must I needs again crush out all flickering hope and sternly accept things as my cooler reason saw that they stood. I feared to hope, feeling the temptation to do so.

She loved me not—might be wooed—might more likely not—was to be put out of one's head at any rate.

Whereupon my gaze turned again down the long vista to the corn-fields whence the women were slowly coming homeward.

One, nearer than the rest, had paused, and now swung the *gaonseh* from her back, and kneeling beside it was suckling the grave little Indian man.

Waupeka's eyes lay upon her for a long time. Finally he turned restlessly on his face and lay a while with his forehead resting on his arm, and his pipe in the other hand, slowly dying out.

I put one hand on his shoulder and shaded my eyes with the other. I was dreaming dreams of my own—a woman with dark eyes of smoulder-fire, girl-lips fresh and sweet with haughty little tricks of curve and droop, girl-shoulders, young and not too aggressively strong—a woman, kneeling, nursing a tiny morsel of humanity that should be—

I caught myself up sharply and gave Waupeka's shoulder a wrench.

"To perdition with this air!" I cried savagely, "it twists a man's brain. Wake up man."

Waupeka turned and rose to his feet, looking off over the trees with a wonderful smile in his eyes, so that I forgot myself for a moment to wonder what woman Waupeka had seen kneeling over the youngster that should be his.

I rose, too, then, and together we strolled away and took a cold plunge in the river.

It was a long plunge. I have ever an affinity for cold water, deeming it a cooler of passions, a clearer of fogged brains, and a preventer of strifes. I raced Waupeka across the river, and as we scrambled up the opposite bank in a fine glow, I laughed with sheer boyishness. We clambered up into the sycamores that lean out over the water, and, clinging among the slender trunks, looked back at the shore we had just left. Across the sparsely wooded bottom, approaching the river, a tall striding woman, bearing on her back a struggling kicking burden.

"Behold!" I cried, "a big papoose to duck. Who is the mighty woman?"

Waupeka cast an incurious glance and replied laconically:

"Female Hard Hand."

On the instant the woman slung the burden off her back, and with a mighty sweep of the arm flung the froward youth into the river. There followed a prodigious splashing, several terrified shrieks, some choking and gasping, more splashing, and gurgling supplications. The woman, however, had turned her back and was proceeding with firm strides back to camp.

Somewhat alarmed I dived in again, swam back toward the other bank, and reaching the gasping unfortunate a bare second before Waupeka towed him in by the scalp-lock and left him stranded and kicking feebly. To my amazement we had rescued, not an unruly papoose, but a man, middle-aged and fat, with a round greasy face, little treacherous eyes, nose like a button, and a ponderous double chin.

I stared in amazement, and, I must admit, some disgust.

I rolled him over with my foot.

"Get up, man," I commanded.

He obeyed in ludicrous haste, apparently in dread lest we should repent of our humanity and toss him back into the river again.

I looked at Waupeka for explanation.

"Monkaushka,* The Trembling Earth," he said. "A very bad man; eats all the time, hunts not, fights not, steals the braves' wives while they are away on the war-path."

The fat little man who was standing by, somewhat crest-fallen, swelled visibly at this.

"My cousin speaks true," he said modestly. "The Trembling Earth has stolen more women than any other brave of the Senecas. See!"

He turned his back and with some difficulty indicated with his pudgy thumb half a dozen scars on his back and shoulders—

"This one Big Elk, coming home unexpectedly, made with his tomahawk. This one Jumping Dog. This one the Blackbird —Ah! The Female Blackbird was a rare woman. This cut was from the knife of Little Whispering Leaves, who was too light a sleeper and awoke inconveniently. Monkaushka was young and foolhardy those days. This was from the war-club of Leaping Frog. I am not unproud of that one. The squaw of Leaping Frog was the handsomest woman of them all."

Waupeka made a grimace.

"This gash on the shoulder of Monkaushka nigh cost him his life. The-One-Who-is-Talked-About hurled thither his spear, and had not the Trembling Earth tripped and fallen opportunely at the instant, it had been his last conquest. This, Tokacon—"

I cut him short politely.

"Sagehjowa sees that the Trembling Earth is a very brave man, and bold on the war-path against the virtue of women. It would be interesting doubtless, to hear the narration of Monkaushka's many notorious victories—the broken truces—the lying—the treacheries—the foul stratagems—yet now is Sagehjowa perchance too young—perchance too inexperienced—to appreciate the subtle beauty—skill—daring of these exploits. Sagehjowa cannot boast of having wronged any maid nor of having led any woman to betray the trust of a husband. When Sagehjowa has done this villainy he can listen with greater appreciation to Monkaushka's superior infamy."

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* Mon-kaush-ka.

The Trembling Earth evidently felt himself dismissed, yet in a manner highly satisfying to his soul. He waved his hands with great complacency and much condescension, and took his stately departure, the river-water trickling across the scars that had not been received in battle.

"Faugh!" said I, "Let's have another plunge in the clear water."

When we came back to the town the squaws had come home from their work in the fields and were pounding maize in the cups hollowed in big stones. Pontilogah was sitting on her grandfather's mat powdering the red willow bark for his pipe and listening to a wonderful tale he was unfolding to her.

His thin old voice, cracked and reedy, fluttered to our ears as we loitered past the two.

"And so they floated upon the turtle's back for many moons. And one dark before-morning a great loon flew by. And they prayed unto the loon, *Oh, our brother, dive down and bring up the land to us.* And the great loon dived, but he could find no bottom to the flood. And so he flew away.

"And the second day he returned. And they said unto him, *Oh, our brother, dive down and bring up the land to us.* And the great loon dived, but he could find no bottom to the flood. And so he flew away.

"And the third day he returned. And they said unto him, *Oh, our brother, dive down and bring up the land to us.* And the great loon dived, and when he came up, behold, in his bill he carried a grain of sand. And he dropped the sand upon the turtle's mossy back and flew slowly away. And the turtle swam following him, until they came to the highest mountain in the world, whose peak was yet a little above the waters. And they got off from the turtle's back, and they dwelt upon the mountain-top many moons. And the waters sunk and sunk. And the people increased and increased until once more they had peopled all the earth. Wherefore among the Delawares the Great Turtle is the greatest of the totems, greater than the Wolf or the Bear, for it was the Great Turtle who bore our great parents safely on his back."

The girl's eyes shone like stars; her hands were tightly clasped in her lap. With parted lips she hung on every word.

I walked on, perforce, for I could not yet mingle with people. Waupeka, however, squatted down and I heard him ask,

"Whence came that story, Oh, my grandfather?"

And came the old man's reply:

"From my father, whose father told it to him, whose father told it to him—"

And when I sat me down upon the mat before Waupeka's door, the refrain still echoed in my head: "From my father, whose father told it to him, whose father told it to him—" What had I from my father, that he had from his, that he had from his, back to the flood? I felt that there was some answer, but I could not find it. Another night and I would seek out Manetohcoa and see if he could tell me this thing.

XI.

I began to be weary.

Waupeka still squatted upon the mat with the Old Ogista, who was telling another story.

"But the two brothers quarrelled. And naught would do but they must fight. So The Dark armed himself with a great elk's antlers and went out to meet his brother, The Daylight. And The Daylight armed himself with a wild rose—"

And truly, thought I, looking somewhat wistfully at Pontilogah, the wild rose is the more dread weapon.

A little way off Eshtumleah was offering Iron Bull some red willow bark, which he was accepting indifferently, with his eyes upon me, a fact which I pretended not to notice. I believe if the black devil could have murdered me then and there, he would have.

His look was lost on Eshtumleah, or, at least, she also feigned not to see it, but seated herself on his mat in languorous silence.

After a time his evil eyes left me, and turned upon her. For an instant they were full open and I read in them the man's deep and evil passion. Next instant they filmed over again. He had not yet won her.

He said something to her in a deep guttural, and she arose with languid obedience and walked off toward the river. Iron Bull looked about. Near by a slim girl, a merry little flirt, not too pretty, but with a roguish eye and free laugh, was hesitating.

He beckoned.

She ran up instantly with mischievous boldness. Iron Bull pulled her down beside him and kissed her soundly, and she nestled in his arm.

In a few moments back came Eshtumleah with a gourd of fresh river-water for the brave. She was almost upon them before she saw that her place was taken. Then she stood quite still, her eyes narrowing.

The girl laughed.

Eshtumleah's nostrils dilated suddenly. She straightened to her fullest height and flung the gourd with all her force in the girl's face.

Iron Bull roared with laughter.

Sleepy Eyes turned and walked slowly to her lodge.

I wondered what would happen next. I had not long to wonder.

After a few moments Eshtumleah emerged, carrying in her hand a beautiful string of black wampum which she offered to the girl, as a peace-offering, evidently. The girl accepted the string with childish delight, and made room for Eshtumleah beside her. But I, wondering that Eshtumleah's lips smiled so soon after her rage, and taking as significant that the wampum string was black like that of which the War-Belt is made, thought that if I were the pretty Oneeta I should be wary of the gifts of Eshtumleah.

I thought no more about this now, however, for at the moment Tokacon brought his pipe to smoke with me. Now Tokacon I liked not, and I mistake me very much if he did not hate me with a most untiring persistency. Yet none had been more kind to me during the days of my isolation, had brought me more presents, or honeyed his talk with more flattering phrases.

Today it was a "Brother you yet exist, in the smile of Hawenneyu."

To which I responded courteously:

"Truly, brother, I do exist."

He sat down and we smoked in silence.

Finally he asked easily:

"The days of my brother's consecration are almost over? There is no longer fear of the poisoning?" and he put out one hand toward me.

I caught it about the wrist.

"Why did my brother do that?" he asked coldly. "Does he not know Tokacon's great love for him?"

"Sagehjowa's eyes are not true in the dim light. He thought Tokacon's motion the spring of a rattlesnake. Sagehjowa has been dreaming of walking in strange forests, and has awakened too suddenly."

"One must always take chances when one walks in the forest. There is a snake beneath every fallen log," remarked Tokacon coolly.

"My brother, yes; yet with eyes and ears alert one may walk safely whither one will."

"It is easy to tread unawares upon a snake and dangerous," he suggested.

I smiled easily, yet with my eye full upon him.

"When one treads upon a snake it is well to crush its head beneath one's heel."

"The thing may strike too swiftly," said Tokacon with a cold long-drawn note of threat.

"It must coil first. But my brother, this is gruesome talk. Shall we not more profitably speak of the growth of the maize and the fall of the nuts and the ripening of the maidens? For Tokacon should be an eloquent speaker upon these subjects."

"The growth of the maize has been as abundant as ever, the fall of the nuts has not begun yet; and of the maidens Tokacon knows nothing. He has two squaws at home to plough and harvest for him, to bring in the nuts, and bear him children, and he has not time to waste upon the maidens."

At this moment Oneeta, leaving Iron Bull, passed near us and cast aside upon Tokacon a glance, which he saw not, nor, if I can read aught in a girl's eyes, was meant to see.

"My brother is right. We that have the gravity of council matters upon us have not time for wanton talk. We must watch the welfare of our tribe."

It cut, as I meant it should; but he replied suavely:

"My brother indeed has these matters upon his mind, but Tokacon has them not. He is not a great Sachem, as his brother."

"Truly Sagehjowa is a Sachem, but whether 'great' or not, waits yet to be proved," I said dryly, and caught a glimmer in his eye.

I looked out idly over the town.

Eshtumleah had left Iron Bull's side and slipped away.

I could see her among the trees walking with a hardy young devil named Pokoota. While Tokacon and I were talking I had been able to hear nothing, but now Eshtumleah's voice, low and carrying, came to me in fragmentary words as the faintly rising breeze tossed them toward us.

I caught Oneeta's name, and a "tonight."

"More rattlesnakes in the grass," I said to myself, and when Tokacon had at last gone, I rose, and, by a long circuit, quietly approached the two from behind.

XII.

"Tonight, surely?" said Eshtumleah, casting a glance that was not good to see upon Oneeta as the girl flitted in and out among the groups squatted on the ground.

"Tonight; the Pigeon is naught to Pokoota, alive or dead. But tomorrow night—Eshtumleah will not forget her word?"

"No. Nor keep it either," I said.

They turned sharply. They had thought they had the whole village under their eyes. Eshtumleah grew sickly white beneath her beautiful brown skin, but Pokoota flung back his head with dare-devil defiance.

"Go," I said to her before the man could fling out the words. "There are many rattlesnakes in the woods, and in the woods they stay. Pokoota, I would have a word with you."

Slowly and sullenly he followed, like a dog at heel; while Eshtumleah slunk away to her lodge.

"Sit here," I said. He sat down sulkily enough. I offered him a pipe, but he would not smoke.

Then said I, "My brother is angered against Sagehjowa. My brother wished to slay the innocent Oneeta in order to win the beautiful Sleepy Eyes. But my brother is deceived if he thinks Sleepy Eyes will give herself to him. Does she love him? No. When Pokoota has slain the Pigeon, how will he hold Eshtumleah to her promise?"

Pokoota maintained a dogged silence.

"Will he force her to his will? Then will Iron Bull cleave Pokoota's skull with a tomahawk. Will he tell of his bargain and the murder of the Pigeon? Then will the sire of the Pigeon cleave Pokoota's skull with the tomahawk. In either case, the Pigeon being out of the way, Iron Bull will marry Eshtumleah."

"Eshtumleah loves not Iron Bull," blurted out the man. "She loves nobody."

"Eshtumleah loves Iron Bull. Why else should she desire to murder the Pigeon for having been kissed of Iron Bull? Eshtumleah is mad with jealousy of the Pigeon because Eshtumleah loves Iron Bull."

The man was silent.

I spoke more gently.

"My brother hated Sagehjowa for being a meddler. It is not good to meddle. But Oneeta is innocent, and Sagehjowa would not see her murdered; and Pokoota is a man, and Sagehjowa would not see him duped by a squaw. Sagehjowa has been once so duped, and he knows what it means."

Pokoota flung back his head, and his eyes met mine with full understanding.

"We are men," he said.

Then he lit the pipe I had offered him, and we smoked on till the gray dusk became night and the fire was lighted.

"Eshtumleah will be fat when she is an old woman," he said, meditatively, and I smiled in the shadow.

"Is there to be a feast tonight?" I asked by and by, for there seemed an unusual bustle going on in the lodges.

"My brother speaks truth," said Pokoota, in a voice that had quite regained a normal cheerfulness. "It is the Paint-Feast."

And indeed the whole village was already coming forth and squatting down in great solemnity. The wise men sat in one group, the braves in another. In another, the old Ogista, Pontilogah, and I, who was now considered to be the dead chief's nephew, sat apart by ourselves. The children and the squaws gathered in a crowded circle about the three groups.

There was a long silence after all were settled. Then Pontilogah and I helped her grandfather to his feet, and he stood resting his arm about her slender young shoulders as he talked.

First was the long prayer which begins all ceremonies of whatsoever nature.

It was a long dirge-like chant bewailing the loss of his son, and I could see Pontilogah's lips tremble and set more firmly now and again.

At last it was done. One by one the wise men rose, each stepping forward and delivering a lengthy eulogy upon Him-who-was Sachem.

Then came the braves one by one, and the young men, and finally the oldest of the old men, who made a long speech summing up all that had come before:

"He is gone—the Was-Sachem; he is gone from his wigwam; he is gone from his lodge; when the frost-moon of autumn paints red-gold and bronze and pale yellow the trees, when the first flaming leaves skip athwart the brisk air, when the squash-vines are shrunk and the golden globes lie on the hard cracking clods, when the corn-stalks stand sere, and the brown burrs are cracking, we shall call him in vain to the feast of the Frost-Moon. We shall seek him in vain. We shall see him no more.

"No more will he build him a lodge for the winter; no more will he seek the brown nuts half snow-hidden; no more will he hunt the wild deer in the snow-frosted forests; no more will he slay the White Dog in the mid-snows; no more will he feel the warm thaw under foot; no more will the spring-coming pulse in his veins; no more will the moons of seed-time and blossoming shine o'er his wigwam. His lodge was the lodge of the Sachem, the bravest of all the young men and the warriors; the swiftest of foot to run down the great elk; the truest of eye and the strongest of arm when he drew the great bow, and the arrow sped straight to its quivering mark in the life-beating heart; the boldest to front the white bear or to build the great fire that keeps off the wolf rabid with hunger; the fiercest to cry swift revenge on the foe; the keenest to follow the deep-hidden trail; the swiftest to leap on the slumbering town. His axe swung the mightiest, cleaving the skull; five scalp-strung rattlesnakes swung in his wig-wam; not less cold than the glint of his knife was the glint of his eye cold in anger.

"Let us grieve for his death, let us mourn his departing; yet let us rejoice that our father was one we may weep in all honor, remember in praise.

"He is gone to the far hunting-grounds where there comes neither famine nor fever nor cold; let us weep no longer the brave who before us has reached the hereafter. We rejoice that the Glad Forests hold him; let us put off our mourning, to welcome the red of good cheer.

"To you, Oh, sire, I offer the gourd and the brush red with paint-root. Make answer, Oh, sire; I have spoken."

He stepped forward and offered the gourd to the Old Ogista, who, thanking his brothers brokenly for their good words, accepted the paint of resignation.

The roasting dog was turned on the spit, and the warriors went to the lodges to put on the red paint. Pontilogah set about removing the black from her grandfather; and I, who could not assume any paint yet for another week, held the red gourd of paint for her.

By the time the roast was done to a savory turn, the warriors were transformed. The gloomy black and white was a thing of the past, and vivid reds and ochres were the order of the day.

The night was far advanced when the Old Ogista motioned to me to lift him and help him home to his wigwam. Most of the warriors, glutted with roast meat, were sleeping heavily about the fire, and the women were picking up the scraps of the feast. Monkaushka, The Trembling Earth, was not yet gorged, but, between the squaws and the deserted remnants, was in a state of bliss.

We found Pontilogah sitting wide-eyed and sleepless in the door of the wigwam. She moved aside as we entered, and her grandfather spoke kindly to her, asking her if she did not wish some of the feast, but she answered, "No," quietly, and made no further remark.

When I had laid the Old Ogista upon his bed of bark and bear-hide, I turned to go, but he spoke to me in some surprise.

"Waupeka divides house with you no longer my son. Sagehjowa is now the grand-nephew of Ogista and dwells in the wigwam of his uncle."

I staggered back.

"No!" I began, and then stopped, reflecting what a betrayal of weakness my refusal would be.

I was silent for a few moments, and then replied with some effort:

"My uncle has spoken. Sagehjowa will dwell in the wigwam of Ogista."

I passed out. My blood was in a turmoil. I went out, out through the cornfields, out into the prairie-lands. How far I walked I do not know. I could not think. I could not stop nor direct my steps. There was a heavy stifling in my lungs, and my eyes saw not. I must have walked in a circle, for, a little after dawn, I found myself once more in front of the camp. I slowly approached my new lodge. Pontilogah was still in the same place at the door. She was leaning heavily back in the sagging skins, her head drooping uneasily against one of the poles, her hands listlessly lying in her lap. Her eyes were closed. The dark lashes rested lightly on the warm flushed cheeks, but her lips were drawn in a troubled line, and a tiny frown hovered on her brow.

As I stood looking down upon her, wondering if I dared lift her and carry her within, she stirred slightly; and just as I had decided that none but a contemptible coward would so hesitate, she opened her eyes and, still half in dreamland, looked up at me with a warm smile—which faded swiftly.

"Why is not Sagehjowa asleep in there?" pointing.

"Sagehjowa might ask that of Pontilogah," I retorted, smiling.

"Pontilogah was watching the women and she fell asleep," she returned gravely. "Why did not Sagehjowa go within and sleep?"

I looked far off over the cornfields. Then I spoke the truth.

"Sagehjowa wished not to sleep in the wigwam of Pontilogah."

I would not have looked at her, but that she leaned forward eagerly and sought my eyes as she said with childlike earnestness:

"Oh, but, my cousin, Pontilogah hates Sagehjowa no longer. Let him not fear to dwell in our uncle's wigwam with her."

My heart leaped and then was very still. I looked deep into the straightforward young eyes and read, not what my traitor heart had hoped in its leap, but simple candor, cool, impersonal, more to be dreaded than hate.

"You did hate me, then," was my slow reply.

"Yes," the girl answered simply. "But not now—I think. When Pontilogah forgets—but let her not remember; Pontilogah hates Sagehjowa no more. He is to her as though he were not."

Then the question leaped to my unwilling lips. The puzzle-question:

"Why did Pontilogah save Sagehjowa's life?"

"Save—Sagehjowa's life?" she repeated wonderingly.

"Yes; about the totem."

"I do not know," she replied, candidly.

"Try to think why," I urged.

She wrinkled her pretty brows.

"Perhaps—because—Pontilogah had sent Sagehjowa to death and was quickly sorry. It is as if one had in anger struck a dog with a knife, then, seeing it dying, one would bathe the wound with herb-water to make it not die."

"And not—not because one cared for the dog—"

"No," she agreed.

"But merely because one, being a woman, would not see it die by one's own blow."

"Yes," she asserted with eager brightness. "Sagehjowa is a very wise man. It is that. One would kill it, but when one had struck the blow, one would take it back if one could."

She was manifestly in a fine glow over this first effort of thought.

As for me, when the first quick chill was over, I was both amazed and relieved to find my heart beating normally, my blood pulsing evenly.

Was it possible that I had been deceived that day on the Pickawa Plains, not only in her but myself? It seemed not only possible but fact. The whole half-month past rolled off me like a hideous nightmare. I had brewed me a tempest in a teapot. Neither I nor she loved. There was neither care nor danger—and one might talk to her as one wished.

A week passed in this pleasurable state of self-deception. I went on little buffalo hunts with the young men, or fishing with Waupeka, and returned to dwell peacefully in the tent of my uncle, and to lie on the mat without the door, of an evening, at the feet of my cousin; to lie and wonder at the wondrous brightness of her dark eyes; to marvel at their marvelous depth, and softness, and truth; to revel in the lights and shadows—the gleaming bronze—the dusky crow's-wing back of her long straight hair with the white scarlet-tipped feather plaited into it; to adore her little shining teeth, her tiny ears, her positive little chin; to worship her little obstinacies, her little petulances, her sudden angers, and her as sudden contrition; to smile at her quick eagerness to hear strange tales and think new thoughts for herself; to reverence her unexpected confidences—quick little gestures of abandon that opened a half glimpse of the April purity and promise within, and shut it as quickly away again. To lie and pass the evenings of a week thus—and to congratulate myself on my proud strength in not loving this child—this child who should not be troubled with thoughts of love for many moons yet.

A week passed; and another, during which I spent the evenings at her dear feet, and the nights, after all were asleep, on the prairies. A week, during which I grew haggard and restless, not knowing—or not choosing to admit—what was the matter with me.

Another week passed, and I found it impossible to blind my eyes longer to the trouble. I had learned chivalry in France, but I had learned love in the forest. Therefore I asked my uncle's leave to build me a wigwam and live alone.

The old Ogista began to object, looked in my face and stopped; pondered, and at last said aloud, "And yet, if Sagehjowa loves the maiden Pontilogah, is he not a young man and she a maiden?"

I threw back my head as if I had been struck. The chivalry was deep in-bred.

"Pontilogah loves not Sagehjowa," I said.

He looked upon me steadily and thoughtfully. At last he said gravely, with a new deep warmth in his tone:

"Go, my son, build thee a lodge and dwell therein. Yet forget not that thou art the son of the Old Ogista, and that his eyes brighten when thou enterest his wigwam."

Something in my throat choked away words, but after all there is little need of words between us. We are as the wild creatures of our forests, saying little and feeling much, without hindrance of words.

(*To be continued*)

THE DUST

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

YEA, spit on me! Yea, spurn me with your feet!
  Ye kings and seers and bards together!
For I am but the dust—the shapeless dust—
  The sport of winds and of the weather!

Yet once the lightning of the flesh I wore;
  Peal after peal like glorious thunder,
Once with the shock of being sweet as song
  The senses shook my heart of wonder!

And once in burning hush of life's high noon,
  I heard the rosy mouth of woman
Spilling love's voice of spikenard on the air—
  Divine, and yet supremely human.

Yea, spit on me! Yea, spurn me with your feet!
  Ye kings and seers and bards together!
Yet once your solemn robes of state I wore
  Who now am sport of winds and weather!

THE VOICE OF HIS CALL

STORY OF A FILIPINO MARTYR

By ROLLIE MONROE WOOLEY

FEW people ever thought he would figure in the great review of life. A little spindle-legged, sallow-faced Oriental bent more on books than on play, yet for all that an Oriental from whom much could not be expected. But there was another besides a loving mother who had confidence in him, who saw things others could not see.

His tutor, an old Filipino priest, wise, rotund and devout, grew enthusiastic as he labored with the boy over his books.

"He has the making of a great man," he said one day to the neglectful father. But that the boy would or would not bcome an *illustrado* never once disturbed him.

The boy's mother, wrapped up in love for her first born, indorsed the *padre's* soothing words. "We cannot hope for much in these strange times," she complained, "yet it may be God made him to do great things."

Later his painstaking preceptor guided him through his minor studies and on into literature. The scholar had a wonderful penchant for acquiring knowledge. Further he had a gift of retaining all he learned. These things made the tutor sure of his predictions. Then came the day when it was necessary to leave home and teacher for a course in the *Colegio de Jesuites* in Manila. It was a sad day for the boy, but his mother and Leonico said it was for the best, so he consented. He knew they would not lie to him. The little interior town of Calamba was small and old-fashioned. Few visitors ever came there and the government never once thought of sending a *maestro* to open school. The government was not much given to opening schools anywhere. Maintaining *escuelas* was a duty bestowed upon the church or, rather, a right the church usurped. No one cared which. Thus on a clear blue day young Jose bade his parents *adois* and started for Manila, the mecca of those of his kind who wished to ascend to prominence. He was like the provincial coming into Paris, green and innocent, but ever ready to fight his battles.

In the halls of the spacious *collegio* the sallow-faced boy appeared as sombre and thoughtful as the monks who taught him. At first he was lonely and homesick for his mother and little sister, as well as kindly old Leonico. But that eventually wore away. He grew more thoughtful each day, gradually becoming inspired with great motives. The conditions which surrounded him opened his eyes to the needs of his country. His fine nature expanding with knowledge in the troublous latter days of a long race bondage, was touched early with the fire of genuine patriotism. The tragic consequences of the Cavite insurrection destroyed any lingering hope of his people, yet in him the spirit was not allayed. The rising had been a protest against the holding of benefices by friars, a thing forbidden by the council of Trent, but authorized in the Philippines by Papal bulls until such time as there should be a sufficiency of native priests. That time every one knew would never come while the friars ruled. They had a voice and that the most authoritative in civil affairs, so there developed in the rural districts a veritable feudal system bringing in its train arrogance and tyranny. The movement had not carried and the young boy, thinking seriously over matters knew that vengeance would fall hard. His anticipations were not in error. The native priests who led the movement were quickly put to death and many prominent families severely punished. Never before had the people been so outraged and aroused, and from this time his purpose was fixed, not to free them, not to cause them to secede from the church they loved, but to agitate ceaselessly for reform and the expulsion of the friars.

Jose come to believe with his mother and old Leonico that he was destined to use his life and his talents, if he should develop any, in behalf of his country. Thus he began at an early age to train himself. The close of that horrible drama in Cavite never left him. His life as he planned it was to be full of work. In addition to taking up the cause of the people he had yet another duty to perform, a thing which asserted itself early in life. It was to let the light of day into the eyes of a little blind sister. Ermitania was dearer to him than all else. She came even before his mother in his affections. Stricken blind at the age of four, her affliction deeply touched his tender heart. It was a big task, but not one to deter one of his indomitable will. The reward would be so much bigger than the effort it would cost. The first flames of ambition were flaring strongly to life. Jose vowed to become an expert oculist and a liberator of the people as well.

The withered little provincial was not without his troubles and escapades at school. He had few beds of roses, but a great many of thorns. There were numerous things to discourage and weaken him, yet through it all he strove but for two objects: adeptness with the knife and the knowledge which breaks down tyranny. At college he carried off all the honors with special distinction in literary work as well as in his surgical studies. But he had to wear his honors as an Indian among white men. He was a Filipino and the Spanish students were jealous of his ability. He gained their bitterest dislike when he wrote an ode in which he spoke of his *patria*. "Imagine a Filipino having a country," they said. "He is fortunate if he has a native land." It was only a fair sample of the colonial spirit of the ruling power.

Jose finished his course ere long only to discover that he could not yet make the blind see or the oppressed happy. These were things not to be accomplished in two short years. Then, after learning how, there was still the most difficult task to take up—to do the thing itself. His unfortunate sister's affliction ever appealed to him. He recalled her babyish prattle as she groped and played about the house. He thought of the nights when she used to nestle in his arms as he sang to her and told her stories, such as Leonico used to tell him. Europe seemed a long way off, yet he knew he must go. Perhaps in Madrid he might serve as a kind of ambassador in embryo fighting for the autonomy of his people. Who could tell? It was a grand picture and one not idly drawn.

In the Spanish academy he soon won his degrees, but still he held fears that his ability to restore sight was not full blown. Neither was he markedly successful in championing the cause of his country, so he sought other fields of endeavor until he felt confident of accomplishing his tasks. He went to Germany, taking there another degree and doing his work in the new language, which he mastered as he went along, and thence to Austria. Here one of his greatest ambitions, after all, perhaps, his dearest, was crowned with success. Under the instruction of an eminent Austrian he gained great skill in optical surgery. Already he could see the little eyes of his sister open and smiling gratefully up to him.

"I am the happiest man alive today," he remarked after performing a most difficult operation under the professor's supervision. "I have a little sister at home who was stricken blind in her fourth year. Now I can make her see."

The august professor smiled an encouraging assurance as he laid a friendly hand upon the young man's arm.

"You are greater than I am in this business, and I have been counted the best on the continent. I fully believe that little sister will some day see."

That same day Jose received a long letter from old Leonico who wrote for the family. It was full of love and anxiety, telling all the news of the quaint interior town he called home. It recounted the number of recent births and baptisms, the state of the weather, the fortunes and misfortunes of the family, including the losses and gains his father had made fighting his favorite cock. In fact a complete epitome of the incidents transpiring in the pastoral community. It bore hint of the continued abuses of the friars and the government, suggesting only too vaguely the utter misery of the people. The youth's heart swelled with righteous indignation, yet he suppressed his anger and vowed to help in his own chosen way. His time was coming. He had gained one point. There was but one other left to combat with. It was a little postscript attached to the letter which touched his sentimental nature more than all else. "Little Ermitania has almost forgotten you," it ran. "The other day when asked if she remembered you, it seemed she did not, but after a moment of reflection she finally said: "Oh, yes, I remember now, Jose used to sing to me."

"Jose used to sing to me," the brother repeated sorrowfully. I am glad she remembers me, anyway, — that I used to amuse her, and make her little heart sometimes happy.

After the strain of sentimentality wore away the pitiable condition of his people again recurred to him. With proficiency in surgery his life mission was not yet nearly ended. He decided to travel and study the national life of other countries. He journeyed through France, Italy, and England absorbing their languages and literature while he did some fine sculpture by way of diversion. It showed his broad make-up, the kind so many large men have. But in everything he was single minded. He never once lost the voice of his call. He felt the more keenly the contrast between the hard lot of his own country and the freedom of these lands he traveled in. He bore it ill that no one of them even knew about the Philippines and the cancer eating away their beauty and strength. Then he settled in Berlin and began his active work while he practiced his profession. It was an entering wedge for the people before he should return home to give the priceless boon of sight to little Ermitania. He wanted to cast a light that all might see.

Four years of socialism and license of the universities had not distorted his political vision and he remained as he had grown up, an optimist. It was the teachings of old Leonico and a faithful mother. Not then nor at any time did he think his country ready for self-government. He asked only for the reforms promised again and again by the ministry, and as often protracted. To plead for the lifting of the hand of oppression he wrote a great novel: a work that stirred his own people far more than it did Europe. Then he began a series of brilliant pleas before the ministry, but which roused little sympathy. It was always the same discouraging story of the liberator, hard work and no profit. Disheartened but steadfast, he retired to the mountains of Belgium to write a rousing story of his people's love, their faults, aspirations and wrongs,—a tale in which he begged for their salvation. It was the work of a finished student of statecraft pointing the way to political justice and the development of national life. This work alone warranted the old *padre's* early assertion that he had the making of a great man. Inspired it would seem by his own creation of a future for his country, he next wrote a remarkable series of articles in which he forecast the ultimate rise of his people. Then getting homesick for his native land and remembering always the little sister whom he commenced to think he had neglected too long, he went home. Calamba was in revolt and the lurid times of the Cavite insurrection hove up menacingly on the horizon. He was glad of his coming when he did. He wanted to stop armed trouble because it was not his policy. It could not win.

He wrote from Hong Kong to the governor-general:

"If your excellency thinks my slight services could be of use in pointing out the evils of my country and helping heal the wounds reopened by the recent injustices, you need but say so, and trusting in your honor as a gentleman, I will immediately put myself at your disposal. If you decline my offer I shall at least be conscious of having done all in my power, while seeking the good of my country, to preserve her union through a stable policy based upon justice and community of interests."

The executive in reply expressed his gratitude, promised protection, and requested the young patriot to come to Manila that they might better understand the part he was to play. Full of trust and at last glad to be of service to his people he sailed for the sun-kissed isle where he was born. But the spirit which in a Spanish boy would not permit a Tagalog to have a *patria*, in a Spanish grown could not brook the mere suggestion of colonial independence. Immediately after his arrival he was arrested on a charge of sedition whose source made the governor's promise impotent. The clericals were seeking vengeance. His writings and sayings were his crimes against them. Nothing could be proved, but it was not the purpose of his persecutors to have him acquitted. A half-way sentence was imposed and he was banished to Guam. He wouldn't have cared so much to suffer this little indignity, but as yet he had been unable to treat his little sister. It would take weeks, perhaps months, to do this. He was sorely troubled as the ship which bore him sailed out through the channel at Corregidor. He stood at the stern gazing back on the fading capital of his country. Grave things were in his mind, but never once did he lean to rebellion. But how to get back home was all that troubled him. If he could only return for a month or two he would be happy. After that they could banish him for life for all he cared, so that he lived to help his people in some little way. Four years, remorseful and full of nature thought, were spent upon the barren slopes of Guam. The time was not so much as broken by an occasional letter from home. The government made the life of an exile a terrible hardship. At the end of the fourth year his repeated appeals to visit home had their reward. The letter came back, nine months after it was written, with an order for his return to Manila. He thought no happier man ever lived when he started for old Luzon. If the steamer from Guam was slow, the little river steamer which took him up the Pasig to Calamba was slower, so that after landing he fairly rushed to the house. No one knew of his coming. He found his mother, careworn and pensive, feeding the chickens before they should go to roost. Not far away his father in a clean *camisca* and smoking a cigar, squatted near the ground stroking the plumage of a gamecock. Off a short distance the *carbao* wallowed in their muddy nest, while an *iguana* in the old mango tree clucked its peculiar song. There was but one thing missing to complete the picture. Old Leonico, the family friend and parish priest, was away somewhere saying a service. Even the sight of Ermitania, now grown to quite a slip of a girl, standing like stone in her blindness listening to the music of nature, did not mar his mirth. He made one bound, then folded her in a fond embrace. "It's brother Jose come to see us," his mother joyfully exclaimed.

"Come to cure you, sister," he corrected as he smothered her with kisses. "Not to sing to you, or to tell you stories, but to cure you so you can see.

"I am glad brother, but do you really think you can?"

"I have cured worse cases, dear. My reputation even got abroad from Guam where people came from Japan and China to consult me."

"Oh, I will be so glad if you can make me see. My life is so lonesome with the world shut out from me, and you gone. I was happier when you were here to sing to me. Do you sing any more, Jose?"

"Not so often now, sister, I've other things to think of besides song. But we shall see if we can't sing some, won't we mother?"

"That will be so nice," she said quietly as they went inside to the evening meal, while the father cooped his bird.

The *Senor* did not understand his son like others did. He could not see the virtues Leonico and his wife could. All the greatness he knew of was centered in a certain bird of red plumage which he kept chained in the *sala* by night and staked in the choicest food preserves by day. Cocks and cockfighting were all that interested him, so it may have been quite natural for the son to look upon old Leonico more as a father than as a tutor.

Old Leonico was at the house often. He loved to talk with Jose about the big things he knew would enter some day into the boy's life. They were the only two persons in Calamba with any political ideas, so that none of the neighbors trespassed in their discussions. No one seemed to understand them save Jose's mother, and she only in a vague sort of way. Ermitania usually sat close by listening to the conversations, but she rarely ventured a remark. She generally floated on a sea of gloom, sad and dejected as the blind oftimes are. She could not comprehend why her brother did not sing and talk to her as he used to. But on the morrow she would go to the hospital in Manila where Jose was to operate on her eyes. She was glad, even anxious, for the journey. He had promised to sing for her after it was all over. The family went to town together, thinking it best to live there while Ermitania was in the hospital. Leonico could not conscientiously leave his flock for so long, but he gave them his blessing before they left, breathing his confidence in Jose's ability and the graciousness of God.

"But I cannot see any more than I could yesterday, brother," Ermitania was saying. It was her second day in the hospital. She lay, propped comfortably, on a spotless couch, her eyes bandaged. Near the bed her brother sat contentedly gazing into her sweet face. A satisfied air permeated him. He was proud of his handiwork—the work which cost him years of tireless energy to master. But the fruit of it all was about to be plucked.

"You must be patient little girl. It may be many days before you can see, but it will come."

"Then sing to me please," she asked, sighing from a little twinge of pain.

He begun in a full, resonant voice, the volume of which filled their little private ward to overflowing. It was one of those cheerful bits of song, such as he had sung to her when she was a little girl. Then he enjoyed them as she did, but now they were not a part of him. After a while he commenced a more serious one, which he himself composed. It was written when he was fired with patriotism. It touched upon the disconsolate story of the people. As he sang he poured into its words all the ardor of his intense soul. When he finished a sob escaped from beneath Ermitania's bandages.

"That is so sad, brother," she wailed.

"Yet it is no sadder than the lives of our people; no sadder little girl, than my heart has been these many years."

"I think I understand now. Only the other day I was unhappy because I thought you didn't like your little sister, but now I understand. It makes me want to help you. Oh, how I wish I could do something to help you as you are helping me. But, brother, I heard Leonico say the other day you were in such danger. I am afraid you will get into trouble if you do here what you did abroad. Pray be careful for you know how strong is the church, seeing what it has already brought upon you."

"Do not fear, little sister. My policy has been one that no just country can prohibit. I have worked only for the sake of our people. Surely that is any one's right?"

"But Leonico says your books have aroused great hatred against you from the friars. You should always remember the awful penalty they inflicted upon the poor people of Cavite."

"Yet I told the truth."

"Yes, but the truth hurts so much, especially where it is not complimentary. Your story of the inhuman treatment of young girls in the convents has made the friars wild with rage."

"I'm sorry. I regret that it had to be told and that the unpleasant duty fell to me. It is a truth that will ever rebound against the honor of the government as well as the piety of the friars. If the truth hurts then you will see that it is a punishment thoroughly merited."

There was a long pause during which neither spoke. Both were deeply thinking. Ermitania was wondering when she would be able to see. The brother was pondering over his luckless fate as an exile. He dreaded to see his talents going to waste on a lonely island when his people were in such dire need of some one to train them for better things.

"When do you think the bandages can be taken off, brother?"

"Perhaps in eight days; perhaps in ten. I cannot exactly tell."

But on the tenth day in the presence of their mother and father, the son darkened the room in which Ermitania rested. To the older folk it was a strange proceeding, yet their eyes followed their boy's movements with intense parental pride. They didn't know a sudden flood of light let into the eyes might completely destroy the delicate nerves he was trying to save. They were bent only on seeing the result of his work. Then, after the bandages were all removed, a broad smile of satisfaction covered his handsome face.

"Now, see if you can see, just a little bit," he calmly cautioned.

There was a little scream of delight as Ermitania sat bolt upright. For a moment she could not realize what had happened. The work of years had triumphed. She looked about the darkened room and was able to distinguish the objects it contained. Then her gaze fell upon her mother and father.

Before long she pathetically stretched out a pair of loving arms, as her brother came closer. She gave him a kiss that told a great deal more than words. The mother began to pray fervently, checking off passages with the beads of her rosary, while the father slipped over to the window and lit a *cigarillo*. He was no doubt worrying over his roosters.

"Now I am quite sure I can help you, brother."

"But it will be several days yet, perhaps many, before you can go into the sunlight."

"Never mind, I know it will all come and I am content. You see I believe in you *now*, if I did complain a little before. You know I was fooled so long by the doctors at home, who said they could cure me, and never did.

"Just see that," Leonico merrily shouted as he met the family on their return home with the blind completely healed. "Didn't I tell you he would be a great man some day. Praise God he is."

Jose's face flushed with true modesty, and he beseeched Leonico to stop his everlasting flattery.

"The good workman deserves a good wage," the *padre* philosophized. "And as you receive little else you must accept my compliments."

While at Hong Kong Jose had established a society of educated and progressive islanders whose ideas of needed reforms and methods of attaining them were as one with his own. But his banishment came as a warning of impending peril and checked the society's activity. Now another society, known as the Katipunans, was organized of disgruntled natives who had private ends to gain and who were discontented because issues were not pushed to a head. The Katipunans grew in numbers until the government stood in fear of their power. Steps were taken to overthrow them and drastic measures were adopted. The tragedy at Cavite was about to repeat itself. The clericals saw in this uprising an excellent chance to implicate their arch enemy and get rid of him, perhaps forever. They brought the matter so forcefully before the officials that the young patriot was marked as a leader of the Katipunans. That he should be connected with such a radical movement was difficult for the people and those who knew him intimately to understand. But the clericals said he was, and, of course, the government had to act. The better classes all knew that his writings, acts, and character were against such a possibility. But his well-known disapproval of the society's premature and violent action was even made a point against him. He was so much the more dangerous to the state because he had the sagacity to know that the times were not yet ripe for independence, and the honesty and purity of purpose to make only demands which the state well knew to be just. Though already a prisoner the young patriot was again arrested; this time on serious charges of sedition. His guilt he knew, as well as the people knew was manifestly impossible. Except as a prisoner he had spent only a short time in his own country since boyhood. His life abroad was perfectly open, as were all his writings. The best the prosecution could do was to aver that he had written against the government and the church. But it was the latter which was really hurt, not the government. The farcical trial went steadily on day after day. Scores of lawyers, officials, and ecclesiasts were all arrayed against the lone prisoner who fought his case unaided. His mother and Leonico and, sometimes Ermitania, were present, at the trial. Once when he made a grand noble speech to his persecutors, when he stood before them fearless and calm, the peer of all that inglorious, scheming mob, the old *padre* completely forgot himself and, rising, shouted:

"*Viva las Filipinas y Jose Rizal.*" It was a burst of admiration the old Father could not restrain. The penalty mattered not to him. He was hustled out of the room by the *guardia civil*, and consternation reigned for a moment. It was thought there would be a signal for a rush from the turbulent populace. But there should have been no cause for fear from that source. The prisoner himself stopped a movement by the people to liberate him.

The close of the patriot's trial was marked by the darkest day the Filipino people have ever known. It was a day much blacker than that when the Cavite patriots were shot, blacker yet than when the dread scourge mowed the peasantry down in their tracks, blacker than when the earth trembled in awful quake, destroying half of Manila and her people. Jose Rizal, the god of his race, was sentenced to the death of a traitor. It was only then in that gloomy hour that the sweetness and strength of his colossal character and the unselfishness of his lofty purpose made their most beautiful showing. His people and his country were yet more to him than his father and mother, even Ermitania, or Leonico, whom he forgot for a time. They were a part of the people after all. He spent his last night writing a long poem of farewell to his *patria adorado*, fine in its abnegation and exquisite in the wandering of its fancy. Then he received the ministrations of the church from old Leonico. It would have been wrong to have received it from elsewhere. In Jose's mind there was not a cleaner soul in all the world than that old man who had guided him to knowledge and wisdom, and who was not afraid to breathe his belief in him in the presence of his enemies. The old priest broke completely down as he finished. He went away weeping pitifully to join the family kneeling in prayer at the door.

"You must not follow me," the patriot said as he emerged from his cell. "It will do no good."

Then in turn, fairly lifting his father, mother and sister from their prostrated positions, he kissed each and beseeched them to trust in God for peace and happiness. Old Leonico refused to look upon him, so great was his grief. The frenzied old clerical busied himself reciting prayer after prayer that the order might yet be stayed and his boy's life spared.

Then, the prisoner's chains clanking as he walked, the gathering moved off. On the way they passed the Jesuit cathedral where the bells were ringing out for morning mass as if no one were going to death that day. The prisoner looked up to the towering dome, studying it with a reproachful air. It is hard to tell all that passed in his mind, but he said in an undertone:

"Ah, Jesuits, you it was who taught me what I am to die for, but I forgive you. I have sown and others are left to reap."

When he stood up proudly erect on the spot where he was to die, his arms and ankles pinioned and his eyes blindfolded, there was not a single nerve in his fragile physique that failed him. He stood thus patiently waiting the missels that would end his brief but glorious career. He was not thinking of death, but rather of the welfare of his pepple, his *patria*, of mother, of little Ermitania, and old Leonico. Once he thought he heard Ermitania asking him to sing to her,— then there was a sharp report and he knew no more.

* * * * * * *

"What day is this?" a tourist asked of the hotel proprietor. "There seems to be something very unusual going on."

Ten years had passed since that fateful morning when the little boy from Calamba met his death. Another flag fluttered over Fort Santiago and the clericals had now not so much to say about the government.

"Today is Rizal Day, the day when the Filipinos celebrate the aniversary of the death of the only patriot they ever had."

The streets and parks were packed and jammed. The entire capital was one seething mass of men, women and children in their brightest *ropas*. Everywhere native bands marched or idled, playing patriotic airs. The multitudes were shouting as if life depended entirely upon how much noise they made. They were gay only as Orientals can be. This was one of the real events of their lives. Over across the walls of *intramuros* rose the monasteries where hundreds of friars were quartered. In the windows, screened behind potted plants and the colors of the church, were various groups of the inmates. They stood contemptuously watching the blithesome masses. Occasionally one of them would grit his teeth and say: "What fools the Americans must be to let these Indians carry on as they do." Jose Rizal, shot as a traitor, today being worshipped as a patriot and a hero! In some quarters he was even set up as a saint. It may have been these distasteful things which kept the monks within doors.

"Today is not only Rizal Day," the host continued, "but it is also the day when a big monument is to be unveiled to his memory."

At ten a great procession headed from the city on its way to the Luneta. It was composed of bands and civic organizations, laboring men and women, the rich in carriages and automobiles, school children by the thousands, all bent on honoring their martyr. In the crowded amphitheatre before the grand and imposing monument, stood the governor-general addressing the people. Nearby the speaker sat an old man chewing betel-nuts contentedly. Now and then his eye cast furtive glances at the magnificently sculptured figure high above him. He seemed not to understand it all. There was a gray-haired wife and a comely daughter sitting beside him. They did not look upon the monument so often. But each time they did gaze upon the cold and silent image tears filled their eyes to overflowing. "To him, mother," the daughter said, pointing to the statue, "I owe my power to see this grand monument they have raised to his memory. You must not cry mother; for really I am happy despite my tears."

But the mother sobbed loudly as she covered her face with her *panuelo*.

An old man, bowed, wrinkled and in-firm, faltered up the stairs where the family sat. He was garbed in the robes of the church. He paused at the top and looked about him anxiously. He could scarcely see, so Ermitania rose to greet him: "We've been expecting you, Leonico; where have you been?"

"I've been in the parade," he proudly replied, mopping his steaming brow.

"But you are growing too old for those things," the *Senora* admonished.

"Not a bit. I've been doing honor to the little boy I loved so well. I will never grow too old to march for him."

Then looking up on the ponderous pedestal on which the likeness of Jose Rizal majestically stood, his arms extended in serene blessing over his *patria*, the old priest's face lighted with a heavenly smile.

"I told you he would be a great man some day," he murmured reverently. "How proud you must be that God privileged you to be his mother.

But still she sobbed as the governor-general went on eulogizing the man in whose honor that fitting statue was erected by the people.

Regardless of his greatness, he was first and always her son.

PRAYER OF POOR FOOLS

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

LORD to Thee at the eve of life
  We come outworn with empty hands.
Forbid us not who lost the strife,
  And spent mad souls in many lands
  For gathered on a thousand strands
Our differing flags of pride are furled:
  Christ scan with pity our sad bands—
For we were the fools of the world!

Led on by joy's alluring star,
  Led by pleasure's pillar of fire,
Through Vanity Fair we wandred far
  To the Kingdom of False Desire.
  There did we meet with dangers dire,
All were our souls by flame imperilled.
  Yet stay O Lord Thine anger's ire—
For we were the Fools of the World!

When all our blossoms changed to dust,
  And all our minstrels proved untrue,
We turned at last to things august—
  The silence and the rose of blue—
  But winds of age before us flew,
And on our heads was darkness hurled.
  Yea, Christ let mercy fall like dew—
For we were the Fools of the World!

MAIL FOR A GRAVE

By LEONA ANSTINE SUTTER

"NO, I can't say as I've ever hed any such errand as this before and I've been carryin' the little, white messages to the people in this part of town for a good many years now."

Ezra Wallick, mail-man, drew closer to the stove and the steam from his wet clothes filled the little corner grocery in the suburbs. He was a character in the rapidly growing city and in his leisure moments was always surrounded by interested listeners. Today his pale blue eyes grew softly reminescent as he took the loungers into his confidence.

"Trampin' around in all kinds of weather as I do, you get to be kinda kin to the old, leather mail-bag, and while you ain't pryin', it tells you a good many secrets. Somehow you get to know the laughter and the tears of folks lives and I maintain that's a pretty good way to know 'em. However, if you ain't natchally chipper I wouldn't advise you to be a mail-man.. Of course, there's always the pretty white weddin' invitations and the Christmas cards and the funny postals to liven you up, but there's the black-bordered letters and the-letters-that-never-come to make you down in the mouth. I declare I get mighty worked up sometimes over the troubles of my people.

"Now there's the little old lady, a little off in the upper story, who waits for me every day, lookin' for a letter from her son that ain't never come yet,—some days I feel all choked up, rememberin' the hurt look that comes in her dim, old eyes. 'It's sure to come to-morrer,' she'll say. She's been sayin' that to me every mornin' now for ten years.

"Then there's that little, thin seamstress on H. Street that don't look as though she'd ever had enough to eat in all her life, who's always a lookin' for a letter from her folks. They are well set up, she tells me, but they cast her off when she married a good-for-nothing they didn't like. He deserted her a few months afterwards and she's always been too proud to tell them. 'Pa and Ma are bound to want me sometime and send for me'—that's what she says. I can't help wishin' she'd write and tell them she wants to come home. I believe they'd give in. She's been waitin' for that letter a good many years now and the old folks must be gettin' pretty old. When your hair is whitenin' and your step a gittin' slow you can't afford to be hard on the chick-a-biddies 'cause you didn't like the way they scratched! The old house gits pretty lonesome towards the end!

"Around the corner from the seamstress is a withered-up old maid whose lover went off in a huff, twenty years ago and she's always a lookin' for letters from postmasters she's wrote to tryin' to locate him. She wants to find him and say she's sorry 'fore they die.

"There's a lot of unfortunates on that street and if misery loves company they'd none of them ought to be lonesome. My tied-to-the-chair lady lives there, but I don't know but she's the cheeriest soul in town though she hain't walked for twenty years. It brightens a whole day sometimes carryin' her the blessed shut-in letters and mailin' the ones she writes. I wonder who started that endless chain. Sometimes I think the first letter must have been mailed in heaven.

"The grumpy merchant who's wife ran away with his partner and the little, tired chorus girl live on that street, too. I'm down-right worried about that chorus girl. I don't like the look of some of the mail she's gittin'. She's a trustin' little thing that I'm afraid would be easy led astray. You get so tired sometimes when life's a little bit rough that there's no resistance in you. I'm afraid she'll get that way. So you see there's a good deal to make a mail-man sad.

"But this ain't distributin' the mail, and it's considerable of a walk out to the cemetery. I never hed any mail for a grave before, but I don't see why that kind of mail shouldn't be distributed as promptly as any other kind." He held up a battered wreath of Immortelles and read the address tied to it. It was addressed in a cramped feminine hand, "To be delivered at Rosedale cemetery, seventh grave east of the Sheffield monument."

"It's post-marked Red River," he reflected aloud. "I used to live at Red River. I left there when it was a bigger town than this. It's the same jerk-water place yet and this has growed to be a city. Funny about towns—some of 'em never grow to be anything with the best chance in the world and others jest natchally sky-scrape. They're jest like folks I guess, the A'mighty intended some of 'em to be runts."

With this laborious reflection Ezra Wallick shouldered his now almost empty sack and went out into the rain, his whistle coming to the loafers cheerily after his oil-skin-wrapped figure was lost in the rain-mist.

He walked along, whistling "There's a Good Time Coming." Once he chuckled good-naturedly—"Kinda fits in, that song, with a trip to the cemetery. I hope it's so—I hope there's a good time comin' for all the poor souls in the world. I ain't much more orthodox than I was when Eliza and I split up over it. It don't seem to me like there's going to be any everlastin' punishment for the poor souls that go wrong. I think they're punished here—you never seen a mean man that was happy yet. I've always thought, 'How are you spendin' the present?' would be a heap better song than 'Where will you spend Eternity?' That song always did set my teeth on edge."

Still busy with these thoughts, part of which he spoke aloud to himself, he turned in at the white gate of the cemetery and picked his slushy way among the rain-grayed monuments. Here and there he paused to read an epitaph. "There's enough good people buried here to crowd heaven," he chuckled to himself.

At last he came to the great white monument in whose shadow all the decoration-day services of twenty years had been held, rising high above the others as he whom it commemorated had topped his fellow men in life.

"The seventh grave east of the Sheffield monument,"—he spied it finally. The head stone that marked it was very tiny and the rain had beaten the loose earth upon it until the inscription was almost hidden. Kneeling in the mud, a little curiously he took out his knife and scratched off the mud to read it. Presently the inscription became clear. Two hands rudely cut into the stone were clasped above the words:

WILLIAM BARNES
AGE 15
ONLY CHILD OF
ELIZA A. AND JOHN B. BARNES
BORN JULY 16, 1866 DIED JUNE 20, 1881
REST IN PEACE

He knelt there in the rain, reading it again and again. "Eliza A. and John B. Barnes—that must be Eliza's child—how strange!" he whispered. "I never knew whether she had any children or but she had a dozen."

Suddenly a fragment of a name on the next grave caught his attention. Again he used his knife and stared at the inscription. "John B. Barnes, aged—". "That must be Eliza's husband!" he whispered. "So Eliza's all alone in the world too! Wonder what her folks are doin' buried here? Well—well Eliza without a chick or a child too—and such a mother as she'd made!"

A vision came to him out of the years of a straight, lithe, creature with the hair combed plainly back from a sweet, pure face. Then with the irony of fate another stood beside her, daintily, pretty with pale yellow hair, curled elaborately around her white doll face, demanding his loyalty. There alone with the silent dead for the first time in a loyal life he failed in loyalty.

"I ain't meanin' no disrespect to her I married but it was always Eliza I loved," he whispered to the grave of Eliza's son.

Without heeding the rain that was coming down in torrents now, battering the wreath of Immortelles, he lived over the long years of the past from the day when he had parted with his sweetheart in the little country town to this, in which he placed a weather-beaten wreath on the grave of her dead. He recalled with a pang, time had mercifully rendered a little less poignant, the love affair of his boyhood. Eliza Allen had been his sweetheart. It was with her that he had walked home from husking bees, church socials and revival meetings for two years, and she that had promised finally to be his wife when the corn-husking was finished. For many days after that he had husked the long rows of corn with a song on his lips and joy in his heart and in the long late-fall evenings went to sit with Eliza in the big, clean kitchen where the tea-kettle sang like their hearts. Occasionally Eliza brought forth the brightly colored balls of carpet rags she was sewing for their carpet and showed him them shyly, together with the fringed napkins and the unbleached sheeting she had purchased with her egg money. Near the end of his probation there had come to the little country church a traveling evangelist to hold revival meetings and there every night he had taken Eliza. The evangelist was an eloquent man and the people of that school district had been mightily shaken. Night after night while songs were sung from the paper-covered books, the members had gone into the audience among their friends exhorting them to forsake their sins, and night after night the altar had been crowded with 'mourners.' From Ezra's side had crept one night a white-faced and tearful Eliza to kneel at the wooden altar in the front of the church. From the altar had risen a shining-faced Eliza who spoke to them thereafter bravely of the sweet new peace that had come to her, always adding humbly the words, "Pray for me that I may ever be faithful."

Night after night Eliza had plead with him, Ezra, to do likewise and he, while reverencing her more than ever, had silently refused. She had not given up until the last night of the meetings had come and gone. The minister had chosen for his text that night the verse: "The summer is gone, the harvest is ended and I am not saved." From that text he had preached a sermon so full of dreariness and horror, picturing the end of sin as so terrible that Ezra had rebelled inwardly and had answered Eliza almost roughly when she plead with him to 'go forward.' The minister's words were ringing in her head like doom and the next day she had brought the little turquoise ring he had given her to him out in the field where he was husking the golden ears and read his sentence to him from her little testament: "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." "Don't you see," she had asked with agony in her severe young face, "that it is a command straight from God? Oh, Ezry, if you could only believe!"

She was deaf to all his argument, answering all with the broken cry—"Don't you see that it is a command straight from God?" He had gone away at last furious at narrowness that could so tear heart from heart, steeled in his antagonism. The years had softened the bitterness and he had ceased to remember anything but the white anguish of her face when they had parted there among the rows of fodder, but in the reaction he had married Sally Adams, the village belle, to whom there had never come a serious thought in all her life. She had borne him six sickly children, whom they had buried one by one from the untidy house. During all the years of her novel-reading life when even her own prettiness ceased to interest her and her ragged hair no longer was curled about her face, but hung in helpless strings, he was loyal to her, never saying an unkind word. What he had suffered all those years, during which he made his way into the house through the debris on the floor and ate his cold, cheerless meals, he never had let any one know and finally she had gone to lie beside the sickly babies she had borne him. Then he had sold the house and moved into two rooms keeping them like some woman and womanishly delighting in their order.

"Eliza—all alone," he whispered to himself over and over as he made his way home from the cemetery and occasionally a tear rolled down his cheek—that or a drop of rain.

That night after the supper dishes were put away and he sat down in the tidy room he decided that he would go to Red River and see Eliza. Something seemed calling him and he could not refuse—a dear painful memory. "Who knows, perhaps she'd like to hev me come to Red River and live near her," he confided to the four walls. "'Twouldn't be ex-actly bein' 'yoked together' and we could manage to see a powerful lot of each other. I've got enough saved to live on what years I hev left and I've never calculated to end my days in a city. I could hev a garden and a cow and some chickens and it'd be a heap better than this."

The more he thought of it the more he thought that he would resign his position and go to Red River. Even if Eliza was bitter and did not want him to live near her it was still possible to live at the other end of the town and see her occasionally—that would be worth something. "If Eliza don't want me near her, I'll buy near the church," he resolved, "where I can see her goin' in and out pretty often."

The little clock ticked on the kitchen shelf and the kettle sang on the stove. Eliza Barnes had put away the dishes and the white oil-cloth on the table shone like white china. A black tabby purred and slept by the stove. Eliza drew her rocker softly over the clean rag-carpet up to the table and turning the lamp wick a little higher, sat down with the afghan she was crocheting.

She was a beautiful white-haired woman with a serene expression on her unlined face. "One — two — three — four," she counted. "One — two — three — four — five." A step sounded on the front porch and then there was a knock on the front door. The house-cat stretched to twice his length and then settled back for another nap. Eliza picked up the lamp and opened the parlor door. A cold breath of air greeted her. She opened the parlor door softly—Eliza did everything softly—and out of the darkness of the front stoop a voice that startled her with its likeness to one loved long before greeted her.

"Come—in," she said, holding the lamp closer to see the stranger's face and then—"Who are you?" she asked in a voice that trembled strangely.

"Don't you know me, Eliza? I'm Ezry," he said, blinking his eyes at the light and trying to make out her features. He had known her voice instantly. She stared at him through the lamp-beams and gradually the stranger's face took on familiarity in spite of the mask of time.

"Ezry—" she whispered softly. "Ezry—After all these years." His eyes had become accustomed to the light and he was regarding tenderly this tranquil, white-haired woman in the neat black dress with the snowy collar and cuffs. "Time's been good to you, Eliza," he said. "Very good."

"Come into the kitchen," she said as though they had parted yesterday. "You'll freeze in here." He followed her as calmly and naturally as though weeks instead of years had separated them.

"Where's Sally?" she asked when he had seated himself stiffly in a chair near her. It was the question of her puritanism.

"She's dead," he answered softly.

"And you're all alone in the world, Ezry?" she asked.

"All alone," he answered, as though repeating the catechism. Volubility would come presently—just now he felt undone.

"I'm all alone in the world too, Ezry," she said, taking up the afghan. "But tell me how you happened to come back here and where you've been all these years."

And words coming back to him he told her of his life, of Sally's ill-health, of the death of his children, how he had risen as he thought to be a mail-man, of his pinching and his saving and of the years alone in the two clean rooms. He told her of the poor, tired chorus girl and the tied-to-the-chair-lady, every detail of his life.

"Just to think," she said wonderingly, "that the wreath I sent to the grave of my boy should have come to your hands and brought you back to me." Then feeling that she owed him her confidence, after the outpouring of his, she told him of her life, of her marriage to John Barnes, of their bad luck and the struggle they had had with poverty, of the death of their only child followed by the death of her husband when they had been living in the same city with him during one of their frequent moves, about the year when all her hens died and the years the crops failed and through it all, unspoken, there breathed something of the shiftlessness with which she had to contend in the man she married.

The hands of the clock moved around to ten and then to eleven. "I never liked the city," Ezra was saying. "There's too much trouble there and too little neighborliness. I've resigned my position and come back here to end my days. We haven't much longer to live, Eliza, and if you'll let me I want to buy a place near to you where we can see each other often, where we can kind-a look after each other. You'll let me—won't you Eliza?"

A tear rolled slowly down her cheek, and lost itself in a sweet, old smile. "The place next to this is for sale, Ezry," she said. "They want a lot of money for it—two thousand dollars. Can you raise that much, Ezry?"

"Twice that without pinchin'," he said a little proudly. "But, Eliza, ain't that pretty close to have an unbeliever?" It was the one sore thrust of a lifetime and he was instantly ashamed of it. The tears welled up in her eyes and a burning blush suffused her soft cheek.

"Life's taught me a good many lessons, Ezry," she answered. "Among them is this—that the unbelievers come nearer sometimes to bein' God's children than some that are written believers on the church's books. God made us different and it isn't for you or me to say who are believers and who are not. Some believe one thing and some another, but we're most of us God's blessed believers after all." It was the long speech of her life and it left him speechless.

The next his arm stole around her and he drew her close to him and her tears stained his cheek. Hope sprang into his heart. "Would you—can it be possible—that you'd be willing to be 'yoked' to me and live with me in the house next door?" he asked and there was fear of too much dared in his voice, but there was no fear in her answer.

"You main't think as I do, Ezry," she answered. "But I think you're one of God's believers just the same. I don't believe God would be angry if I did—and I've been so lonely!"

The kettle sang on like their hearts were singing and they built of the future before them a radiant thing.

"We'll hev our garden and our hens and a cow and some new store furniture and a rug for the house and it'll be always clean and sweet like this," he said boyishly. Then bending his head and lowering his voice he whispered to the love of his youth and his old age his one disloyalty, "Sally was never any too particular," and Eliza was not too much of a saint to make her similar confession his thread of comfort.

"I wish I could know," he said as he left her to go to the little village hotel for the night, "I wish I could know that things would turn out as well as this for all my poor people in the city."

CATHEDRAL ISLES

By MARTHA BARNETT CHAPPEL

IN dim Cathedral Aisles their souls have built
Weary ones do sometimes steal away
And hide them from the garish light of day.
Youthful dreams and fancies here their wings unfold,
Here Hope dares hope, and Faith grows bold;
The soul it's censer swings,
And incense sweet fills all the air.
To live is love—to breathe is prayer.
Not long indeed they stay,
For Life insistent murmurs—"Come away"
Oh, Lord! from storm and stress,
Life's battle and duress
They do not ask release,
But only pray,
Into these aisles of peace.]

"HAPPY-HABIT JOE"
IN KINGDOM GLUM
(ALLEGORY)

By HAROLD SKINNER

THERE was a potentate,
A crabbed king called, "Hate,"
Who ruled his subjects with an iron hand.
Throughout his vast domain,
He scattered grief and pain,
Till discontent and sorrow filled the land.

This monarch, avaricious,
Not altogether vicious—
Was just a disagreeable old grouch!
His serfs he often booted,
His courtiers he hooted,
His subjects all were fools, he did avouch.

His castle, dark and chill,
Was built upon a hill,
That shrouded the metropolis of Glum—
A murky title, quite—
But never was a site,
More properly decreed a living tomb.

The monarch groaned and growled;
The people moaned and scowled;
Till, from the churlish words and sullen tones,
The populace did quail;
Grew wan, and thin, and pale—
The king, himself, became a rack of bones.

One stormy night, quite late,
A stranger passed the gate,
Then stared in wonder at the soldier glum.
"Come, come!" the stranger said,
"That face would shame the dead!
Cheer up! Cheer up! The worst is yet to come!"

The startled soldier gazed,
Then gasped—he was amazed,
But as the stranger's words pertused the cloud

Of self-imagined pain,
That had befogged his brain,
The guard burst forth in laughter long and loud.

"Ho, ho! Ha, ha! He, he!
A joke! A joke! Whoopee!
The first I've heard in thirty year, ole pard!"
The laughing soldier said;
Excused himself, and fled
To tell it to the Captain of the Guard.

The stranger gave a yawn,
And when the guard had gone,
Sought hastily his room, but not his bed—
From his port-manteau, quaint,
He drew forth brush and paint,
And scrawled a sign in black and white, which read:

"USE CHAPPLE'S JOLLY VIEWS,
FOR MELANCHOLY, BLUES,
AND GROUCHINESS! 'Twill kill them at a blow!
Come one! Come all, today!
He's giving them away!
Inquire for the stranger, 'HAPPY JOE.'"

King Hate, was first to call,
He clattered down the hall,
And burst in through the door with visage glum.
The listening crowd without,
In wonder, heard him shout:
"What's that? Haw, haw! Ho, ho! Hum, hum!"

Forgetting kingly pride,
The monarch rushed outside,
Embracing all who came within his sight.
"Cheer up! Cheer up!" he roared,
Until the motley horde
Was yelling, laughing, howling with delight.

Then "Happy" was content;
He left, but ere he went,
A banner on the palace did appear—
Across the pennant blue,
These words stood forth to view:
"THE HAPPY-HABIT KINGDOM OF GOOD CHEER."

A CORNER IN DRINK

By ALBERT F. BONNEY

"WATER will cost you a dollar a drop, here, Mr. Morton."

The millionaire looked up at the young man with weary eyes, then smiled faintly. "A good joke, Doctor," he said. "Blamed, if it isn't," he added after a moment's pause.

The young doctor's face hardened. "You will find that I am not jesting, sir," he replied with ominous politeness.

An expression which changed swiftly from curiosity to alarm swept over the features of the helpless man as he turned uneasily on his wet, sandy couch, his face flushing.

"This is no time for trifling, Doctor Green," he cried in sudden anger. "I am very thirsty, and wish a drink of water at once. Will you kindly supply me?" looking at the river which flowed by a half rod away.

Before answering, the young man threw an armful of wood on the fire which, blazing up, redly painted on a background as black and soft as velvet every detail of the scene. Florid and pudgy, the millionaire lay with one leg bandaged from ankle to hip, the ends of green willow splints showing under the multi-colored clothes which held them in place. His smoothly shaved face was white and drawn with pain, while an attire once elegant was wet, torn and plastered with mud. From out the river ooze which covered his ample chest a diamond winked mockingly in the wavering firelight.

Still less presentable was the swarthy young giant who stood looking down silently on the prostrate man, the unpleasantness of his aspect enhanced by a smear of blood which had clotted on cheek and neck, evidence of a wound under his matted black curls. A frown deepened the habitual wrinkle between his black brows which, rank grown, seemed only to deepen the shadows in his fathomless eyes.

"I understand fully, Mr. Morton," he said finally, "and you have my answer. Wait, and I shall, I think, be able to make you understand. Last Thursday evening, only three days ago, I called on you and asked that you give me the hand of your daughter in marriage. Oh, I know that I am reciting ancient history; however, it is necessary that I go over it. You told me, and quite bluntly, too, that I have no faculty for accumulating money, notwithstanding that I have an income of about $4,000 a year from my practice."

"But—"

"But I do not save, or invest any of it, you would say. Well, let it go at that, and I will resume my argument. You were so kind as to tell me that with that one defect in my character removed you would have no objection to me as a son-in-law, then you spent two hours telling me how you started in life without a dollar, and even went on to detail, as an example of financial craft, I suppose, how you once cornered the visible supply of flour, selling at $10, $15, and even $25 a sack what cost you but $1.04."

The old man moved, then gave a groan of pain.

"You will do well to lie perfectly still, sir," admonished the young man, his professional instincts aroused, "for you have a bad leg there."

Angered by his own helplessness the injured man glared at the stream which ran by just out of his reach, the firelight which touched the ripples on its surface hiding the thick and filth of the recent flood, then his eyes sought the doctor's face.

"I want a drink," he snarled.

"I hear you," said the young man quietly, "but I wish to finish my little retrospection. Leaving you, I went and informed Myrtil, as you requested me. She rebelled, as you know, but I had given you my promise to comply with your wishes, and that ends that night's history."

"I want a drink."

Without heeding the interruption the young man continued placidly: "A few hours ago I was leaving Myrtil after spending with her the two hours weekly which you begrudge us, when I met you at the bottom of that long flight of steps which leads from the street up to your house, just as a rush of water swept you from your feet. We had been warned more than once that the big reservoir above the town was weak, as you know, and I believe we shall find that the flood came from that."

"I have been trying for a year to get the town to fix it," growled the old man. "I want a drink," he added sharply.

"Well," resumed the doctor, "when I saw the water my first thought was for Myrtil, but I instantly realized that no flood could reach the high terrace on which your house stands, and I sprang into the water and was so fortunate as to get hold of you and a plank at the same time, and supported by that we were swept away together. You had been rendered unconscious by a blow on the head, and remained so until after we were landed on this little island. I managed to set your broken leg, no small task," professional pride cropping out, "with the conveniences I had, as both bones below the knee are shattered; and that brings me up to the present moment."

The suffering man looked up appealingly. "I want a drink," he cried hoarsely.

The young man looked at him with unmoved features. "You may have a drink, Mr. Morton," he said quietly, "but as I have a dead immortal cinch on the water supply here, as one would say out West, it will cost you a dollar for every drop you use, as I informed you at the first."

The millionaire averted his face for a moment, then glared up into the black eyes. "Well," he panted, "I cannot lie here and die of thirst, so give me a drink."

"How much will you have, sir?" he asked briskly. "I have here a little price list which I prepared, and here is your cheque book which fell from your pocket when I laid you down. I have cleaned and dried it, as you see. Now, water at a dollar a drop is $480 an ounce, $3,840 a half pint, $7,680 a pint or $15,360 a quart. There are four quarts to the gal—"

"I—I will take a—give me a—er—four ounces." He snapped out the last two words savagely.

The doctor averted his face quickly, hiding the grin which would come, then tendered the old man the cheque book and his pen. "Your order amounts to $1,920," he said politely. "Kindly sign. Thanks," folding the cheque as he turned away. Returning, he pressed a rusty can to the old man's lips who drained it, then lay looking longingly at the empty vessel.

The young man threw more fuel on the fire. "I am keeping up a bright blaze as a signal to those who will be searching for our bodies," he said.

"Where are we?" asked Morton.

"I do not know, sir," replied the doctor, "but it seemed that we were hours in the water, and that we traveled miles; still, it was just eleven o'clock when I left Myrtil, and but 12:45 when I had finished setting your leg, so we could not have come very far."

"Give me a pint of water," interrupted Morton, signed the cheque, and seized the water eagerly when it was offered to him. Draining the can to the last drop he sighed contentedly, and his thirst assuaged he was somewhat more cheerful for a time, but he was feverish, and it was not long before he was wiping his cracked lips with a dry tongue. However, he tried to bargain with the doctor.

"It is no use to argue, Mr. Morton, for I have a corner on this drink," declared the young man slowly and firmly, a white, sinewy finger punctuating each word, "and I propose to take advantage of it and thus prove my faculty for accumulating money,—and incidentally make a stake," he muttered to himself. "You may curse and scowl, but it will do you no good. I do not know how much longer we shall be here, an hour, perhaps, or a day. I propose to keep the fire burning brightly all night, and when daylight comes I shall make a big smoke to attract attention; however, while we are here you pay a dollar for every drop of water you use."

The enraged man snatched at the cheque book. "Give me another pint," he snarled, signed the cheque and flung it from him.

"Correct," said the doctor as he glanced at the slip of paper before folding it away with the others. "This is even colder and clearer than the other," he said when he returned with the water. "You see I dug a pit in the sand to filter the water, as that in the river is pretty thick." The old gentleman drained the cup in three gulps, then closed his eyes. "You should drink more slowly, sir," admonished the doctor, smiling when the millionaire made no reply.

Time and again before the foggy morning came did the sufferer waken to buy drink, each time finding the doctor watching at his side patient and wakeful. He would call for drink, sign the cheque without a word, drink the water, then drop off into lethargic slumber. When he wakened the last time and saw that morning had come he looked about him eagerly.

"A thick fog," he muttered. "Do you think a search will be made for us?" he asked abruptly.

The doctor nodded. "For our bodies, certainly, for they will not imagine that we are alive," he replied.

"When will they get to us do you think?" asked Morton wearily. He looked at the water can as he spoke.

"Soon, I hope," replied the doctor soothingly. "You can rest assured that a searching party will start as soon as they miss us, and in this case they will at once work down stream as rapidly as possible. I would go for help, if it were possible, but the stream on both sides of the island runs like a millrace. We must be at the rapids, some twenty miles below the city, which I have heard about.

"I wish you would wash my hands and face," said the old man petulantly, interrupting the doctor's speculations.

Bringing the can full of water the young man did as he was asked, then combed the scanty, gray hair. "You will miss your daily shave," he said smiling.

"I wish that was my only trouble," was the peevish reply.

Taking out pen and paper, the doctor figured a moment. "You may write me a cheque for $15,360, Mr. Morton," he said.

The old man scowled at him. "For what, pray?" he demanded.

"One quart of water, used to bathe you," offering his pen. "I'll do nothing of the kind," declared the enraged old man, his eyes red with rage.

"Oh, very well," said Green carelessly, tucking the pen back into his pocket, "but let me tell you now that you will not get another drop to drink until you do."

The two men looked at each other for a long minute, then the eyes of the old man fell as his tongue swept his dry lips. He let his eyelids fall and lay chewing assiduously on nothing for awhile, then stole a furtive glance at the river, another at the patient man at his side, finally yielding to nature's demands and filled out a cheque which he passed to the doctor, who suppressed a start.

"This—this is for thirty thousand, seven—"

"I want the other quart to drink," interrupted the sufferer, and Green smiled as he put the cheque away carefully. Bringing the water, he assisted the old man to drink. Finally satisfied, the millionaire went to set the can down when he let it fall, spilling nearly half of the precious fluid. With a smothered curse he flung the empty can away, then lay glaring at the doctor until he fell asleep.

They were weary hours for Green, who fed the fire with wet drift-wood which sent into the still air a dense column of smoke. Once, when the old man wakened, the doctor suggested that he swim the rapids and bring help, but the helpless man shuddered.

"What if you were drowned?" he gasped. "I'd be left here to perish in horrible torment. No, stay with me, I want a drink," a grim smile touching his pallid lips for an instant.

Notwithstanding that Morton was burning with fever and racked with pain, he finally rebelled, refusing to sign another cheque. He shook his fist at his companion in impotent rage.

"Doctor Green," he cried, "you are a brute, a—a fiend! You are taking advantage of my helpless condition to extort money from me. You—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Morton," interrupted the doctor, "I am taking no advantage of you, only of opportunity. The old fellow came knocking at my door, and I have him by the whiskers. Do you not remember telling me so lately as last Thursday evening that a man is justified in taking advantage of any and every opportunity to make money. That the inexorable law of supply and demand—"

The rage of the millionaire was almost unbounded. "But who in the name of the Fiend would ever have thought that I—"

An admonishing hand waved before his flaming face. "Gently, gently, Mr. Morton," cooed the doctor, "that has absolutely nothing to do with the case," he argued, "any more than hunger had to do with your flour deal. They had to have bread, you have to have drink. You had the flour, I have the water, and that is all there is to it. I do not ask you to buy, sir, but as the river water is not potable I dug a little pit and now have a supply of clean, cold water, and of that I will sell you, if you wish to buy. I am only following the hint you gave me last Thursday evening, Mr. Morton, and until our friends get to us—"

By a desperate effort, which wrung drops of perspiration from his brow, the millionaire propped himself up on his elbow and shook his fist in the doctor's face.

"I'll not sign another cheque," he screamed. "I'll be damned if I do. Do your worst. Let me perish of thirst. I'll stop payment on the cheques. I'll—I'll—"

Loud cries from across the river caused him to stop, and he fell back exhausted as Green sprang to his feet and ran to the water's edge to answer the call. When assured that the two men on the island were the ones they were seeking the men hurried away, and presently the doctor saw a boat coming down the stream manned by two men. Springing ashore they shook Green's hand eagerly.

"However did you escape?" asked one of the men.

The doctor told his story briefly.

"We were looking for your bodies," said the man, "for we never dreamed that we should find you alive. How is Morton?"

"Lying there with a broken leg," replied the young man. "What caused the flood?" he asked.

"The big reservoir broke," was the reply. "The water was seven feet deep in the business part of the town, and had it happened earlier in the evening the loss of life would have been appalling. Four men were drowned as it was."

The doctor now devoted his attention to the injured man, getting him ready for the return trip. He was putting his little syringe away when Morton asked:

"Can we not get a message back to town, Mr. Wellington?"

The man laughed cheerfully. "That has been attended to long before this, Mr. Morton," he replied. "There is a little town a mile from here, and Thompson went there so soon as we knew that you were alive." Then aside to the doctor: "Is he ready to be moved?"

"In a few minutes," replied Green, watching Morton's drooping eyelids, then he knelt and held the can of water to his lips. "You can give me a cheque for this tomorrow," he said slyly.

Numbed with drugs, the old man was almost unconscious of the trip back to the city, and when in his own bed at once sank into a deep sleep. Green refused to leave him until the broken leg had been attended to, and calling in a couple of brother surgeons they soon had the injured limb in a cast and the patient put to bed. After a time Morton opened his eyes and looked about him.

"Where is Myrtil?" he mumbled.

The two doctors exchanged glances and left the room, and the girl came in, her eyes red from weeping. She paused to receive her lover's caress, then hurried to her father's side.

"Oh, Papa," she choked, "I was so frightened. How do you feel now? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I—I want a drink of water," he muttered.

The doctor sprang to the sideboard and filled a glass which he offered to the old man, who reached to take it, then paused, looking up into the young man's face.

"What is this to cost me, doctor?" he asked.

The young man's face flushed and his deep eyes glowed. "That? That is *ice* water, Mr. Morton," he replied as he drew the wondering girl to him, "and I am afraid it will cost you your daughter."

The old man took the glass and drained it without a word.

* * *

"MY EIGHTY YEARS"

By SARAH WOOD CASHNER

MY eighty years, my eighty years,
Shall I look back with joy or tears
Across life's track? At duties done
At battles fought and victories won,
At sad mistakes that I have made
At hopes that blossomed but to fade;
Or at the fruit, that now appears
Of seed well-sown in eighty years.

My eighty years, my eighty years,
What lights and shadows, hopes and fears,
What glimpses of the good and true,
What friendships all the journey through,
What honest hands have clasped my own,
What mercies have around me thrown,
Since that eventful time, below—
My birthday eighty years ago.

My eighty years! Oh, how it seems
"Like the wild lunacy of dreams
To picture in prophetic rhyme
That dim 'far backward' shadowy time"
When I a child, was lulled to rest
In mother's arms, upon her breast,
And then she'd "lay me down to sleep"
And "pray the Lord my soul to keep."

As "life's brief span" grows short on earth
I see once more my place of birth—
And memories dear still cluster there
Despite successive years of care.
What charms for me had that old home,
Where with delight I used to roam,
"It's various scenes, resorts, and ways"
I spent in happy childhood days.

I love to dream of those bright days,
Old England's home and boyish plays,
The hedge rows, as they used to be,
The sweet primrose and hawthorne tree,
The lark, whose song at early morn
Upon the fragrant air was borne,
As this, in memory I see,
My eighty years seem few to me.

But I must drive these thoughts away
I'm eighty years of age today,
And neighbors come to give me cheer
And "loved ones" come from far and near.
The grand child, with her flaxen hair
Climbs on my knee, and nestles there,
Then whispers softly in my ear
"This is your birthday, grandpa dear."

My eighty years, my eighty years,
The western horizon now clears
And I can see with calmer eyes.
The hand that leads me to the skies,
And listening, I can hear today
A still small voice, that seems to say
"What man hath done he reaps alone"
In eighty years what have I done?

Dear Lord, if I have sown in light,
Or in the darkness of the night,
Or by the wayside, Thou didst see
And in thy love, remembered me
And when I stand at heaven's gate
And with the ransomed throng await
Oh, may I bring Thee "golden sheaves"
Instead of "dry and withered leaves."

A heavenly light shines on me now,
I feel thy hand upon my brow,
For I have reached "life's setting sun"
And find my labors nearly done.
Oh bless my few remaining days,
Help me to walk in all Thy ways,
That I may feel as evening nears
A life well spent these eighty years.

WHEN TONY STARTED TEACHING

By ANNA A. MERRIAM

TONY turned the corner of Villa Terrace briskly. She had cultivated the habit of quick walking. There were a dozen reasons why it seemed better. In winter, when she had somehow mislaid her furs, it kept her warm, and in summer it took her so much the more quickly off the fiery pavements. Then, too, even in the most aimless wanderings, it gave you a got-to-get-there sort of a feeling, and a hurry-up-and-get-that-bargain sensation on Fridays that was so real you had to look twice, and feel several times to make sure your pocketbook was as thin as a postage stamp. All of which reasons must surely appeal to the common sense. They, and others, appealed to Tony at any rate, even when her head didn't match her heels, which was the case now. How she hated Villa Terrace! It was called "Terrace" because the houses were all uniformly flush with the curbing, and Tony was sure the "Villa" was an abbreviation of villainous, only the combination Villainous Terrace (through no fault of its own) sounded too full of s's to be euphonious.

Arriving at number twenty-nine, Tony turned in, and as she opened the door, her tip-tilted nose went up still higher, for it was evident to the meanest nostril what Mrs. Moore's select boarders were going to have for dinner. "I'll take it out in smelling this night," she thought; "I may be forced to smell it, but I can't be made to swallow."

In her room was a letter addressed to Miss Smith, 29 Villa Terrace, and the eyes of Miss Antoinette Smith grew round with amazement and incredulous joy as she read:

My dear Miss Smith:

In conversation with our rector, Mr. Williams, yesterday, I mentioned my great need of a governess for my two children, and he gave me your name and address, recommending you most highly for such work. He said you were temporarily out of employment, and it will be most fortunate for me if you will consider my proposition. The children are five and seven years of age and, I am sorry to say, utterly undisciplined, owing, I hope, more to the lack of proper attention than to natural depravity. But we can discuss all this later. If there is a chance of your being willing to accept the position, would you come Thursday morning, between ten and twelve, to the address below, when you could meet the children, and we could talk over details.

Yours very truly,
HORACE D. KIMBALL.
1864 Claremont St.

P. S. We are about a quarter of a mile beyond the end of the Claremont Street car line.

Tony rubbed her eyes and read it again, this time with little joyful gasps and interpolations. "Mr. Williams! I didn't know he knew me—recommended me!—me! Temporarily out of a job—I should say so! A chance of my accepting? Just watch me—Will I be there—will I?" and drawing a long satisfied breath, Tony returned the letter to its envelope, only to take it out again for one more reading. How in the world had Mr. Williams happened to recommend her? To be sure she had often gone to Grace Church and listened to his prosaic sermons (how could she ever have thought them prosaic!) yet he had never spoken to her. But Tony wasn't given to going too deeply into the why of things when they were so openly delightful. She took the gifts the gods bestowed without quibbling, and airily dismissed the fact that Mr. Williams did not know her with the thought that perhaps ministers were specially gifted in the knowledge of other's needs, and it wasn't seemly for a poor little lay-"woman" to criticize.

Neither did it occur to her to refuse Mr. Kimball's kind offer for the reason that she had never done any teaching. Far was such a foolish idea from Tony's mind. She hoped she knew enough not to be too particular, and if Mr. Kimball didn't mind, she certainly didn't; and a good steady job of teaching, though you knew nothing about it, was much better than wearing your eyes out drawing pictures which dealers didn't seem to hanker after.

So Tony sensibly decided, and the thought even made her forget the unsavory dinner. She could have eaten sawdust with an oil dressing, and not noticed it. The sword-swallowing gentleman across the table failed to irritate her, and with lavish hospitality she urged bread and salt upon every one within reach. Thus does even the shadow of prosperity mellow us.

And even in the glaring light of the next day the golden dream had not ceased to glitter. Often in the hard struggle of the last few years Tony had been disillusioned, but always her gay young spirits rebounded, and she was ready for another try. Now as she critically surveyed herself in the little glass, she frankly admitted that what she could see of herself and her adorning was quite satisfactory.

Even a grumbling pessimist would have had to acknowledge that there was little to find fault with in the bright young face and trim figure, whatever might be said of the clothes worn.

Humming blithely to herself, Tony ran down Mrs. Moore's front steps and turned toward Claremont Street. She had Mr. Kimball's letter in her purse, and she felt of it every once in a while to make sure she was walking on city pavements, and not along a dream path.

At Ninth Street she boarded a Claremont Street car, and the first person her eyes lighted on was the Reverend Mr. Williams. To Tony he looked as if he were wearing a halo, and she only waited for him to look up from his paper to make her modest little salutation, and then unburden her soul of its weight of thanks. But when the Reverend Williams did glance up, he so plainly looked straight through Tony, without so much as a glimmer of recognition, that the smile froze on her face, and her greeting died away in an inarticulate gurgle. Before she had a chance to rally the car stopped to let on a passenger. It was a lady, and as she entered Mr. Williams beckoned her to the seat next him, bidding her a cordial "good morning."

"I'm so glad we happened to meet, Miss Smith," he began in the unmistakable sonorous pulpit voice, perfectly audible to all who cared to listen. "Have you heard from Mr. Kimball yet about teaching his children? No? That's strange; he was going to write you yesterday. You are still living at 129 Villa Terrace? Well—well," and Mr. Williams meditated wonderingly.

"The reason I'm surprised," he continued, "is that Mr. Kimball leaves the city tomorrow for quite a protracted stay, and I am very positive he wanted the matter settled before going, and he virtually promised to give you the place."

Miss Smith looked pleased and interested, while Tony was painfully absorbed in the conversation. Her heart was in her throat, and she clutched her letter like a drowning man a straw.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss Smith," went on the conductor of Tony's funeral service, consulting his watch, "Could you meet me at the end of the car line in an hour from now, and go with me to see Mr. Kimball? I don't want you to miss this chance," and the good man beamed benignly on his neighbor, while across the aisle Tony writhed in agony awaiting Miss Smith's reply—

"You're awfully good, Mr. Williams," it came, "and I'll be very glad to accept your offer," and then the conversation ran on in less personal channels.

Of course the virtuous heroine in any walk of life would not have hesitated a moment, but would have instantly proffered the discussed letter to its rightful owner—with a graceful word of apology and a simple explanation of how it happened to be on her bodily person.

Not so Tony. She clutched it tighter and yet tighter, the while she summed up the situation and tried to arrange a plan of action. She had an hour's start, and it was her amiable and honorable intention to make the most of it. Carefully she studied her rival, to discover if possible her weak points, and strengthen her own accordingly. It would have been difficult to do without seeming to stare, if Miss Smith hadn't been so wrapt up in Mr. Williams that she was oblivious to every one else, and it was with much secret satisfaction that Tony took stock of her face.

"It's not her fault, poor thing. She can't help it if her features are all too big for the size of her head, and she'll never again have less than forty-five candles on her birthday cake," thought Tony complacently, and almost unconsciously she straightened up and gave her hat a jab. But in a second her poor little vanity shriveled up, as she realized that in all probability Miss Smith was fitted to teach and she wasn't—and she only had an hour's start!

Her reverie was broken in upon by Mr. Williams leaving the car, followed by Miss Smith's profuse protestations that she would certainly meet him, and at the next corner she too got off.

It seemed endless ages before the end of the line was reached, and with scant dignity Tony jumped off and without even pretending to be a lady, scuttled up the road like a scared rabbit. She didn't have any plan of action. Her one idea was to get there, and accept Mr. Kimball's kind offer instantly, and then await developments.

The houses at this end of Claremont Street were all somewhat pretentious, with large lawns, and after hustling what Tony considered a good fat quarter of a mile, she put on brakes and walked sedately up to examine one of the numbers. Her alarm was genuine when she discovered it was only 1647, and again forgetting her dignity, she scurried down the walk, crossing the street at once, regardless of the frantic tooting of a distracted driver, who almost went to smash on the curb in his gentlemanly endeavor to get out of the lady's way.

Various excursions of this kind wasted time and temper, and it was with a decidedly aggrieved feeling that Tony finally fell upon the lucky number. "Mr. Kimball had no business whatever to be living so far out." Just as she was about to ring the bell, two children came tearing around the house, followed by the panting recriminations of an angry nurse.

"You're a bad boy—that's what you are, and if your father don't whip you, I will, so there!"

She stopped short as Tony met her eye, and muttering more threats, disappeared around the corner again.

Children were as irresistible to Tony as alluring bargain tickets with 49c or 99c on them were to some women, and she straightway forgot to ring the bell, and turned toward them with an encouraging smile. At first they responded not at all, but stood with unsmiling faces taking her all in. Finally the boy seemed to be satisfied with what he saw, and gravely said:

"Hello."

"Hello," responded Tony, with prompt cordiality, sitting down on the top step and not noticing a man who suddenly peered around the corner of the porch and then quickly withdrew.

"What's your name?" the boy continued, coming a step nearer.

"Antoinette Smith—what's yours?"

"Reggie," he replied, "and this is Alice," pointing to the very little girl.

"I'm glad to know you," said Tony, longing to hug them both. "Were you playing a game when I came?"

"No," said Reggie with disgust. "Nora was trying to catch us. I hate Nora."

"Oh, do you? What makes you bother?" observed Tony, not in the least shocked, as Reggie had expected.

"Bother?" he answered, plainly puzzled.

"Yes. I think it's a great bother to hate people. It makes you feel all hot and wallopy inside, and prickly outside, and you wish you had claws for fingers, and, oh, it makes you so very uncomfortable."

"Yes," agreed Reggie, coming nearer—"but I have to hate Nora. She is so mean, and tells my father wrong stories about me. She just makes me hate her."

"Well now, do you know," Tony remarked in a tone which seemed to imply the giving away of an important secret, "I've always found that when you stop hating people, they stop doing the things you hated them for—Isn't that funny?"

"Yes," said Reggie dubiously, while Alice wriggled up the last step.

"And then, you know," Tony went on, "if you must get rid of some hate, you can always use it on things which don't matter. Now I hate prunes."

"Do you?" said Reggie with shrill incredulity.

"I hate spiders," declared Alice, coming into the conversation. "I run away."

"You do, do you?" laughed Tony, gathering her up in her arms, where after a second's hesitation Alice settled contentedly. "You're a bunch of roses, but do you know I know about a spider who once did a very kind thing for somebody?"

"What? Tell us," both children demanded.

"Well," Tony began, "this is a really true story, and it happened long, long ago, way across the ocean. There was a man named Robert Bruce, and he was the King of Scotland. He was a very good king, but some of the people didn't like him, and wanted some one else for king, and so Robert Bruce had to get soldiers and fight for his crown. But the other side had soldiers, too, and there were battles, and Robert Bruce couldn't stay quietly at home in his castle, but had to fight all the time, and keep the other soldiers from catching him. And one night he was hiding in a cave, with an opening just big enough for him to crawl in, and while he was there a spider thought it would be nice if he spun a web right over the door of the cave, and he worked and worked, going round and round until—"

"Oh, my goodness!" gasped Tony, jumping up and scattering her surprised listeners. "Where's your father?" for, glancing up the street, she had happened to see the Reverend Mr. Williams and Miss Smith approaching.

Turning quickly toward the door, she was met by a young man about thirty-five, who came around the corner.

"Oh," cried Tony, "could you find Mr. Kimball for me?"

"I am Mr. Kimball," was the smiling answer.

"You *are?*" was Tony's polite reply. "Why, I thought he was an old man, but you can't help it, I suppose, and oh, dear," glancing over her shoulder, "I'm Miss Smith, and I got your letter, only I'm not the real Miss Smith, and it wasn't meant for me, and she is coming now with Mr. Williams, but I didn't know it until a little while ago, and—" but here Mr. Kimball interrupted her with a very puzzled laugh.

"Please wait a moment, Miss Smith—let's go inside. No," to the children, who showed a propensity to cling, "you stay here, and Reggie, take Mr. Williams and the lady into the library and say I'll be there very soon." Then, as an after-thought, "you needn't say anything else."

Leading Tony into the room, Mr. Kimball closed the door. "There, now," he remarked cheerfully, giving her a chair, "suppose you begin at the very start and tell me all about it."

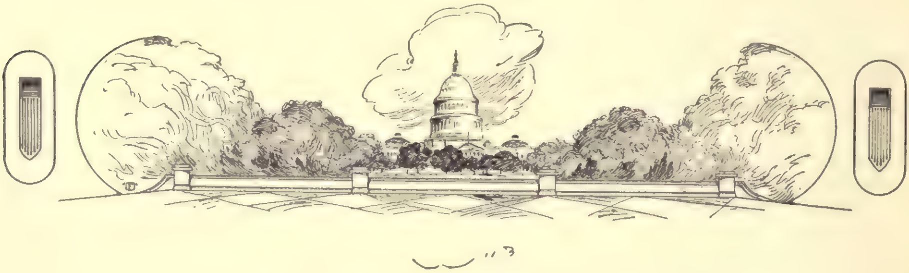
And Tony, much to her surprise, found herself telling not only of this, but a great deal more, unconsciously giving the whole story of the last few years. "And you see," she concluded, "I really did mean to deceive you, but I'm sorry now. Only I thought if I couldn't teach them much, I could love them a lot."

"Yes, I see," answered Mr. Kimball. "Now, would you just as soon stay here for a few moments? I'll be back presently," and he left her sitting in the center of a big chair, and wondering exactly what had happened.

She had no idea how long she had sat there, when the door opened cautiously to admit a little brown head, and then was flung wide as Reggie and Alice entered. In the hall Mr. Kimball could be heard talking as he ushered out his guests.

"So you see, before you came I had decided that what the children needed was a course of loving more than a course of study, and I'm going to try that first. I'm very sorry to have given you so much trouble, Miss Smith, and I hope—"

"Now," said Reggie, getting as close as he could, while Alice climbed back into her old place, "now please finish that story."



THE MAKING OF PRESIDENTS

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

STUDENTS of political methods generally agree that one of the most interesting phases of American politics is our national political convention. These conventions embody the culminated and expressed wishes of the people arraying themselves for partisan combat, which has been looked upon as the saving factor in the economy of democratic government. It is through this machinery that conservative thought of a party is given an opportunity to modify or express its final verdict as to men and policies. No matter to what heights a leader may attain, no matter how much power may for the time be concentrated in one man or one political party; no matter how arbitrary either may have become through long-continued power, the royal sceptre must be handed back to the sovereign people at the close of every fourth year for a final expression of their confidence or condemnation; so that in proportion as the magnitude of the machinery of the government increases, it becomes more and more concentrated and effective. Political conventions are the most picturesque and historically interesting phases of American political life, for while we may discuss in an academic way all the functions of government and the details of party principles, it is more clearly understood when there is a flashlight glimpse of the actors who are playing star parts in a national political drama.

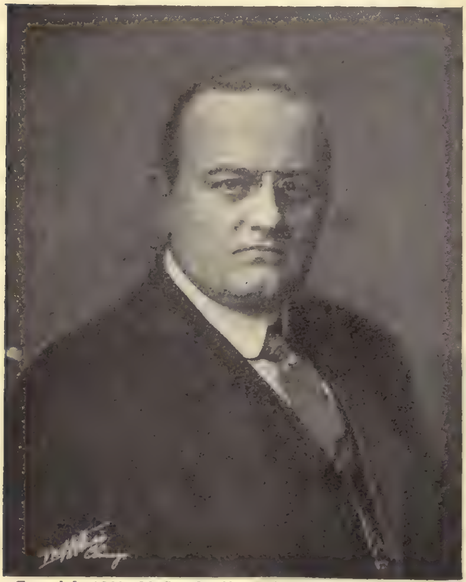
HARRY S. NEW
Chairman Republican National Committee

In looking back over the history of political conventions, the most picturesque epochs of national history are to be found during the period dating from the time of Ingersoll's famous nomination of Blaine, in arousing a wild enthusiasm for the "white-plumed knight of Maine," to the notable, loyal fight of "the 306" for Grant at Chicago.

* * *

The first political convention I ever attended was in Minneapolis in 1892. It was "hot weather"—an infallible weather condition at presidential conventions. The corridors of the Exposition Building and the great hotels were filled with marching clubs and frantic partisans, for the break had come between President Harrison and his secretary of state, James G. Blaine. The officeholders were out in force, and held well in line for the renomination of Harrison; while organized bodies of representative men, enthusiasts permeated with the old-time intrepid Blaine spirit, came in with banners flying and bands playing, giving new vigor to the hitherto dejected purposes of the leaders who had suffered defeat in 1884. General Wiswall was sergeant-at-arms, and I was appointed usher at the speaker's stand. It was a coveted position, and the authority that comes to the legions of "assistant sergeants-at-arms" carrying the tiny mace covered with red, white and blue ribbons is indeed glory enough for the average party worker. Badges of every description abounded: long badges, short badges, bright badges, blue badges, and showy banners, many-colored plumes, costly club uniforms and a host of devices for making an impressive show or deafening noise were all in evidence at the Minneapolis convention.

While looking over those badges, which so many retained for souvenirs, there comes back a vivid picture of Nicollet and Hennepin Avenues crowded and alive with visiting Republicans excited to the verge of madness or collapse by the tension of the final struggle.



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ELMER DOVER

Secretary Republican National Committee

The convention was held in the great Exposition Building crowning a bluff overlooking the Mississippi and the famous Saint Anthony's Falls. An enthusiastic welcome and lavish hospitality were manifested by the people of Minneapolis, regardless of political parties or creeds, for in those days, as now, Minneapolis "made good." Great throngs filled every available foot of space, and scores of bands played maddening martial music and stirring national airs.

* * *

J. Sloat Fassett was temporary chairman, a conspicuous figure in his white linen suit and straw hat, carrying a palm-leaf fan. It was my duty to carry the official pitcher of ice water to the speaker's stand. I made an unlucky stumble and pitcher, ice water and all were spilled over the low-cut Oxfords of "Czar" Reed. It would not be proper to record the exact words of the statesman in cold print. He drawled them out in that peculiar high-noted falsetto that was a deft combination of sarcasm and humor. But it was something classic. Although I narrowly escaped instant dismissal, there was something so charming in that reprimand that the incident well repaid the penalty. On the stand were many Republican statesmen who have long since passed away, and yet many live who did participate in the 1908 convention.

The first entrance of Marcus A. Hanna upon the national political stage was at this convention. He was delegate-at-large from Ohio, and at an early date in the proceedings it was evident that only the strong personal influence of William McKinley would prevent the Ohioans from nominating him as president, as the breach widened indicating the opportunity. The convention was evenly divided and the game of national politics was played for all it was worth in the rooms and corridors of the hotels. Hanna was then just "one of the delegates"—a private in the ranks—but he lost no opportunity of putting his hand on the shoulders of delegates and telling them of his friend Major McKinley. He wore the immaculate white vest, and his black eyes sparkled as the game proceeded.

When William McKinley took the gavel as permanent chairman there was a subtle feeling among the auditors that some day the blue-eyed, clean-cut, pleasant-voiced and splendid presiding officer would occupy the presidential chair. With a high sense of partisan loyalty he maintained despite all these trying conditions the dignity and honor of the high position to which he was chosen, and checked every move in his behalf. There was just a suspicion of disapproval when he would wave aside the enthusiastic Ohioans from arising in their seats to precipitate a stampede. Acute observers saw at a glance that it needed only the slightest nod of his assent for the nomination of William McKinley to have been effected, and eventually to have healed the breach then widening in the ranks of the Republicans; but he felt that his honor was at stake, and he put aside with compressed lips and firm expression

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington.

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK

Manager Taft forces at the National Convention in Chicago the prize within his grasp. After the nomination of Harrison was assured there were many sore spots, and the victory of the administration at the convention unmistakably presaged trouble for the campaign managers.

The renomination of President Grover Cleveland at the Chicago National Convention was one of the most enthusiastic and harmonious conventions the Democratic party had held for years, and there was a "go-glint" of victory among the delegates in their home-coming. The enemy was divided, and the strong, personal popularity of Cleveland was at full tide.

* * *

One of the most thrilling national political conventions that I have ever attended was that held at St. Louis in 1896. The contest for the nomination was at white heat, but "the man from Cleveland," Marcus A. Hanna, had already aroused the business interests to a high pitch of optimism and hope following the general business depression of 1893-1895. A gallant fight was made by enthusiastic supporters of Speaker Reed. The suites of rooms at national and state headquarters in the hotels was where the game was really lost and won. In his rooms at the Planters, Mark Hanna was keeping his eye on the party thermometer. Bulletins and counter-bulletins succeeded each other in the twinkling of an eye, and even the infernally hot weather could not stifle the exhilaration of the struggle or dampen the spirits of the irrepressible Mark as he changed his white vest for a fresh one and went after a new delegation. At the convention, held in the old Exposition Building (since torn down) there were the usual stirring incidents of great bodies of men marching and shouting with badges, plumes, costly uniforms, banners and bands playing, and at night illuminating the streets with red and green fire; but the real work was going on in the stuffy hotel rooms, where the delegates were facing a crisis not only as to the selection of a candidate, but as to what attitude was to be taken on the great question of the "gold plank." The telegraph wires were sizzling with appeals and protests for and against this issue. At that time William J. Bryan's famous "cross of gold, crown of thorns" speech had not been delivered, and none could foresee the result.

In a room at the Lindell Hotel, Mr. Brya was quartered with the rest of us newspaper men, and was then representing the Omaha World-Herald. Well do I recall the first time I saw him sitting near my desk in Division A, in the Press Gallery. He wore an alpaca coat and a white lawn tie, and with his clean-cut, classic features, thin lips and black, wavy hair suggested a perfect antitype of Edwin Booth. Before knowing him, I thought, "It is strange that a man of such an imposing appearance should be with us here, scribbling away with a pencil on yellow paper and hustling to file his "stuff" and get the news first to his paper. Not an eye in that press gallery, or in the convention hall for that matter, watched the proceedings with a keener interest. There was a compression of his lips at times that indicated that he was not, like many other newspaper men, in sympathy with the spirit of the convention. The dramatic moment arrived when Senator Teller and his confreres walked down the aisle and withdrew from the convention after the "gold plank" had been passed. It was one of the most thrilling moments I have ever witnessed in any national convention. It seemed as though your heart beat higher at the undaunted courage displayed by that convention, in thus facing almost inevitable defeat, but with all this there was a feeling that a great principle and conviction had been declared in that one roll-call and those few moments, that would make the decision memorable in history. While the newspaper men were standing on the desks cheering and throwing their yellow-paper blanks to the air, this solitary figure in the alpaca coat kept busily at work, writing impassioned paragraphs for the live wires. It was at this convention that Charles W. Fairbanks first appeared on the national political boards. He was permanent chairman, and made his debut in an address which he had carefully prepared with William McKinley at Canton; a significant indication of the bonds of a very close friendship that existed ever afterward between the two men.

* * *

When McKinley had been nominated and the excitement had died away, predictions were freely made that the party faced defeat. It was felt that William McKinley in his life-long fight for protection would be a popular leader as the advance agent of prosperity, to bring back confidence and industrial activity. In the first days a great educational campaign was planned by Marcus A. Hanna, simply following out the splendid success which he had achieved in his business career and in the preliminary work he had done to secure McKinley's nomination. In spite of the tide of despondency following the nomination, Marcus A. Hanna came out of his room at the hotel switching a cane as if ready to lead the political hosts on to victory; to surmount any obstacles that might appear.

A great poster and printing campaign was immediately planned to educate the people on the great economic issues involved. From that date until election there was not a moment lost in keeping the people posted on the issues. The millions of documents distributed were hustled from the presses all over the country. The nomination of the intrepid and brilliant Bryan and his unparalleled personal campaign tour, sweeping the country with that eloquence which had captivated the Chicago Convention, seemed to presage for a time that the placid, cool leader at Canton would be defeated, and yet those who were at that convention and who recalled the masterly power of the new Warwick in the field and the thrill of conviction expressed when the platform was adopted, never wavered for a moment when "Uncle Mark" was once in the stirrups, going here, there and everywhere to find weak places and keep plenty of powder on hand. The delegates poured in on the trains to Canton from all parts of the country, and Uncle Mark hustled them along on the "personally conducted" plan. The interest grew as the tides of political opinion ebbed and flowed.

* * *

One of the most wholesome after-convention speeches I ever heard was made by Senator Chauncey M. Depew at Philadelphia in 1900. He seemed to be just the man to appear at the time when the stress and strife over contestant delegates for the vice-presidency had ended. That genial and jovial speech of Senator Depew remains with me as a feature of that national convention which brings a glow of sunshine to the recollection.

For the first time in history, the great interest of a Republican National Convention centered on the nomination of the vice-president. The renomination of William McKinley was a foregone conclusion, expressing almost the unanimous wish of his party. The successful issue of the Spanish-American war, with his masterly solution of many great emergencies, found William McKinley the cherished idol of his party and growing in popularity among the people. In the old Exposition Hall there were the same exciting scenes that had, with very few variations, characterized such gatherings.

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SERGEANT-AT-ARMS STONE
Republican National Convention

The great controlling leader of this convention was Senator Hanna, and when the renomination of William McKinley was effected, he grasped one of the large pampas plumes on the platform and waved it with all the enthusiasm of a boy at a ball game, while the applause lasted fifteen or twenty minutes. At this moment the great convention relaxed from the formalities of the early proceedings, and all was forgotten in excitement and enthusiasm for their beloved leader. When the senator turned to the boys in the press gallery his face was aglow, and he saluted them with the cry, "Isn't this grand!" A tribute to McKinley always warmed the heart of Uncle Mark.

At every session Theodore Roosevelt was present, a picturesque feature of the convention, as he marched down the aisle wearing his cowboy hat—a reminder of the Spanish-American War. The plan to nominate him as vice-president was launched by his enemies in the city of New York and elsewhere, who feared the growing power of the young hero of San Juan Hill. His protests and declination of the office were positive, but he successfully served his term as governor of New York and made up his mind to follow a public career.

SENATOR LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS

With that clairvoyance that has always characterized him, he clearly saw through the plans of his enemies, and as is often the case some of his political allies were really personal enemies. The campaign for John D. Long as vice-president was one in which it was felt that the personal wish of William McKinley was expressed, but Senator Quay had a debt to pay Senator Hanna for voting against his retaining a seat in the Senate when appointed by the governor. It was felt that some one else would be nominated. Naming Theodore Roosevelt would satisfy the revengeful spirit of his enemies. The more Governor Roosevelt protested, the more determined seemed to be the intention of his friends, as well as some of his political enemies, to place him in nomination for the vice-presidency, and thus shelve his political ambitions.

The Philadelphia Convention partook something of the quiet, sedate nature of the city, but little was it foreseen that in those few moments a man would be nominated for vice-president, after a most exciting and interesting struggle, who would achieve such prominence as Theodore Roosevelt has attained as President of the United States! Another roll-call summoned to high office a great man, and by him have been enunciated great principles.

* * *

There was little to excite rival interest or enthusiasm at the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1904. Shortly before that time the only rival who had ever been seriously presented as a candidate against President Roosevelt had passed away. A pathetic note, the last ever penned by his masterly hand, expressed the high appreciation of Senator Hanna for the kindness and friendship of Theodore Roosevelt. Over the speaker's stand hung a mammoth picture of the dead leader, and while Theodore Roosevelt was nominated at that convention, the spirit of that gathering was emphatically imbued with tender and sweet memories of William McKinley. The epigrammatic speech of Governor Black, nominating Roosevelt, reads like a classic of irony in the light of recent events.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, as permanent chairman, walked down the rostrum to the front, swishing his coat-tails in that charming waltz step for which he is famous, and affording the great concourse a picturesque spectacle. Then, as in all conventions, it was the man with the "voice" who was heard. Speeches were given in regular routine, but when the grand deep tones of George Knight of California permeated all parts of the room, it was felt that such a man should be nominated for president or be made chairman of the convention. As usual, the bands played all the famous airs, with "Dixie" reappearing now and then to an enthusiastic chorus of hearty cheers and yells, and many Southern young men, scions of old Confederate families, appeared on the platform.

In former years national political conventions were the one great meeting-place of prominent men. There were not so many organizations holding national conventions, and the meeting face-to-face of these thousands of people from various states and territories at political conventions did much to weld together friendships and alliances that could not have been cemented in any other way, and led to the great development of national conventions of all other organizations which followed in the wake of these great political assemblies. A delegate or representative coming from afar to a political convention is not of as much consequence as in the days when few other national conventions were held.

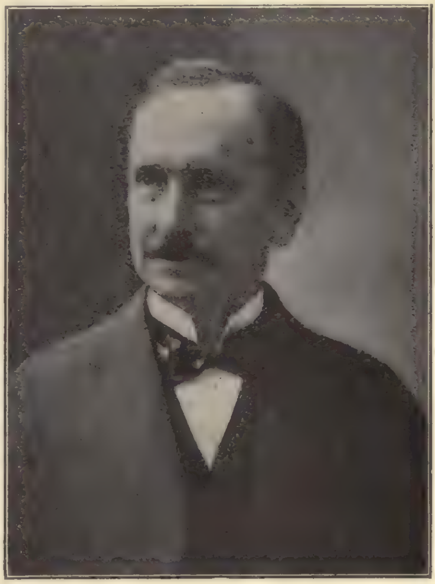
* * *

Every four years sees new faces and new favorites coming upon the stage. New issues and new men are always features of national conventions. There is generally an hour for reminiscences, no matter what the strain may be in forcing this or that result. There is always time for talking over the old days, but the tradition of early events does not have the influence it had in years past. The spectacular and brilliant advent of William J. Bryan at the Chicago Convention did much to make the national political convention more of a direct representative gathering than ever before.

In looking over the thousand delegates at the national political convention, one usually finds a typical representation of the American people. The most pathetic sight is to see an old leader gradually losing his grip, and new leaders jumping into the stirrups and running away with the convention. There is always a large representation of foreign ambassadors and diplomatic agents of every nation, who find a national political convention an unrivalled opportunity for measuring the true proportions of representative government. The ranks of the pioneer Republicans are thinning fast, and although at its convention there have been men who participated in the first campaign of the Republican party in 1856, tradition and party record had little influence upon the convention of 1908. It was a struggle over men and measures and problems of present-day importance.

* * *

In passing in review the presidential possibilities for the Republican nomination of 1908, one cannot help but appreciate the high standard and quality of all the men who were considered as candidates. William Howard Taft with his splendid record of "making good" and obtaining results, who having visited all parts of the globe, wherever he went and whatever he undertook always secured laudable results. Measuring six feet and two inches in height, and weighing nearly three hundred pounds, with blond moustache, blue eyes, pearly white teeth and genial smile and manner, it is no wonder that the big Ohioan was so enthusiastically supported.


CONGRESSMAN T. E. BURTON OF OHIO

A young man who started in life with an ambition to become an actor, to roll the "r's" of Hamlet under his tongue and to pace the boards with a Richard the Third gait, Robert LaFollette of Wisconsin early began his career by his fearless and courageous fight on corporate interests. The feeling has existed for many years among his admirers that Robert LaFollette is of the stuff of which presidents are made.

A genial way, with sterling integrity and staunch public service seldom paralleled, has made "Uncle Joe" far and away a public favorite, but the feeling that he has passed three-score-and-ten is a great handicap to his enthusiastic followers; yet in the ripe maturity of his years and a physical vitality equal to that of a man much younger in point of years, it seems one of the ironies of fate that he should find the mere age-limit a bar to the presidency.

Early in the year few candidates were more promising than Honorable George B. Cortelyou, secretary of the treasury, but there was nothing for him to do but to decline in that sane, sensible way he has and continue to attend to the duties in hand. His first obligation was to the office he held and to discourage all attempts made to secure delegates for his nomination. A man who has so successfully gone step by step up the ladder of public service, dealing with those large questions which a chief executive has to meet, and whose splendid abilities are always in demand; growing a little grayer as the years and responsibilities have increased, he still remains the simple, quiet, modest but forceful personality which has won the unlimited confidence of three presidents and of all public men and fellow-citizens with whom he has come in contact, and which has led his friends to believe in him as a fitting candidate for the presidency.

A general impression concerning public men often arises, and once fairly started it is difficult to correct. Those who know Charles Warren Fairbanks know that a more genial, high-minded and conscientious public servant never held office; that he has given to the vice-presidency a dignity and scope such as it has never before enjoyed; and that he has held the unanimous support of his state delegation as well as of his friends throughout the country. As the close and intimate friend of William McKinley, he well knew and understood the qualities which went to make up that beloved chief's policies, and would have, undoubtedly, been favored by him as his logical successor in much the same way as President Roosevelt supported Secretary Taft.

A man small in stature but great in mind, Philander C. Knox, came into the presidential arena, and for the first time in many years the Keystone State, with its tremendous Republican majorities, had a candidate for the presidency. Wherever there was a knotty point to elucidate, Senator Knox was there to solve it, whether in the cabinet or the Senate. His clear conception of public policies and of constitutional limitations have made results possible, where agitation might otherwise have resulted merely in desultory and demagogic discussion. When Senator Knox arises in his seat in the Senate he has a clear-cut proposition to make. When he analyzed the recent financial panic as "a lack of men, means and money," he tersely expressed the whole situation in an alliterative way. If purely executive ability were required by the voters as stockholders in a great governmental corporation, Senator Knox would find favor as "the man who knows how to clearly direct executive affairs."

One of the most picturesque candidates for the presidential nomination in 1908 was Charles Evans Hughes, governor of New York. The first time that I ever saw him he was pacing back and forth before an array of witnesses in the famous insurance examination held in the New York City Hall. In this famous old building the lawyer with the bushy whiskers made a national reputation by the marvelous way in which he handled the interminable mass of facts and figures, and drove home conclusions that resulted in concrete results. Governor Hughes has been a reformer along practical lines. He has thoroughly grasped the functions of an executive in enforcing the laws. Indifferent to every impulse except that which pointed out clearly the way of duty, Governor Hughes refused a nomination and certain election as mayor of New York City, and in his campaign for the governorship of the state demonstrated how a genuine reputation can be quickly established with the people in these swiftly-moving times.

At Rochester, New York, some time after I attended the banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce, whereat I believe the first mention of Hughes as a presidential candidate was made, Senator Armstrong was toastmaster and happily introduced each one of the speakers in the classic baseball phrase of "bunching their hits" at that banquet. Sure enough, it was "bunching," for the "runs" came thick and fast.

Governor Hughes is a medium-sized gentleman, with a bushy beard which has occasioned the epithet of "animated feather duster" in the campaign. Blue eyes, with a rollicking, hearty laugh that reaches clear to the diapason, he impresses one as genuine all through; an indefatigable worker and one who to every undertaking will give that conscientious care and thoroughness with which he would approach a problem in mathematics. His vacations have been largely enjoyed in Switzerland, climbing mountains and absorbing pocket editions of the cream of literature.

I have seen him at work in the state house at Albany with the same quiet and forceful ability which yields positive results; but the home life of Governor Hughes is where one sees him at his best; where domestic affection is enthroned. His great love for and pride in his own little family—to say nothing of the "prize" baby which arrived during the presidential year—is regarded by his friends as one of the chief attributes in the evolution of a chief executive. A most thoroughgoing, hard-working American, he is of the highest type of integrity and unswerving devotion to those ideals that never fail to awaken a thrill of admiration in the American people.

The victory of Governor Hughes, against tremendous odds, in placing the anti-book-making laws upon the statutes of New York State has done much to bring him closer to the hearts of the people. This law is perhaps one of the most important acts of legislation to promote the moral welfare of the state, and has met opposition with the same uncompromising determination as that displayed by the slavery abolitionists.

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MRS. FRANCIS FOLSOM CLEVELAND, WIFE OF THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT

RECLAIMING ARID LANDS NEAR DENVER

By W. C. JENKINS

NEVER in the history of the West have the people been more hopeful than at the present time. This is chiefly due to the great irrigation projects which have been begun by the Federal Government and by private enterprises under the Carey Act. The Government is spending immense sums of money upon the reclamation or arid lands that are practically valueless without water, and still larger amounts of money are being spent by private citizens who have formed corporations for conducting irrigation enterprises.

Irrigation, like all other American enterprises, has made wonderful progress since Brigham Young built the first American irrigation canal at Salt Lake City. The early efforts were to divert the water from streams by ditches which conveyed it directly to the lands to be irrigated, where it was at once used, being available, of course, only when the streams were flowing.

Since most irrigation is from streams having their heads in the mountains, the flow was naturally confined to that portion of the year when the snow was melting. This class of irrigation is adapted principally for growing small grain and other crops of short growing season, but such crops as sugar-beets and potatoes must have water considerably later in the season than the direct flow can supply.

In order to meet these conditions shrewd engineers devised a method of constructing reservoirs in the mountains from which a supply could be drawn late in the season and to equalize the supply of other seasons. Without reservoirs much water always runs to waste even in the irrigation season, while the storage of water goes on all the time where the reservoir system has been inaugurated.

Every farmer knows that the average of crops grown can be greatly increased if he could invoke the aid of water when his lands are thirsty. This is precisely the privilege of those who farm under first-class irrigation systems.

Perhaps the best illustration of the advantage of irrigation over natural rain-fall is the present condition of the sugar-beet industry. This is one of the most profitable crops. It can be grown for about $40 per acre, while the average yield is at least fifteen tons per acre which brings about $5 per ton. Where sugar-beet raising is dependent upon natural rainfall great loss has frequently resulted from lack of water in the early season or too much at the end of the season; the latter condition causing the beets to grow in size when they should be storing sugar, and it has been necessary to specify a percentage of sugar which the beets must contain or the factories will not receive them. This has been the cause of a vast amount of trouble, irritation and misunderstanding as well as loss to the farmers. Under irrigation no such requirements are made, nor are they needed, for the whole matter is in the hands of the grower instead of nature. The same is true of other crops. The irrigator works out his own salvation and knows substantially how to control cause and effect.

All that part of Colorado lying east of the Rocky Mountains is arid. How far into Nebraska and Kansas this arid belt extends is somewhat uncertain. It has been claimed that the west 150 miles of Nebraska are arid lands, although some people assert that the rain belt covers the entire state and even slops over into Colorado. This, of course, depends upon the rainfall and both assertions might be true at different periods. But the amount of water that can be depended upon from rainfall may be known pretty accurately and it is surprising how little variation there is in the averages of any ten or twenty-year periods. The precipitation may vary considerably each succeeding year, but the

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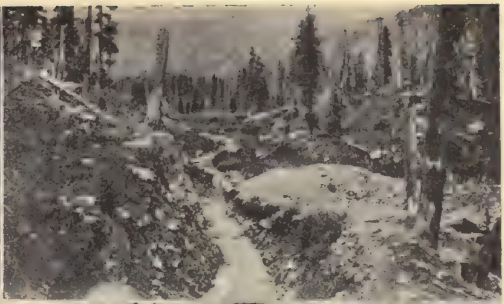

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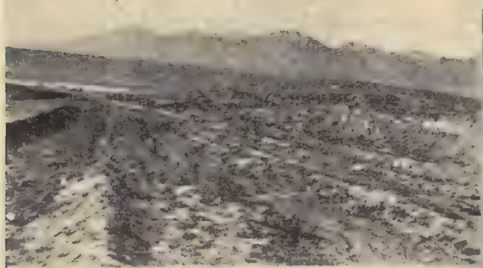

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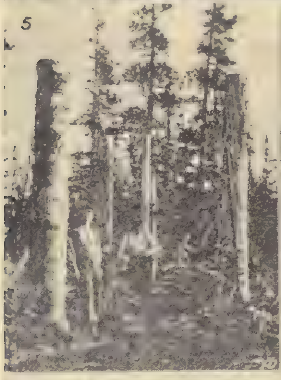

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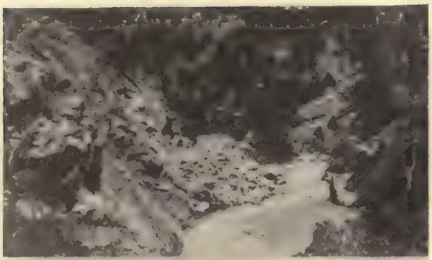
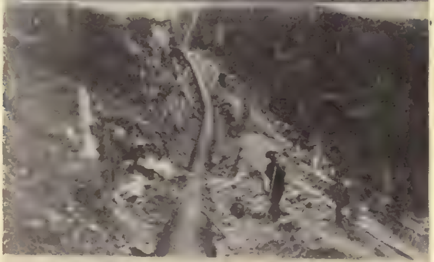
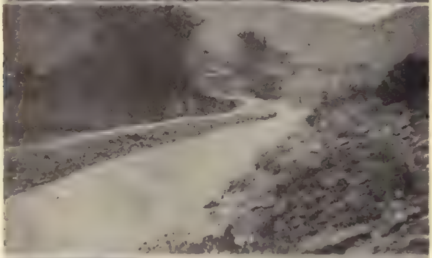
1, Starting of the system of conservation. 2, Watershed from which comes the water system of the D. R. I. 3, Grading operations on the dam. 4, Snow as it lies until well into the summer. 5. These high stumps show how deep the snow was when the logs were cut. 6, A beautiful mountain stream contributing its share of water. 7. Dumping a load of beets. 8, Stanley Lake as it now appears; when the dam is completed, the water will be 75 feet higher.

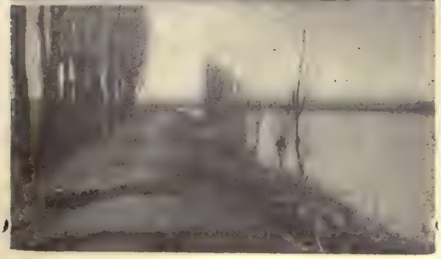

Where the water starts

Where the workmen are housed


A pipe-line near the head of the system

Grading machine on dam construction


One of the Ditches just after leaving the mountains


A ranch at the margin of a lake

cycle is completed sooner or later and the average is maintained.

It is interesting to inquire what will be the condition in eastern Colorado in another decade. Up to this time the number of people who could live in comfort in this strip of country, 150 miles east and west by about 270 miles from north to south, has been very limited. How many can be supported without irrigation is problematical, but the number is not large. It has been practically a manless land, but with irrigation the landless man can go to this region and live in ease and affluence because nowhere on earth can opportunities more inviting or a country more healthful be found.

What irrigation has already done for certain parts of this region is a matter of deep interest to every student of territorial development, and what the future will show under the more improved reservoir system invites an optimistic sentiment among the people of the prosperous and healthful state.

The most valuable asset that is possessed by the state of Colorado is her water, if properly husbanded and utilized. Its mineral resources are vast, it is true, yet when mined these resources are gone forever; but as long as grass will grow and water will run there exists a resource in the water that is brewed in the Rocky Mountains which posterity will utilize and enjoy for untold generations.

At no period in the history of Colorado has such attention been given to irrigation as at the present time. Many causes have contributed to the condition. The great projects being worked by the National Government have attracted widespread attention and it has been shown that the farmer can buy irrigated land in the West with a sufficient water right as cheaply, and in many cases even cheaper, than he can buy land in the older sections of the Eastern states.

During my recent visit to Denver I took occasion to study this interesting question of irrigation and as the system controlled by the Denver Reservoir Irrigation Company afforded an excellent opportunity for my investigations, I make no apology for describing the company's plan of operation in detail.

The Denver Reservoir Irrigation Company owns over 65,000 acres of land, which is equivalent to more than 100 square miles; all of which lies within an are atwenty miles in width and forty miles in length, lying north and east of Denver. Of this land more than

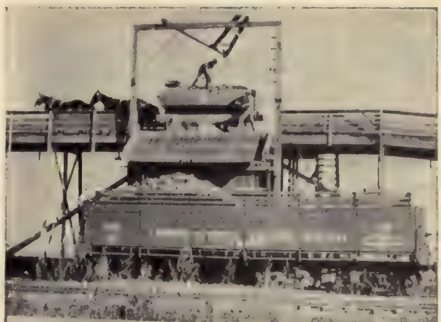
15,000 acres are now under cultivation and plentifully supplied by water from that portion of the irrigation system which has been up to this time completed.

The water supply for irrigation in Colorado may be said to consist of two different kinds. Old-fashioned irrigation consisted entirely in taking water from streams, diverting it through canals and running it upon the land at such times, and only at such times, as water was running in the streams. Mountain water comes down for the greater part during the spring and early summer, and after some time in July there is apt to be little or none available for this process which is known as "direct irrigation." With the introduction of the growth of sugar-beets, potatoes and other crops of their character, there arose the absolute necessity for supplying water not only during the season of running streams but later in the season when direct water may not be available. This demand brought about the necessity for the storage of water in reservoirs and that constituted the second form of the use of water for irrigation purposes.

Under the laws of Colorado, and for that matter of all the states in which irrigation is practiced, the decrees granting the right to take certain flows of water have always been construed as meaning that the water must be actually put to beneficial use. This means that if a man has a large water-right and only a small amount of land upon which to apply it, he may not run the water over his land and into the streams again, thus wasting it; but he may only use that amount which he can actually apply to his land and use in a way to benefit his crops. So the owners of old decrees can only use water during the season of irrigation and during all the rest of the year, when a vast amount of water is run down the streams, the users under the later rights for storage have exclusive right to take the water.

The best operation in use of storing water is found in those districts where crops of a nature to require late irrigation have been introduced. Wherever there is no storage-water the only crops that can be successfully grown are grain and alfalfa. Even in the case of alfalfa, a third crop can frequently not be secured without late water available.

All the present-day irrigation systems worth consideration are, therefore, based upon the storing and conservation of water as well as upon securing rights for direct flow from the streams.



Dumping Beets into cars

Weighing Beets

Engineering in rocky country

Wheat field under Denver Reservoir system

A beautiful natural lake contributing to the system

The storage capacity of the Denver Reservoir Irrigation Company consists at the present time of Marshall Lake (which is the largest completed lake under their system) and eight other smaller lakes. All these in the aggregate have a storage capacity of something more than 10,000 acre-feet. The use of these reservoirs in conjunction with the direct flow, which may be used regardless of the lakes, makes that portion of the system now completed ample to irrigate about 25,000 acres. The great lake now in process of construction known as "Standley Lake" will, when it is completed (which will be within the next eighteen or twenty months) supply a sufficient amount of stored water to irrigate nearly 100,000 acres of land. The rights under which this lake will be filled are the first storage rights upon several of the streams, including the South Boulder and Clear Creek which supply a considerable part of the water that has in years gone by made up the volume which has gone down to the sea through the Platte.

The company now has in operation main canals for the delivery of the water to the land which is now irrigated, constituting an extent of more than 100 miles. There are many miles of laterals from these main canals that supply the water directly upon the land for which it is intended. The completion of the great Standley Lake will more than double the mileage of canals and with this great part of the system completed there will be under irrigation from the lakes and direct-flow canals of the company in the neighborhood of 150,000 acres.

Based upon what has already been done in supplying land with water and thus providing homes for people, it is interesting to know that not less than 50,000 people can, and no doubt within a very few years will, live in comfort and happiness upon the land supplied with water by this company, where but a few short years ago a few thousand head of cattle constituted the only inhabitants.

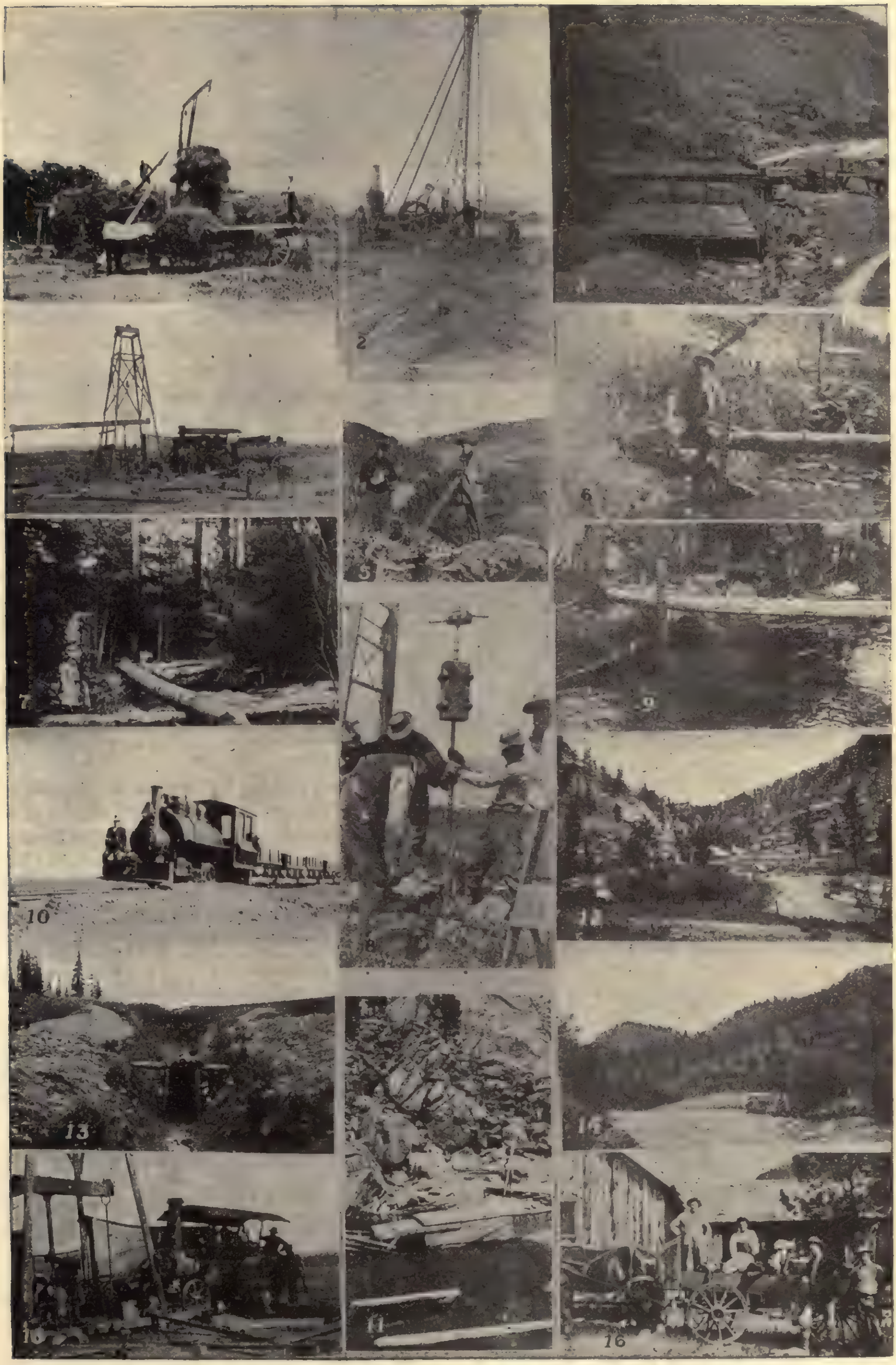
The study of the values which come upon irrigated lands is a very interesting one.

One of the first questions which must be solved in coming to a conclusion as to the amount of water that can be supplied through the irrigation system, is the question of the amount of water which will at any time be available. One who has not given much thought to the subject is apt to remark in an off-hand and broadly conclusive way that no doubt sometime all of the arid and semi-arid land lying east of the Rocky Mountains will be irrigated. To puncture such a statement as that, one only has to recall the fact that the average amount of water which falls in rain or snow upon the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains is only from twelve to eighteen inches and that necessarily a considerable amount of this is lost through evaporation and in the support of vegetation on the mountain sides. Thus it is found that about twelve inches of water from off the surface can be actually used for irrigation purposes. This is only the amount of water which is required to irrigate land, so that the same acreage from the point where irrigation begins eastward can be covered with water and irrigated as is included in the region from which the water is drawn. The strip receiving the rainfall which is conserved in irrigation is on an average about thirty miles in width, so that at most a strip thirty or forty miles wide east of the foothills is all that can ever be brought under irrigation and supplied with sufficient water to successfully grow crops. This limits within a very narrow compass the amount of land available and shows clearly that there will not be any great amount of competition between different sections of the country in the sale of irrigated land, since its area is so restricted.

The present activities of the Denver Reservoir Irrigation Company are being applied exclusively to the land within the area mentioned above and cannot be extended outside of it unless new sources of water are brought into use.

The circumscribed limits within which irrigation can be practiced are in general understood and should, therefore, be clearly borne in mind when one is considering the future of irrigation in America.

The operations of the company are along a number of different lines. It owns much wild land which is being brought under cultivation as rapidly as steam-plows can turn it over and water be impounded for supplying it. The land it owns and which is now supplied with water is farmed through tenants who give to the company a portion of the crop as rental. This portion, in case the tenant furnishes his own seed, is one-third of the grain, and in case the company furnishes the seed, the tenant returns to the company one-half of the grain. In the case



1, Stacking Alfalfa. 2, Drilling to find out what the great dam rests upon. 3, Intake at the head of Church Ditch, owned by the D. R. I. Co. 4, Digging for the tests as to foundation. 5, Engineers at work along the water sources. 6, Gauging the water flow of a mountain stream. 7, This sort of timber covers much of the watershed of the eastern slope of the Rockies. 8, Drill at work making exploration for the dam foundation. 9, Gauging Station. 10, "Dinky" engine and cars used in handling earth. 11, Gauging Station on a mountain stream. 12, A mountain stream from which water comes. 13, Entrance to one of the smaller tunnels of the system. 14, A ditch, as the canals are locally called. 15, Drilling test-holes to show the formation. 16, Engineering-party working at an altitude of 10,000 feet.

of alfalfa, the tenant puts the hay into the stack and receives as compensation for his work one half of the hay in the stack, the other half becoming the property of the company.

In the line of work being carried on which has been very expensive, but that is absolutely necessary in bringing about proper results, is the engineering work which includes surveys down to the minutest point of all the lands owned by the company and also a study of the sources of water supplied, so that it may be known precisely what water is available, during what season it comes down the streams and in what way it can be best impounded and brought into service.

The construction of the dams, canals and other engineering works is also something that necessarily required the highest skill and the very best knowledge as to the manner in which the material to be used for construction can be handled cheapest and best. In the construction of the dam at Standley Lake it will be necessary to move nearly, if not quite, 5,000,000 yards of dirt. The working out of a method for handling this is, as may be easily seen, extremely important, since a difference of one or two cents per yard in the cost of handling will amount to a very tidy sum in the aggregate.

In a subject of this magnitude and to work out such intricate and far-reaching problems, one of the most important instruments of success is the personality and training for that particular line of work of those who occupy the prominent positions and who are responsible for bringing about results. The Denver Reservoir Irrigation Company is particularly strong in that respect. The president of the company is Mr. Joseph Standley, who came into Colorado more than forty years ago and has amassed a great fortune, a large part of which has been in the development of lands under just such projects as this.

The vice-president of the company is Mr. W. E. Goldsborough, who was for a number of years Professor of Electrical Engineering at Purdue University, building that department up to one of the very strongest in America. He was chief of the department of Electricity at the St. Louis Exposition, and after that, until he became instrumental in organizing this company, he occupied an important office position with the great contracting firm of J. G. White & Company of New York.

The secretary of the company is Mr. O. J. Standley, a nephew of the president and a young man who has spent his entire life in the West and is thoroughly familiar with its conditions.

The manager of the company, Frederic W. Taylor, was born in Nebraska at a time when that territory included about four times the area which it now covers, including portions of a number of the adjoining states, and he has seen the population of the territory which was known as Nebraska increase from 30,000 to nearly 3,000,000. He was for many years connected with the University of Nebraska as Professor of Horticulture and Secretary of the Agricultural Experiment Station and, besides many years of work at other expositions, was chief of the great departments of Agriculture and Horticulture at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904.

Mr. Milton Smith, a director of the company, is one of the most prominent attorneys of Colorado and probably has a better knowledge of irrigation law than is possessed by half a dozen people.

Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, the treasurer of the company, was for years a successful merchant in New York and has lived for a number of years in Colorado, where he is very familiar with the conditions.

Mr. Thomas B. Croke, another member of the directorate, has lived in Denver for forty years, owning during most of that time several thousand acres of land upon which he now lives and successfully works.

Mr. Charles W. Bone, who has had large experience in assisting farmers to secure homes under irrigation in Colorado, has manifested his confidence in the enterprise by assuming charge of the sales department.

Every man connected with the organization is thoroughly in love with Colorado and enthusiastic in not only praising the delightful climate but in feeling that there is no section of the country in the world where a man who is willing to work can receive better returns for his labor and at the same time also large returns for the increased value of the irrigated land.

One particularly beautiful thing about this project is that it is near the rapidly growing city of Denver, with its great markets and educational advantages.

MY LORD HAMLET

Historical, Literary and Psychical Considerations Touching the Principal Character in Shakespeare's Tragedy

(CONTINUED)

Dedicated, with sincere good wishes and admiration, to Robert Bruce Mantell, Tragedian—*The Authors*

By JOHN McGOVERN and JESSE EDSON HALL

"TITUS AND VESPASIAN" AND "TITUS ANDRONICUS"

Note.—The object of this article is to note Shakespeare's connection with the Ghost and Fury idea, and the cannibal banquet, out of which Kyd evolved the mimic play.

I.

April 11, 1591, Henslowe, in his diary, mentions a play—"tittus and vespacia"—meaning "Titus and Vespasian," and marks it *ne.*, (new). This drama is lost, but when the English players went to Germany with "Hamlet" (the *Brudermord*, or Fratricide), and "The Spanish Tragedy," they took with them this "Titus and Vespasian," and the same German author who adapted the lost "Hamlet" to the German, also adapted "Titus and Vespasian."

In the form the German drama has come down to us, it is named "Titus Andronicus," but it contains a *Vespasian*, and shows many other variations from Shakespeare's "Titus." The cast of the *Vespasian* drama, as played in Germany, includes:

The Roman Emperor.
Vespasianus.
Titus Andronicus.
Morian (corrupted from "the Moor Aaron").
Child of Morian.
Helicates, eldest son of Ætiopissa.
Saphonus, second son of Ætiopissa.
Husband of Andronica.
Victoriades, brother of Titus Andronicus.
Lucius, a boy.
White Guards.
Ætiopissa, Queen of Ethiopia, Empress.
Andronica, daughter of Titus Andronicus.

Shakespeare's cast of "Titus Andronicus" is as follows, so far as it regards the German play:

Titus Andronicus.

Marcus Andronicus, brother of Titus (makes a speech credited to *Vespasian* above. There is no *Vespasian* in Shakespeare's play, and no *Marcus* in the German. See *Victoriades*, above).

Aaron, a Moor, beloved by Tamora (corresponds to *Morian*, above).

Demetrius and Chiron, sons of Tamora, in love with *Lavinia*. (These correspond to *Demetrius* and *Saphonus*, above.)

Saturninus, afterward Emperor, and married to Tamora.

Bassianus, brother of Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.

Lucius, son of Titus.

Tamora, Queen of the Goths. (Corresponds to Ætiopissa.)

Lavinia, daughter of Titus. (Corresponds to Andronica.)

Nurse and a black child. (Corresponds to *Child of Morian*, above.)

Shakespeare distributed the lines of the German *Vespasian* between *Marcus* and *Lucius*.

See "Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," by Albert Cohn, 1865, where the German play is translated. About 1600, a play was given in Germany by English actors from which this German play (with the first of the above two casts) seems to have come down. Mr. Cohn has shown that Shakespeare obtained "Titus Andronicus" from an older framework, of which the German play is also an adaptation.

Note that Shakespeare opens "Titus Andronicus" as follows: "Act I. Scene 1. Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing."

Here is a vestige of the *Ghost* in Eschylus, etc.

Titus feigns madness, after the manner of King David, Brutus, *Hieronimo*, etc.

Act V., Scene 2, of Shakespeare's play: "Enter *Tamora*, *Demetrius* and *Chiron*, disguised as Revenge, Rapine, and Murder.

"*Tamora.* And say I am Revenge, sent from below."

They proceed to humor *Titus*, whom they believe to be mad.

Titus invites his enemies to a feast. For that feast he slays *Tamora's* sons, catches their blood, and serves them to their mother in a pie, acting as cook and waiter.

Reference to Heywood's synopsis of Seneca's "Thyestes" at a preceding page, shows that *Titus* (in Shakespeare) prepared the cannibal banquet somewhat differently from the manner of *Atreus* in Seneca. In both, however, the blood and the flesh of the victims are mentioned as constituents of the feast.

Ovid tells a similar tale in his "Metamorphoses," at the story of Procne.

That Shakespeare should have been horrified by the classic tales of murder, cannibalism, mutilation, incest, and rape that were reported to him by historians and previous dramatists seems to us to be an unnecessary view. There is more real moral horror in "Timon," "Troilus" and "Antony" than the mind even of our own bad age can fairly conceive. "Titus Andronicus" is by Shakespeare—after the manner of his adaptations—after his regular manner of operation—and its pedigree throws light on *My Lord Hamlet*, the subject of this work.

The legends of the Greeks, concerning cannibal feasts, to which Eschylus several times refers, which Seneca dramatized, and Kyd (probably) and Shakespeare both copied, in "Titus Andronicus," carry history directly backward to the new-stone age, when the inhabitants of countries around the Mediterranean Sea practised the customs and ceremonials that still exist with people of the new-stone age in the South Seas and Africa.

II.

We request the reader to consult "Titus Andronicus" because, regarded as the work of Shakespeare, or at least partly his work, it foretells the evolution of the cannibal feast into the mimic play—that is, we see that Kyd, when he made *Hieronimo*, passed from the feast as a situation to a drama-within-the-drama, wherein a horrible yet not a cannibalistic Revenge is wrought. The legendary articles of Innocent Maiden, Feigned Insanity, inexorable Revenge, and death of the Hero are all present in "Titus."

In the book of 1598, Francis Meres, as we have seen, accredits "Titus Andronicus" to Shakespeare, then living. After Shakespeare was dead, his partners and fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, included "Titus Andronicus" in the First Folio. Those three persons were less likely to err than after-comers. "Titus Andronicus" was printed in quarto in 1600, but did not bear Shakespeare's name. [But neither did "Romeo and Juliet," and others.]

Among men, the cannibal feast was once a solemn, even a holy, office. In the struggle for survival, man soon found advantage in declaring that it was a moral offense against the gods to be his enemy—or, perhaps, that his enemy was also the enemy of the gods. The variant of Revenge, whereby, through a ruse, the celebrant ate of his murdered loved ones, would offer to the early dramatist his most thrilling theme.

BLOOD AND SLAUGHTER

NOTE.—The object of this article is to further correct the idea, sought to be inculcated by the old-style commentators, that Shakespeare himself revolted at the presence of rapine, slaughter and revenge in a drama.

John Aubrey was born eleven years after Shakespeare died, and lived a long life as an antiquary. He wrote of William Shakespeare: "His father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbors that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf he would do it in high style, and make a speech."

The commentators have rejected this story as wholly unfounded, yet Shakespeare's own works show much familiarity with blood and butchery.

Of course, it is not impossible nor even improbable that Aubrey had read and laughed at the joke on *Polonius*, for it must have been funny, or Shakespeare would not have used it:

> *Ham.* My lord, you played once in the University, you say?
>
> *Pol.* That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.
>
> *Ham.* What did you enact?
>
> *Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar; I was killed in the Capitol; Brutus killed me.
>
> *Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.

In the first scene of the third act of the Second Part of "King Henry VI," lines regarding the killing of a calf run as follows, and are credited to Shakespeare himself, as they do not appear in the older play:

> And as the butcher takes away the calf,
> And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
> Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
> Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.

Reference to the concordances will show that Shakespeare used the word "butcher" in many forms, and that the word "blood" was *very* often at the end of his pen. The words "slaughter," "slaughtered," "slaughterer," "slaughter-house," "slaughtering," "slaughterman," and "slaughterous" reveal more than a literary acquaintance with the trade of butchery.

Before the age of overcrowded and leafless cities, there was a killing-day in every autumn, and the slaughter of farm animals for food by the farmer was a necessary act of existence. To butcher as a trade, however, had always been regarded as, at least, an unenviable lot in life, and we believe butchers could not sit on juries in parts of England; but killing and butchery were far nearer to the attention of the common people than nowadays. Shakespeare's father was fined for the great size of his "kitchen-midden."

We call these facts to the attention of the reader in order to confute the argument that Shakespeare could not *per se* write a play like "Titus Andronicus" or "The Spanish Tragedy"; or that he must necessarily abhor the classical myths of the cannibal feast and god-like Revenge.

The fact that we can treat *Hamlet* psychologically; the fact that *Hamlet* could have been a butcher-boy, and did dwell in thoughts and scenes of blood; and still allures us toward ideals we have not reached—these facts should be courageously adjusted in the reader's mind. Thereby the Melancholy of *Hamlet* is transformed into the Hope and Science of Time, and both reason and reward are offered to us for the task of living—even though we be but messengers, relaying through the desert to the far-off yet promised City of Delight.

INDICATIONS OF A LOST PLAY OF "HAMLET," PROBABLY BY THOMAS KYD

I.

First Indication

We have seen, in the foregoing pages, that Seneca copied Eschylus, and that Kyd copied the form of Seneca, and in "The Spanish Tragedy" added the apparatus of a play-within-the-play. Note particularly that when the English players went to Denmark and Germany, they took three plays—Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," a "Titus and Vespasian" (out of which Shakespeare made "Titus Andronicus") and a "Hamlet," which the Germans called a "Brudermord," or Fratricide.

The reader will observe that the scheme of a play-within-a-play develops logically out of the ancient form of a "Chorus" and a cast of characters. The form is not yet shaken from our drama, and is constantly seen in "Reviews," in "comic operas," and in all legitimate dramas with a prologue (like the "Celebrated Case").

Malone, who edited Shakespeare's works in 1790, was said to be the first to theorize an older and lost "Hamlet," and to attribute its authorship to Thomas Kyd.

The principal indication that there was an older "Hamlet," and that it was written by Kyd, will now be shown. Nash and Greene (authors) both disliked Shakespeare, who assuredly did not seek popularity with his fellow-writers. In the following passage the term "Shifting companions" is extremely likely to mean Shakespeare among other play-takers. Greene and Ben Jonson both called Shakespeare "Shake-scene," referring to the fact that, in seizing another man's play, he would shift the scenes, as in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Greene had written "Pandosta, or the Triumph of Time," a novel, and Shakespeare had dramatized it into "A Winter's Tale." In 1589 Greene published a book named "Menaphon: Camilla's Alarm to Slumbering Euphues." For this book Nash wrote an "Epistle," or Introduction. In it is contained the chief indication that there was an old "Hamlet," and that Kyd wrote it. There is no sign that Shakespeare and Kyd were not always friends and fellow-workers. In 1589, thirteen years before the earliest mention of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," and fourteen years before the garbled Shakespeare First Quarto of "Hamlet" was printed, Nash writes:

"I'll turn back to my first text, of studies of delight, and talk a little in friendship with a few of our trivial translators. It is a common practice nowadays amongst a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint,* whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavors of art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verse if they should have need. Yet English Seneca, read by candle-light yields many good sentences—as: 'Blood is a beggar,' etc. And if you intreat him fair in a frosty morning—[*Note.—Francisco* on the platform at Elsinore: ''Tis bitter cold.'—*Hamlet,* later on in the morning: 'The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold.']—he will afford you whole *Hamlets*—I should say Handfuls—of tragical speeches."

Nash goes on to say that "Seneca's deluded followers imitate the Kidde in Æsop." Here, it will be seen, he capitalizes the word Kidde (Kid). This form of satire was customary. Here, we believe, as early as 1589, is justification for believing that Kyd had produced a "Hamlet" which Nash thought was a mere adaptation of Latin Seneca's tragedies.

The phrase "Blood is a beggar" may have appeared in the text of the lost "Hamlet."

We shall certainly see in the second act of "Hamlet," that Shakespeare may have taken affront at this speech, for at least he exacted an immortal vengeance.

II.

Second Indication

Philip Henslowe, part-proprietor of two London theatres in rivalry with the house of Shakespeare and his partners, has left a diary of receipts, expenses, and other accounts, from which much of the accepted chronology of Shakespeare's life in London is taken. Following is an entry in Henslowe's diary: "Ninth of June, 1594: Received at Hamlet, 8 shillings." This shows that a play called "Hamlet" was given once at the Newington Butts Theatre (in a suburb south of the Globe) to a very small audience, for Henslowe sometimes notes receipts as high as £9.

Regarding Henslowe, it may interest the reader if we quote a passage from Taine's "English Literature," book 2, chap. 2: "Almost all [the poets] are 'Bohemians'; they sprang from the people (except Beaumont and Fletcher), were educated, or usually studied, at Oxford or Cambridge, but they are poor, so that their education contrasts with their condition. Ben Jonson is the stepson of a bricklayer, and himself a bricklayer; Marlowe is the son of a shoemaker; Shakespeare of a wool merchant; Massinger of a servant of a noble family. They live as they can, get into debt, write for their bread, go on the stage. Peele, Lodge, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Heywood, are actors. Most of the details which we have of their lives are taken from the journal [generally called diary] of Henslowe, a retired pawnbroker, later a money-lender, and manager of a theatre, who gives them work, advances money to them, receives their manuscripts or their wardrobes as security. For a play he gives £7 or £8; after the year 1600, prices rise, and reach as high as £20 or £25.

"Men," says Taine, "received enjoyment from them [these poets] but neglected and despised them. . . Kyd, one of the earliest in date, died in misery."

Henslowe's diary, in its MS. form, is preserved at Dulwich College, London. It was published and edited for the Shakespeare Society by J. Payne Collier, a celebrated student and commentator, before the middle of the last century.

In an age when everybody could spell as he pleased, Mr. Henslowe seems to have won the belt. Here is an entry concerning the purchase of "one dragon" for Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus": "j dragon in fostes." In April, 1599, he employs "Dickers and Harey Cheattel" to write "Troeyles and creasseday" —*i. e.*, Dekker and Harry Chettle, "Troilus and Cressida."

III.

Third Indication

In 1596 Thomas Lodge published a pamphlet entitled: "Wit's Misery and the World's Madness: Discovering the Devils Incarnate of This Age." In "Midsummer Night's Dream" Shakespeare's *Theseus*, in a celebrated speech, is thought to refer to this pamphlet when he says: "One sees more devils than vast hell can hold." It cannot be noted too often that furies, witches, and demons were much in men's minds. Lodge, in his pamphlet, says: "Hate-Virtue [name of a demon] is a foul lubber, and looks as pale as the wisard [mask] of the Ghost, which cried so miserably at The Theatre, like an oyster-wife, *Hamlet revenge*."

One of the London play-houses was named The Theatre.

Although the Spirit of *Hamlet's* Father in Shakespeare's play implores the son to avenge his foul and unnatural murder, the cry of "Hamlet! Revenge!" is in none of the Shakespeare quartos or folios.

It might also appear that, in the lost "Hamlet," the *Ghost* wore a mask, copying the convention of the ancient stage.

IV.

Fourth Indication

The First (the garbled) Quarto of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" was published in 1603. In 1602 Thomas Dekker published a satire on Ben Jonson entitled "Satiro-Mastix, or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet." In that work, a quarto, the following passage has a place:

> *Asinius.* Would I were hanged if I can call you any names but Capitaine and Tucca.
>
> *Tucca.* No. Fye'st: my name's Hamlet revenge. Thou hast been at Paris Garden [*i.e.*, the Swan Theatre at Paris Garden], hast not?

This shows that the old "Hamlet" was played at the Swan.

V.

Fifth Indication

A company of players went to Denmark and Germany as early as 1585, and this company included at least three actors who were afterward in Shakespeare's theatre.

Not only was the "Hamlet" with "Hamlet! Revenge!" played at Newington Butts Theatre, at The Theatre, and at the Swan Theatre—two of them rivals of Shakespeare's playhouse,—but when these English players went to Germany they performed a "Hamlet," and to this day the German rendition of that performance calls *Polonius Corambus*, and *Reynaldo Montano*. Besides, the company played "The Spanish Tragedy" and "Titus and Vespasian" (made by Shakespeare into "Titus Andronicus").

In Shakespeare's First Quarto of "Hamlet" the *Montano* and *Corambus* (spelled *Corambis*) linger, as *Oldcastle* lingers instead of *Falstaff* in the *Falstaff* dramas.

In the quartos, at Act II., Scene 1, of "Hamlet," the stage direction reads: "Enter *Polonius* with his man or two." Here it is not impossible that the printer set up copy that was meant to read *Montano*.

In the German drama, a prologue precedes the action, the characters being *Night*, *Alecto*, (the Unceasing Fury), *Tisiphone* (the Blood-Avenging Fury), and *Megæra* (the Envying Fury). Having Seneca and Kyd's works before us, and noting the likeness of Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" to Shakespeare's "Hamlet," we may logically believe that if Kyd wrote a "Hamlet" he would have a prologue with characters from the under-world, while we believe that Shakespeare, at the time he brought "Hamlet" to the world's attention, had discarded this classical apparatus. Therefore, the German play was modeled from an older "Hamlet" than Shakespeare's.

The tendency of literary evolution would place this supposed Kyd's "Hamlet" (the lost drama) at a later date of creation than his "Spanish Tragedy."

VI.

Sixth Indication

The work at the London theatres was hurried and competitive. If a certain subject were matter of public discussion *all* the theatres sought to have a play about it. Shakespeare was, above all, an adapter. It is not likely that he ever constructed a play from the ground up. Between Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" and Shakespeare's garbled

First Quarto of "Hamlet," there lies an abundant amount of constructive work—Saxo and Kyd were to be cemented—and Shakespeare was notoriously averse to that kind of toil. The general line of all his operations points toward a lost "Hamlet."

VII.

CLARKE'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

In Clarke's "Parœmiologia," a collection of common sayings, published in 1639, is the line: "A trout, Hamlet, with four legs."

J. Halliwell-Phillipps thought this speech might have originated in the lost "Hamlet."

VIII.

CONCLUSION

There are other quotations regarding "Hamlet revenge" from ancient writers, but of a date later than the Shakespeare quartos. Mr. Fleay also looked upon Thomas Kyd as the original constructor of the framework of the "Hamlet" drama.

The cry "Hamlet! Revenge!" undoubtedly uttered by the Ghost of Hamlet's father, was maliciously turned into the slang phrase of "Hamlet revenge," or "My name's Hamlet Revenge." It shows that the dramatic invention of the *Ghost* and *Hamlet* took a strong hold on the public and aroused the envy of less successful dramatists.

By this word "invention," we mean an evolution, whereby the *Ghost* became a character in the cast of a Tragedy, capable of leaving the precincts of his tomb and entering various scenes of the play. By some it would be thought profane; by many it was considered ridiculous.

These various indications may not be irrefutable proofs of a lost "Hamlet," yet Shakespeare's "Hamlet" will be better understood if it be held that Shakespeare took hold of an old play and dressed it up—in the First Quarto hurriedly; in the Second Quarto carefully; in the copy which, after his death went into the First Folio, just as carefully, all the while expressing more of himself in the dramatic character of the *Prince*, which, becoming his own favorite, has therefore acquired the chief esteem of the world.

LITERARY HISTORY OF AMLETHUS, AMLETH, HAMBLET, HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

NOTE.—The object of this article is to trace, step by step, the Norse Fratricide story, from Denmark, through Italy and France to London, in Shakespeare's time.

I.

SAXO-GRAMMATICUS

(Dane, writing in Latin, A. D. 1200)

Having shown the influences that wrought on Shakespeare and Kyd from the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Latin sources of the "Hamlet" drama, we shall next give attention to the Norse chronicles, and their translations, carrying the more immediate framework of "Hamlet."

The Livy of all Danish writers was named Saxo, who was born about 1150. He wrote "Historiæ Danicæ" in Latin, in fourteen books, a large volume, and told the tales of many mythical kings and lords. The story of Amlethus is related in Books 3 and 4. An epitomizer of this voluminous work, in 1431, wrote of Saxo as follows: "A certain *egregius grammaticus* [This can be translated into English: "Notable man of letters"] a Zealander by birth, wrote, etc."

After that, scholars spoke of Saxo as Saxo-Grammaticus, because his Latin was praised. It is usual for commentators to note that Saxo, at the end of the Amlethus chronicle, said: "O valiant Amlethus and worthy of immortal fame."

In the dark ages *Hamlet* had a renown throughout Scandinavia, extending later to Iceland, similar to that of Alexander in Central Asia, and Richard Lion-Heart in Europe and Syria.

The transformation of a Hercules type into an incarnation of Doubt in *Hamlet*, is in line with the caprice of Egyptian mythology. Such a variation is easily brought about by transferring the effeminacy of the victim-brother in the Fratricide myth to the conqueror.

The Fratricide myth is directly associated with sea-faring. Possibly the sea-caravans were organized at about the time the Brother-Enemies were placed in the Zodiac. Today

Castor and Pollux have to do with St. Elmo's lights on the mast-head.

"Now the greatest honor that men of noble birth could at that time win and obtain, was in exercising the art of piracy upon the seas."

Saxo gives this chief honor to Horvendile, father of Amlethus, whose name Shakespeare or his forerunner changed to Hamlet, doubtless having some reason for it.

Saxo was secretary of the Archbishop Absalom, and first wrote the history of the Danish Christian Kings. The Archbishop was so well pleased that he directed Saxo to take up the story of heathen times, but did not live to see Saxo finish it. The preface, written about A. D. 1208, dedicates the work to a successor, Andreas—(note *Andrea* in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy")—and to King Valdemar II.

The first nine books come under the head of "Antiquity," and are mostly world-myths, with their Danish variations.

Saxo's MS. survived the dark ages and reached the era of printing. It was first published (in Latin) at Paris in 1514. No MS. entire is known to exist now.

The Historiæ Danicæ, or Gesta Danorum, was well copied throughout Europe, but we will trace the line by which the *Hamlet* story reached the London playwrights.

II.

Matteo Bandello

(Italian, 1554)

Among the novelists to make use of Saxo's (Latin) story of Amlethus, in books 3 and 4 of the Danish chronicle, was Matteo Bandello, an Italian writer of wide celebrity. He was born in Lombardy, Italy, and his uncle was General of the Dominicans. Matthew himself became a Bishop. The (Italian) stories which made him famous were entitled "Le Novelle del Bandello" ("The Novels of Bandello"), and were published in four quarto volumes at Lucca and Lyons in 1554 and 1574.

Bandello's morals, in writing, were even looser than those of Boccaccio in the "Decameron," but, through the English adaptation, it may be inferred that the "historical" portion of the novels was proper enough.

Copies of the original edition of four quarto volumes are rare and highly sought by collectors, the difficulty being to get the fourth or Lyons-volume of the set.

III.

François de Belleforest (French)

Bandello's Novels, having created a stir in Italy, there issued from Paris a set of books with the following title-page:

"Histoires Tragiques Extraites des Oeuvres Ital. de Bandel, et mises en Langue Franc.; les six premieres par Pierre Boaistuau surnomm Launay, et les suivantes par Fr. de Belleforest. Paris, 1580. 7 vol. in-16."

The fifth edition of Brunet's Manuel notes an edition as early as 1559.

Boaistuau died in 1566, and Belleforest continued the translations, beginning with the seventh book, but it is noted by the French critics that he was not so good a writer and translator as Boaistuau.

Belleforest was born in 1530 and died in 1583. He was as poor as the London playwrights. To aid him, his patrons made him Historiographer of France, but he was not sufficiently talented to hold the place. He wrote a great many books and poems, nearly all of which have perished.

The title Belleforest gave to the translation which was to keep him before the eyes of Shakespearean students may be itself literally translated as follows: "With what Ruse Amleth, who afterward was King of Denmark, avenged the Death of his Father, Horvendile, killed by Fengon, his Brother, and Other Occurrence of His History."

(It was Boaistuau who translated Bandello's adaptation of Luigi da Porto's "Romeo and Juliet." It forms the Third History in the French work, and was translated into English by Paynter. See next article, "Kyd and Shakespeare.")

IV.

The English Translation

When the industrious Edward Capell died, in 1781, he presented to Trinity College, Cambridge, England, a large and valuable collection of Shakespeariana. Among the books and pamphlets is a work with the following title-page:

"The Hystorie of Hamblet, London. Imprinted by Richard Bradocke, for Thomas Pavier, and are to be sold in Corne-hill, neere to the Royall Exchange. 1608."

This is the only copy of any early edition known to exist, but it is thought that older examples have perished.

The continuator of Collier's "Shakespeare's Library," which contains a reprint of the Pavier pamphlet, is inclined to think that Shakespeare did not see this work, but wrought entirely with the lost "Hamlet." Whether it were Kyd or Shakespeare, or some one else, who used Pavier, makes little difference, for the present text is of the highest importance as a link in the chain of myths that led to Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

The Argument

Pavier (so, for convenience, we will call the Englishman) copies Belleforest's "argument." In that short article, Belleforest speaks of Romulus, who "defiled his hands with the blood of his own brother," and with "treasons, ravishments and massacres." Next he dwells on the Tarquins, and mentions Titus. Evidently referring to plays like "Thyestes" and its antetypes, he says: "Consider what tragedies have been played to the like effect, in the memory of our ancestors, and with what charity and love the nearest kindreds and friends among them have been entertained." It is thus to be seen that Belleforest did not miss the classic idea of the Fratricide.

We shall, in duty to the reader, prefer a modern spelling wherever (as in most cases) it may aid the understanding.

The Preface

In a short "preface" Belleforest seems to refer to his "History of the Nine Kings of France." He speaks of his success as a writer, and his general feeling is one of contentment.

The Tragic History now begins:

THE HYSTORIE OF HAMBLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE

Chapter I

How Horvendile and Fengon were made Governors of the Province of Ditmarse, and how Horvendile married Geruth, the daughter to Roderick, chief K. of Denmark: by whom he had Hamblet: and how after his marriage his brother Fengon slew him traitorously, and married his brother's wife, and what followed.

Note here that Geruth (*Gertrude*) is daughter of the chief King of Denmark. This is important as showing how *Claudius* might pop between *Hamlet* and the election. *Claudius* did not really become king, but sole Governor of Ditmarse, (Jutland) one of the mythical *smaa-Kongar*, or small kings, under Roderick. Horvendile's father, Gervendile, had been Governor, and Fengon (*Claudius*) already co-Governor, by marrying the chief King's daughter, would hold a strengthened claim on the office. [Horvendile and Fengon were Brother-Enemies.]

The *text* of Chapter I states that Horvendile, as a pirate, obtained the highest honors of that time. (Consult encyclopedias at "Castor and Pollux," for sea-faring Fratricide traditions.) Fengon (*Claudius*) was afraid he would lose his office of Co-Governor, and was "without respect of laws or majesty divine." "Was not this," asks Belleforest, "a crafty and subtile counsellor?" and seems to have left out something about a character like *Polonius*, who will come later

Chapter II

How Hamblet counterfeited the mad man, to escape the tyranny of his uncle and how he was tempted by a woman (through his uncle's procurement) who thereby thought to undermine the Prince, and by what means to find out whether he counterfeited madness or not: and how Hamblet would by no means be brought to consent unto her: and what followed.

The *text* of Chapter 2 says that "Hamblet counterfeited the mad man with such craft and subtle practices that he made show as if he had utterly lost his wits." "He had been at the school of the Roman Prince [he had read of the Roman Prince] who, because he counterfeited himself to be a fool, was called Brutus." The Queen did not "strive to restore her son to his inheritance." [Thus, to the early playwrights, *Hamlet* had been cheated of his office.] King David is referred to. Note this: "Hamlet, in this sort counterfeited the mad man . . . often made such and so fit answers that a wise man would have judged from what spirit so fine an invention might proceed. For that, standing by the fire, and sharpening sticks like poniards and pricks, one in smiling manner asked him wherefore he made those little staves so sharp at the points. 'I prepare,' saith he, 'piercing points and sharp arrows to revenge my father's death.'" [In Shakespeare note the *King's* arrows, and *Hamlet's* "fell incensed points," also *Hamlet's* "I have shot mine arrow o'er the house and hurt my brother."] For the reason that these replies caused consternation they set to entrap Hamblet "a fair and beautiful woman in a secret place." [Here is the hint of *Ophelia*—like *Lucretia, Andronica, Lavinia, Bellimperia,* etc. She is nearly always a wronged sister in the myths.] Hamblet is warned by "a gentleman that in Horvendile's time had been nourished with him," and showed himself "more affectioned to the bringing up he had received with Hamblet, than desirous to please the tyrant." [Here is the hint of *Horatio*, which seems to have been elaborated in the lost "Hamlet"—so much so that Shakespeare cut down the part. But in Shakespeare's "Hamlet" *Horatio* has been at school in Wittenberg with *Hamlet* —"nourished with him."]

"Hamblet was wholly in affection to the lady," and she loved him. She also told him of his danger. She, though disappointed, vouched that he had treated her chivalrously. He subtly declared to the contrary, and continued to deceive Fengon [*Claudius*]. [This makes the actions of *Hamlet* with *Ophelia* fairly clear from a generic view.]

CHAPTER III

How Fengon, uncle to Hamblet, a second time to entrap him in his politic madness, caused one of his Counsellors to be secretly hidden in the Queen's chamber, behind the arras, to hear what speeches passed between Hamblet and the Queen, and how Hamblet killed him, and escaped that danger, and what followed.

The *text* of Chapter 3 says that "among the friends of Fengon [*Claudius*] there was one above all the rest doubted of Hamblet's practices." [Here we have a *Polonius*.] He suggested that Hamblet should be "shut up alone in a chamber with his mother, wherein some other should be secretly hidden behind the hangings, unknown either to him or his mother . . and withal offered himself to be the man that should stand to hearken." [Note that the ancient text here also says: "If there were any point of wisdom and perfect sense in the gallant's speech, without all doubt he would easily discover it to his mother, as being devoid of all fear that she would utter or make known his secret intent, being the woman that had borne him in her body, and nourished him so carefully."]

[In "Hamlet," Act III., Sc. 3:

[*Polonius.* 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage.

[That is, from a coign of vantage. Here is one of the places where Shakespeare would seem to have needed the Pavier text itself.]

Resuming the *text* of Chapter 3: "The counsellor entered secretly into the Queen's chamber, and there hid himself behind the arras." [Note the term "counsellor."] Hamblet discovered an eavesdropper. "He cried: a rat! a rat! and presently drawing his sword, he thrust it into the hangings, which done pulled the counsellor half dead out by the heels, made an end of killing him," etc. [fed him to the hogs]. "Having discovered the ambush, and given the inventor thereof his just reward, he came again to his mother, who in the meantime wept and tormented herself."

[As Shakespeare's *Hamlet* drags the body he says: "'Tis sport to have the enginer hoist with his own petar." "Indeed," he says, "this counsellor is now most still," etc.]

[The cry "A rat! A rat!" is not in Belleforest, Bandello, or Saxo. The English translator put it in. So Shakespeare or Kyd would seem to have used the English translation.]

There now ensues a long tirade by Hamblet. He accuses his mother of living "like a brute beast." He describes "the good King, your busband and my father." "The Queen perceived herself nearly touched . . . when she beheld the lively image and portraiture of his virtue and great wisdom in her child, representing his father's haughty and valiant heart."

The Pavier text goes on to show the better side of the Queen, which seems to have been copied into the lost "Hamlet," and persists even in the Shakespeare First Quarto. Hamblet puts his trust in her, telling her his plans of revenge, and this has stayed in the "Hamlet"-drama to the end. We can recognize this phrase: "Beseeching you (as you love your own flesh and blood) that you will from henceforth no more esteem of the adulterer." "I know 'tis foolishly done to gather fruit before it is ripe."

["Hamlet," Act III., Sc. 2: *Player King*. Purpose . . . like fruit unripe sticks on the tree." Here Shakespeare is seen making the play within the play. Kyd did not make his own "Soliman and Perseda" to use in "*Hieronimo*."]

The old text says Fengon [*Claudius*] asked for the intelligencer—"asked Hamblet what was become of him: naming the man. The Prince, that never used lying, and who in all the answers that ever he made during his counterfeit madness never strayed from the truth, as a generous mind is a mortal enemy to untruth, answered and said"—giving a reply in line with the different circumstances of the stories.

It was the ancient custom of the historiographer to extol the hero as merciful and truthful, even while reciting his unmerciful deeds and untruthful speeches. Shakespeare copied this form into "Hamlet." The style is still in good fashion.

CHAPTER IV

How Fengon the third time devised to send Hamblet to the King of England, with secret letters to have him put to death: and how Hamblet, when his companions slept, read the Letters, and instead of them counterfeited others, willing the King of England to put the two Messengers to death, and to marry his daughter to Hamblet, which was effected, and how Hamblet escaped out of England.

In the *text* of this chapter there is a considerable discussion of divination. "Hamlet [so it is now spelled] while his father lived had been instructed in that devilish art, whereby the wicked spirit abuseth mankind, and advertiseth him—as he can—of things past."

The text here notes Hamlet's "over-great melancholy," and quotes Plato as holding that men can foretell events while in trance. "It would seem miraculous that Hamlet should divine in that sort, which after proved so true." "The conference of Saul with the witch" is noted in the discussion. Even Mahomet the great heretic had "forbidden these unlawful and damnable acts."

There is considerable material for the treatment of a *Ghost* motif—as to whether the *Ghost* were a spirit of health or goblin damned—but there is no *Ghost*, or other hint of one. Beside, Middleton had gotten hold of Reginald Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, London, 1584, and had written "The Witch," which was of known service to Shakespeare in "Macbeth."

The heading of Chapter 3 above is sufficient to show the fate of "the two servants of Fengon" [*Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*].

The reader will note the looseness of ancient spelling, for the translator next returns to the form "Hamblet."

CHAPTER V

How Hamblet having escaped out of England, arrived in Denmark the same day that the Danes were celebrating his funeral, supposing him to be dead in England, and how he revenged his death upon his Uncle and the rest of the Courtiers: and what followed.

Here Hamblet's return changes the character of the feast. The *text* says: "Every man busied himself to make good cheer, and Hamblet's arrival provoked them more to drink and carouse, the Prince himself at that time played the Butler and a gentleman attending on the tables." [Here is a touch of the *Titus* story.] Everybody got dead drunk—"a vice," says the text "common and familiar among the Almaines." Some courtier had nailed Hamblet's sword fast in the scabbard, and the King had retired. Hamblet set the room on fire and burned all the occupants. Seeking the King, he seized his sword, and "was ready to revenge the traitorous injury done to his lord and father." [Here is the exchange of weapons.]

The King was in bed. He waked and pulled at Hamblet's sword, which was nailed in the scabbard. Hamblet, with a stroke, cut off the King's head, and said: "This just and violent death is a first reward. . . and when thou comest in hell, see thou forget not to tell thy brother, whom thou traitorously slewest, that it was his son that sent thee thither with the message, to the end that being comforted thereby, his soul may rest among the blessed spirits, and quit me of the obligation which bound me to pursue his vengeance upon my own blood," etc.

"Revenged his father's death many years after the act committed."

Here we may see that it is *Hamlet's* own premature funeral in the original that, in Shakespeare, becoming the father's funeral, shortens up the time of "Hamlet" in a manner so puzzling. Shakespeare himself, in the graveyard, lets *Hamlet's* age out some eleven years, but this is no more than enough to account for the lofty wisdom of the Prince. Note also the persistence of the classic Revenge drama.

The ancient story had eight chapters, but we shall not give lengthy summaries of Chapters 6, 7, or 8. Chapter 6 is Hamlet's oration to the Danes, modeled on Plutarch. He is then proclaimed "King of Jutie and Chersonnese, at this present the proper country of Denmarke."

In Chapter 7 Hamlet went to England, slew the King of England, and returned to Denmark with two wives, one of them Hermetrude, Queen of Scots.

In Chapter 8 (the final one) King Roderick had another son, Wiglere, uncle of Hamlet. Hermetrude and Wiglere conspired. Hermetrude promised Hamlet "to follow him whithersoever he went, and to take the like fortune that befel to him, were it good or evil . . . saying that woman is accursed that feareth to follow, and accompany her husband to death, so that to hear her speak men would have said" etc. . . "she made so great a show of love and constancy." Hamlet went to battle, was slain, and Hermetrude with all Hamlet's treasure, married Wiglere, and there was a wedding feast. There now follows a tirade against the fickleness of woman.

The chronicle, in closing, pays tribute to Hamlet for his abstinence, "his modesty, courtesy, and continency," and for accounting riches nothing comparable to honor." Old Saxo delighted to speak of this in a barbarian.

The *Player Queen's* speech is outlined in Hermetrude's declaration, and Shakespeare has copied a monk's views as to the frailty of woman. Hermetrude," too, is nearer than "Geruth" to *Gertrude* in "Hamlet." "Gertrude" can be made from the two names. After all, considering that Shakespeare named the *Ghost* himself *Hamlet*, and the old *Hamlet* was finally betrayed by a woman, the young *Hamlet* whom *we* know becomes purely the offspring of Shakespeare's brain. Shakespeare, like *Hieronimo*, mourning for his lost son, reveals Shakespeare, the father, to us in "Hamlet," where he erects his masterpiece in memory of Hamnet, dead at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Belleforest was not a good writer, and Pavier's English scribe was still worse. The reader, in perusing what we have inclosed in quotation-marks, as Pavier's, is to take it for what it means.

One should understand the Scandinavian hall where *Fengon's* feast and rouse was held. It was made for Arctic nights and intense cold weather. Along the centre of its ground floor ran a gutter of cobble-stones, the length of the building. This gutter was filled with firewood alight. Along this fire on both sides ran tall benches and foot-benches where the guests sat. Around the walls were bunks furnished with furs, having hangings, much like a Pullman sleeping-car "made-up." At the end were "press-beds," or bed-rooms with strong oaken doors. The sagas of the Norseland are full of tragedies where the King, hero, or villain was too drunk to lock his press when he retired to sleep, and the murderer, although a guest, killed him in the night, after the feast. "Hamlet," if acted in the "scenery" to which Saxo was accustomed, would upset many ideas of *Hamlet*-students in balmier climates.

In Dr. Johnson's "Preface to Shakespeare" (1768) is the following: "The stories which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his [Shakespeare's] time accessible and familiar. . . Old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of 'Hamlet' in plain English prose, which the critics have now to seek in Saxo-Grammaticus."

In combining the Latin and the Norse *motives*, Shakespeare (or Kyd) preferred names of Latin origin, probably because they would sound more pleasantly in the ears of his audience. He changed *Horvendile* to *Hamlet; Fengon* to *Claudius; Hermetrude* to *Gertrude*. The *Counsellor* he named *Polonius*. *Horatio* and the *Ghost* are in Kyd's drama. Four or five other names are Italian, *Reynaldo* being an English way of spelling *Rinaldo* wrong.

This carelessness as to time, place, etc., was considered reprehensible by Shakespeare's college-bred rivals.

THE NAME, HAMLET

NOTE.—The object of this article is to draw attention to the strange variant, "Hamnet," entered twice on the Stratford church register—once, at birth, as "Hamnet, sonne," and again, at burial, as "Hamnet, filius."

Dr. Brandes, the Dane (we think one of the greatest scholars the world has produced), believes Hamlet and Hamnet are the same name.

In Shakespeare's time there was no standard of spelling. We have just seen that the English translation of the story coming from Saxo-Grammaticus spelled the name, Hamblet, and then Hamlet.

There is an English variant, Hammet.

The register of the Church at Stratford-upon-Avon does not purport to be the original document. It is on vellum, bound into a book, and has been copied, with every evidence of care and good faith.

In this book, at the entry of baptism, and at the entry of death, the name given is Hamnet, son of William Shakespeare. These entries, we believe, are the only authentic references to the life and death of Shakespeare's only son.

In his last will and testament, dated March 25, 1616, William Shakespeare bequeaths to "Hamlett Sadler, twenty-eight shillings sixpence, to buy him a ring." Attached to this will, fourth among five signatures as witnesses, is the name, "Hamnet Sadler." Dr. Brandes thinks that Hamnet Shakespeare was named after Hamlet Sadler (Brandes, vol. 2, p. 409).

All things considered, we think Hamnet and Hamlet are the same name. Shakespeare's creation of a second *Hamlet* in Denmark—two *Hamlets*—has a bearing on the question.

The force and value of our present labor depend on the belief that the name, Hamlet, had an esoteric and idiosyncratic meaning to Shakespeare.

The article entitled "Hamlet" in the Encyclopedia Britannica deals learnedly with the name, but does not address itself to the more interesting subject of "Hamnet." William Camden mentions neither "Hamlet" nor "Hamnet," but does note that *ham* is "house," or "town" and *hamlet* "little house or town"—hence, Hamlet-town, Hamilton, and Hambleton, the proper names. The root *ham* goes back to *Ham*, the son of Noah, and, according to climate, has been *Kam*, *ham*, *Kcham*, *gham* and *'am*. "*Hamlet*" in French is *Hameau*, older French, *Hamiau*

(*To be continued*)

AT THE SIGN OF THE SMILE

WE'RE weary a-walking the highway of life;
We're fretted and fluttered with worry and strife.
Let us drop by the wayside the heavy old load,
And rest at the inn at the turn of the road—
Let us tarry awhile
At "The Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry awhile at "The Sign of the Smile"—
Forget all our griefs in the joys that beguile;
Let us pleasure the noon till it changes to night,
Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light—
Let us tarry awhile
At "The Sign of the Smile."

—*Selected.*

FOR THE FLAG

By FRANK E. CHANNON

TWO little fifteen hundred ton gunboats were dropping common shells with monotonous regularity from their four-inch starboard battery into the low sand dunes two thousand yards away. From the main of the vessel, barely extended in the idle breeze, floated the stars and stripes; from the other, the broad, red cross of St. George.

Apparently the fire of neither ship was doing much execution. Their shells plumped fair and square upon the summit of the little hills, but the sand seemed to smother them the dunes came no reply. Now and again a white-robed warrior would spring into sight, shake his fist threatenly at the annoying warships, and disappear again under cover.

The gun captains on the British and American ships, with glum faces, trained their pieces, the crew swung open the breaches and placed in the big cases, a peep through the sights, a report, and the ensigns in charge would spring up, glass in hand, to note the effect, generally stepping down again, with an exclamation of disgust.

"Might as well fire at the moon," muttered Ensign Beverly, who was in charge of the forward gun of the U. S. S. "Frankton," as for the fiftieth time he had examined the hills for sign of damage.

"Damn the beggars; why don't they show themselves!" testily exclaimed Ensign Hollage, of H. M. S. "Firefly," as she lay ten cables astern of her ally, firing at the same unsatisfactory target.

Suddenly a shout went up from the crews of both ships. Away in the distance at the very top of the highest hill a red and white flag had appeared. The Moors were showing their colors!

A deep-chested roar from the Britisher's men, and a yell from the American's announced their satisfaction. Here was something to fire at! Here was a chance to bring it down!

Each ship mounted three four-inch breech-loaders on each side, and instantly things around those guns commenced to hum. It was "boom, boom," as fast as the crews could load and the pointers aim them.

"Get onto it, boys," urged Ensign Beverly, as he moved about behind his piece.

"Bring that rag down," snapped Ensign Hollage, as he worked with a will behind the gun-shield on the "Firefly."

Two, three, five minutes passed, and still that emblem of defiance floated unharmed. It was a fair test of skill between the rival ships; conditions for each were precisely the same.

"Boom, boom,—boom, boom," thundered the stern and midship guns of the two gunboats almost at the same instant.

The flag still floated!

"Boom," bellowed the Britisher's forward piece, under Ensign Hollage, and "boom," came the American's under Ensign Beverly, at the same moment.

Both officers sprang up to note the result, and both at the same instant let out the yell of victory.

The flag was down!

And that's what started the trouble.

That evening the British junior officers invited their American comrades to sup with them in the wardroom of the Firefly. How the fuss ever assumed such proportions, it is rather difficult to state, but it all arose over that shot that brought the flag down.

"I tell you," cried Ensign Beverly, as he arose up in hot haste and buckled his belt, "I tell you that my crew brought it down. I watched the shell, and distinctly saw it carry it away."

"Why, my gun fired a good two seconds before yours; I heard your report as my gun took up the recoil—how the devil could you have hit it?" demanded Ensign Hollage.

The American bit his lip. "I wish you good evening," he said, then turning around, as he swung out of the wardroom, "but my boys did it, and don't you forget it, Mr. Hollage."

"Rot," ejaculated the Britisher, and turned on his heels, savagely.

That night under the cover of darkness the Moors took up a position very close to the town, with its two hundred white residents; and an urgent call for help was sent aboard the warships by the thoroughly frightened residents. Lieutenant-Commanders Ramsey and Bent, in charge of their respective ships, determined to throw a landing party into the town. There were no marines on either vessel, so each contributed half a company of blue-jackets with a couple of six-pounder landing guns. It was decided that an ensign should command each half company, the two acting together.

Thus in the early hours of the morning, when the night was just giving place to dawn, Ensigns Beverly and Hollage found themselves stiffly saluting each other at the head of their men. Neither had forgotten the hot words of a few hours ago, but each realized that it was duty now, and nothing else. Personal feelings for the time being must be given a subordinate place.

"You have orders to act conjointly with me, sir?" questioned the American, without moving a muscle.

"I have, sir," responded the British Ensign.

"Have you any plans to propose?"

"My commander suggested that I should occupy one end of the bridge, and you the other."

"Such were my chief's orders. Have you any preference for either end?"

"None, but I am of the opinion it would be wise for each of us to throw out a flanking party to the east and west, as well as to establish a small party on the center to establish communication. The entire line will be protected by the guns of our ships."

"It will be quite unnecessary for me to throw out a flank. The river protects me on my right. To the centre post I agree.

"Very good," rasped the Englishman.

"You have signalling flags?"

"I have, sir, also this," and the Britisher pointed stiffly to the Union Jack in the hands of his boatswain.

"I am similarly provided," remarked the American, indicating the flag bearer.

It was just as much as the two men could do to be civil to each other, and both realized it. Almost at the same instant they gave the same command to their respective companies and the blue-jackets swung away from each other; and marched off at a rollicking gait' the two flags shaking out free in the morning breeze.

Out on the blue Mediterranean, moored fore and aft, lay the "Firefly" and "Frankton," their guns prepared at any moment to protect their sailors.

It took Ensign Beverly less than an hour to reach his position, when he immediately dispatched ten men to join with the British in establishing a centre position. On his right surged the river; in front extended the low sloping hills, behind the town, and in rear of that the sea beating angrily upon the beach. The young ensign noticed now for the first time that the morning was coming in in surly mood, the wind singing in fretful gusts, and the ocean moaning, as if in pain.

"Going to blow," he commented to his Gunner's Mate, Hastings.

"Guess the anchorage is all right for the ships, isn't it, sir?" questioned the mate.

Beverly shrugged his shoulders. "None too good," he said. "Funny we see nothing of those fellows," he continued, searching the sands for the first sign of the enemy.

"I think they've slunk off, sir," opined the mate.

"Beverly shook his head. "Not they," he muttered.

Just as he spoke a puff of smoke rose up from in front and a bullet sung almost between the two men.

"Lie down," ordered the ensign, curtly, and the two crawled carefully forward to the edge and gazed below. Nothing was to be seen again. He placed the six-pounder in a commanding position, and ordered his men to take it easy.

"Centre's signaling, sir," reported Hastings a moment later. A signal boy took down the message.

"Left reports enemy in force in his front, moving this way."

Even as he took down the message, there came the sharp rattle of musketry from the British position away off to the left, followed a minute or so later by heavy firing from the ships, as they flung their shells clear over the hills into the vale in front.

"That'll make 'em run," chuckled Beverly.

"Don't know, sir, they've got their elevation too high," observed Hastings.

"Wig-wag the ship," ordered the ensign.

"It's gone so dark, sir, I'm afraid they'll never see us."

It had gone dark with a vengeance. One of those sudden squalls, for which the Mediterranean has gained such evil repute, had suddenly swept down upon them and blotted out sea, ships and town.

"All right, we'll just sit tight, then," observed the ensign. Down came the rain in torrents, the wind roared and howled in fury. "Keep your cartridges dry," had been Beverly's last words, as the tempest shut down on his men. For a few minutes nothing could be heard above the roar of the storm, then it gradually subsided, and in another five it was all over and passed out to sea. As it followed its course out over the ocean, an exclamation broke from Beverly's lips.

Both ships were gone!

Like the blow of a sledge-hammer the truth broke upon him They had been forced to run out to sea by the violence of the storm. His attention was hastily diverted from the sea to the sand in front of him by the cry of his gunner's mate:

"Look out, sir, here they come!"

A glance told him the truth. Taking advantage of the squall, the Moors had crept up almost to their very position. A band of three or four hundred were almost upon them. With his own hands Bevelry ran forward and let fly with the six-pounder. His men were quick to see the danger. Lying flat and firing as coolly as if going through the small-arm drill, they gave it to the rushing enemy in withering volleys. They emptied their magazines into the oncoming mob. It checked, but by no means repulsed them. The fanatics sank into cover and hung to the ground they had stolen. Beverly took in the position at a glance. The attack had evidently been well planned. Two bodies of supports were crawling carefully along, one on either flank of their comrades. Again and again the big six-pounder spoke, in a deep roar; the Krag Jorgensen crackled all along the line, while "ping, ping," came the singing bullets of the enemy over the heads of the prostrate sailors. Here and there a man doubled up with a convulsive little movement, coughing horribly. Now a man leaped almost to his feet, clutching at his heart, then fell prostrate, now a young fellow at the other end gave a cry of pain and rolled over, while all the while, cool and collected, the ensign moved from point to point giving direction and words of encouragement.

The first attack of the enemy had failed, but he was hanging tightly to the ground he had gained, and refusing to be dislodged by the fire of the sailors. Matters were looking serious, but by no means desperate, for the little band, when a new and unexpected disaster befell them. Their right flank was swept by a perfect hail of lead. It came from the far side of the river. The enemy must have crossed farther down and now established themselves snugly on the far bank. Their fire was terribly severe. Men dropped all along the exposed line. The flag staff was cut in two and down came the flag. It was replaced in another moment, but Beverly saw this could last but a short time longer. It was not time for half measures. To stay there meant certain destruction. The only chance left was to clear out the nest of them in front and then to hang to the further side, where they would be protected from the terrible cross-fire.

"Steady!" yelled Beverly. "Cease firing, fix bayonets! Follow me, boys; give it to 'em!"

He jumped to his feet as he uttered the commands, and clearing the protection in front, charged down with the cold steel. With a yelp of delight, his boys were close at his heels. It was swish, swish, swosh, swosh, cursing and swearing, cries and groans, shouts and yells, as the American tars let fly with their steel. It was desperate work—two hundred against fifty at the best, but they did it, and then hung, panting and bloody, to the further side, while the lead from over the river made the sand fly in front of them.

"The flag!" shouted the ensign, turning an agonized face towards his men.

For a second each man gazed aghast at his neighbor. In that hurried and mad charge it had been forgotten, or the man in charge had fallen, for there on the further side, its silk pelted by a hundred bullets, lay the dear old flag.

With a yell of rage a seaman dashed from cover and headed for it. Next second he rolled over a dead man. Another and another followed, only to go down.

"Stop!" yelled the ensign, seeing that the efforts were spelling ruin. "Here's a devil of a mess!" he muttered. "We'll have to get it somehow."

He held a short parley with the signal boy, and then the little white flags commenced to wag. It went against the grain, but it was no time to stick at trifles. He was asking help of the left.

"Coming," came back the answer, as centre sent the appeal on to the British squad on the far left.

"Now, hang tight and wait," snarled the ensign to his men.

It was a long forty-five minutes, but presently there was a roar and a cheer, and in headlong style dashed the sturdy British blue-jackets to the rescue. They lined the ridges alongside their American comrades and sat tight.

But still that flag lay on the shot-swept ground.

Then came the crisis.

Wriggling, crawling, sneaking like a worm, his naked flesh almost the color of the sand, squirmed a daring Moor. Until he leaped, with a yell, to his feet and made the last dash, not a jacky observed him. Almost before the astonished white men could realize it, he had snatched the flag from the ground and was darting away.

"After him!" bellowed Beverly, almost beside himself with rage and mortification.

He leaped to his feet as he shouted, and gave chase.

Almost as quick the British officer was on his, and neck and neck the two charged down towards the river, followed by every man of their commands.

It was a mad, wild, crazy thing to do. But mad, wild, crazy things sometimes win out.

Like a flash, the two officers were upon the racing Moor; both snatched with desperate energy at the precious flag. They tore it from the grip of the enemy, while all around sang the pelting lead. In delirious triumph, each waved his torn portion high in the air. The Moor was toppled over with a swinging cut, and down towards the river bank continued the two officers, with their men in hot pursuit.

And just at that opportune moment "crash, crash," came the shells in rapid succession from the returning gunboats, finding their range, as they steamed in.

It was the last straw. With a yell of terror, the enemy were dug up out of their cover. With a yell of terror they turned tail and fled for their lives, pursued by the avenging shells, and with a yell of triumph, the blue-jackets plunged into the river and struggled across.

On the further side, the two ensigns struggled out and stood looking stupidly at one another, each holding in his hand a half of the grand old flag.

"It's yours," muttered the Britisher, extending his portion, as he wiped the water out of his eyes with his other hand.

"No, sir," returned the American officer, "that part is yours; you've fairly earned it. I have enough—Honor is saved."

"Thanks," said Hollage, as he realized the honor paid him—"Thanks—awfully," and then he extended his hand and grasped his ally's, with warmth.

"Pretty tough scrap," commented Beverly, as they reformed their commands and looked to their dead and wounded.

"Pretty tough," admitted the Britisher "Oh, I say, look here!" he called out a moment later. "Here's their darned old rag we cut down yesterday—why, by Jove, the pole isn't cut at all!"

Both officers gazed in wonderment at the unharmed flag staff. It was not even grazed.

"Why they must have pulled it down themselves when they found our fire too hot for them," cried Beverly.

"What a couple of asses we've been," observed Hollage.

"Agreed!" cried the American—"Men," he broke off, "Three cheers for the Flag!" and there, rallying around the bit of silk that had cost so much, American and British tars together let loose in three mighty, ear-splitting yells that reached even to the gun-boats.

"I guess they're all right," observed the American captain to his British colleague, as they stood together on the bridge of the "Frankton."

"It would seem to, judging from the noise they are making," was the reply.

* * *

SAVED BY A SPIRIT

By FANNIE C. GRIFFING

IT was a dark and rainy morning, and the inmates of the "Soldiers' Home" had gathered in the cosy library, where they were engrossed in books, magazines and papers, while, the smoke of many a fragrant Havana curled ceilingward.

With a gesture of impatience a small, nervous-looking man, with an empty sleeve, tossed a book upon the table. "Stuff and nonsense! I hardly had the patience to read it through!" he exclaimed. "As if any sensible person would believe in ghosts!"

"Shakespeare tells us, you will remember, that 'There are more things in heaven and on earth, than we ever dreamed of, in our philosophy,'" quietly remarked his companion, a tall, dignified looking man, as he picked up the condemned volume, and adjusted his pince-nez.

"Ah! 'The Ghost of Guy Thrale!' Express our disbelief as we will, ghost stories always possess a singular fascination, and, indeed, in these days of discoveries and marvellous invention, as well as the wonders science is constantly bringing to light, we can hardly disbelieve anything!"

"You surely don't believe in ghosts! Did you ever see one, or anybody who ever saw one?" demanded the little man with a challenging glance.

At this question, books and papers were lowered, heads were raised, and all eyes were centered upon the two men.

"Personally, I've had no experience, but such things always interest me deeply," Major Moreland replied quietly.

"I know there is much in life and perhaps in death that we fail to comprehend. Death is the one portal at which we batter in vain. . . . The grave holds fast it's secret, but there are many, I do not doubt, who believe in the power of the dead to manifest themselves and who have, or think they have, seen the shade, spirit or astral body of one no longer living."

"Pooh!" snorted the little man, but, he looked interested, nevertheless.

"I thought little regarding such matters," the Major continued, slowly, "until I was deeply impressed by an incident related by a Federal officer, several years after the Civil War."

"Davenport was from Pennsylvania, and held the rank of colonel at the close of the war. Northern enterprise bent on developing the resources of the South had brought him to the city where we met. . . . I was interested in the same business, and being thrown much together we soon became great friends.

"He was a tall, handsome man in the prime of life, with large, blue, earnest eyes and pleasant agreeable manners. Our rooms adjoined at the hotel where we were stopping and as we generally spent our evenings together, we passed many pleasant hours relating our experiences during the great struggle, 'fighting our battles o'er again,' and exchanging confidences.

"Davenport was apparently devotedly attached to his wife, and was never weary of dwelling upon her many virtues and the beauty and intelligence of their two children.

"Each day he received a letter, which he always read and re-read.

"Her photograph stood on the mantel, showing her to be a beautiful woman with a hint of sadness in her large, dark eyes, and on her lovely features.

"We sat in our room, one night, before a blazing fire, he reading a letter which he had received that day, while I smoked in silence, and gazed at the fire.

"Presently he refolded the dainty missive and, placing it in his pocket, leaned back in his chair, fixing his eyes on the picture of his wife on the mantel above us.

'Woman, mother, woman, wife!
The sweetest name that language knows
I could hear him murmur to himself.

"When he turned to me at length, I was surprised to see that his eyes were filled with tears.

"'How she has blessed my life!' he exclaimed half to himself, 'and to think that it was by the merest chance that I ever met her!'

"I replied, 'Indeed?' and gazed at him expectantly, for his stories were always entertaining, and I hoped for one, now.

"'Yes,' he went on, after a pause, during which he again studied the picture above him. 'But for a very strange circumstance which occurred during the war, I would never have seen the woman who became my wife, or ever have known of her existence!

"'We never speak of it, my wife and I, for I wish her to forget it, if possible, but it is often in her thoughts, I am sure, and casts the only shadow over her otherwise happy life.'

"By this time, I was deeply interested and anxiously requested him to relate the story. So, lighting a cigar, he fixed his handsome, earnest eyes upon the lovely face of his wife and began:

"'I was a captain under General Curtis, and it was while we were passing through Missouri and Arkansas that the event occurred, which changed the current of my life, and saved that of my wife.

"'It was before the desperate battle of Pea Ridge and the division I commanded was encamped on the roadside, near a dense swamp, where we were awaiting the arrival of Curtis.

"'Quantrell's guerrillas were somewhere in the state, we knew, fleeing before our advance, and might even now be lurking in the depths of the swamp, so the pickets were warned to keep a sharp lookout.

"'Just where the road entered the swamp a picket was posted constantly, as we feared an attack from that direction.

"'The picket who was on duty at night was an old school-fellow of mine, Dick Boyd by name, a bright young fellow, well liked by all.

"'A few days after our arrival at the place, I was surprised to see him enter my tent. His youthful face was pale and haggard, and the strange, unnatural expression of his usually pleasant, laughing eyes startled me. Omitting the salute, he sank upon a camp-stool as if utterly forgetting himself.

"'What's the matter, Dick?' I asked anxiously, 'are you sick?' 'No, I ain't sick,' was his reply. 'But for God's sake, let me off picket duty tonight, Captain! I can stand a good deal, but when it comes to ghosts, blamed if I can go through it another night!' And the poor fellow groaned most dismally.

"'Ghosts!' I repeated. 'Look here, Dick, have you been drinking?'

"'Haven't touched a drop! Wish I had something,' and he groaned.

"'Will you let me off tonight, Captain?'

"'Look here, Dick,' I said, firmly. 'Don't be foolish, but tell me at once what is the matter. Perhaps some one has tried to frighten you.'

"'I thought so myself at first,' he replied, as he swallowed a nip of brandy I had poured into a glass; 'but now I'm sure it's a real ghost, and I dassent go back there tonight! It was this way, Captain:

"'I go on duty at twelve, as you know, and I never take my eyes off that swamp, for fear old Quantrell and his gang will surprise us some night.

"'Night before last, when I went on duty as usual, it was very cold as you know. I walked briskly to and fro, for an hour perhaps, to warm myself and then leaned against a tree, my eyes upon the swamp. Presently I became aware of a peculiar radiance or faint glow far in the depths of the swamp, which came nearer until I could make out something white and shining coming directly toward me. When directly opposite me in the road it came to a standstill, and I could see that it was a woman, or rather a young girl, all dressed in white.

"'I could see her quite distinctly—a girl in a long, white dress, and with fair hair hanging about her face. I cocked my gun and waited for her to speak, but instead she stood gazing at me, then, slowly lifting her hand, she beckoned to me with her finger.

"'What can the girl want this time o' night?' I thought and waited for her to come nearer, for, of course, I couldn't leave my post. But she presently turned, and glided back the way she had come, turning now and then to see if I were following her.

"'I said nothing about the occurrence, fearing the ridicule of the boys, but will you believe it, Captain, last night at exactly the same hour, the same thing happened! She came nearer this time, and I saw that her face was white as chalk, and her eyes fixed. A kind of faint light seemed to surround her, making her face and figure quite distinct. Suddenly it came over me that it was no living woman, but a ghost, and the blood seemed to freeze in my veins while my teeth chattered.

"'Again she beckoned and glided back toward the swamp, pausing every few minutes. When she saw I wasn't following her, she seemed to wring her hands, as if in great distress. What can she want? I can't go through the thing again tonight, Captain, and hope you will let me off! I know its a ghost!'

"'I am astonished at you, Dick!' I exclaimed, in as severe a tone as I could command. 'Why did you not report at once? The woman may be in trouble, and wishes help.'

"'Why didn't she come over an' tell me what she wanted, instead o' wringing her hands and scarin' the life out o' me?' demanded practical Dick.

"'It wasn't any living woman, Captain, but a ghost!'

"'I don't believe in ghosts, Dick,' I said. 'But you have seen something and I will investigate the matter tonight and find out what it means. Some one may be in trouble and wish our help.'

"'After I had dismissed Dick, I pondered a good deal over what he had said. In my healthy, happy existence there had been little room for morbid fancies, and as I have said, I didn't believe in ghosts. My final conclusion was that the girl perhaps wished to warn us of some danger and had been too timid to approach Dick, whose excited fancy had gotten the best of him. My curiosity was excited, and I wondered if Dick hadn't hadn't made a mistake in not following the girl, or informing me at once of he occurrence.

"'When the pickets were changed that night Sergeant Duncan, an orderly and myself accompanied Dick to his post.

"'Snugly muffled in our heavy overcoats we took our position under a large oak tree near the road, while Dick paced back and forth. There was no moon, but the stars shone brilliantly in the clear, frosty sky, making objects quite discernible. I had resolved to follow the girl, if she appeared again, telling Dick that he could either accompany the Sergeant and myself, or remain at his post with the orderly.

"'A chilling wind blew from the swamp, causing our teeth to chatter, and we drew closer around the trunk of the old oak to whose branches a few withered leaves still clung. Patiently we waited, while overhead the glittering stars slowly paced their eternal round in the mighty camp of constellations. We began to feel drowsy, and I had just lighted a cigar when Dick approached and whispered:

"''Twas about this time last night, Captain.' He crouched beside us and all eyes were turned toward the gloomy depths of the swamp. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and pointed toward the swamp, exclaiming

"'There it is, Captain! She's coming!'

"'Instantly we were on our feet, and sure enough, far down the road, in the dense gloom of the swamp, a tiny, glowing spot appeared, coming toward us with a swift, gliding motion. A spot of white surrounded by a luminous glow like moonlight, it was growing brighter as it approached. At length it paused and I saw as plainly as I see you a fair young girl in white, clinging garments, her long light hair falling around her like a gilded veil. Her face was white as marble, and the large, mournful eyes gazed fixedly at us. A strange chill passed over me, a shiver ran down my spine, and as we all stared, breathless at the apparation, one hand was slowly lifted and beckoning, she turned and glided back into the swamp.

"'We must follow her!' I exclaimed quickly. 'And find out what this means! Come on, boys! Drawing my revolver, I sprang into the road, followed by my companions.

"'Yes, the little girl's in some trouble and wants our help!' cried Duncan, as he kept pace with me. He was a large, powerful man, with the kindest of hearts.

"'On went the gliding figure before us, the luminous glow about her rendering her distinctly visible.

"'Suddenly Duncan exclaimed, as he panted over the rough road beside me:

"'There's something strange about that girl, *Captain!*'

"'And now that I looked, I saw what I had failed to notice, there was no apparent movement of the limbs in the figure before us. The girl appeared to be simply gliding over the ground.

"'Again, I confess, I shivered and felt half inclined to turn back, but an impulse stronger than my fears urged me on. If, I reflected, for three successive nights, the girl had implored us to follow her, there surely must be serious cause for her actions. So I merely answered, not wishing to rouse the superstitious fears of my companions:

"'We must find out what it means, anyhow, Duncan. Some one may be in trouble.'

"'An' 'tis trouble we'll be in, I'm afraid!' growled the Sergeant. 'The little one may be leading us right into a nest of guerrillas.'

"'I think not!' I answered briefly, and somehow I felt no distrust whatever of the girl.

"'For nearly a mile we stumbled over the rough-winding road, then our guide paused, and when we were quite near, turned suddenly into the woods and flitted on as before. Fearing an ambush from guerrillas we cocked our revolvers, and followed as best we could in the increased darkness. Again, presently, the white figure paused and we saw before us a small clearing and the outlines of a house. Through the broken gate, and up the path to the steps, we saw the white figure flit, stand for an instant before the closed door, distinctly outlined, then it vanished.

"'Duncan gave a low whistle of astonishment, but the next moment a sound from within reached our ears—low, faint moans.

"'Somebody's dyin' in here!' shouted Duncan, in great excitement, and after knocking loudly we tried the door, which we afterwards found had been nailed up, as well as the windows.

"'There was no response to our frantic knocking, except the moans became more audible.

"'Seizing a heavy wooden maul which lay near the steps, Duncan attacked the door without ceremony and it soon fell from its hinges with a crash. We paused a moment to listen, but all was dark and silent within, and cocking my revolver, I stepped across the fallen door while Duncan struck a match.

"'By it's flickering light, we saw a small, plainly furnished room, and a low moan quickly drew our eyes toward the bed. Upon it, bound hand and foot with cruel cords, lay the emaciated form of a young and once lovely girl.

"'Her thin, white face was framed in a mass of rich dark hair, and the great hollow eyes gazed pitifully at us. She was so weak that her voice was the merest whisper.

"'Great God! What devil's work is this?' I exclaimed, as I sprang to the poor girl's side. Duncan's quick eye had perceived a candle upon the bureau, which he lighted and approached the bed.

"'I bent over the still form, and caught the whispered words: 'Thank God! Oh, thank God!' Then the dark eyes closed, and she lay as one dead.

"'This one ain't any ghost!' was Duncan's remark, as with eager fingers he helped me cut and untie the cords that bound the poor girl to the bed.

"'I had placed a small flask of brandy in my pocket, and now I forced a few drops between the pallid lips.

"'The Sergeant bustled about, kindled a fire on the hearth, and lighting another candle proceeded to search the house. He soon returned with water with which we bathed the girl's face, and when she at length opened her eyes, we placed a draught to her parched lips.

"'Thank God for sending you!' she whispered, her weak hands clinging to mine, like a frightened child.

"'She must be starving,' muttered Duncan, and he again disappeared, returning shortly with a small sauce-pan and a cup of meal.

"'With this he soon prepared some gruel, a cup full of which the famished creature eagerly drank, and then dropped asleep. Duncan and myself sat by the bedside until dawn, Dick and the orderly crouching over the fire. No one had mentioned the apparition which had guided us thither, but I knew that every man, as well as myself, was puzzling his brains over the strange affair.

"'Could it have been the shade, or astral body, of the girl before me who had summoned us to her aid, while she lay unconscious? I asked myself during the silent watches of the night.

"'We had all seen our strange guide quite distinctly, however, a very young girl, in trailing white garments and long fair hair, while the one we now saw wore a dress of some dark gray material, and her beautiful hair was dark and curling. The moment we reached the little porch, too, we had heard her low moans.

"'No, they were not the same, I told myself and there must be some other solution of the mystery.

"'At the first glimmer of dawn, Duncan rose, rekindled the dying fire, and dispatched Dick and the orderly for wood. Leaving him busied in preparing another sauce-pan of gruel, I walked to the door and out upon the little porch.

"'As it grew lighter, Dick returned with an armful of wood, and reported that he and his companion had discovered two new-made graves in the grove back of the house, one showing every evidence of care, and nicely inclosed, the other, hastily and roughly made.

"'We'll find out what it all means, Dick,' I told him, 'when the young lady is able to talk; that is, if she don't die.'

"'When we returned to the girl's bedside we found the kind-hearted Sergeant feeding her with gruel as if she had been an infant. Her voice was a little stronger now, and we learned from her that she had been placed in the terrible position in which we found her and left to die by a band of guerrillas, led by one McGraw, a former overseer of her father's. 'They murdered my poor father and then left me here to die,' she whispered. 'Because I despised McGraw, and told him I would rather die a thousand times than marry such a fiend.'

"'We bade her not to try to talk until she was stronger, and then we hastily constructed a rude litter and placed her thereon, well-wrapped in the bedclothes and with pillows beneath her. Carefully and tenderly we carried her over the rough road, and on reaching camp with our burden, found our comrades nearly wild with anxiety over our prolonged absence.

"'Their amazement and indignation was intense on hearing our story. All that was possible was done to make the young lady comfortable, the men vieing with each other in showing her every kindness and attention.

"'They were all intensely interested and anxious to learn the story of her terrible misfortunes, but the surgeon would not permit her to talk for some days. She recovered her strength rapidly, and was indeed a lovely girl and her manners were charming. Her name was Georgia Durand, and when, at last, she was strong enough she related her terrible story to an audience consisting of Duncan, Dick, the good surgeon and as many of the men as I would permit, and myself, of course.

"'Her father, had been a planter, and McGraw had occupied the position of overseer on the plantation, prior to the war. He had been finally discharged and ordered off the place by the old man, for cruelty to the slaves and obnoxious attentions to his daughter.

"'McGraw had left, vowing vengeance, and they heard that he had joined Quantrell's band of guerrillas during the war.

"'One night,' continued Miss Durand, 'we awoke to find our house in flames and surrounded by a band of murderous cutthroats, led by McGraw, who had sworn, so we heard, to "hang the old rebel before his daughter's eyes."

"'With the help of our faithful slaves we managed to escape with our lives and hide ourselves in that lonely little place where you found me until it would be safe to leave the country.

"'I had always detested McGraw, and when he dared to show his admiration for me by obnoxious attentions I very unwisely informed my father.

"'He flew into a terrible passion, ordering McGraw to leave the place instantly. As I have said, we barely escaped with our lives when he returned to wreak his vengeance upon us.

"'My twin sister, Angelica, was always delicate, and the shock and terrible fright and exposure was too much for her. She became very ill, and in spite of all our loving care she died.

"'My poor little sister! I felt as if my heart would break when she left us. We buried her in a grove of trees near the house, and had just completed our sad task when McGraw and five or six villainous-looking men rode up to the gate of our hiding-place. They seized my father and McGraw coolly bade me choose between marrying him or seeing my father hanged.

"'I gazed at the wretch in an agony too great for words, and my dear father, drawing himself to his full height, exclaimed: "No, my daughter, a thousand times, no! Death rather than dishonor! I am old, and can live but a few years longer at best, and your young life is all before you! Escape if you can, from these brutes in human shape, but chose death always rather than such dishonor!"

"'In a fury, McGraw ordered his men to drag my poor father away, and I shrieked, Oh, God! let me die!

"'I remember hearing McGraw say: "We'll see that you do, and no mistake about it!" as I sank fainting to the floor.

"'When I regained consciousness I was in the position you found me. Bound hand and foot, left alone to die of starvation by the inhuman wretches who had carried off our only servant. How long I remained thus I do not know, as I was in darkness the whole time. Often I fancied my sister was with me, striving to comfort me. I must have been delirious.

"'At this point in the young girl's story Sergeant Duncan, Dick, the orderly and myself exchanged startled glances, but we all remained silent.

"'Afterwards, when in private we discussed the matter, no doubt remained in our minds that the young girl who had died, conscious in the grave of the terrible suffering and danger of her twin sister, had in spirit led us to her aid.'

"Here Colonel Davenport paused and gazed long and thoughtfully at the photograph before him, his mind evidently busy with memories of his strange experience.

"Well, what else?" I querried, after waiting some time for him to resume.

" There's little more to tell,' he responded, rousing himself.

"'An excellent family lived but a few miles distant from our camp and on learning of Miss Durand's sad and terrible experience, they willingly consented to receive and protect her until she fully regained her health, and could communicate with her friends and relatives.

"'After she was domiciled under the hospitable roof of the Gilberts, Dick and myself, often accompanied by the big Sergeant, visited her every day, until we finally broke camp to join Curtis and participate in the fearful battle at Pea Ridge.

"'And during those visits the esteem and admiration I had always entertained for the lovely girl rapidly ripened into love, a love which she returned and which has increased with every passing year, since she became my wife, at the close of the war.'"

SIRUS

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

GREATEST of all the circling suns of space!
I see thee sparkle in the deeps of night,
A world of what transcendent beauty bright!
Peopled with what impassioned, god-like race!
How vain to ask! I can but idly trace
Thy whirlwind flight amid the lesser spheres,
And wonder at the torch of flame the years
Tame not, nor robs not ever of wild grace!
So in the human soul where lovely hopes,
And glowing thoughts like stars of splendor rise,
One sun of all that climbs the jeweled slopes,
Shines brightest in dark sorrow's midnight skies;
'Tis that one glory that outshines death's night:
Love bearing in its bosom truth's pure light!

THE HIGH SEAS OF SPACE

By THOMAS F. BALDWIN

I WAS born about three miles from Quincy, Ill., fifty-three years ago, in a log cabin, and we had very few ideas during my boyhood about airships or aerial navigation except somersaults, either backward or forward. My first efforts in this direction were what is called in circus parlance "ground acts," for at an early age I joined a circus, and I may add that in those days that association was a pretty rugged training school for a boy. I soon began to think that "ground acts" were not the highest achievement and aspired to do what we called "high acts." It was with the W. W. Cole circus that I first went on the horizontal bars. I soon was able to walk the tight wire, the slack wire and manipulate the loose rope and the cloud swing. But I did not like the circus, though I became a good rope-walker and all-around gymnast. But what I acquired in these days helped me as an aeronaut, and I learned in walking the tight rope that it is not so much a matter of practise, or of any peculiar muscular movement or strength, as it is in keeping at it until you have the "feel" of confidence, and when once this comes to a man, he is equally at home on wire, rope or ground. Sometimes this requires months of patient practice, but when the real "feel" comes, and the mind is steadily concentrated on the act, there is never any danger of a "splash."

Tired of circus life, I began to do some work at summer resorts, and in all my years of life as an acrobat I never had a scratch, because I always carefully tested my acts, before attempting them, with the "belt" and all other possible precautions.

I began ballooning in '81, when about twenty-one years of age, and in this, too, I found that the same principle of "feel" applied. In all my flights there never was any apprehension of danger in going up in the air, any more than there had been on the board or trapeze; when once this sense and principle of security is grasped, it is going to have a wonderful effect on the history of aerial navigation.

When bicycles were first invented, it appeared impossible for them to be ridden securely, but after a little practice it became quite an ordinary matter, because we had grasped the principle of "feel," guiding and balancing ourselves. It will just be the same with aerial navigation. When once we have discoverd the right principle, the development will be as rapid as that of bicycles.

In the early days I felt that balloons had little to do with aerial navigation. I started out to get hold of fundamental knowledge on the subject. I went to public libraries and studied all the books I could find on aeronautics and methods of manipulating hydrogen gas, and found, to my surprise, that the popular notion of balloon manipulation was entirely incorrect. A balloon does not "go up," but rather is forced up by the closing of the air below it as it rises, and this pressure forces it higher and higher as a wedge—the contents of the balloon is a cork and the air is the water. This is one of the reasons why an occupant in a balloon does not usually feel much afraid—it is as though he rested all the time upon something solid and the earth moves away and there is nothing at the side to give that thrill of falling or rising as in an elevator.

Hydrogen being thirteen-fourteenths lighter than air—by displacing so many feet of air—the air served as a brace to the balloon, as there is normally seven tons of air pressure on a man's body. It was getting this fact firmly fixed in my mind that I felt I would some day make a dirigible balloon a success.

In 1881 I made my first ascension at San Francisco, California, and I shall not be likely to forget that day—for, although not nervous, I felt that my whole career for the future depended on the success of that ascent. A noted captain of aeronautics went with me in that balloon and our sensations were altogether pleasant, and here I felt assured that now I had found my life profession. Afterwards I took up the study and working of captive balloons as a business, and have now a balloon in the West that is capable of taking up eighteen people at the same time. It carries 140,000 cubic feet of gas.

Later on I made a tour of Europe, and made hundreds of ascensions and never lost a balloon. The English people used to remark: "Watches may be timed by Baldwin's balloon ascensions."

I contrived to use smaller balloons when I judged it necessary; in heavy winds and in the lee of a large building I made a start clearing all obstacles of an earthly nature, for the aeronaut is not nervous when once he gets past the reefs and shoals of the lower air eddies. This is the reason that the high fence was built about the aerodrome at the World's Fair; the high slats prevent eddies and serve as a wind-break. Many things have to be considered in balloon ascensions, and I often think of a remark made by King Edward in 1888, when he came to see me make an ascent at the Alexandra Palace:

"There are great achievements for the aeronaut in the coming years."

When I made the first parachute jump in this country, I thought I had advanced a few steps in the science of aeronautics. I studied the matter for months, and made many tests before attempting a public exhibition. I made most of my jumps in water, and if it had not been that every particle of my body was hard as iron from former training as a gymnast and taking of all kinds of jolts, I would not have lasted through these early experiments. But, best of all, I had a knowledge of flying, acquired in my acrobatic work. In this part of the work the head is everything, and acts as a rudder, the slightest motion of which will control the whole body. It may be noticed that a man who runs a leaping board, and changes his mind in the slightest way makes a "splash." It is always absolutely necessary to continue when once started. As in all efforts of life, it is essential that the mind be concentrated on the "act" in order to insure success, and it is also desirable that a man use every precaution before he starts to know emphatically what he is going to do. In all my circus work I used the belt until I felt perfectly certain that I could accomplish what I was attempting.

Speaking of circus work reminds me of an incident connected with those early days in which George W. D. Hayden figured. He came about the tent when the band ought to have been playing in the good, old-fashioned style. I was standing in the flaps of the canvas, ready to do my tight-rope act, and overheard the colloquy:

"Why in the —— are they not playing?" inquired Hayden of the band master.

"Baldwin has not arrived."

"Not arrived. Well, you go ahead and play and depend upon it that Baldwin is here somewhere."

When I stepped out from the canvas later on, I felt that a compliment had been paid me, for the one thing I have prided myself on and been particular about is to keep faith with the public as to time and place of an event announced.

It was in 1886 that I made the first parachute jump. I took the ribs out of the parachute to simplify it, and at that time this was considered a hazardous thing to do. This first jump was made in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, and before attempting it, I experimented for many weeks with sand bags just my own weight, and did not venture a jump until I had the "feel" that it could be safely done. Yet I must confess there was a moment when I held my breath when I took that first flight through thousands of feet of air. I came down rather more rapidly than I had expected, but instead of increasing, the speed diminished as the parachute unfolded to its full capacity before touching the ground. At first people refused to credit such an enterprise, yet it really is as simple as A, B, C. Parachutes were not a new thing, but nothing had been done with them since the death of Cogswell, over fifty years previous.

When my parachute experiments were heard of, I went to Mr. Morton of the Market Street Cable Line and told him I thought I had an exhibition that would be a good feature for the Golden Gate Park, and he asked me what it was, and I told him a parachute jump. I said I would jump a dollar a foot, and he answered:

"Go ahead and jump a thousand feet!" so I made my first jump. At that time my mind was disturbed with visions of an airship. As the bicycle and automobile developed they revealed to me a way of overcoming the one vital difficulty, that of providing power for an airship, and now aerial navigation has become merely a mechanical proposition. I consider Professor Langley one of the greatest masters of aeronautic science, and Mr. Chanute of Chicago is also an expert and has made several remarkable demonstrations. The Wright Brothers with their aeroplane are making exhaustive experiments, while Santos Dumont, in Paris, has certainly won the admiration of the world.

The first idea I had for the mechanical part of my airship came to me from the motorcycle, and utilizing this idea I built small motor-balloons at Quincy, and later at San Francisco, putting into the experiments all the money I could accumulate. The California Arrow was the ship which made the flight and Dr. Talcot joined me in this enterprise, and in honor of Mr. Carpenter's favorite automobile we called the airship the "Arrow."

Last winter I spent many months at the Santa Clara College, studying the law of fluid movement, for you know that air is a fluid, the only difference being in matter of density. It was Professor J. J. Montgomery who brought to light again and developed the old well-known principle of the parabolic curve, which is one of the vital points in the construction of a propeller of an airship. The parabolic curve, as you know, is a curve the ends of which never meet, it can never make a circle—it is the curve that is found in a bird's wing and is essential for flying. It was one of the fundamental mechanical propositions to be considered in the making of an airship. At first we had five or six screws on the propeller, but we finally got it down to only two blades, and the curve of those represented the most important point in the whole proposition. To have this parabolic curve so as to have each screw absolutely clear and utilize the "air-wake," or air disturbed, at the same time avoiding all possible resistance, was the important question we had to consider. We found by a series of experiments that the air in striking a blade of a parabolic curve at a certain angle—say forty-five degrees—goes up over the blade instead of down as commonly believed. Now, the greatest speed possible to secure is forty-seven miles an hour. It is a well-known law in mechanics, that the slower you go the less power you use. In the construction of the Arrow we utilized all the information obtained by these experiments, and also were careful about selecting materials. The Arrow consisted of a bag of Japanese silk, seventeen feet in diameter and fifty-two in length, covered with ten coats of varnish, inside and out, and outside of all a netting of number sixty cotton seine, with six-inch square mesh. The keel or rudder of the ship is forty feet in length, made of laminated spruce, and forms an equilateral triangle, the strongest curve known to modern science and the one that is used in bridge construction. The Arrow only weighs 300 pounds and is sixty feet in length, and has a rail on top, with two rails on either side, three feet apart. The motor is a ten horse power, and must be started at the time the ascension is made, and cannot be interfered with by the aeronaut after anchor is weighed. This was looked upon as an objection by some, but when one stops to consider, neither can the machinery of an automobile be adjusted while it is in motion, and accidents must be prevented by perfecting the working parts before a start is made, not by repairing en route. When we made our first flight, we carefully tightened every bolt and screw before starting, and felt that we were not trusting to guess work, but to exact science and measurement. The aeronaut must *know* his machine well before it goes into the air. The extreme simplicity of the Arrow has made it at once a marvel and a success. We have simply amplified and brouhgt into harmony the three propositions of lever, screw and wedge.

It was nearly a hundred years after the law of gravity was discovered—something that was as plain as that two and two make four—before a balloon was built, and we considered the science of aeronautics entirely new. Yet when I made an ascension in Siam before the crown prince in Bangkok, I was much interested in learning there that a man had in the seventh century, on a similar occasion (that is the celebration of the hair-cutting of the crown prince, whose hair is never cut until he comes of age) made a descent in a parachute, so I concluded that our "inventions" are not so new after all. Something of this kind was known in London also, for it was just fifty years after Cocknell was killed in his parachute descent there that I made my first ribless parachute jump.

In reference to the achievements of the Arrow, I know that it has demonstrated beyond all doubt the practicability of aerial navigation, and up to the present time the very simplicity of the proposition has been its most bewildering aspect. We know that the dirigible balloon can be made to go forward and backward with the wind, or against it, and that it can be raised or lowered at will. It is no idle dream to prophesy that in future years people will have their airships, just as they have had their bicycles and automobiles, for a period of practical development is at hand when the construction of airships will be so simplified that the cost will be greatly lessened. I have a son twelve years of age, and I believe he will live to see the day of airships under perfect control, floating over the cities. What a revolution all this would make in industrial projects, and what a revolution it would make in our roads—no one can obtain title deeds in the blue sky or right of way to the milky way, it will be free alike to the poor man, as well as to the wealthy autocrat, a universal byway of communication beween the countries of the whole world. When we consider the performance of electricity in the past, there is no reason to doubt that it will revolutionize the methods of communication in the future. The airship has been the dream of the inventor for centuries past, and may be for centuries to come, but my belief is that the cool-headed, energetic, capable force and genius of the American mechanic rather than the inventors will overcome all obstacles in the way of aerial navigation. The next great international exposition will show what can be accomplished on American soil, or rather in American air.

It was indeed unfortunate that Santos Dumont could not have made his experiments on this side of the ocean—experiments that have won the well-earned admiration of the world as he circled about the Eiffel tower. It is to our own workmen, coming from the industrial and mechanical schools, that we must look for the solution of the problem of aerial navigation, rather than to the studies of the dreamer in his library. It is simply a question of finding out what to do and *doing* it, and I am led to believe that within the next quarter of a century great things will be achieved in the line of aerial navigation, and that we shall have not only airships for rich mens' pleasure, but that they will also be utilized as a means of transport for both passengers and goods, utilizing a right of way in the sky and the "high seas" of the infinite space.

THE OLD BARN AT THE FARM

By MRS. A. E. TREAT

IT seemed to cling to the warm, brown earth,
  The old barn there by the trees.
Like a natural growth of the soil it rose
  In its homely thrift and ease.
A treasure-house for the spoils of the field,
  And it ever held a charm
For those who played, in their childhood days
  In the old barn at the farm.

What a welcome it held for the children there,
  With its great doors open wide!
There were depths of mystery to explore,
  Rare places to seek and hide.
And far above in the dusky gloom,
  Shot through by the sunshine's gold
The swallows were darting to and fro
  To their nests mid the rafters old.

It was a joy to romp through the spacious ways
  With no one to check the uproar
And the joyous laughter that rippled forth
  As we slipped on the seedy floor.
So happily in and out we strayed
  Through the sunshine and the gloom,
With the rustling hay in the loft o'erhead
  And its subtle sweet perfume.

And it seems like a breath of the olden time
And the scent of old-time flowers
To measure the freedom of those fair days
With the bounds and limits of ours.
And I count those happy among my friends
Who can call up the vanished charm
And the sweet and wholesome memories
Of the old barn at the farm.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOME ONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

OLIVE OIL FOR PRICKLY HEAT

By Mrs. S. G. B., Macon, Mo.

To those who suffer the tortures of this painful affliction I desire to recommend the use of pure olive oil. While it may not permanently cure, it will immediately relieve the fiery pricking. It should be gently but *thoroughly* rubbed upon the parts affected, usually the feet and ankles and lower limbs of elderly persons. It will bring comfortable and refreshing sleep when all else fails.

By adding a few drops of white rose or any good toilet perfume, it is pleasant to use.

By all means avoid scratching the irritated surface, particularly with the nails, as this is liable to induce blood-poisoning.

UNMARKED HARDWOOD FLOORS

By Lizzie Dickie, Twin Springs, Idaho

To prevent hardwood floors from being marked, cut pieces of thick felt the exact size of the tips of the chairs, and fasten on with strong glue. The felt is far less expensive than rubber tips and will wear much better. Rocking chairs may have a long narrow strip glued on the rocker.

ECONOMIC KINDLING

Potato parings, dried carefully and kept in a dry place are excellent for starting a fire.

TO START SEEDS QUICKLY

By Rafael Lanani, Loleta, Cal.

When wishing to plant seeds and wishing them to be sure and grow, such as onions, parsnips, beets, carrots and salsify, take a piece of flannel or old blanket, wring the cloth out of boiling water, lay on a warm stove, sprinkle your seed on the cloth, and roll up and put in a warm place for twelve hours; then plant in the usual way. You will be surprised to see how quickly the seeds will sprout.

EXTERMINATING ANTS

By Mrs. L. Alexander, Fort Thomas, Ariz.

The following is answering Mr. W. B. Robinson's request, which appears in the National Magazine for March:

For the extermination of ants it is necessary to destroy the nest. The small red ant usually found in the house has its home in the wall or floor. If it is possible to locate it, a liberal application of carbon bisulphide will destroy the ants and larvae. It the nest cannot be found, the most efficient way to protect food stuffs is to stand the legs of tables, ice box or safe in shallow tins of water, replenishing the water frequently. Poisons or odors have not proved successful in the case of ants. The best means of prevention is to allow no food stuffs, especially sweets, to remain where ants can find them, for if they once begin it is very hard to get rid of them.—Written by Emma E. Pirie, Supervisor of Domestic Science, San Antonio public schools, and published in the San Antonio Daily Express, Sunday, March 15, 1908.

EPSOM SALT BATH

By Gertrude C. Whitacre, Alliance, O.

I wish every one knew the value of an Epsom salt bath for tired or aching muscles. Use a heaping tablespoonful of *Epsom* salts to a pint of as hot water as can be borne with comfort, and apply with cloth or sponge to affected parts, and the result is almost magical. Even the aches of "la grippe" have to succumb to its soothing effect. Try it.

TO MEND AN UMBRELLA

By Mrs. J. O. Booth, Sedan, Kansas

When a silk umbrella begins to wear through in the fold, get one inch ribbon the same shade, and with rubber mending tissue, run it down the entire length of each width. A good silk umbrella will last several years longer if carefully mended in this way, and the repairs will scarcely be noticed.

TO KEEP A BROOM IN GOOD CONDITION

By Mrs. C. J. Greer, Newberg, Oregon

If brooms are wetted in boiling suds once a week they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, will last much longer, and always sweep like new.

EGGS EASILY SHELLED

By Jessie Lewis, Mohawk, N. Y.

If shell and skin of a boiled egg cling when peeling, hold under water and they will slip off easily.

PRACTICAL JELLY-MAKING

By Dora Read Goodale, Redding, Conn.

Feminine efforts to "hang" the jelly-bag with the aid of chairs, broom-sticks and flat-irons are both pathetic and funny. This is how one woman solved the problem and thereby halved the labor of jelly-making:—

Take a wooden box at least two feet long and a foot deep; with a hammer split out half of one end and drive a strong nail in the middle of the split edge. Set it up cupboard-wise on the table and place a stone jar under the projecting nail. Use a three-cornered jelly-bag of thin flannel or doubled cheese-cloth, and keep it open by pinning the top over a hoop of suitable size—a wooden embroidery hoop is excellent for the purpose. This hoop should rest on the edge of the jar while you pour in your hot fruit; then raise it gently and let it hang from the nail until the juice has run through. Empty and rinse before removing the hoop, turning the bag inside out in the process.

FILLING A FOUNTAIN PEN

By Kate Wilson, Knoxville, Iowa

Next time you fill your fountain pen, after you have filled the barrel and have the tip partly screwed on, turn the pen point down over a piece of blotting paper and finish screwing on the tip in this position. This will force out any air bubbles and the pen will not blot.

CLEANSING WITH GASOLINE

To secure success in cleansing with gasoline, heat it quite hot by placing the vessel containing the gasoline in another of hot water. Place soiled garment in the hot fluid, cover for a short time and success is assured.

PUMPKIN PIE WITHOUT CRUST

By Mrs. H. J. Powell, San Dimas, Cal.

For lovers of pumpkin pie with whom pie crust does not agree:—

Prepare pumpkin as for ordinary pies. Butter your tins well and sprinkle them with as much corn meal as the butter will take. Pour in prepared pumpkin and bake. Use a little care in removing pieces of pie from the tin to the pie plates.

A KNITTING HINT

By Josephine Leach, Raymond, N. H.

When doing any piece of knitting the pattern of which requires some of the stitches to be removed to another needle for a time, the worker will find more convenience in slipping the stitches onto a safety pin instead of a knitting needle. When the pin is clasped they cannot slip off, and the pin is not in the way as much as is an extra needle.

ANOTHER ANT EXTERMINATOR

By Mrs. H. E. Maxwell, Cape Elizabeth, Me.

Thoroughly moisten poison fly-paper and sprinkle with sugar. Put in places most frequented by the ants, and, as the sugar attracts them, great numbers will gather on it and once tasted is sure death to them.

KEEPS SKIPPERS FROM SMOKED MEAT

By Mrs. Eugene Gear, Mitchellville, Iowa

To prevent the presence of skippers in smoked meat, dip the smoked pieces into boiling water for three or four minutes, and while yet moist sprinkle with black pepper, and not a skipper will ever bother the meat.

CLEANING GLOVES OF A DELICATE TINT

By Mary E. Sayre, Stuart, Iowa

Put the glove on the hand, take a piece of white flannel and moisten it very lightly with sweet milk. Rub on gently a little white Castile soap and go over the soiled glove until clean. Then rub with a dry flannel cloth.

PLANTING SMALL SEEDS

In planting very delicate flower seeds, fill egg shells with fine dirt, and when nearly full put in the seeds; cover lightly with a little more dirt, keep moist, and when the plants are large enough to transplant it can be done without disturbing the little delicate roots as the shell can be broken away instead of digging out the plants.

TO MAKE MEAT TENDER

By Mary Andrus, Cedar Springs, Mich.

To make tough meat tender, rub over it at night a small quantity of soda, wash off the next morning and cook; the same process will answer for other meats that are tough.

HOT BRAN BAG

Try using a bag of hot bran, instead of the hot water bag, for the invalid's bed.

POTATO SOUP

By Mrs. Chas. Croskey, Kellerton, Ia.

When I boil potatoes for dinner, I put on plenty of water and cook them thoroughly; then I drain off this water and save it until supper time, when I add a cup of sweet milk and heat to boiling point, adding a generous lump of butter and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed smooth with a little cold milk. Let boil a few minutes, stirring constantly. Serve at once with celery salt for seasoning.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CARBON PAPER

By Neota A. Johnson, East Eddington, Me.

Cover one side of a soft smooth board with a thin coat of paste made of common blueing powder and lard. Place in the sun to absorb the lard. When thoroughly dry, place on the board the cloth to which you want the pattern transferred and trace with any sharp pointed instrument that will not injure the cloth—a slate pencil or a wooden skewer will do.

POTATO WISDOM

By Mrs. Robert McMillan, Clarkesville, Ga.

Before baking potatoes, after washing them carefully, pour boiling water over them and let them stand for three or four minutes. Then wipe them dry. Take small piece of brown paper, dip it in melted fat, and rub all over each potato. They will bake in a fourth less time, and peel as though they had been boiled.

TO RELIEVE DIFFICULT BREATHING

By Virginia B. Ladd, Meredith, N. H.

To relieve the difficulty of breathing in case of membraneous croup, fill the room of the sufferer with the fumes of vinegar. This can be easily done by pouring vinegar upon hot coals carried through the room on a fire shovel or in a hod. The steam affects the membrance and gives immediate relief.

TO COOK WITHOUT FIRE

By Mrs. A. M. Riggs, Verdon, Minn.

The following is so simple that few will try it; but, nevertheless, it is *worth* trying. I took a fifty-pound lard can, (a tight box or old trunk would make a larger cooker) packed it with excelsior, (hay or straw would do). Then I soaked some dried peaches one hour, got them to boiling in a tight-lid pail, made a hole in the center of the excelsior, put in the pail of peaches, put a cushion over that and the can lid on and weighted it down. In three hours I took the peaches out, and they were delicious.

To cook beans, soak them over night, then season them and start them to boiling while you are cooking breakfast. Then pack them in your cooker, and do not uncover them until dinner is ready, when you will have a nice dish of hot beans. For those who like oatmeal cooked over night, this is an easy way.

The principle is simple—get the heat and hold it, by packing tightly. Be sure the article to be cooked has reached the boiling point. Don't neglect to put the cushion on, and have the lid tight. Exclude the air and the compressed heat will do the cooking.

QUICK WAY TO LAUNDER CURTAINS

By Mrs. J. G. Babcock, Denver, Colo.

Shake the curtains and spread them out carefully upon the lawn. Pin them down at each scollop with toothpicks. Put on your rubbers, and with the hose spray the curtains thoroughly. This method will not injure them. The sun will soon dry them, and you will be surprised at the result, when you hang them again. This way is especially adapted to heavy curtains.

CHOCOLATE DIP

In making chocolate creams, add a trifle of lard to the "chocolate dip". It will make them easier to manage.

BLACKING A STOVE-PIPE

By H. S. Koken, Nora, Neb.

Have you ever had trouble in blacking the pipe and drum part of your heating stoves. Here is the secret as told me by a hardware dealer:—Do not use blacking, but instead a little sewing machine oil rubbed on with a cloth and polished well. This will work with any sheet-iron or Russia iron parts of stove or pipe.

ASHES FOR PORTLAND CEMENT

By H. A. Lesure, Keene, N. H.

I find by experience that coal ashes are superior to sand for mixing Portland cement. Two three or even four parts ashes to one of cement will do good work. Sift ashes for fine work.

SAVE ROAST DRIPPINGS

By Mrs. C. McKay, St. Paul, Minn.

Save all drippings from roast turkey and goose and blend with your lard for fried cakes. Clarify with a potato sliced. This improves the flavor and your cakes will be a golden-brown.

SODA IN GRUEL

By Mary A. Robertson, Melrose, Mass.

Just before removing either gruel or hasty pudding from the fire, when done, stir in a pinch of soda. This makes it more easily digested.

A USEFUL PASTE

By W. I. Coeweg, M. D., Albany, N. Y.

A useful paste, almost a household necessity, is prepared as follows: Dissolve a small teaspoonful of alum in half a quart of warm water, and when it has cooled add enough flour to make it into a thin paste, stirring it till smooth, then add a pinch of powdered resin and pour on the paste half a cupful of boiling water. When well mixed, and thickened, put into receptacles with covers and store in a dry closet or cupboard. When required to use, soften small quantity with warm water.

A NEW APPLICATION FOR BURNS

Milk of magnesia poured onto burns will give immediate relief; then cover burn with plain gauze and keep it saturated with the magnesia. A rapid cure will follow, with little or no scar. Burns caused by electric wires and firearms, etc., must be cleansed first with warm water and green soap.

CRABAPPLES FOR MINCEMEAT

By Mrs. F. A. Hyatt, St. Johns, Mich.

Use crabapples for mincemeat. Core and chop without peeling. Much richer than common apple.

COLD COFFEE FOR STOVE BLACKING

Any maleable iron stove if washed in cold coffee will keep black and glossy.

NEW IDEA IN CAKE BAKING

Melt the butter and add to cake or biscuit just before putting into tin, and one need never grease the tin.

A NEW FRUIT COMBINATION

By Grace Dunbar, Jonesport, Maine

Prepare, as usual, your pears for canning, but just before filling jars with them, pare carefully all the white covering from several oranges, allowing one large or two small ones to each quart of pears. Separate into sections and drop into the boiling pears, allowing them to remain just long enough to scald through thoroughly. Then fill your jars with pears and oranges and seal.

TO DESTROY EARTH-WORMS

By Mrs. J. C. Handy, Buffalo, N. Y.

Fifteen drops of carbolic acid in one pint of water poured over earth in flower-pots will destroy earth-worms.

TO REVIVE WITHERED FLOWERS

Fill a bowl with water so hot that you can scarcely bear your hand in it; throw a little salt in the water and put the flowers in immediately. The effect is wonderful.

ICING FOR CAKE

By Louisa Wood, Sanborn, Iowa

A good icing that takes no boiling is made by putting a small piece of butter in a bowl with a tablespoonful of hot water. Stir into this powdered sugar until thick enough to spread easily. This will harden and make a splendid cover.

STOVE BLACKING

By Sue Blaker, Newton, Pa.

Mix stove blacking with cold coffee and the polish will be brighter and last longer than if mixed with water.

THE HAPPY HABIT

YOU recall how eagerly you awaited vacation-time in your school days? How anxious you were to leave the school-room and be free to wander by the creek or brook or into the woods, where you could feel the thrill that only the fresh, sweet breath of Nature in early summer can give. And then how differently you felt about getting up early in the morning—early rising is delightful in summer-time. You wake in the early dawn of the morning, and cannot open the windows too quickly to let in the sweet air of young summer; and did you notice that in school days your tardy marks were thickest just before vacation-time?—because you could not resist the longing to linger where blossom and bird dispersed fragrance and music.

All nature pervades the hopeful, healthful impulses of the early summer-time. I cannot help thinking as I walk from the office to my home that every blossom grows gayer and every leaf greener and richer from day to day.

No matter how troublesome the day's labors and cares may seem, if one can only keep himself in tune in the morning and go home in tune in the evening, the rest of the day is likely to take care of itself—because the evening nets results. After all, when you come down to a realization of things, it is a pretty good world. A few wild flowers placed on the desk in the morning will change the whole atmosphere of the office; they seem to radiate a spirit of optimism. There is a vast difference between the really natural homely, lovable flowers from the woods and fields and hot-house blossoms. The simple blossoms exude no languorous, enervating, exotic perfume, but give forth the sweet free breath of the wild; health-giving, bracing, enlivening. No matter how desperate a calamity or misfortune may seem to be; no matter how heavily our burdens bear upon us; the very nature of life ensures a change from day to day, and "joy cometh with the morning"; especially with the grandeur of a July morning.

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SOMEHOW hospitals look differently to me nowadays than formerly. There is even in the word a suggestion of a kindred one—*hospitality*. For years the mere mention of an institution of this kind has been associated in my mind with the horrors of the *morgue* and the charnel house, but now I do not wonder that so many endowments and generous words and expressions of appreciation are made concerning these institutions. They are one of the great indexes of progress and civilization. No, I have never been a hospital inmate, but since I became acquainted with the work which they are doing for humanity, they seem like havens for the world's sufferers. Twice have I been a watcher—a famliy visitor—at the hospital, with a dear one lying almost within the Valley of the Shadow, and the marvelous skill and mastery of the problem of physical life was brought very forcibly to my notice. The care of the trained nurses for their patients even excels in results the kindly indulgence of untrained mothers; for removing the causes of human ills and restoring vitality is the business—strict business of a hospital.

With a last fond, lingering look at favorite chairs, books, pictures and the many reminders of happy days she departed, and we were left with a burden of suspense and the thought, "When—or will she return?" Brave heart! she walked with a smile and cheery words to the hospital. Indeed, we all tried to be cheerful, but none was as brave as she. The trees were aglow with the sunset bloom that matched her cheek, and the rich glory of the fields reflected her cheerfulness. We parted with her at the hospital with heavy hearts but with smiles on our lips. She was to be operated on the next day. O, that night of suspense after the operation—those leaden hours of the night, when the critical moments were ticked away by the great hall-clock at the Emerson Hospital at Forest Hills. In the dark vigil just before the dawn the white-capped nurses flitted about noiselessly, making ready for another day's struggle for life with the patients in the dangerous wards.

The days of convalescence passed slowly, with their ups and downs, but how grateful we were to see the sparkle come back to the eyes and hear the faint voice. The lilacs we brought her from the old hedge pleased her more than all else, for they told of home. Her comrades in the hospital ward were soon offering their friendship, and there was something serene in the cheerfulness of those days under the old elms, by the side of Stony Brook at Forest Hills. The return to health and strength! What prayers of thankfulness for loved ones restored to their friends and families those great trees have heard! It is no wonder that philanthropic purpose should find its highest expression at the present day in making our hospitals homes—hospitable homes indeed for the unfortunate to whom we owe hours of cheeriness and helpfulness—and decking the grounds about them with beautiful flowering shrubs and plants as an expression of human kindness—sweet remembrance and offerings on the sacred altar of Happiness.

* * * * *

HAVE you never retired after a wearisome, worrisome day, and felt that things were about as black as they could be, but when you awoke the next morning, with the sunshine streaming across the white bedspread, and a new vista of life opening out before you, everything looked bright and hopeful, although your circumstances were just as they were the night before? Then, you thought it did not matter much whether you tried any more or not; but now you know that everybody is an important factor in this world.

It is amazing what this sense of importance can do for a young fellow. Watch a boy in business, and see how he develops as responsibilities are thrust upon him. He soon discovers that he can do more each day—as his powers are used, they grow. He is not a mere wage-worker, but a growing, developing man.

Take, by contrast, the young fellow who gets into an office and thinks there is nothing to do but understand and master the routine. He can do that, and possibly do his duty well along that line, but new suggestions, new thoughts, initiative in all its phases are a closed book to him, and he never becomes a really valuable force in the world. The kind of work he does could be done by any one of common intelligence. Every idea and suggestion received from an employé is valued by the firm; though it may not be valuable in itself, yet it is a proof that they have an incisive force at work that is preparing some one for a great responsibility that will come in due time. By and by the opportunity comes without a moment's warning; and, after long years, it may be, of apparently useless effort, the right man steps into the position thus opened. He is nominated for the real achievements of which he has so long dreamed.

Jo Mitchell Chapple

NOMINATING A VICE-PRESIDENT

ALL IN CONVENTION ARRAY

THE second act in a play usually reaches its climax, and on the second day when Taft was nominated, it was felt that the great central act in political party drama was over. It was not so, however, in the convention of 1908. There still remained a keenly-whetted interest in the candidates for the vice-presidency, all of whom had a national, and it might be said a world-wide, reputation.

A conference was hastily arranged for ten o'clock that night, and telephone and telegraph wires were kept busy. Although it was generally felt that the whole matter would be settled according to the preferences of President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft, still the convention buzzed like a great beehive, its hoarse murmur only broken now and then by the clarion voice of John R. Malloy, secretary of the convention, which rang out above that ocean of sound like a trumpet-call. Several clerks from the legislatures of the different states had seats on the platform; the stately clerk of the Iowa lower house, had a high tenor voice that was especially sweet and powerful; the mellow voice of the colored delegate who seconded the nomination of Senator Foraker, was early booked as a vocal favorite.

* * *

The New York delegation was very busy. A great portrait of Sherman was placed side by side with that of Taft, and the delegates started off again on a general discussion of men and probabilities. Who would be vice-president? At first Cummins was thought to be the favorite; then opinion veered to Dolliver. Again there was a diversion in favor of Murphy, and then Fairbanks seemed to be the center of favorable prognosis. Then dear old "Uncle Joe" seemed coming to the front,—the very ideal of a man whom everyone could love and respect—but his supporters at this stage of the convention could not hold their allies, for the strategy and tactics that finally won had been too carefully planned to be defeated by the personal popularity of any candidate.

In the evening Henry W. Taft and Charles P. Taft, the sturdy manager from Cincinnati, received the congratulations of men from all parts of the Republic in the Auditorium lobby. Everybody exchanged greetings and good wishes, and everyone talked over the new ticket and the coming campaign. They "tried it trippingly on the tongue," like a bride pronouncing her new name. The glee clubs sang and the bands played popular airs and patriotic songs, for the great second act was over. There were many great dinner parties and automobile trips; in fact the apparently endless stream of automobiles, four abreast, coming up Michigan Avenue in front of the Auditorium was a sight to be remembered for many a day. It shows where Papa's surplus wealth has gone. It was estimated that thirty autos every minute passed a green post on the route, and as they swept along, "squawk-squawking" and "honk-honking," their clamor seemed to drown the usual mimic thunder of the big drums of the brass bands. The business portion of the city made little pretense of decoration; Chicago is getting too big for that in these piping days.

The splendid park green on the lake front was ablaze with light, and constantly swarmed with people looking at the sights or watching for passing or past celebrities. One cynical philosopher remarked as he looked over the sea of faces: "Did you ever observe that the greatest thing that affects mankind from the barbaric stage to the highest civilization is percussion?" There are people who seem to think that simple percussion, hammering away with the reiterated slogan of a campaign cry will carry the crowds with them. The Knox Club, marching before the Auditorium with red, white and blue umbrellas, made a splendid parade, but there was little else to recall the old-time martial enthusiasm. The storm center of radicalism seemed to be located in Wisconsin, instead of Kansas as in former years.

* * *

Of course Chauncey Depew was there. He remains the same genial soul of former days, and when he mounted a chair in the lobby and gave one of his old time speeches, his smile was as infectious and effective as of old, for few national conventions have been more "Depewesque" in their smiling courtesy and healthy optimism. The photographers who permeated every nook and corner of the convention rooms, searching for celebrities who could smile and look pleasant, never caught Chauncey Depew disconsolate or in the sulks, and the philosophic and jolly way in which he participated in the proceedings helped greatly to make the terrible heat endurable. Yes, a new Chauncey Depew story started on its rounds at the convention, and although it has been previously credited to Bill Sunday, or someone else, it is good enough to go on the records as a "Depew story." It seems Mr. Sunday, an evangelist, wanted to mail some letters, and in passing down the street he met a small urchin vigorously spitting tobacco juice and smoking a cigarette at the same time. The great soul of the evangelist was touched. He said, "My lad, could you direct me to the post office?" and then went on to say, before the boy could answer: "How pitiful indeed it is to see one of your tender years throwing yourself away with such filthy and vile habits. Come down, my young man, to where I am holding meetings, and I will show you the way to be a man, and direct you to the road to Heaven."

The young man squinted his eyes reflectively, moved the quid from one side to the other, and looking over the stately form of his mentor, said: "Hell! you don't even know the way to the post office!"

This story was told in Chauncey Depew's own inimitable way, but the old-time disposition to listen to witty anecdotes seems to have passed.

* * *

On the whole, the convention was as orderly as a policemen's picnic, although a few craft sailed unsteadily along and "listed a little to starboard," as it were; but it was quite as respectful and staid as a great national and political gathering could be expected to be. Of course there were a large number of disappointed platform makers. Many of them had come with a full kit of saws, hammers and chisels, ready to put up a platform of their own; but the design as to both pattern and material was well planned long before, and the specifications were from Washington, D C.

MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH (NÉE ALICE ROOSEVELT) WITH HER HUSBAND, SMILING ON THE RIGHT

* * *

In the ante-convention work perhaps no man took a more conspicuous part than Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts.

While it was known that he was in a way in sympathy with the allies, it was generally conceded that the Massachusetts political Warwick has become a great figure in the national field, and the more people become acquainted with Murray Crane, the more his lovable qualities are admired. When it comes down to cracking a political nut, he is right there.

SENATOR ROBERT LA FOLLETTE OF WISCONSIN

During the last lingering, tired-out sessions at headquarters, Doherty was always present; Doherty who was once the right-hand man of Senator Hoar, who, in his last days, it is said, called his son to his bedside to receive his last wishes, and told him he desired to be buried in Sleepy Hollow, at Concord, directing that Doherty be buried there also. "Rockie," said he Senator, "I want Doherty to be buried in Sleepy Hollow." "But," responded his son, "there is Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Rockwood, and—" naming the rest of the family; "there is no room for Doherty."

"Well," said the grim old statesman who had presided at a great national convention, "I want Doherty there with me. Rockie—I have it—have Doherty cremated; he won't take up room then."

* * *

A sweet little miss bedecked with badges from nearly every state in the Union was the most thorough partisan that I chanced to meet. An old bachelor from the East fell quite in love with her and requested her photograph. With a coy shake of her curls, she said: "I will see my papa." She found her father near by in the lobby and told him that her photograph was requested. "Well, little sweetheart, of course you promised it to him, did you not? It is quite an honor to have Senator ——— ask for your photograph." "Well, papa, I could not quite make up my mind, for don't you know he is a—well, he's a Democrat," said the little miss. At that her father advised her gently on the tactfulness of being "a diplomat" in such matters, and not offending others with one's partisan views. The little girl listened soberly to her father's advice, and then said indignantly, "Papa, you know I do not want to be a diplomat; I'm a Republican, and would not be a mean old diplomat for anything—I'm just a Republican."

* * *

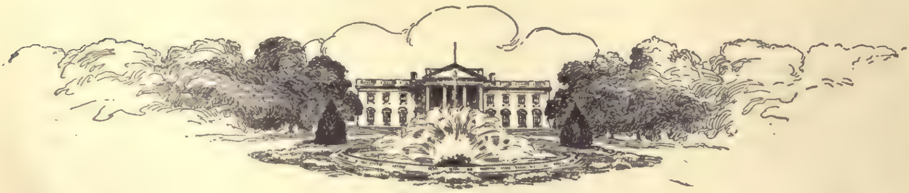
The bright particular star speech of the nomination orations during the struggle for the vice-presidency was "Uncle Joe" Cannon's eloquent effort when he took the platform to second the nomination of James Sherman. On the floor with the delegates, he always carried the inevitable cigar and looked cool and comfortable in spite of the intense heat and the stress of his own candidacy, which had passed beyond into history the previous day. When he took the platform he established a precedent never before witnessed in a national convention: a prominent candidate himself, he threw down his weapons and heartily seconded the nomination of a rival. It was done splendidly and generously; an act of chivalry which one might expect from one of the few old-fashioned pioneers of the Middle West.

It is believed the Democratic National Convention at Denver will furnish speeches and scenes of more spectacular interest, but the loyalty of the delegates and the splendid organization of the Chicago convention, after the fighting was over and the motion was carried to make the nomination unanimous, can never be excelled.

* * *

It was nearly high noon when the motion was made to adjourn, but the delegates still lingered to talk, and talk, and talk. It would seem as if every subject under the sun had already been exhausted. All eyes were attracted to the seat where Alice Roosevelt-Longworth lingered for a time to survey the great forum where a few hours before the nomination had been ratified, and as she turned to go, followed by many admiring glances, the band, from its eerie height, struck up "Alice, Where Art Thou Going?"

There was another symposium of handshakings and well-wishes, the gathering up of papers and reports, and a last look around the arena. It reminded one of the times when as boys we used to visit the ring where the circus was held on the day after the performance. This was the spot where the glare of lights, the glitter of tinsel and the daring feats of the circus people delighted us. It was all very vivid in our recollection; and thus it is with conventions. Conventions will come and conventions will go amid the great foaming convulsions of the restless sea of public life, and men, too, will come and go, with here and there a derelict buried in the breaking surge; but these great quadrennial political party assemblies, like all other great events, take their place in the great moving, living, breathing pictures of life as it is passing in our great republic.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WHEN I opened a modest account with a bank on State Street, years ago, something of the spirit of romance prompted me to become a depositor in one of the oldest banks of the commonwealth. An institution with a continuous existence for over a century, and having passed the tempestuous days of '37, '57, '75 and '93, certainly possesses a record and traditions that could not be overshadowed by a mere accumulation of capital stock, even though it mounted into the millions. And then, too, Mr. John W. Weeks, at present a congressman from Massachusetts, had become identified with the bank, and his progressive ideas always count.

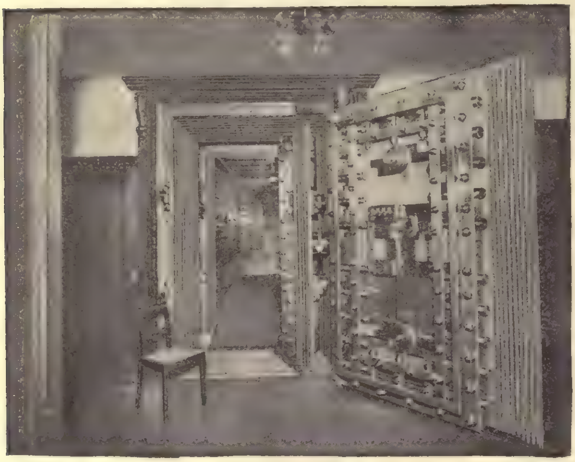
Though a small and unimportant depositor, I felt from the first as though I belonged to that institution, and when Mr. Daniel G. Wing was made president and Mr. Frederic Curtiss cashier, although the bank was an old tried and true institution, it at once became a young man's bank—a live, wide-awake, growing institution that would influence depositors to grow with the same strides which they were taking. The deposits at that date amounted to nine hundred thousand dollars. Within five years, owing to the consolidations and phenomenal growth secured under the administration of these gentlemen, the name having been transferred from the Massachusetts to the First National Bank, and later absorbing the National Bank of Redemption, the deposits have reached the figure of forty-eight millions.

Although not a director or stockholder, like many other depositors, I truly feel proud to note how "our bank" is grow-

Bronze Entrance Doors
Federal Street

ing, and how the customers have increased from 200 to 4,000 depositors. Every one of these depositors has a personal interest in the affairs of "our bank"; unless we speak of it in even a more personal way as "my bank."

As the customer enters there is always a pleasant nod from the teller, whether the depositor comes to pay or to receive, and who would care to miss being ushered in by the genial colored messenger who shows each newcomer his place with all the dignity with which one expects to be directed to a pew in church. The lines often stretch across the room, but everything is despatched with celerity. On Saturdays the paying tellers have the "hurry" signal on, for that is when we all go to draw the needful from that ever-increasing payroll that seems to be characteristic of the First National customers.



THE VAULT

Many depositors insist that they never enter the bank without receiving a pleasant greeting—a part of the regular routine, that has a genuine ring of good wishes about it that is more than a formal passing nod. Every week the employes gather together to discuss matters in relation to pleasing their customers and facilitating the work of the institution.

A room for ladies is provided in which they can quietly transact business in their own way, but "we men," magnate and millionaire, professional and working man walk side by side to the same windows, for the spirit of the institution is essentially democratic and emphatically business-like. One phase of modern banking methods which has been especially adopted in this institution is the addition of a large corps of officials who give personal attention to new depositors.

In one room was a young man who was starting in business, receiving advice and counsel. In fact, with all the hue and cry raised by demagogues in regard to banking and bankers, when you come to the last analysis, much of the business development of the country is due to the counsel and facilities provided by just such institutions as the First National Bank of Boston. True, in some ways, financial methods may be somewhat elastic compared with those of older and more conservative countries in Europe, but even that fact bears testimony to a degree of integrity which is a growing distinction of American business men. How many merchants or manufacturers, or even those who have their little savings to invest or deposit and care for, have found at the bank that sound advice which begets confidence and builds up business?

Much of the rapid extension of business today is due to the keen foresight and to the wide range of knowledge secured by men too busy themselves to acquire the special information which is eventually obtained from bankers. How much confidence is felt by the public in banks which have an active line of commercial accounts that take first account of the facts and creative industrial development that make stocks and bonds of value.

How keen a watch is kept by the bank on the interests of its customers! How carefully every account is analyzed! The writing of the teletograph and the records of the bookkeeper must exactly tally when read by the tellers below—there is no mistaking the message of this almost miraculous machine, because it transcribes the handwriting itself.

It is customary in some banks to have their cashiers and other officials behind barricades or closed doors, but in the First National there is a sense of an almost social and congenial atmosphere. It has always seemed to me that "our" bank is a veritable clearing house for the representation of every class of trade.

THE BANKING ROOM

Even the Chinamen bring in their savings and count them over carefully on the bead slate provided for that purpose in the bank, and transact business at the foreign exchange department with the same facility as if at their home bank in the Orient.

What a variety of life the transactions of a great commercial bank for a single day represent! Here are letters of credit going to all parts of the world—drafts to Europe, Australia and New Zealand, with bushels of correspondence and bundles of checks coming out every day for the clearing house. The whole system is so perfect that it operates almost automatically. One operation checks another, and the click of the adding machines and the hum of the busy workers behind the bronze gratings speak of the accuracy of the banking system where money is handled like so much merchandise. The money comes, the money goes by millions, and yet each night the accounts must balance to a cent.

THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM

When they first removed from State Street, the historic and financial center of Boston, to Devonshire Street, it was thought the bank had gone outside the financial zone of the city, but, instead, they more nearly approached the great business center where the active and real trade transactions daily take place.

The commodious new bank-building has confirmed the good judgment of their choice of this locality as a banking center convenient to the extensive commercial interests now identified with this bank. Among thousands of depositors, it seems as if they had nearly all prospered, as the business of the bank has grown.

The large number of new and small accounts opened every day shows that the young man coming new to a city to take a position, no matter how humble, is making for himself a bank home, which is as necessary as a good lodging house for him; for young men are estimated more or less by the bank with which they do business, as well as by the company which they keep.

ENTRANCE CORRIDOR

When the $10,000 silver dollars were awarded to those who sent in "Heart Throbs" to the National Magazine, no more enthusiastic assistance was rendered than at the bank. They even insisted on having bright new dollars to send out to meet the measurements of the height of those who secured the rewards.

The First National Bank of Boston has a large number of correspondents with banks throughout the country, and also a large number of accounts from those who do business in Boston but live elsewhere. This interchange of business with out-of-town banks is a matter to which the First National has always given careful attention. Mr. Daniel G. Wing, the president, is a young man of wide experience in affairs commercial in all parts of the country, and a keen student of business conditions; alert in carrying out the conservative and yet progressive policy of the bank, and it is no wonder that his success has been so gratifying.

The institution, which began its business under the shadow of the historic old State House in Boston, has grown to become one of the great banks of the country under the guidance of progressive men who look upon the banking business as part and portion of every individual firm or corporation that is seeking to better itself and progress along the lines of the maxims of Poor Richard, whose birthplace is located within a stone's throw—"A penny saved is a penny earned—but keep the pennies earning."

When a stranger now visits Boston his sight-seeing need not be confined to colonial relics, historical localities, or street railway tunnels and subways. There are many business structures worthy of his notice, and the newest and most distinctively Bostonese of all is the new structure of the First National Bank, dedicated March last, and now daily visited by many gentlemen and ladies who come only to inspect and praise.

A bronze eagle surmounting a hundred-foot flag-staff of Oregon pine at the corner of Franklin and Congress Streets, despite the characteristic curve of the older streets, can be seen for many squares north and south in ye old tyme Boston towne.

ROW OF COUPON ROOMS

To facilitate the transaction of business and give time for necessary meals a restaurant is provided in the bank, where the one hundred and eighty employes lunch together every day, and this adds greatly to the cohesive homelike spirit of the institution.

The exterior of the new bank building is of white Chelmsford granite, and the architect, R. Clipston Sturgis, Esq., has built of this beautiful and finely dressed material a great central rotunda flanked at each side by handsome four-story wings for offices. The Franklin Street front is pierced by windows framed in bronze with Vert Tinos marble panels alternating with five Tennessee marble bas-reliefs below them representing the chief commercial interests of Boston and, therefore, of the First National itself, whose clientage is so largely drawn from the commercial class. The center panel represents "Transportation," embodying in its design the city seal and also the motto of that more ancient Boston in England, after which the city was named, "*Per mare et per terras*," which, translated, is the old English legend, "Through sea and by land," a motto honored and served by bold merchants and stout mariners in every seaway and land haven for many centuries. The panel on one side represents Wool and Cotton; that on the other Paper and Lumber; a part of the ornamental work being taken from the coat of arms of Boston once famous in its prestige for its wool export trade as its American namesake and successor. The other panels represent Leather and Machinery, respectively. The granite pilasters dividing the windows are crowned with handsome carvings of American, English, French and German coins.

CUSTOMERS' ROOM FOR WOMEN

DIRECTORS' ROOM

The doors are cased in splendid bronze jambs and lintels opening on Federal and Congress Streets. The main entrance on Federal Street gives access to the lobby of the bank and also to the safe deposit vaults.

The great rotunda of the banking room is eighty feet by seventy feet and forty-two feet high, of Bedford stone, honed to a smooth surface, restful and artistic in color, and its great double windows cased in bronze are bordered by marble harmonizing perfectly with the Bedford stone. The floor is of honed white Tennessee and black marble, while the entrances are floored with honed Bedford striped with Cippolin marble. Four great bronze and marble lamps flank the main stairs, reminding one of beacons at the entrance of wide-mouthed havens or the approaches to some fortress palace of the East; but the glory of the interior is a central chandelier in the form of a globe, representing the earth, surrounded by three coronas, the lower one representing the ocean and its inhabitants, the second the land with its fruits and flowers, and the third the air with its birds and clouds. This chandelier bears three hundred and fifty incandescent lamps and is the most impressive and charming feature of the interior of the building.

The stairway leading to the vaults from the very center of the great banking room has been so artistically and proportionally placed that it lends artistic value to the general *coup d'œil*. All the grills, gates and other fixtures are of bronze, with electric lights illuminating the signs. Everything is simple and plain, and yet substantial and luxurious in its style and quality.

The officers of the bank have their desks at an open counter at the Congress Street end, and immediately behind them is the president's room, room for officers, and the credit department. The directors' room is finished in carved oak, and is of fine dignified proportion. In the president's room and in the directors' room the chief decorations are the gilded electric fixtures and the carved wood, finished in old silver. All the furniture in the bank is designed on good substantial old English antique style, and corresponds with the general quiet finish of the rooms.

The vaults of this bank are built of solid three-inch steel partitions, and have three main entrances, two leading to the safe deposit vaults and the third to the bank vault. There are sixteen hundred and thirty-two square feet guarded by the safe deposit vault, and nine hundred and thirty square feet by the bank vault, lined with burglar-proof steel three and one-quarter inches thick. These two vaults, with the three main and one emergency entrance, weigh five hundred and twenty-one tons. Each main entrance composed of a vestibule, a single outer door and a single inner door, weighs forty tons. The outer door alone weighs twenty tons, and is twelve and one-half inches thick, the inner door weighing eight tons and being six and one-half inches thick. The vestibule weighs twelve tons and the walls are seven inches thick. A projectile from one of the heaviest thirteen-inch guns, if the city were bombarded, could not penetrate the doors.

The bank vault is fitted with several special safes for securities and cash. The safe deposit vault has a capacity for four thousand customers' boxes, and the interior walls are highly finished in gun metal color. The floor has mosaic octagon pattern, and spaces between boxes and aisles are all well-lighted and ventilated.

In addition to the three vaults already described, on the floor below are two very large storage vaults for silver trunks and other large packages, fitted with burglar-proof doors, and on the Federal Street side a tier of four fire-proof vaults is provided for the storage of the books and papers of the bank. The doors to these book vaults are fire-proof, smoke-proof and water-proof.

Throughout the structure the building committee of the bank has used money freely, but without extravagance, for the very best materials, simple and dignified elegance and taste, and above all complete safety and durability.

Boston has not led in the twentieth century craze of "building to the clouds"—but she ranks foremost in the time-enduring qualities of construction and in the artistic fitness and sense of proportion of which the First National Bank Building is a classic example.

It is a fitting and appropriate home for an institution that is so pre-eminently associated with the commercial growth of Boston and New England of today, and promises to continue for the centuries to come one of the foremost financial institutions of the nation, adding further honor and distinction to a banking career of over one hundred years.

PROBLEMS in MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. JENKINS

OMAHA, DENVER AND COUNCIL BLUFFS

THE WATER WORKS CONTROVERSY IN COUNCIL BLUFFS

THE growth of municipal ownership of water works in the United States has given the advocates of this doctrine a strong argument in favor of cities owning their public utilities, and especially their water works plants. Of the sixteen plants in operation in 1800, fifteen were then private; but all have now become public with the exception of the comparatively small city of Morristown, New Jersey, a small community of about 12,000 inhabitants. Of the thirty-eight cities having a population of over 100,000, only nine—San Francisco, New Orleans, Omaha, Indianapolis, St. Joseph, Scranton, Paterson, New Haven and Denver—have private ownership.

It does not follow because the general tendency on the part of cities is to own their own water works, that the cities in which private ownership prevails are suffering any disadvantage as a consequence. On the other hand, many of the private plants have accomplished results that could not possibly have been looked for under municipal management. And then again it is not difficult to discover a great many cities of the smaller class where the municipal ownership of the water works has brought about conditions that are a positive disgrace.

The city of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is now face to face with the water works problem. I spent several days in that city, and, after a careful study of the conditions, I would not say that the interests of Council Bluffs necessitate the acquisition of the water works system at the present time. No lower rates could possibly be obtained, and the only advantage that might be realized would be better fire protection in some of the outlying districts. But these improvements will be promptly made by the present owners if the city will secure the corporation in any manner by granting a reasonable franchise extension. In cities like Council Bluffs it is too often the case that politics play an important part in the management of municipal water works. In time this can be corrected, but in most cases not until a heavy debt is placed upon the city—the funds for which might better have been used in repairing streets and other necessary improvements. There is no great cause for complaint against the private system in Council Bluffs; it compares very favorably with the average municipal works in cities of this class, in fact it is superior to many of them; and, therefore, no imperative demand exists for municipal ownership. Certainly the experiences ot Dubuque, Iowa, and Sioux Falls, South Dakota—cities in the same class and territory—do not offer any very shining examples of successful operations of water works.

In 1879 and 1880 the city of Council Bluffs earnestly solicited private capital to build a water plant, but was unsuccessful. In 1881 negotiations were opened with the American Construction Company of New York, and as a result a franchise was granted for a system according to specifications agreed upon with the city, which were considered by the company to be ample to provide for any growth during the life of the franchise. Some of the leading business men, however, did not concur in this belief, and the company, yielding to their opinion, agreed to double the pumping capacity and largely increase the size of the reservoirs and mains, and a supplemental franchise was given, and the works were completed in December, 1883. The plant was fully inspected and accepted by the city. Time has demonstrated that the company's original estimate of the requirements was nearly correct.

Much to the disappointment of the owners of the property, the people were very slow to avail themselves of the water privileges, and the income derived from those who had become patrons was not sufficient to meet the running expenses, to say nothing about interest, charges, depreciation and sinking fund

Notwithstanding the lack of adequate receipts, it became necessary in 1887 for the company to go to considerable expense in relocating a number of fire hydrants which it was claimed were improperly located; and in 1888 conditions arose that involved an expenditure of $125,000 to change the source of water supply. All this went to the improvement of the plant, but in no way increased the income. Then came a dissatisfied and disgruntled element who claimed the water was impure, and samples were sent to a chemist for examination. His report silenced the agitators and was to the effect that the people were being furnished good water.

No further question of the efficiency of the plant or the quality of the water arose until July, 1893, when certain physicians questioned the purity of the water and many samples were sent to the state chemist, who pronounced them pure. This was the last time that efforts were made to discredit the purity of the water.

In the fall of 1904 the mayor called attention to the fact that the company's franchise would expire in 1906, and recommended that the council take some action. A committee was instructed to submit a number of questions to various cities, in order to determine facts regarding capacity of plants and rates, but the report of the committee has never been made public.

Some time later the mayor expressed himself in favor of municipal ownership, and the council endorsed a recommendation that the city acquire the water works property. In August, 1905, the water company offered to sell its plant to the city at a price to be fixed by a board of appraisers. The proposition was accepted by the city. In December, 1905, the water company petitioned the council for a renewal of its franchise, with an express agreement that such renewal should not in any way interfere with the negotiations then pending for the purchase of the plant. To this petition the council paid no attention.

About this time the city discovered it was without means to purchase the property. Its bonded debt was practically up to the limit, and it became necessary to get an act passed by the legislature authorizing an increase in the debt limit for this purpose, and provision was accordingly made. In the meantime the council had adopted a water rate ordinance, pending the completion of the deal. This ordinance, however, was practically a confiscation of the property should the proposed purchase fall through, and the water company promptly obtained an injunction restraining the city from enforcing the rate ordinance. Shortly after this proceeding on the part of the council, the city election took place, and most of the aldermen were retired from the council. The new council employed an hydraulic engineer to make an appraisement of the plant, but the wave of municipal ownership seems to have become calm, and many citizens expressed themselves in favor of abandoning the idea of purchasing the property for the present. Two hundred business men signed a petition to the council to this effect, and asking that a new contract be made with the company whereby better fire protection in certain districts might be obtained. A franchise ordinance was passed by the council and submitted to the people. The proposition was defeated principally because it contained a minimum meter rate and because of the prejudice that was aroused by a certain class who pay but little taxes.

Municipal ownership may be a panacea for corporation diseases where its application is favorable, but neither of these conditions exist to any marked extent in Council Bluffs. The municipality is in no financial condition to obligate itself for the purchase of the present plant or to build a new one without seriously impairing its credit. There are other and more important municipal requirements in Council Bluffs at the present time than the municipal acquisition of water works. Furthermore, under the laws of Iowa, the city council has authority to fix the water rates for both domestic and public use. The private company is willing to bring its system up to a standard of excellence that will admit no honest criticism if a reasonable franchise agreement can be made with the city. If this can be effected, the company will give as low rates as are being given under similar conditions by any municipal or private plant in the country. In conclusion I do not hesitate to express the belief that any student of public utility matters who approaches the Council Bluffs water question with an open mind, disregarding all preconceived conclusions regarding municipal ownership, cannot fail to be convinced that there is only one

DENVER STREETS ARE WELL LIGHTED

practical solution, viz. a new contract should be made with the present company.

It is no undeserved compliment to Emerson McMillan & Co. and to Henry L. Doherty & Co. of New York to state that wherever I have found their gas and electric companies, I have found a degree of harmony between the public and the management that is most noticeable. That this condition is not the result of accident is apparent to anyone familiar with corporation affairs; it is a condition brought about by low rates, efficiency in management and a most pronounced respect for the rights of the people.

The schooling which managers of the McMillan and the Doherty public utility companies pass through teaches loyal local sentiments; in fact, the young men connected with these companies actually believe that the public is hospitable and charitable and asks only fair treatment. They have been taught that local politics is a game the public utility man should avoid. The confidence of the people is an asset of far more value than the ability to control a ward caucus or a political convention. The public in general seldom goes back on its friends while the politician is swayed by every shifting wind that blows.

The Denver Gas & Electric Company stands in the front rank among corporations in the matter of progressiveness, cordial relationship with the public and efficiency in management. The corporation is a booster for Denver and the people give it full credit for its efforts.

The Denver Gas & Electric Company is the result of a combination of the Denver Consolidated Electric Company and the Denver Consolidated Gas Company in 1899. The gas company was alone in the field previous to the new organization, but there were several smaller electric companies, all of which went into the consolidation. In 1900 a competitor of the new company entered the field and secured a franchise from the city council. The company, known as the Lacombe Electric Company, was given a cordial welcome by those who hoped for the municipal ownership of all lighting, as the franchise specified that it was optional with the city to take over the plant at the end of ten years by purchase. The new company only took the electric end of the business and began the work of getting contracts with much aggressiveness. The majority of the business men stood by the old company and after a time the Lacombe Company weakened and the controlling interest at a later time was sold to the present owners.

In 1906 the Denver Gas & Electric Company, in accordance with the terms of the new charter, applied directly to the people for a twenty-year franchise. Only qualified taxpayers are allowed to vote on any franchise, and this and a franchise to the street railway company were granted at that time. Under the new franchise the rates have been reduced as follows:

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AUDITORIUM
THE CITY OF LIGHTS
WELCOME
ENTERPRISE — SUNSHINE — CLEAN STREETS — HEALTH — ENERGY — HONEST GOVERNMENT

MISS DENVER'S EASTER HAT WILL DO THE YEAR ROUND.

—*The Denver Post*

Electricity: minimum rate, $1 gross, 90 cents net for twenty or less lamps connected. Current at 10 cents per kilowatt hour gross, 9 cents net. On Readiness to Serve basis, $12 per year per consumer, plus $1.80 per year per 16 c.p. lamp demanded, plus 5 cents per kilowatt for current with ten per cent. discount for prompt payment.

Gas: Illuminating gas reduced to $1 net from $1.35. Under the Readiness to Serve method, $9 a year per consumer plus $30 per year per 1000 feet of maximum demand plus 70 cents per 1000 cubic feet for gas with a discount of ten per cent.

Arc lamps for park use $4 per lamp per month.

The constant reductions during the life of the franchise are as follows: For 1906 and 1907 the average receipts were 95 cents per thousand for gas; 7½ cents per kilowatt for electricity.

1908 and 1909, 90 cents for gas and 7 1-10 cents for electricity.

1910 and 1911, 85 cents for gas; 6 7-10 per kilowatt for electricity.

1912 and 1913, 80 cents for gas and 6 3-10 per kilowatt for electricity. 1914 and thereafter, 75 cents for gas and 6 cents for electricity.

The company was also authorized to acquire the Lacombe Electric Company to supply street arc lamps at $60 per year. During the life of the franchise the company will pay into the city treasury $1,000,000 at the rate of $50,000 per year. This was a provision of the contract that won wide favor with the people, as it will enable Denver to do much toward establishing its reputation as one of the most beautiful cities in the country. The city is now building a public bath house with the proceeds of two years' payment.

Upon assuming the management of the company in 1910, Henry L. Doherty, who is now president of the company, organized a new business department whose graduates have since gone all over the country and carried with them the successful ideas which bore excellent fruit in the upbuilding of the Denver Company. This new business department reflected the ideas of Mr. Doherty in the matter of getting new business and also in winning the good-will of the people. At this time there was little being done by electric or gas companies in pushing their commodities through the public prints. The opinion was firm that the people had to come to the monopoly, and that it was not necessary to go to the expense of going to the people. Mr. Doherty came to the conclusion that this was a most erroneous view, and proved to his own satisfaction that, if the people were educated to be modern in their cooking methods and in their lighting by means of liberal advertising and by word of mouth through the solicitors, that the demand for the commodity offered for sale would increase in proportion to the intelligent energy directed to this end. He reasoned wisely, as is shown by the fact that the number of gas ranges in use in Denver has increased from 2,000 in 1899 to 22,000—the number now in use. The stupendous growth of the electric service is another illustration of what intelligent advertising and soliciting can do. This increase has been over 200 per cent.

What advanced the outdoor lighting more quickly than any other influence was the result of a flash of genius. Several years ago a booster organization was started in Denver to push the city in every conceivable way. It was a movement that went ahead with much celerity and in a short time its membership reached 1,000. This club met every Saturday night at some one of the principal hotels, and, after a dinner that was served on each occasion, enthusiastic boosting speeches were made. The newspapers entered heartily into the spirit of the times, and whooped up for the city. At the psychological moment, Mr. Doherty wrote a letter to Mayor Speer, who, by the way, is one of the ablest municipal executives in the country, suggesting that it would be an excellent idea to advertise Denver as a "City of Lights." The letter was published and was given the hearty endorsement of every business man in the city. It later grew into the slogan, "Boost for the City of Lights," which had its effect in public and commercial lighting which Denver men boast is far ahead of that of any other city of its size. This is only one illustration of a number of things that have been done to win the good-will of the public. In fact courtesy and forwarding the interests of the city are the dominant notes in the management of the Denver company. The results prove that it is a winning policy.

DENVER STREET RAILWAY AFFAIRS

The delegates to the Democratic National Convention will be much interested in the Denver public utilities, and as they will be patrons to some extent of the Denver City Tramway, no doubt the system will be given considerable attention. That the Denver City Tramway will be of particular interest to many delegates from the Eastern states is certain, because of the fact that its excellence cannot fail to attract attention.

The Denver City Tramway Company has, like all American corporations of its class, been compelled to meet the conditions caused by creating prejudice against all corporations. This is a feature of our American politics that must be recognized, and the corporation man who can handle such exigencies when they arise, without detriment to his company, has solved one of the most important public utility problems.

That the affairs of the Denver City Tramway Company are in master hands is evidenced by the excellence of the system and the general friendly feeling on the part of the people of Denver toward the corporation.

Its franchise difficulties are now happily settled, and to the advantage of the city and also to the corporation. There will be no occasion for friction or misunderstanding until the expiration of the present grant, which will be in 1935.

The Denver Electric and Cable Company was incorporated on February 5, 1885, and on the same day the city council of Denver granted the corporation a fifty-year franchise. All the rights under this ordinance passed to the Denver Consolidated Tramway Company, which on October 11, 1893, executed a mortgage conveying all its property rights and franchises to the Mercantile Trust Company of New York, in trust to secure payment of four million dollars evidenced by its five per cent. gold bonds, a large amount of which have been issued for value and are now outstanding.

By a subsequent assignment, all property of the Cable Company and all rights passed to the Denver City Tramway Company, the present owners of the property. This company assumed and agreed to pay all the bonded indebtedness of the previous corporation.

In the early part of 1899 the city council of Denver passed a repealing ordinance which would seriously affect the right of the street railway company. A temporary injunction was obtained by the company sustaining the repeal of the ordinance in so far as it might attempt to affect the rights of the street car company in any street in which it had, at that time, constructed its lines under the ordinance, but was denied as to all unoccupied streets. A subsequent repealing ordinance was passed which conformed to the court decision.

In the litigation which followed the city never contended that new lines had not been constructed and prior ones extended to meet necessities as population increased and extensions in new territory were needed; neither did it complain in any manner of the service

ELECTRIC TRACTION IN DENVER

rendered by the street car company. In other words, the city asserted no cause or reason as justification for the repealing ordinance other than mere power.

The repealing ordinance, of course, denied the rights of the street car company to construct new lines or extend old ones, and so it became necessary to acquire new franchises covering all proposed extensions. Ordinances were passed, limited in time to twenty years, for such extensions that were made, but the company at all times claimed the right to make extensions and construct new lines under the ordinance of 1885. It formally accepted the new ordinances, without a waiver of its rights under the old franchise, or most of them, but it did so under protest and because the city would not permit the extensions and new lines in any other way.

The ordinance of 1885 did not give expressly by terms an easement on all the streets, and no attempt was made by the company to build on any street when public necessities did not require a new line or extension. Neither did it fail to build or extend its lines when and wherever needed, and there was never a dispute between the common council and the company in this regard. At all times the corporation complied with the police regulations, and it also observed on every occasion an act of the Colorado legislature approved April 4, 1877, which requires the written consent of the owners of land representing more than one-half of the frontage on the street before such street could be occupied by a street railway.

In the belief that its franchise meant what it said, the company planned, almost in the inception of its efforts, a system radiating from a central point in the business section of the city from which its cars start, extending in different directions and to which they return. From the main line branches have from time to time been extended to meet the city's growth. The city's contention was, in effect, that after the system was partly built under large expenditure, extending but a few blocks in either direction, it could terminate the contract without cause. Judge Lewis of the United States District Court, in rendering a decision against the city last February, asked: "Is not this a violation of the whole purpose and intent of the agreement? Is not the exercise of the power to repeal the ordinance of 1885 nothing short of the destruction of the company's property? If such repeal is a valid exercise of power, the company could not thereafter make extensions in any direction. Its whole purpose and plan is thereby thwarted. The foundation of its system has been laid, but it cannot procced. It is left with a useless trunk covering but a few blocks in the central part of the city. Its usefulness both to the public and the company has been destroyed without cause and without its being heard."

Judge Lewis also gave opinions which are interesting to every street railway company in the country, and which should be well considered by members of city councils when outsiders are asking for franchises. He said: "When a company has entered upon the construction of a particular system of street railroads, and has expended its money in the prosecution of the work, it would be manifestly unjust to permit some other person or company, after the commencement of the work, to jump in and appropriate any portion of the streets involved in such system while the former was diligently prosecuting the work, and thus destroy the system, to he ruin of the company engaged in the construction. If this could be done, no person or company would undertake the construction of a system of street railroads."

Without relinquishing its rights under the 1885 franchise, the street railway company, in 1906, agreed to present a new twenty-year franchise covering the streets that may be needed, to a vote of the tax payers. The result of the election was in favor of the franchise, and by the new agreement the city of Denver obtained one of the very best public utility contracts in the United States. The railway company agrees, and is paying the city $5,000 per month in addition to its regular taxes, and also to pave between the rails of each track and two feet on the outside of each rail and keep same in good repair. A five-cent fare to adults and two and one-half cents to children between six and twelve years, with transfers to intersecting lines is charged.

While the company is now operating under the new franchise, it was specifically provided by the majority of the voters and by the city council that the new ordinance was not to operate as a waiver of any rights on the part of the company; and so the Denver City Tramway Company possesses several different franchises, all of which are in full force.

Its employes are well paid and contented, and each takes a personal interest in the success of the company. Conductors and motormen are paid twenty-seven cents an hour, and all employes are retired on a pension of twenty-five dollars per month when they reach the age of sixty-five years.

The corporation assists in the maintenance of the Tramway Mutual Aid Association, an organization purely for the benefit of the street railway employes who shall become incapacitated by reason of accident or sickness. It also assists and contributes in every effort for the moral and physical improvement of the employes.

A distinct feature of the system are the side entrance cars; and many experts in street railway affairs regard them as superior to the ordinary front and rear entrance cars. It is certain that rapidity of ingress and egress is a marked feature of this system, and the liability for accident is much less than with the ordinary cars. The percent of accidents experienced by the Denver City Tramway Company is among the lowest in the country.

The corporation has in daily operation 250 cars, and the system comprises 210 miles of track. Its rolling stock, power houses, machine shops and car barns are all of modern construction, and everything is kept in first-class order. Every car is cleaned and disinfected daily.

The management believes that efficiency in its employes and liberal treatment to the public will insure the confidence of the people of Denver, which is one of the best assets a corporation can obtain. It regards the rights of the people as equal to those of its own, and it seeks only to build up a street railway system upon honorable methods. It proposes to give Denver one of the best street railway systems in the country, and those who are familiar with American public utility companies will not hesitate to say that the Denver City Tramway Company is succeeding admirably in the undertaking.

The officers are: William G. Evans, president; S. M. Perry, first vice-president; J. A. Beeler, second vice-president and general manager; Thomas Keely, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Beeler has been with the company for twenty years, starting in as assistant engineer; later was constructing engineer, since which time he has been general manager.

ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE SILVERTON-OURAY TOLL LINE, SAN JUAN COUNTY, COLORADO

IRON FIXTURES CARRYING TOLL LINES IN THE ROCKIES. IT IS A SHEER 800 FOOT DROP BELOW THE LINEMAN

TELEPHONE MATTERS

The representative business men in every city in the United States, where it has been tried, condemn the dual telephone system and they deplore the day their city council improvidently granted privileges to promoters which in the end have fastened upon the people a condition not only expensive but positively annoying.

Nearly all the Bell systems in the United States are subsidiary companies of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. In most cases the parent corporation owns the controlling stock in these subsidiary companies, and finds a ready market for the necessary bond issues. The bonds of these subsidiary companies are secured by advantageous franchises, well-developed systems and have the advantage of efficiency in management, in fact every element that insures success. On the other hand, many independent telephone companies are compelled to float bond issues that are practically devoid of every element of security.

The independents have been unable to gain a foothold in Colorado, although at one time the field was considered favorable. In 1895 a representative of an automatic manufacturing concern went to Colorado and sold the state rights to some Colorado Springs business men for $25,000, and Trinidad was selected as the first place to give the undertaking a trial. Considerable capital was raised in Trinidad, and early in 1896 the exchange was in operation. The rates were less than those of the Bell, and for four years it was an even fight between the companies.

In 1900 the independent plant began to show signs of deterioration, and it became apparent that additional capital was needed. No provision had been made for depreciation, and a considerable sum of money was an immediate necessity. To complicate matters still further, a severe storm struck the town and did considerable damage to both companies. Then the downward career of the independent company began.

In 1903 the Automatic Company of Chicago endeavored to inject new life into the plant. A proposition was made to the Trinidad business men which called for additional capital and increased support; but the people decided they had already experienced all the inconveniences of the double system they could stand, and, as the Bell Company had put its plant in first-class condition and the rates were on a fair basis, the independent efforts to rejuvenate their company met with no encouragement. The stockholders became discouraged and the plant was allowed to deteriorate very rapidly.

In 1904 the city council of Trinidad wished to improve the streets. The Bell Company had already placed its wires under ground, and an order was issued instructing the independent company to remove its poles from the streets. Immediately after this the independent company's batteries failed them, and they quit business. Their poles were then removed from the streets and the entire equipment was junked.

In 1902 the independents gained a foothold at Fort Morgan. Considerable local capital was secured, and exchanges were opened at Fort Morgan and Brush, an adjoining town. The rates were about half those of the Bell, and in about a year they had apparently driven the Bell from the field. But, as was the case in Trinidad, no provision had been made for depreciation, and in 1904 the plant began to deteriorate. A few of the larger stockholders undertook to finance the company, and loaned the concern considerable money. This money, however, was injudiciously expended, and in order to protect themselves, the plant was sold at sheriff's sale. The original equipment cost about $23,000. It was sold for $9,000, and later transferred to the Colorado Telephone Company at a considerable less figure. After paying the debts, the stockholders realized less than six cents on the dollar.

Greeley had a similar experience with an independent telephone company, the promoters being largely the same persons who had organized the Fort Morgan company. About $42,000 was invested in the plant, and the company worried along for a few years, borrowing money from time to time. It became necessary to protect the holders of the notes, and a blanket mortgage was issued to the public trustees. The concern then ran for about a year, and, in spite of several efforts to raise additional money, the plant was sold at auction for $16,000. Later it was acquired by the Colorado Telephone Company. The business men of Greeley discovered that they were paying about $4,000 per annum more for telephone service than they would have to pay if there was but one system, besides having the constant annoyance of divided service. Greeley is a city of 8,000 inhabitants, and 400 business men signed a petition asking the companies to consolidate. Only three refused to sign.

In 1905 the independents obtained a franchise in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and put in an automatic plant. By a peculiar system of accounting, the plant in a few years was given a book value of $78,000, largely due to charging maintenance to construction. This plant was run for about ten years, and at the request of the leading bankers and business men was finally consolidated with the Colorado Telephone Company. The concern never paid any dividends, and the stockholders received considerable less than they had paid for their holdings.

Probably no section of the United States presents as many difficulties to the telephone man as do certain parts of Colorado. Toll lines have been constructed by the Colorado Telephone Company after contending with almost insurmountable difficulties, and in many cases it has been found necessary to cross the divides with submarine cables laid under the surface of the ground. A trip over these leads, even in the most favorable season of the year, is attended with hardships, and many escapes from death to linemen are vivid memories to these employes.

Terrific snowslides are common in certain parts of Colorado where the mountain sides rise abruptly to great heights. One of the most difficult lines constructed by the Colorado Telephone Company runs from Ouray to Telluride. The engineers found the only feasible route to be over Mount Sneffels, the summit of which is 14,249 feet above sea level, and in order to accomplish this, spans of one thousand feet were made over many places where it was impossible to set poles. All material was carried up the trail by pack-mule teams. The construction gangs were compelled to face terrific gales even in the summer, and it was not an uncommon experience to encounter blinding blizzards and endure a zero temperature.

Notwithstanding the many difficulties in construction and maintenance, the Colorado Telephone Company is one of the best subsidiary companies of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. Its admirable condition has not been brought about by accident, but rather by the well-directed efforts of intelligent management. It is one of the very few Bell companies that is free from bond-indebtedness, and it has no debt. The stock is selling above par and is considered a safe and profitable investment.

The corporation has over one thousand stockholders in Denver and nearly five thousand in the state. While the parent company, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, holds fifty-one percent. of the stock, practically all its holdings were bought at par and paid for in cash. Having so many Colorado stockholders, the corporation is to all intents and purposes a home company. The stockholders are receiving seven per cent. dividends, and are all enthusiastic boosters for the company.

The total miles of exchange lines on January 1, 1908, were 150,852, an increase of 39,591 over the previous year. The total number of exchange telephones on January 1, 1908, was 65,677, an increase of 10,782 during the year.

The company is not a close corporation; its annual statement very fully sets forth its financial affairs, and this information is always free to any one. The company has never made extensions to its plant out of the profits of the business, but from the sale of treasury stock at no less than par. This makes the company as nearly a mutual corporation as possible.

The Colorado Telephone Company has no preferred stock, and no bonded indebtedness; therefore, there are no fixed charges in the shape of interest to be paid. Last year the percent of net earnings to the capital stock was nine and one-half per cent.

The plant is the very best, and the people are getting the best service that it is possible to receive. The best-trained force of employes that can be hired may be seen in this corporation, and it would be difficult to find a class more courteous and efficient.

The policy of the corporation was aptly expressed to the writer by E. B. Field, president of the company. He said:

"Our company is a public utility and a corporation receiving its rights from the people, and it is my policy to bear this fact always in mind and to serve our public as completely and courteously and faithfully as it is possible to do. I realize as well as any one that any other course in the end is disastrous, and I believe, as near as it is possible for an aggregation of employes to do so, all employes of the Colorado Telephone Company meet the public in this spirit."

NEAR SUMMIT OF RANGE BETWEEN CAMP BIRD MINE AND TELLURIDE, SAN MIGUEL COUNTY, COLO.

Elevation 14,000 feet. Colorado Telephone Company's pole line in foreground, Telluride Power Company's line in background. Note triple pole construction required to support long spans of wire

The officers of the corporation are as follows: E. B. Field, president; E. B. Field Jr., vice-president and treasurer; E. M. Burgess, general manager; H. W. Bellard, secretary and auditor.

I do not wish to characterize independent telephone companies in general as poor investments, because I know there are many that are paying honest dividends; but where such cases exist they are generally found in the localities that have not been invaded by the Bell system or where the independent companies first gained supremacy. To expect permanent independent telephone success in cities where the Bell Telephone Companies with their long-distance facilities and first-class local equipments are firmly intrenched, is to expect something radically different to that which history has heretofore furnished.

During my visit in Omaha I was much interested in the causes that lead to the introduction of an independent exchange in that city. For years efforts have been made on the part of promotors to gain a foothold in Omaha, but the excellence of the Bell system, the public spirited attitude on the part of its management and a general hostility among the people to the dual system, have precluded any recognition of the efforts of promoters to "snatch the people from beneath the grinding wheels of a soulless monopoly." New tactics, however, were adopted in 1906 and 1907 and these, combined with shifting political conditions, threw down the bars and the independent came into the field with flying colors.

In the State of Nebraska, as in all the middle and western states, there are hundreds of mutual and farmers' telephone companies that sprang into existence some years ago like mushrooms in a night. Every community wanted telephone service, and this desire seems to have fastened itself upon the people about the time the principal Bell patents were expiring. It was impossible for the subsidiary corporation of the parent company to meet these demands and so the independent manufacturing concerns and supply houses sent agents into the field who did an immense business. Farmers' and mutual companies were organized in every county, and in cities where the Bell Company was giving service, independent telephone companies were granted franchises in order to connect, it was claimed, with these mutual and farmers' lines. The history of the disappointment of many of these independent concerns is the same as that experienced in other states and which I have on several occasions furnished the readers of the National Magazine; but to focus the search-light upon the methods employed to "break into Omaha" will, at this time, not only be interesting but instructive.

It has long been the policy of the Nebraska Telephone Company, the Bell corporation, to connect with independent companies when such connection would not conflict with the business of its own exchanges. The independent association fought these connecting agreements inch by inch, even going so far as to declare that "for an independent telephone company owing its very being and success to the loyal support of the public and other independent companies, a support given freely because of their implicit confidence in its independency, to form an alliance with the Bell is to willfully betray the public and associate companies into the hands of the monopoly. Every man who has any part in consummating such an alliance should be branded as a traitor to his associates and to the public."

This declaration is printed in the pamphlet published by R. E. Mattison, Secretary-Treasurer of the Nebraska Independent Telephone Association, the preface of which announces that "this book has been prepared to give the independent telephone interests of this state a better understanding of the development and extent of the independent companies. Also to give a fair outline of the reason why the Bell companies are making such concentrated effort to connect their toll-lines with our independent plants and also the reason why we should make no such connections."

Now comes the interesting part of the story: In order to obtain a franchise in Omaha a catching issue was necessary and nothing more captivating could be found than a portrayal of the immense disadvantage the business interests of the city were experiencing in consequence of Omaha being cut off from all of these independent telephones. It was declared that the Bell Company, either could not, or would not connect with the independent concerns, and the only solution of the problem was that an independent company be given a franchise in Omaha. It is true the Bell Company had refused to connect the independents in cities where competing exchanges existed and for reasons apparent to every business man, but as a matter of fact the Bell Company already had connections with independent companies which give over 40,000 telephones connection with Omaha and the entire American Telephone & Telegraph Company system with which the Nebraska Telephone Company is associated. Not only this, but the Bell Company had expressed its willingness to run its toll lines into the switchboard of the independent companies and pay them a commission on originating business, to cover the cost of operation, and where there were two competing exchanges in the same town, the Bell Company having one of these exchanges, they would either buy or sell under the regular appraisement system.

But the Democratic party had gained control of the city council for the first time in many years and one of the planks in its platform was "we further pledge our candidates to secure telephone connections with all telephone exchanges in tributary territory and, if necessary for this purpose, to promptly submit to the people a proposition to establish in Omaha an independent telephone enterprise."

The council passed the franchise and when it was submitted to the people, the "connection with independent telephones" issue allured a certain element, while the announcement that several hundred thousand dollars would be brought into the city to be spent for labor and material caught the labor vote and the proposition carried. Thus it would seem that the advocates of the dual system in Omaha got on the blind side of the voters by promising something that will be of but tmeporary advantage at best, and will not by any means offset the extra expense and annoyance of two telephones in the same house and office, and which will eventually drift into one system unless history and very pronounced indications mean nothing.

The Nebraska Telephone Company has passed through the same vicissitudes and the same trials that have attended the growth of every telephone company in the United States. In the early days its growth was small and in fact some years it made no headway whatever. Experiment followed experiment, disastrous storms wrecked the company's lines and nothing but disappointment seemed to meet the efforts of those who have pinned their faith upon the ultimate success of the undertaking.

The first telephone instruments installed in Omaha were put in by the Union Pacific Telegraph Company and these telephones connected the general offices of the company with the residences of the officers. These telephones proved to be a great convenience and later Superintendent Dickey and his assistant, Mr. Korty, secured rights from the Bell Company for certain cities in Nebraska to use its patents. The Omaha exchange, operated by the Omaha Electric Company, took over the telephones first installed by the Union Pacific people. Later the Bell rights for Nebraska were secured, except so far as these grants conflicted with the rights already given, but it was the express understanding that the Bell systems already established should be acquired at the earliest possible date.

"CONNECTING UP" THE TELEPHONE FOR THE DEMOCRAT MINE, NEAR ANIMAS FORKS, SAN JUAN COUNTY, COLO.
Elevation, 13,320 feet. Time, August 12. X Shows mine shaft buildings

The original rate was three dollars for residence and four dollars for business-houses within a half-mile limit, and fifty cents additional for each half-mile outside the limit. These rates prevailed until 1892.

On May 1, 1883, the Nebraska Telephone Company came into existence and shortly acquired the previously organized Bell Companies. When the new corporation took possession of the Omaha plant, the exchange had 386 subscribers and $92,000 was paid for the property.

The Nebraska Telephone Company was organized with a capital stock of $250,000, but this amount has been increased from time to time as new extensions were made and new systems acquired.

The company stands unique among subsidiary companies of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company in that it has no bonded indebtedness and is free from debt.

In 1892 the Omaha exchange had 1,712 subscribers. The growth during the next ten years was comparatively small, as at the end of 1901 the exchange had but 3,330 subscribers. The lack of growth was practically due to the fact that the company was trying to do business upon inadequate rates; and then again the utility and efficiency of the instrument were not recognized and developed at that period. A most discouraging feature confronted the company about the time electric traction and lighting were first introduced in Omaha. It required the expenditure of many thousand dollars to overcome the annoyances caused by the high voltage currents utilized by the lighting and traction companies, but these difficulties were eventually overcome and the exchange put in first-class condition. Today the Nebraska Telephone Company has about 20,000 subscribers in Omaha, 35,000 in other cities of its district and connects with 45,356 independent telephones.

Its stock is earning six per cent and this after a sufficient reserve is laid aside for obsoletion and depreciation. Its management is in the hands of men who have been identified with every feature of advancement which Omaha has experienced for the last quarter of a century. The corporation has generally been found at the head of every contribution for charitable or patriotic purpose. The company is perhaps in better financial condition to engage in a contest with an independent company than are any of the subsidiary companies of its class. These facts are worth considering by those who contemplate investments in independent telephone companies in Nebraska. The officers of the corporation are: C. E. Yost, president; C. W. Lyman, vice-president; E. M. Morseman, secretary and treasurer; W. B. T. Belt, general manager, and W. A. Pixley, auditor.

The street railway problem seems to have been effectually solved in Omaha, for nowhere in the United States can a more efficient and contented class of street railway employees be found; and it would be difficult to find in cities of this class a superior system.

It is true a certain disgruntled element of the population of every city have nothing but abuse for corporation men and all they represent, but it is also true that this element never builds cities or great industrial enterprises—their mission is to tear them down.

A different sentiment seems to obtain among the majority in Western municipalities to that which exists to a large extent in many Eastern cities. The progressive citizen of the West believes that the best is none too good, and he is willing to pay accordingly; in other words, he is not clamoring for a three-cent street railway fare, because he knows he will only get a three-cent service; he is willing to pay five cents and obtain conveniences and rapidity of transit commensurate with the amount he pays, and this the citizens of Omaha are getting without question.

The present efficient street railway system in Omaha is not the creation of a few years; it is the result of forty years' of indefatigable energy on the part of men who risk their money to perfect a corporation that would not only be a credit to the city, but an earning utility that would return a fair rate of interest on the investment. That the stockholders have met with some disappointments in this respect is a matter of unpleasant recollection to several Omaha citizens; but recent years have brought with them more satisfactory returns.

The city of Omaha has always been most liberal to the corporations in matters pertaining to its rights and franchises and the street railway company has manifested a liberal spirit in return. Occasionally a political enthusiast in the common council, who was seeking a little notoriety, would endeavor to reduce the rates of fare, or impose impossible and impracticable restrictions; but the sober judgment of the majority has invariably prevailed, and the corporation has been permitted to improve its system without the attendant difficulities that characterize the history of street railways in many of the Eastern cities. The Omaha Street Railway Company made the same expensive errors that were made by every street railway company that has been in existence for a quarter of a century. Originally it was the horse railway, then came the cable road and later the unsatisfactory first electric equipment. One system was discarded for another, which necessarily involved enormous outlays of money that the general public know little about.

The early effort towards building a street railway system in Omaha began in 1867, when the Territorial Legislature passed an act incorporating the Omaha Horse Railway Company. The charter provided that within two years one mile of track should be laid and the use of steam-power was prohibited. The capital stock of the corporation was $100,000. In 1868 the Omaha city council gave the company a fifty-year franchise.

The original system consisted of two miles of track and four cars. The rate of fare was ten cents. The cars were improvised affairs and there was no schedule for the trips made; every trip was made to suit the whims of the driver who generally only started when he had sufficient passengers. In 1872 the fare-box cars were introduced, which did away with conductors.

During the next fifteen years considerable additional capital was put into the corporation and many extensions were made. Over 600 horses were employed when the cable-system was introduced in 1888.

The Omaha Cable Tramway Company was given a forty-year franchise in 1887. The grant gave the new company permission to use cable, compressed air or electric power on any of the streets of the city, but prohibited the use of animal and steam power. In about a year the Cable Company sold out its interest to the original corporation, and the two systems were consolidated.

In 1889 a corporation, known as the Omaha Motor Company, was given a franchise and started to build an electric system. At the same time the old company began to discard its cable and horse-cars and to substitute electricity. Later in the fall of 1889 the two corporations were consolidated and since that date there has been but one system in Omaha.

It has always been the policy of the company to keep abreast of modern street railway methods and it is no exaggeration to state that no corporation in the United States keeps a more watchful eye on traffic improvements than does the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway Company. Representatives of the company are constantly on the alert for improvements that will benefit the system. The power station, said to be one of the best in the West, shops and car-houses are of the most modern type of construction, and are the objects of much interest to visitors. It is no undeserved compliment to the corporation to state that it is undoubtedly one of the most progressive and modern systems in the United States, and no corporation enjoys a greater degree of confidence among the people who are its patrons.

The liberality on the part of the management in its recognition of merit among employees has, no doubt, been instrumental in acquiring the degree of efficiency which characterizes every department of the system. Wages have been advanced without solicitation and, as a consequence, the employees devote untiring energy in their efforts to improve the standard of service.

In 1903 the company leased the Omaha & Council Bluffs Railway and Bridge Company property. This corporation controlled the bridge across the Missouri River and operated all the lines in Council Bluffs. A fare of ten cents is charged between Omaha and Council Bluffs; but patrons may purchase commutation tickets at the rate of thirty tickets for $1.50. Today all the street railway interests of Omaha, South Omaha, Florence, Dundee and Benson and other street railway properties in Douglas County, together with the Omaha & Council Bluffs Railway & Bridge Company, and all street railway lines in Council Bluffs are being operated by the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway Company. In recent years the company has largely rebuilt its tracks, and at the present time about four hundred passenger cars are in service.

The capital stock of the corporation is $15,000,000, of which $10,000,000 is common and $5,000,000 preferred. There are still in the treasury $5,000,000 common and $1,000,000 preferred stock. The authorized bond-issue of the corporation is $10,000,000, of which $5,351,000 are now outstanding. The corporation also pays the interest on $650,000 bonds issued by the Omaha & Council Bluffs Railway & Bridge Company, before leasing its property to the Omaha Company.

Much credit is due W. A. Smith, treasurer and general manager, for the efficiency of the system, and the pleasant relations that exist with the patrons of the company. The same is also true of its president, Mr. G. W. Wattles. Mr. Smith entered the service of the company in 1872 as a driver of one of the horse-cars. Within a year he was appointed superintendent. In 1889 he became the general manager, a position he has held since that time. He is now general manager and treasurer, and has been on the board of directors since 1874. R. A. Leussler, who is secretary and assistant general manager, is a practical street railway man and has been with the corporation the past five years. The officers are:

G. W. Wattles, president; Frank T. Hamilton, vice-president; W. A. Smith, treasurer and general manager; R. A. Leussler, secretary and assistant general manager; L. C. Nash, superintendent transportation; William Musgrave, assistant superintendent transporation.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING

It would be difficult to find a city in the United States which has not been struck by a municipal ownership wave during the past twenty years. Generally efforts have been confined to water and street lighting functions. Advocates of municipal ownership claim that it is as much a municipal function to light the streets as it is to clean them, and in the large cities this may be true, but in cities like Omaha different conditions prevail and there is but little argument in favor of municipal undertakings of this nature.

The advocates of this doctrine in Omaha have oftentimes urged the construction of a municipal lighting plant. The question came to the front in 1904, when a proposition to authorize a bond-issue of $500,000 to build a lighting plant was submitted to a vote of the people. Municipal ownership was badly defeated on that occasion and it is not likely that any further effort to build a municipal lighting plant will be made in Omaha for a long time.

The electric lighting rates and service in Omaha are such that there is no rational argument in favor of a municipal plant. The net cost to the city for street lighting is about $58 per lamp, and but few cities enjoy a rate so low. Commercial lighting is furnished the people of Omaha at fourteen cents per kilowatt until a use has been made equivalent to burning all the lamps connected to the meter thirty hours in each month, and six cents per kilowatt for the electricity used in excess of that amount. In residences the fourteen cents per kilowatt rate is charged until a use has been made equivalent to sixty per cent only of the lamps connected to the meter and six cents for electricity used in excess of that amount.

It would be difficult to give positive answers of universal application to questions pertaining to electric lighting rates. The local conditions sometimes are so peculiar as to make comparison impossible, and, therefore, the question must be solved by each municipality in the light of its own conditions. What may be possible in one locality may not be in another. The city of Omaha covers a large area, in fact much larger than most cities with a similar population, and thus it will be seen that there is no just cause for complaint regarding rates; and the local lighting company so serves the public that no dissatisfaction exists.

The electric light and power business of Omaha, though not monopolized by it, is largely in the hands of the Omaha Electric Light & Power Company. Besides supplying Omaha the company sells current to concerns handling the business in Council Bluffs and direct to consumers in South Omaha, Florence, Dundee and Benson, as well as to the municipal governments for street lighting purposes.

Remarkable gains in business have been made by the corporation during the last ten years, and in order to be prepared for the increased demand heavy expenditures have been necessary.

It is evidently the policy of the company to build largely in advance of the city. The president of the corporation, Mr. F. A. Nash, believes this to be sound business policy. He thinks that the good-will of the public is an asset of much value in corporation affairs and in order to obtain the confidence of the people he has recommended that the corporation put all its earnings into the plant, as well as to sell bonds for improvements. The only stock dividends that have been paid were those paid on a small amount of preferred stock.

As stated above, the territorial area of Omaha and its suburbs and the scattered population have made the construction and execution of a lighting system exceedingly costly, and in fact this is true of other Omaha public utility companies. The city has an estimated population of about 140,000 people, but it covers a larger area than many cities of 300,000 people.

The underground conduit system covers the business and wholesale districts. In order to give the best possible service the company has expended large sums of money in installing the underground district with an electric equipment that is second to none. The conduits are of vitrified brick, laid mostly in the alleys, and cost in round numbers $400,000. The conduit system was built largely between 1902 and 1905 and covers over a hundred city blocks. The company spent considerable money to meet the public demand for better appearance of down-town streets by replacing the overhead suspension with ornamental iron-covered lamp-posts, which give the city a metropolitan aspect.

The franchise under which the company is operating is perpetual and was approved by the council May 1, 1899. It was granted to the New Omaha Thompson–Houston Electric Light Company and gave the company or assignees "the right of way for erection and maintenance of poles and wires for the purpose of transacting general electric light business through and upon the streets, alleys and public grounds of the city under such regulations as may be provided by ordinance."

It will be seen that the part of the franchise quoted omits any reference to "power" and at this time (May 30, 1908) the rights of the company to sell electricity for power is being questioned. The city council has passed an ordinance requesting the company to establish its rights if it has any, or vacate the streets. In case of failure on the part of the corporation the city electrician will be instructed to cut the wires. This is an important question and one that interests electric lighting companies in general, many of which have been operating under franchises granted before electric power was first introduced. It is simply a technical question and does not give the corporation any alarm especially in view of recent court decisions. It has been held that when two parties to a contract construe it alike for a number of years one of the parties cannot question the validity of the contract at a later date. This was substantially the decision of the United States Court of Appeals in a similar case between the city of Omaha and the Omaha Water Company. It is perhaps for the interest of all concerned to have the question judicially determined at this time, because now that the matter has been brought to the attention of the people, so long as it is open, it will be a foot-ball for every politician to take a kick at. Should it be necessary to get an express permission to supply electric power the city cannot grant an advantageous franchise at this time, because of a bungling charter act which unintentionally prohibits the city from granting a franchise for a period longer than ten years. This will undoubtedly be corrected by the next legislature.

In 1902 the Omaha Electric Light & Power Company offered as part of a consideration for a five-year street lighting contract, a royalty or rebate of three per cent annually on gross earnings, excepting that received from the city. The payment of this rebate has continued and exceeds $13,000 per year. The present street lighting contract went into effect January 1, 1905, to run for five years. The first contract for street lighting in Omaha specified a price of $1.75 per arc lamp per annum. The price has been reduced from time to time to the present rate.

The Omaha Electric Light & Power Company is controlled by men thoroughly alive to the necessities that insure success in corporation affairs. The company has manitained the most pleasant relationship with the municipality. For years it has been free from that strife which is a prominent feature of the life of most public utility companies. That this satisfactory showing is the result of a policy on the part of the management which meets the approval of the public, is beyond question, and I obtained from Mr. F. A. Nash, president of the company, the following statement: "We rectify errors the moment they are brought to our attention and we strive to do all in our power to make the people believe by word and act that we recognize to the full that our duty is not only to watch the interest of our stockholders but to give the people the best possible service at the lowest possible price. In my opinion this is the only way a public utility company can command the admiration and respect of the public, especially in this day when the politicians are seeking every opportunity to make issues out of every unfortunate incident in corporation affairs."

The Finest Instrument Known to Musical Science

Artistically, musically and intrinsically, there is no piano equal to the Steinway. For over half a century the greatest musical authorities have regarded it as the finest instrument known to musical science.

No other piano so nearly approaches perfection in every respect—no other piano possesses a tone of such beauty and permanency, of such delicacy and such tremendous reserve power. No other piano possesses such intrinsic worth—for the actual market value of a

STEINWAY

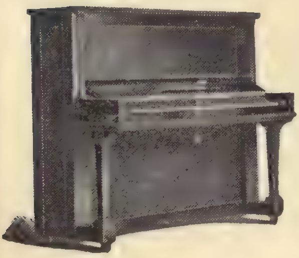
PIANO

even after years of use, far exceeds that of any other make.

From any point of view—musically or commercially—the Steinway is the best piano investment. Steinway value is strikingly demonstrated in the Miniature Grand at $800, and the Vertegrand (an upright) at $550—in ebonized cases.

Each instrument is the World's Standard for its respective class, and represents the highest piano value to be obtained anywhere for every dollar expended.

VERTEGRAND
EBONIZED CASE
PRICE $550



MINIATURE GRAND
EBONIZED CASE
PRICE $800

Steinway Pianos can be bought of any authorized Steinway dealer at New York prices, with cost of transportation added. Illustrated catalogue and booklets sent on request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS,
Steinway Hall,
107 and 109 East 14th St., New York.
Subway Express Station at the Door.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

SITTING at my desk I have been looking over some of the letters in which subscribers have responded to the question-slips, a reproduction of which is here given:

Kindly answer the questions asked below and mail at once.

1. What department or feature of the National do you most enjoy?
2. Would you like more stories?
3. Have you a copy of the book "Heart Throbs"?
4. What suggestions can you make for improvement in the National?
5. What public men and women, senators or congressmen do you wish me to see and write about?
6. Do you answer the advertisements in the National, and have they been satisfactory?
7. May we renew your subscription, and when will it be convenient for you to remit?

I have taken the answers from dainty-tinted, scented envelopes of the fashionable quarters of New York, Boston and Chicago; I have received them from the wash-woman who told equally as well of her pleasure in reading the National Magazine. Many answers to these question-slips have come from the most distinguished officials of the government, and from correspondents whose writing was in pencil, and each has given me an equal thrill of pleasure. These slips were mailed to subscribers as their subscriptions were about to expire, explaining that we did not want the magazine to continue to any one who did not want it or to whom it was not welcome. I wished to keep our books balanced with a generous portion of good-will, if not always of cash. The unanimity of the answers returned has been a genuine, pleasant surprise.

Question No. 1. The features here most enjoyed seem to be descriptive articles of cities and the "Happy Habit." These are equally appreciated by men and women alike, and are conclusive of the people of today, who are keenly alive to whatever concerns political and social questions on the material progress and prosperity of the country.

The hearty responses to Question 4, as to suggestions for bettering the National, have indicated an unusual amount of ordinary initiative talent among National readers. The public men who are popular favorites in Question 5 are especially interesting. In Question 6 there is a general alertness on the part of our readers, especially in the Western states. It seems as if the readers in old New England were not possessed of those qualities of advertising as the more aggressive communities of the West. "Has it come to pass that our Yankees have lost the propensity of asking questions?" I want to suggest that whenever advertisers spend their money in the National Magazine or any other periodical for the purpose of having an audience with the readers, it is safe to presume that their purposes are interesting and profitable. In the future, we will give more particular attention to introducing advertisers to our readers and know more about advertisers in the pages of the National. In fact, it is going to be a feature of the editorial policy of the National to keep in close touch with those things that have to do with the

CARUSO

Which is which?

Victor III
$40

You think you can tell the difference between hearing grand-opera artists sing and hearing their beautiful voices on the *Victor*. But can you?

In the opera-house corridor scene in "The Pit" at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, Cal., the famous quartet from Rigoletto was sung by Caruso, Abbot, Homer and Scotti on the *Victor*, and the delighted audience thought they were listening to the singers themselves.

At Rector's, the noted Chicago restaurant, when some of the grand-opera stars sang, with piano accompaniment, the diners listened with rapt attention and craned their necks to get a glimpse of the singers. But it was a *Victor*.

In the rotunda of Wanamaker's famous Philadelphia store, the great pipe organ accompanied Melba on the *Victor*, and the people rushed from all directions to see the singer.

Even in the *Victor* laboratory, employes often imagine they are listening to a singer making a record while they really hear the *Victor*.

Why not hear the *Victor* for yourself? Any *Victor* dealer will gladly play any *Victor Records* you want to hear.

There is a *Victor* for every purse—$10 to $100.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal Canadian Distributors.

Victor

COPYRIGHTED 1908
BY VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month. *Go and hear them.*

things of every-day life of today. Luxuries as well as necessities, novelties as well as staple articles will be exploited. The purpose is to give information that would be almost equivalent to visiting the factory where the articles are made.

The replies to the last question, requesting a renewal of subscription, have been especially gratifying. Some of our patrons have failed to respond because of a feeling that it would be humiliating to acknowledge present inability to remit. Brush away this modesty! While we always need money to carry on the improvements we are planning for the National, we do not wish to refuse any reader an extension of time in which to pay, for it is the appreciation of the readers that we want. The postal regulations are inevitable, and we must have a definite expression from the subscriber as to whether he desires to continue the magazine or not. The hearty and appreciative work which our readers are doing for us is appreciated more than words can express. If every reader will only see that one other person sends in a subscription to the National, think what it means to us. We do not want any subscriber to do anything for us without letting us know about it, as we wish to make the proper credit for whatever work he has done for us.

Now, during your summer vacation how much a little word might mean to us if you say, "Well, I know the National, and like it." This means oftentimes more than a straight-out solicitation. At all events, be perfectly frank with us, and anything that can be done to better the service and enhance the value of the magazine to our readers is the goal for which we are striving. The magazine will be largely just what its readers intend it shall be. Do not forget that there is not a reader or individual that reads these pages who may not have something of interest to suggest to the editor, something that he can do to make the National a more potential success than before.

* * *

FIRST in the field counts much these days, and especially when the first proves of prime quality. Of books on Taft there may be many—coming out as the excitement of the campaign increases—but the first and the best was issued by the Chapple Publishing Company of Boston, with the unique title, "William Howard Taft—American." It is more than a biography, it is an interesting and notable addition to the literature of the times. The author, Robert Lee Dunn, has photographed and traveled with three presidents and many other possible presidents. He made the trip around the world with Taft, and has furnished over two hundred sparkling illustrations in snapshots in this and other lands. Mr. Dunn is as interesting a writer as he is a photographer. There is a piquant, personal flavor about the book that holds interest from the brief and pointed fore-word to the concise and well-knit addenda giving a crisp biography. It

STEAMSHIP "YALE" OF THE METROPOLITAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

Which, with its sister ship "Harvard," make nightly trips between Boston and New York. It is an ideal trip and full of luxury and comfort

Twenty Million Voices

A PERFECT understanding by the public of the management and full scope of the Bell Telephone System can have but one effect, and that a most desirable one —a marked betterment of the service.

Do you know what makes the telephone worth while to you—just about the most indispensable thing in modern life?

It isn't the circuit of wire that connects your instrument with the exchange.

It's the Twenty Million Voices at the other end of the wire on every Bell Telephone!

We have to keep them there, on hair trigger, ready for you to call them up, day or night—downtown, up in Maine, or out in Denver.

And to make the telephone system useful to those Twenty Million other people, we have to keep *you* alert and ready at this end of the wire.

Then we have to keep the line in order—8,000,000 miles of wire—and the central girls properly drilled and accommodating to the last degree, and the apparatus up to the highest pitch of efficiency.

Quite a job, all told.

Every telephone user is an important link in the system—just as important as the operator. With a little well meant suggestion on our part, we believe we can improve the service—perhaps save a second on each call.

There are about *six billion connections* a year over these lines.

Saving a second each would mean a tremendous time saving to you and a tremendous saving of operating expenses, which can be applied to the betterment of the service.

The object of this and several succeeding magazine advertisements is *not to get more subscribers.* It is to make each one of you a better link in the chain.

First, give "Central" the number clearly and be sure she hears it. Give her full and clear information in cases of doubt. She is there to do her utmost to accommodate you.

Next, don't grow fretful because you think she represents a monopoly. The postmaster does, too, for the same reason.

The usefulness of the telephone is its *universality, as one system.* Where there are two systems you must have two telephones—and confusion.

Remember, the value of the service lies in the number of people you can reach *without* confusion—the promptness with which you get your response.

So respond quickly when others call you, bearing in mind the extensive scope of the service.

The constant endeavor of the associated Bell companies, harmonized by one policy and acting as one system, is to give you the best and most economical management human ingenuity can devise. The end is efficient service and your attitude and that of every other subscriber may hasten or hinder its accomplishment.

Agitation against legitimate telephone business —the kind that has become almost as national in its scope as the mail service—must disappear with a realization of the necessity of universal service.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company

And Its Associated Bell Companies

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

One Policy—One System Universal Service

UNITING OVER 4,000,000 TELEPHONES

shows us Mr. Taft from boyhood to the prime of his busy manhood. The story of his career is told as interestingly as a novel. There is not the least suspicion of political campaign "boosting" thrown out with red and blue fire merely to win voters, but the author goes ahead and gives the narrative with pen and photograph, scarcely stopping for breath in his recital.

Altogether, the book "William Howard Taft—American" sets a new standard in campaign biography—as virile and reliable as the man himself. It will find popular favor because of its deliberate estimate without yielding to an over-expression of effervescent political admiration. It is a book that will be kept, not because of the political incidents of 1908, but because, more truly than any biography recently issued, it reflects the spirit of the times.

The publishers have made a handsome book with an illuminated cover, gilt top, neatly printed on coated paper, with text and illustrations full of present-day interest, which will be valuable as an historical collection some day, — for the popular price of $1.00. Chapple Publishing Company, Boston.

* * *

NOT all the business offices of New York are hard-headed, souless places and in some of them are to be found stories of curious interest. I called on Mr. Nelson Taylor, senior member of the well-known book jobbing firm of "Baker & Taylor," who are selling many thousands of copies of "Heart Throbs" to the trade, and after tansacting the business in hand made bold to ask concerning five little paintings which hung just over the desk. I recognized them as the work of old masters, one from Thomas Rousseau—a view from his studio window overlooking a vineyard; another by Monticelli, a dissolute French painter of the last century whose irregular habits made him a vagabond, but whose work is a riot of color, and three other paintings by Desboutin who painted interior life—children in the home.

These paintings, so Mr. Taylor told me, are from the collection of the late Erwin Davis, the Rousseau having belonged formerly to the Bori collection at Philadelphia. The story is that the man who owned them failed through the bankruptcy of the old French Company who first attempted to build the Panama canal, and at his death the old gentleman paid off his faithful maid-servant with these works of art. This woman is to-day a trusted member of Mr. Taylor's household and for want of a better place the paintings are hung on the walls of his New York office. Mr. Taylor admits their value runs into the thousands of dollars.

* * *

AN interesting book has just appeared from the pen of Charles H. McDermott, entitled "The Gospel of Greed." It is a series of essays of present-day conditions. Mr. McDermott has been for many years editor of the "Boot and Shoe Recorder," one of the most successful trade journals in the country. In an original manner Mr. McDermott has discussed the desire or greed for gain as the vital force making for progress.

The principles of wealth-production are set forth, showing that all higher civilization and benefit for humanity comes from the work of individuals seeking profit in some form.

In the chapter on "Labor and its Value" the actual conditions and the work of labor in production are discussed, showing that while labor is an absolutely necessary factor it may be worthless, or even destructive, if not properly directed. The evil results from "jollying" labor are pointed out, as well as from the attacks on capital or the directing intelligence without which labor is helpless, and must suffer the miseries of hard times.

A brief consideration is given to the railroads, the trusts, the tariff, landlordism and single-tax and banking, with reference to the general principles involved and the governmental policies that should be adopted with reference to the same to insure the best results for industrial progress.

Few others have had the courage to bring before the people such a presentation of the problems of the hour. No one can read this book without realizing that Mr. McDermott has made a thorough investigation of causes and conditions as they exist. No attempt is made at oratorical effects or brilliant promises, but just plain, common-sense ideas and explanations of the truths that must prevail, and which involve the future welfare of humanity.

For all who are looking into the various phases of the many social questions so widely discussed, the book will prove of interest.

Your Move-Write Us

Our 144 page book "The Test of Time," is mailed free on request

For many years we have been advertising to YOU—and to you *personally*. We have told you truthfully that we have something you need, that is both *better* and *cheaper* than the mattress you now try to sleep upon. Don't you think you should look further into this question of comfort and health in sleep? Frankly—isn't it "your move?" The

Ostermoor Mattress $15.

is positively and without question the best mattress ever made. It is *built*—not *stuffed*. It is clean, sanitary and attractive—not repulsive like the thought of slumber on the manes and tails of unknown horses of unsavory memory. *Let our book tell the whole story* in word and picture—over 200 illustrations help make the argument convincing. Use the coupon or send postal. If you need no further proof—buy an Ostermoor at once—but get the genuine.

COMPRESSING THE OSTERMOOR SHEETS BY HAND

TRADE MARK

Cut off coupon or send postal card

You Can Buy of the Ostermoor Dealer in Your City

(We will give you his name on request)

IF HE HAS NONE IN STOCK, WE WILL SHIP YOU ONE DIRECT, EXPRESS PREPAID, SAME DAY YOUR CHECK IS RECEIVED

We sell on **30 Nights' Free Trial** and refund your money if dissatisfied. Accept no substitute! The Genuine Ostermoor is not for sale at stores anywhere, except by Authorized Agents, whose names we will furnish! Don't go to anybody else—you will be deceived. We lose a sale and you lose the value of your money through a "just as good" imitation. You will find the name "Ostermoor" sewed on the end of every genuine mattress. Insist that the dealer shows it to you or *refuse to buy*.

Mattresses Cost
Express Charges Prepaid

4'-6"—45 lbs.	$15.00
4'-0"—40 "	13.35
3'-6"—35 "	11.70
3'-0"—30 "	10.00
2'-6"—25 "	8.35

All 6 feet 3 inches long

In two parts, 50 cents extra

Write for the Book To-day

OSTERMOOR & CO.
144 Elizabeth St., New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

OSTERMOOR & CO.
144 Elizabeth St., New York

Without obligation on my part, please send me your 144-page book and free

SAMPLES

of ticking used on the Ostermoor, and the name of my Ostermoor dealer.

Name ....

Address ....

....

THE Book Department of the National Magazine which began in a modest way with the first volume of "Heart Throbs" has grown to splendid proportions. Future interest now seems to focus in the "Heart Songs" book. There have been about fifteen thousand contributions received, and if you have not sent in your favorite song, do so at once. Each contributor can send in favorite songs for each of the following classes, for which prizes of $1,000 will be paid.

The First Class: Patriotic War Songs must always stir the martial spirit and loyal pride of men, and that, perhaps, purer flame which, blent with tender apprehension, pity and sorrow, glows in the hearts of all women and men who love their country.

The Second Class: Sea Songs, includes a great number of a patriotic nature, connected with the history of various nations; character songs; "sea chanties," or sailors' working songs and songs of sea romance and sentiment.

The Third Class: Including Lullabye's and Children's Songs.

The Fourth Class: Deals with song accompaniments and lilts to the dance. There are many songs almost inseparable from the idea of dancing.

The Fifth Class: Plantation, Negro Melodies and "Walk-Arounds."

The Sixth Class: Sacred songs.

The Seventh Class: Love songs.

The Eighth Class: Songs from Operas.

The Ninth Class: Ballads and Topical and Descriptive songs.

The Tenth Class: College, School, Class and Fraternity songs.

In the "Heart Song" book there will be many rare old songs. There will be songs that thrill the heart with the sentiment of love, devotion, patriotism and sweet home life, it will have the thrill of the battlefield, the sweet breath of the country, the fields and woods, the sea and childhood's lightheartedness, the glare of the theatre and opera, and the rollicksomeness of school days.

The publication of this book has been delayed because we want to make this absolutely the most comprehensive and perfect collection of Heart Songs ever gathered between the covers of one volume. It is not the work of the judges or a committee, or of a music professor of sober mien, but the methodical work of the people sending us their heart songs that have illumined life and touched hearts. If the old song rings in your heart and you remember it from your youth, one that has touched the tendrils of your affections, something that thrills you to this day,—send it along.

* * *

PERHAPS the modesty of a few of the "National" readers to acknowledge their inability to meet their dues for arrears, accounts for the few subscribers not answering the letters which have been mailed them recently. If such subscribers could see the correspondence coming to the editor's desk, they would have no further reluctance to frankly explain to us the "stringency of the times" which is delaying their replies, for there is a good-natured man at this end,—who knows something of the real situation.

"In answer to your question No. 6, would say it is impossible for me to send anything just now. May have it in a week or two and it may be sixty days. Have not sold any of my farm crops yet and may not be able to do so for thirty to sixty days."

"No. 8. I like the 'National' better than any other Magazine I have read. If you find it necessary to discontinue my subscription, I shall be sorry, because I will send in balance due as soon as I can get an opportunity."

Do you think we would stop the "National" to a subscriber who writes us in such a vein as this? Never! The confidence reposed in the editor by the person's frank acknowledgment of his inability to pay the small amount due is the surest indication that such a subscriber would make any sacrifice to pay an honest debt. In fact, a loyal blacksmith has recently sent us $3.00, his arrearages, explaining how he had subscribed to the "National" at St. Louis for three months only and how the Magazine had continued to come, and he had learned to love it more and more. Such a subscriber as this, true as the iron and steel he molds into shape, is worth to a publisher ten times the value of those who buy the Magazine only now and then, who have it merely to satisfy a mere whim and toss it aside when finished as they would the tip of a smoked cigarette. No! Emphatically No! The "National" Magazine will not be discontinued to any subscriber who wants it, and who agrees that some time he will meet the small obligation he is under to the "National."

IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC
REVOLVER

We point to the difference between the positively and absolutely safe Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver and the imitation near-safeties. *They* have some device *added to* them to make them near-safe. The safety feature of the Iver Johnson *Safety* is the firing mechanism itself—not some spring or button device to pull or press. That is why you can, in perfect safety—*not* near-safety—kick it, cuff it, knock it, or

HAMMER THE HAMMER

"SHOTS," our booklet, tells all about it in a plain, simple way, so you can't go astray on the SAFE revolver question. Send for it—FREE.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

Richly nickeled, 22 calibre rim-fire or 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel, or 38 calibre center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel, - - - **$6** (Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost)

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

Richly nickeled, 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel, or 38 calibre center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel, - - - - - - - - - - - **$7** (Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost)

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on grip and our name on barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 188 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers Street. San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.
Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4.

Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company

"QUEBEC"

Where the TER-CENTENARY will be celebrated this summer, with MAGNIFICENT and HISTORICAL MILITARY PAGEANTS. Write for particulars to
THOS. HENRY, Traffic Mgr.
Dept. K, Montreal, Can.

WHAT kite-making was to the boys generations ago, the making of airships has become today.

The formation of a national club of aeronautics in Chicago indicates a serious and practical determination to utilize the rapid development which has taken place in that science during the past few years. The Junior Aero Club of the United States has been recognized in New York recently as the special organization of Miss E. L. Todd, who has invented a machine which she has decided not to sell to any government that will not sign a contract and agree that no explosives shall ever be thrown from it for the purpose of destroying life or property.

PERCY PIERCE
A member of the Junior Aero Society

The work done by Miss Todd is especially encouraging in view of the fact that it has been enthusiastically endorsed by boys and young men, members of the Junior Aero Club. One of the first most active members is Percy Pierce, who has made a small aeroplane and photographed it in the air. He is planning to make a six foot model for the coming contest. Captain Baldwin, of aeronautic fame has given the club a pattern for a "pilot balloon," with instructions how to make it, and much other valuable information, and Mr. Leo Stevens has given a demonstration to the members of how to fill balloons with hydrogen; both are members of the Advisory Board. Miss Todd states that it is often a surprise even to her, who had expected much, to learn not only the extent of original thought which the boys have given to the subject of aeronautics, motors, etc., but also of the actual experimental work that is being quietly done. She receives letters every day on the subject and many boys call personally; in every instance deep interest has been manifested, and already six states are represented in its membership of active young inventors. All boys interested in aeronautics or any branch of scientific and mechanical invention may be sure of a warm welcome from Miss Todd, who extends a cordial invitation to all to join the Junior Aero Club of the United States. If the present intelligent interest continues, the advancement in aero-machines of all kinds may make even the rapid strides of automobile construction of recent years look insignificant.

* * *

AS may be well understood, the work of getting together the facts that are published in the main article, "New York, the Giant City," were in some cases exceedingly difficult to obtain. In this connection I want to acknowledge the valuable assistance given me by Mr. Edward J. McCormack and D. Maujer McLaughlin, president and general manager respectively of The McCormack Real Estate Company, New York City.

* * *

SOME two years ago a contest was inaugurated by the Portland Commercial Club offering prizes aggregating $5,000 for the best articles concerning the State of Oregon. There were about 500 articles submitted, representing every state in the Union, England, Canada, Old Mexico and Hawaii.

Mrs. Mildred S. McFaden of the American Woman's Review of St. Louis was the only successful contestant from St. Louis or the State of Missouri. Mrs. McFaden is the author of a book of verse that has awakened wide-spread and favorable attention, and has been actively and prominently identified with commercial and descriptive writing. She has traveled extensively throughout the West, and her articles have always been interesting and highly appreciated by the readers.

This was a contest in which the virile work of Western writers crossed swords, so to speak, and Mrs. McFaden is to be congratulated upon the happy results.

CARPENTER SHOP

ASSEMBLY HALL

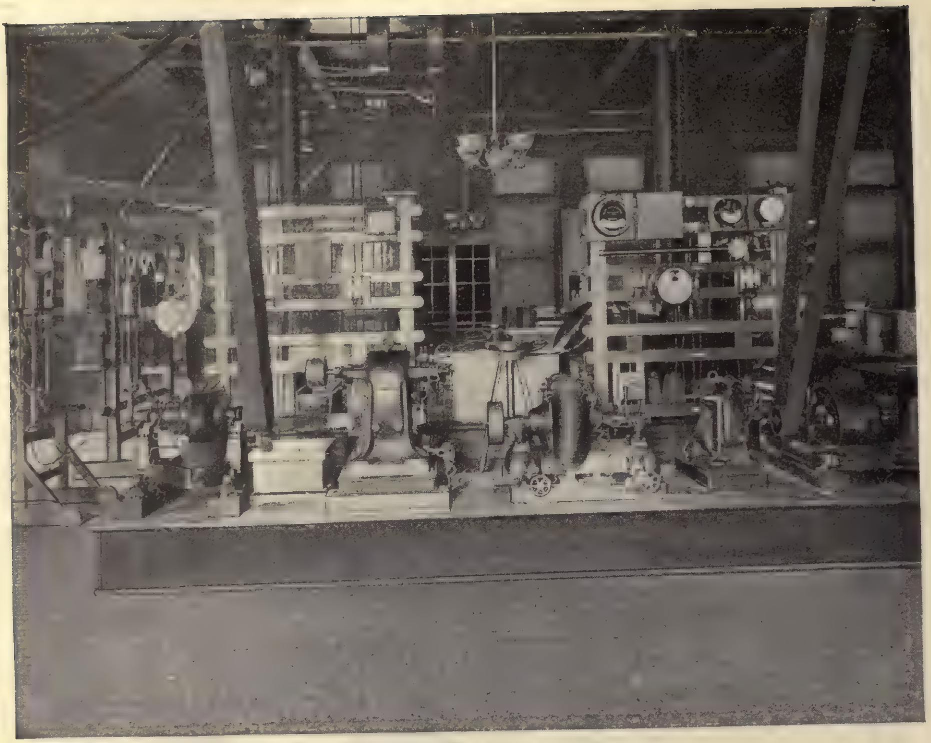
See "Triumphs of Armour Institute of Technology."

PHILIP D. ARMOUR

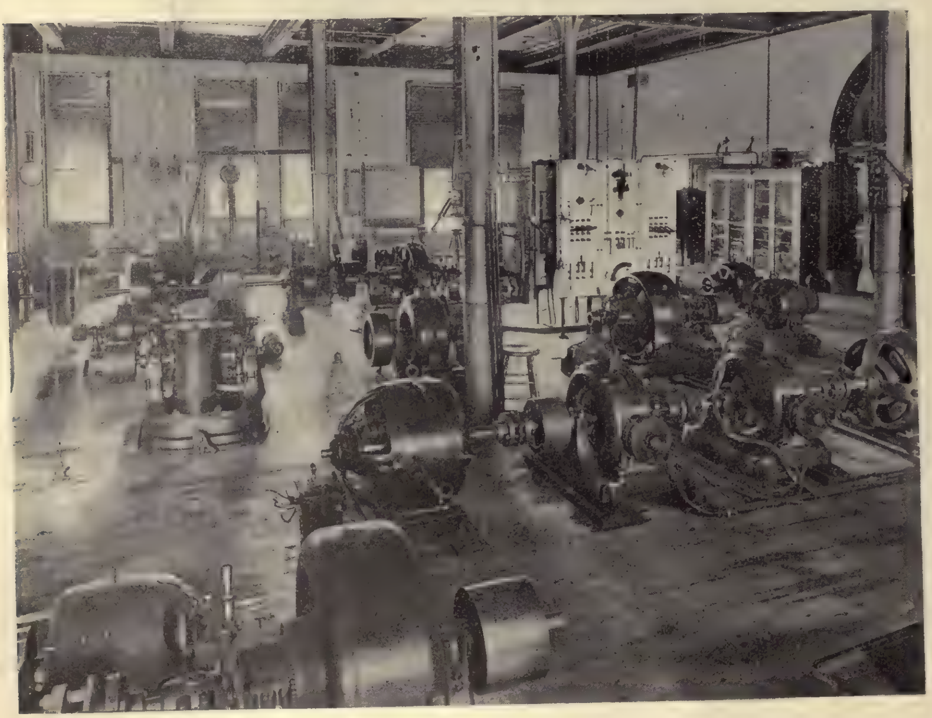
See "Triumphs of Armour Institute of Technology."

J. OGDEN ARMOUR

See "Triumphs of Armour Institute of Technology."

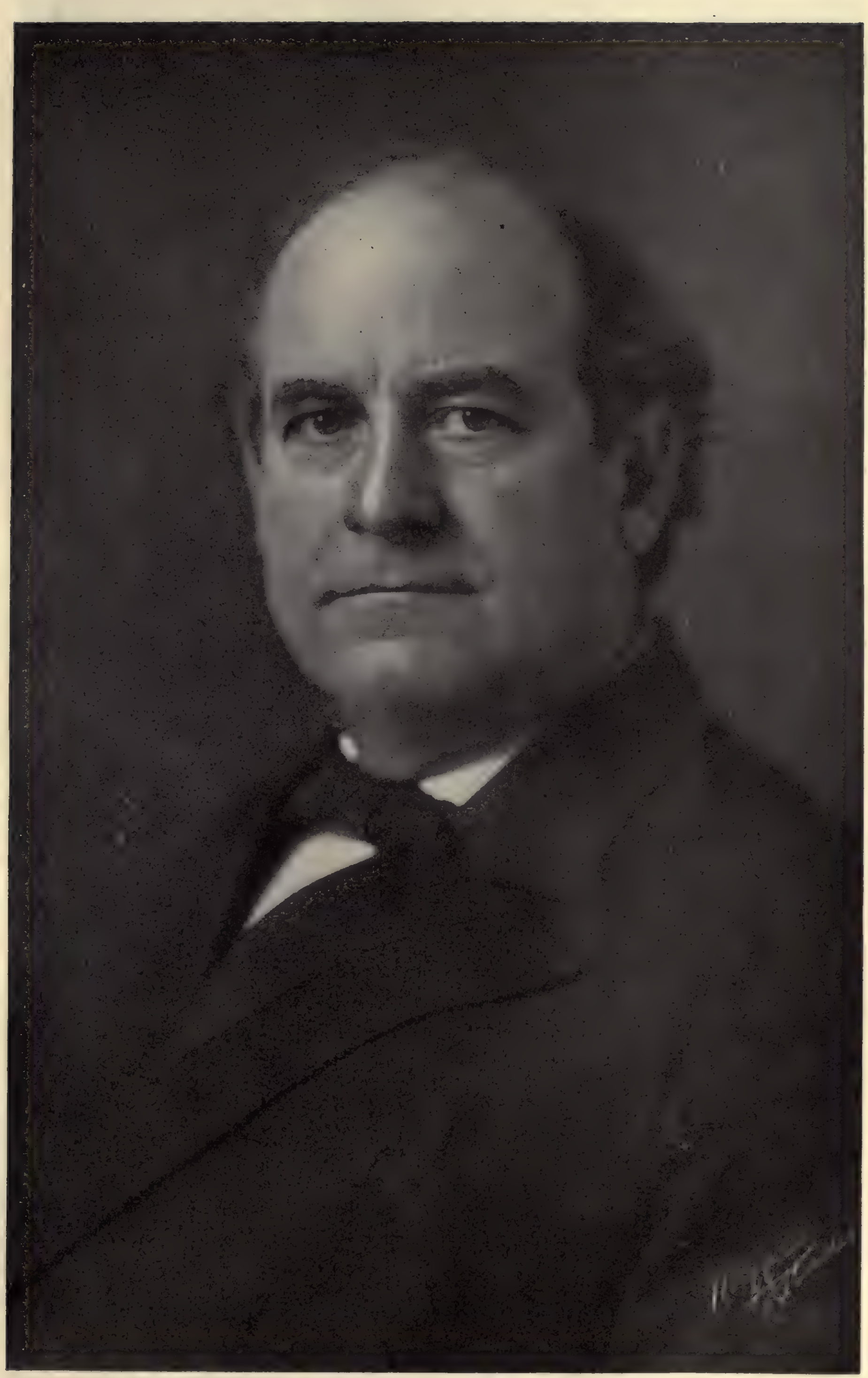


ELECTRICAL LABORATORY



DYNAMO LABORATORY

See "Triumphs of Armour Institute of Technology."



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

JOHN WORTH KERN
Giving the Grand Salute at Denver as he saw the Vice-Presidential Nomination on the Democratic Ticket coming his way. He is a happy Hoosier and wears whiskers

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ALBEIT the chief executive of the nation has removed to Oyster Bay for the summer, and the members of the diplomatic corps are disporting themselves gaily at the various fashionable seaside resorts; while three hundred and eighty-seven public-spirited congressmen are scattered abroad throughout their several districts, making hay and looking over their political enclosures, and the judiciary has betaken itself to the mountains—seeking summer rest and quiet — yet life and work at Washington go merrily on. Postmaster General Von L. Meyer and Secretary Cortelyou, of the Treasury Department, were the last to leave for summer diversion, and now in every department there is the usual listlessness of warm weather; despite all this there may still be felt that undercurrent of movement and interest — the stillness of the waters that presages the coming political shake-up which is as accurately foretold as the premonitory earthquake vibration is by a seismograph.

BIRTHPLACE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, NEW YORK CITY

Now that the conventions of the two great political parties have been held, storm-signals may be looked for at any moment, and the Washington wires are kept hot carrying the latest indices of public sentiment and expert judgment on the eagerly-discussed question: "Who will be the next inmate of the White House?" The storm centres of the campaign will be Chicago and New York, where the real headquarters of party management and political wariness may be found, while Washington is the show window of completed product of political campaigns.

The absolute last word of authority was spoken at Chicago—and the same decree was issued from the farm at Fairview, Nebraska. Political and governmental work is conducted on much the same lines as large commercial operations—where great power is placed in the hands of a few leaders and a governing board, rather than in the hands of single individuals, with an authority as absolute as was that of Emperor Napoleon.

* * *

A SPLENDID type of the aggressive young American lawyer of today is William E. Borah, United States Senator from Idaho. Illinois born, educated in the common schools, graduated at the Kansas State University, he is the type of young man who has grown up and gone West. He is one of the young senators who has already made a record. You cannot look at that smooth-faced young man with his leonine locks without knowing that he would make a brilliant address. He has already made a career as a lawyer, and practiced law exclusively until elected to the Senate, and his professional reputation is one in which the new state of Idaho takes a great deal of pride. His forceful conduct of the Heywood case, and in fact, of every case he undertakes, has won for him the high regard of his colleagues in the Senate as well as the esteem and confidence of his constituents, for he truly represents the alert and aggressive spirit of the Inter-Rocky-Mountain states. Self-reliant and independent, he has always stood first for his convictions and his constituents, even when it may have conflicted with partisan news and discipline.

Photo by Harris & Ewing

CONGRESSMAN W. I. SMITH OF IOWA

* * *

EVERY now and then some prominent visitor flutters into Washington, and his entry occasions more or less comment and is regarded as of acute political significance. If Speaker Cannon calls upon Secretary Taft, as he works away in his dismantled home, preparing to leave for Hot Springs—there is some political significance. Does Frank Hitchcock, or anyone else, call at the deserted home of the Secretary on K Street—there is a political significance in the visit. Does Mr. Bryan pass on one side of the avenue and chances to wave his hand to Judge Gray, does he even glance diagonally across the corner, instantly the wires quiver with thrilling political sensation, and a new coalition is announced. Were John A. Johnson and William R. Hearst to be seen getting into the same carriage or automobile, that simple act would be looked upon as of special importance in these days, when every motion of each actor on the political stage is regarded as fraught with mysterious political meaning, or as Joe Pippy would say "a sinister and ulterior motive."

* * *

One visitor remarked, one very hot day while speeding up the avenue in an automobile "seeing Washington," that the government seems to run right on just as smoothly without the president and congress as when they are all there and hard at work. In the busy whirl of a congressional session the evidence of a systematic, effective, governing hand is difficult to discern, but it is always there. By degrees all the gold lace, tinsel and red tape are being laid aside and all government service is becoming more and more impersonal—the result of careful organization on the "card index" plan. The tendency toward concentration and consolidation is felt alike in business, political and governmental matters, and there is a continual effort to eliminate all useless competitive machinery and friction. The great consolidating policy in political strategy was never so apparent as in the dominant influence of matters political in 1908.

* * *

MODEST to the last degree, but a forceful, masterly man in the highest sense is Judge Walter I. Smith of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and owing to his judicial turn of mind he deliberates over every question with openmindedness. His friends have for years felt that he measures just right for a senatorship, but his innate modesty has not permitted his

SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH OF IDAHO

looking with favor upon an aggressive campaign for that position. In his services as member of the Committee on Appropriations, none have given more thorough and painstaking investigation to every proposed measure than Judge Smith, for, conscientious to the last degree, he has felt that every penny of Uncle Sam's money was to be guarded even more strictly than his own personal bank account. His public career has indicated the splendid confidence reposed in him by his constituents, and all who know him. A keen debater, a genial, and lovable man is he, and what more can be said of any man? He is one of those rare men to whom you would go for counsel and advice, and he has an inexhaustible fund of good, old-fashioned common sense. Indeed, as a member of Congress he has taken front rank as one of the strong men of the House.

J. U. HIGINBOTHAM
Author of "Three Weeks in Europe"

* * *

THERE is a charm about the two books of travel from the pen of John U. Higinbotham, "Three Weeks in Europe" and "Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium." There is something in them that is definitely refreshing and distinctive. The author makes no pretense at literary flights, but gives the story in that colloquial, chatty, charming way of a tourist on his first trip. The two volumes are handsomely bound and liberally illustrated, and while in no sense a guide book, they would be greatly appreciated by anyone contemplating a trip abroad.

Another charm of the work is that it also presents an irresistible interest for those who have made the trips described by Mr. Higinbotham. It awakens the glow of reminiscences, it brings back scenes and associations which, after all, is the greatest pleasure of traveling—in thinking it all over after you get home.

The work is especially readable, and the simple, direct narrative never loses its charm from page to page.

* * *

EVERY year one is more and more firmly convinced that Washington is "the City Beautiful of the Republic," especially when the fact is brought out by the United States weather bureau that the temperature at the capital in June ranged much hotter than in Cuba for the same month. The "oldest inhabitants" begin to sit up and realize that their climate is really more than semi-tropical—it is worthy of the tropical zone itself. The records of early summer indicate that the thermometer has been cavorting about higher numbers than in any previous year.

* * *

FOR some years past Congressman Robert G. Cousins has held the head of the table on the Committee of Foreign Affairs. His decision to retire from public life is not only keenly regretted by his constituents in Iowa, but by his colleagues and all who have been associated with him in his congressional career. A great orator and strong man in every way, the public life of Mr. Cousins has been one of great and singular brilliancy. During the past session he has had charge of the work of considering appropriation for the general improvement of the consular service, and the consuls throughout the world will have reason to remember with gratitude the forceful work of Congressman Cousins in the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House.

Photo copyright 1908, *Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.*

ROBERT G. COUSINS

I shall never forget the day when this peerless young orator made his first speech on the floor in Congress. He thrilled the auditors as they have never been thrilled since. He is one of the few representatives who have made brilliant speeches that illuminate the "Record" and history itself. He has devoted the best part of his life to the public service, and feels that now is the time to give his entire attention to his own personal affairs. It has long been felt by his friends that he would signally honor a senatorship from the Hawkeye State, but even a prospect of that high position has not allured him from the purpose to round out his splendid public career as a citizen—a plain citizen to the ballot born.

THOUSANDS of bills pour in on every side at each session of Congress, and among them are a few measures that look well into the future. Congressman John H. Small, of North Carolina, has not only given attention to the local interests of his constituents and to general legislation, but his greatest public service has consisted in directing public attention to the improvement of the waterways of the country. Beginning in 1899, when he first entered Congress, he began to concentrate much of his time upon this subject. He made occasional talks in the House of Representatives; he appeared before committees; he visited the seaboard cities between Baltimore and Jacksonville; he furnished material to the press and contributed to the magazines.

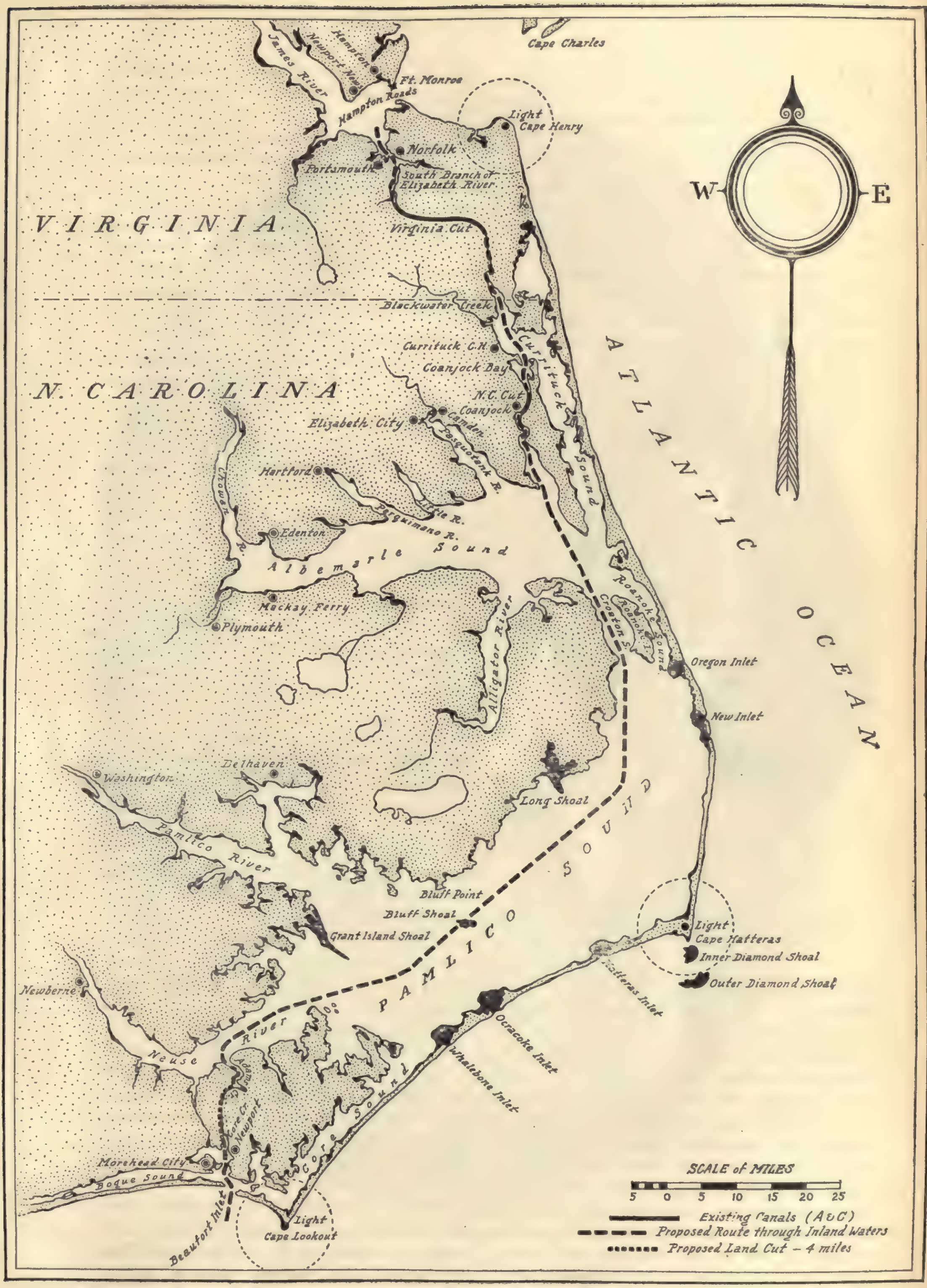
Photo by Clinedinst, Wash.

JOHN H. SMALL
Member of Congress from North Carolina

He contended that no substantial progress could be made in the improvement of our waterways which did not embrace the entire country and contemplate the waterways of all sections. Naturally, most of his attention was directed to the constructing and improving of the chain of waterways from Boston to Florida. But there is one particular link in that chain which he considered of paramount importance. That was the link extending from Chesapeake Bay on the North, and thence southwardly through the sounds and rivers of Eastern North Carolina, and entering the ocean again at Beaufort Inlet, North Carolina. This protected route will avoid the dangers of Cape Hatteras and Cape Lookout, probably the most dangerous points on our Atlantic Coast, and will also remove the present barriers which restrict the water traffic of Eastern North Carolina. Those persons who have made a coastwise trip will never forget rounding Cape Hatteras, and will welcome a route avoiding Diamond Shoals and Cape Lookout. The most dangerous point along the coast is Cape Hatteras, and is retarding the coastwise traffic from North to South. The removal of this danger would give a great impetus to coastwise trade, and accelerate this class of traffic, for a large volume of bulky merchandise would then seek this route. Navigation south of Beaufort Inlet is comparatively safe.

This project, known as the Norfolk-Beaufort Inlet Waterway, has received the enthusiastic endorsement of a large number of commercial organizations between Baltimore and Jacksonville. A special board of United States army engineers estimated that the traffic which would be favorably affected each year by this waterway amounted to one million and one hundred thousand tons, and that the annual savings from its construction would amount to at least $600,000. It is proper to say that the commercial organizations referred to estimated that the amount of traffic and the annual savings would be very much larger.

The first link in the chain of waterways along the Atlantic seaboard is the proposed canal across Cape Cod. The second is a canal across the state of New Jersey, connecting Raritan Bay and Delaware River The third is a canal connecting Delaware River with Chesapeake Bay, and a recent commission recommended the purchase and enlargement of the present canal by the United States. The next link is the Norfolk-Beaufort Inlet Waterway. The next is the extension from Beaufort Inlet to Winyah Bay on the coast of South Carolina. From this latter point there is a natural route to Jacksonville, Florida, which only requires deepening. The ultimate purpose is to complete the link through Florida to Key West.


Cape Charles
Hampton
Newport News
James River
Ft. Monroe
Hampton Roads
Light
Cape Henry
Norfolk
Portsmouth
South Branch of Elizabeth River
VIRGINIA
Virginia Cut
W
E
Blackwater Creek
Currituck C.H.
Coanjock Bay
N. CAROLINA
N.C. Cut
Coanjock
Elizabeth City
Camden
Currituck Sound
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Hartford
Pasquotank R.
Chowan R.
Little R.
Perquimans R.
Edenton
Albemarle Sound
Roanoke Sound
Roanoke I.
Croatan S.
Mackay Ferry
Plymouth
Alligator River
Oregon Inlet
New Inlet
Belhaven
Washington
Long Shoal
Pamlico River
Pamlico Sound
Bluff Point
Bluff Shoal
Grant Island Shoal
Light
Cape Hatteras
Inner Diamond Shoal
Outer Diamond Shoal
Hatteras Inlet
Newberne
Neuse River
Ocracoke Inlet
Adams Cr.
Whalebone Inlet
Core Cr.
Newport
Core Sound
Morehead City
Bogue Sound
Beaufort Inlet
Light
Cape Lookout
SCALE of MILES
5 0 5 10 15 20 25
Existing Canals (A & C)
Proposed Route through Inland Waters
Proposed Land Cut – 4 miles

WHAT a thrill one feels when visiting for the first time some city of which he has formed picturesque notions! Somehow in my boyhood days I fancied that Wilmington, Delaware, was one of the most interesting cities along the whole Atlantic coast, for it was then indelibly impressed upon my mind as a place where gunpowder was manufactured, likewise iron steamboats and railway passenger coaches. In later years I have liked to associate the city with a sterling personality, one who preeminently represents the integrity and substantial business interests of the city, and for that matter, the whole sturdy little commonwealth. That man is none other than Judge George Gray.

ALICE MAY YOUSE
Of Baltimore, Maryland, Author of the Famous Selection. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," Which Appears in the Book "Heart Throbs"

As my train swept into Wilmington one afternoon, recently, I saw on every hand the busy car-shops, iron works and ship-building yards; but they were larger than my youthful fancies had conceived them to be. As I walked up historic King Street with its round, cobble-stone pavements, the sidewalks were almost continuously shaded by wide awnings that reminded me that I was below the old Mason and Dixon line, and my mind went back to ante-bellum times. Parallel with King Street run more modern thoroughfares, not thus awning-bordered, and they suggest an interesting contrast between the old and the new. Then a passing shower broke clear and bright, adding fresh beauties to the views on every hand.

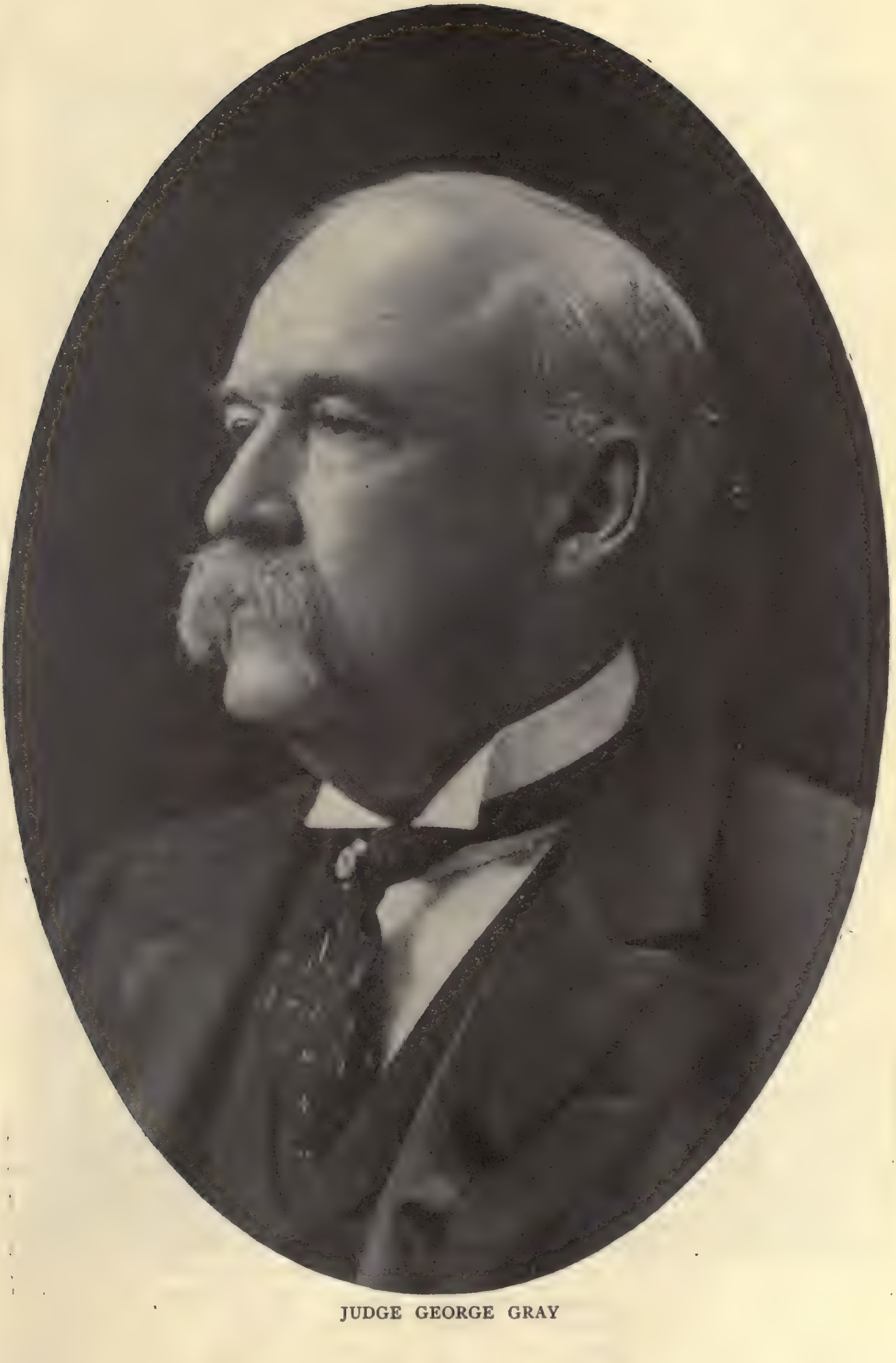
Driving along Park Boulevard and up Broome Street we crossed Brandywine Creek rushing noisily over its rocky bed and fancied they were repeating the stories of Revolutionary days. On the hillside above Brandywine is the old cemetery where sleep the heroes who fell fighting with Washington. Brandywine is one of the prominent names hereabouts, and I pronounced it with some hesitation until I found there was no associating it with anything intoxicating. In fact, I believe the city's water supply is taken from the creek some distance above the city.

Wilmington is built on three slopes of a hill, the summit of which is 240 feet above tidewater level, and the Delaware River offers an extensive view from the commanding situations.

Perched above the city, with front walls of masonry, and surrounded by a quaint iron fence, I found a stately old home of southern style of architecture. The front door was massive, and bore an antique brass knocker with which I produced such a reverberating alarm within the house that it sent the shivers through me. The maid who answered my knock seemed, however, to be accustomed to this noisy appeal for admission, and quickly ushered me into the library where I was kindly greeted by Judge Gray himself, for whom I have long felt a great personal admiration. Tall, graceful, and dignified, with beautiful dark eyes, grey mustache, and a full musical voice, his winsome manner at once placed me at ease, and I saw in reality my ideal of what a cultured and courteous gentleman should be.

As he begins to converse, you find in each and every sentence a well-wrought thought, and finished conclusion couched in exemplary diction, and never any indications of bias or partisanship. One of those broad, well-balanced personalities, he at once impresses you as a just, a fair and a noble man.

The thorough student was revealed in all that he said, aptly applying the lessons and events of history to the present conditions and issues. His memory seemed like a



JUDGE GEORGE GRAY

great reservoir of almost inexhaustible information. No wonder that when grave matters are demanding arbitration, both local and international, the contending parties turn with unusual confidence to Judge Gray to decide their cases. His services to the nation at the Treaty of Paris, to the people in the great anthracite coal strike and on several other occasions, have become notable in our diplomatic history. In the United States Senate his career marked him as one of the ablest men of the country. Although allied with the Democratic party, President McKinley selected him as a special friend and confidant. He is one of those steady men of poise, whose mind is clear of the froth and panic. You would feel like trusting to his ability and judgment in every conceivable difficulty.

Photo by Parker, Wash.

W. H. RYAN
Congressman from the 35th New York District

In the three brief hours of our trip to Washington together, I think I never heard from the lips of any one man at one time more profound wisdom. His discourse flowed so freely, and with such a charm that it was impossible to even make mental notes. His modest and dignified indifference to political preferment was impressive, and I must accede to his personal request in not dwelling on the enthusiastic unanimity with which his name is honored and revered in his own native state as a presidential possibility. He has a quiet office in the Federal building at Wilmington, although the Circuit Court of Appeals convenes in Philadelphia; but in his office he seemed to enjoy perfect contentment, where the atmosphere of philosophy and calm judicial research prevail in sharp contrast to the hurly-burly environment of nearly every public man of today; so that a visitor to his office comes to realize how it is that Judge Gray thinks, reflects and matures to such advantage. His observations on the various questions of the day, including the most recent events, had none of the crassness of impulsive, immature conclusion. He noticed especially the growing tendency towards Socialism, calling attention to the fact; and having read over the Oklahoma edition of the National Magazine, he reviewed the tremendous strides made in that one section of the country which he considered as almost miraculous; "yet after all," he said, "along the whole lines we advance slowly but surely. While we push ahead in certain directions, there must be a general estimate and reckoning made before the net improvements may be determined." The excitement and exhilaration of the times did not seem to fluster him, and yet he was noticeably impressed by the virile spirit and energy of Americans which has made our national growth indeed admirable. His genial and sympathetic appreciation of young men, and their feverish energy, was balanced by his love for the sturdy old-fashioned tenets,— frugality, temperance, and honesty.

As we left the train in Washington, and walked down the station platform, he returned some distance to pay his tip to the porter. This indicates something of the unswerving character and courtesy of the man in the consideration of small amenities.

His remarks impressed me with the fact that the greatest threatening menace to the country at this time is Socialism. He spoke with deep regret of the fad being taken up by some wealthy men and women, who have their wealth as an inheritance, of adopting Socialism and scattering the firebrands by academic discussions in much the same way as was once the custom in the Salons of Paris preceeding the French Revolution.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington.

MADAME BLAMPRA
Wife of the Military Attache of the French Embassy

Such an attitude on the part of the rich cannot but fail to be understood, and adds fuel to smoldering passion, instead of ameliorating the wrongs against which they are directed.

Judge Gray personifies one's ideal of the courtly graces of our old-time cavalier, combined with the profundity of an astute philosopher and statesman. One instinctively feels in his presence that here is a man, well-poised, honest, candid, and direct; in fact, complete in all that goes to make him worthy of the utmost confidence and esteem of his fellow-countrymen.

BEDROOM IN SENATOR FORAKER'S WASHINGTON HOME

* * *

CIRCLING the White House and facing the Potomac is one of the most delightful walks in Washington. Although President Roosevelt is looked upon as the most democratic president that has been in the White House for some years past, there has been a great deal of local feeling over his abrogation of certain social traditions. Originally the right of precedence and seniority has been regarded as sacred, but today many of the older and more distinguished members of the official family do not enjoy the "privilege of the blue ticket." The happy possessor of a "blue ticket" may drive his family carriage down Executive Avenue into the grounds on the Potomac side of the White House. Yet "blue tickets" have been withheld from many of the older official families who have enjoyed this privilege in years past.

During the Roosevelt administration the grounds have keen kept entirely closed to visitors, something that has never been known before; and today to walk around the circular driveway in front of the White House, one of the rarest beauty-spots of Washington, is not often enjoyed by the casual visitor. This has always been a popular promenade for department chiefs and clerks on summer mornings. A splendid view of the White House grounds and the Mall with the Washington Monument in the distance is given. It has been felt that this location will be very desirable for a great monument.

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MRS. W. B. LAMAR

Wife of Congressman Lamar of Florida

IN an office adjacent to that of the Secretary sits in modest might of almost absolute authority the Comptroller of the Treasury, Hon. Robert J. Tracewell. The great power and importance of this office is little realized. His authority is absolute, and his decisions can only be changed and modified by removal. The opinions of cabinet officers are respectfully considered, but they can never prevail against the decisions of the Comptroller of the Treasury, in the expenditure of Uncle Sam's money. This office is often confused with that of the Comptroller of the Currency, who, in fact, has little to do with the currency but is director-general of the national banks.

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R. J. TRACEWELL
Comptroller of the Treasury

In 1894 the offices of the first and the second comptrollers of the treasury were consolidated, and the double-audit system was abolished, and now the office of comptroller has assumed "appellato jurisdiction" over all the accounts and claims of the government except for the Post Office Department. Advance decisions are given out by the comptroller to heads of departments and disbursing offices concerning the use of appropriations. The decisions of the comptroller from year to year have become an important factor in federal jurisprudence. Over eighty advance decisions are given out every month, besides passing upon an average of over two hundred appeals made from the auditors of the various departments.

The office was brought into unenviable prominence by the Oxnard case, when the payment of sugar bounties was questioned. Mr. R. B. Bowler, then comptroller, decided that the sugar bounty was unconstitutional, but he afterwards sent the question to the Court of Claims, which decided that the bounty was constitutional. In the matter of office-holding, one state often seems to retain possession of some particular office in the government service with an everlasting grip. You can never think of the appointment of a librarian of Congress unless he comes from Massachusetts or New England. To conceive of a collector of internal revenue, whose home address was not previously Kentucky or West Virginia or some other state where the "moonshiners" do business, would be quite impossible.

A large number of old soldiers' claims, arising from the Civil War, are passed upon by this office, where they may claim back-pay during their service or extra allowance for rations not settled for by the quartermaster. In fact there are sixteen different kinds of claims of this character presented.

The comptroller institutes all the suits of the government against defaulting officers and contractors except those arising in the Post Office Department, and superintends all the litigation growing out of the various departments Many delicate points are brought up for decision, a recent one being the permission for accepting the statue of Pocahontas by the government. The government cannot legally accept a donation, and the decision in this case was an interesting adjustment.

One can scarcely realize that in this modest office on the Pennsylvania Avenue side of the grim old Treasury Building, whose four walls are lined with row on row of leather-covered law books, sits the man who absolutely puts down the financial thumb of Uncle Sam on irregular payments, etc. Mr. Tracewell was appointed Comptroller of the Treasury by President McKinley in 1897, and has held office longer than any comptroller, with one exception, viz: John Anderson of Tennessee, who held the office from 1815 to 1836. His office is, in a way, a sort of legal factory, ready on short notice to make advance decisions, to meet pressing needs and payments in the various departments.

Robert J. Tracewell is a typical lawyer; one of those lawyers who fairly breathe judicial and legal verbiage in commenting on the weather or the coming of the circus. He sits at one side of a flat desk with an assistant at the other side, delving deep into the legal labyrinths of departmental law. A force of attorneys are kept busy looking up law points to fit each particular case. The dispatch with which the work of this office has been handled is indeed a credit to Mr. Tracewell and his efficient corps of law dispensers.

* * *

AS veterans returned from the war are always interested in news from "the front," so those who have visited the Canal Zone are eager to hear all news items, and few reports have been of more interest than that of Colonel Gorgas on the sanitary condition of the Isthmus; it is indeed an eloquent tribute to medical and sanitary science of modern times. It occurs to me that if each health official in every city of the United States could read the monthly reports from the Canal Zone, present city conditions would be much changed. The reforms in the Canal Zone show just what can be done by vigilance and hard work for the health of the people.

The simple recital of the details of the completion of the sewer system in the old native village at Empire, giving facts from the inception of the work to its completion, proves that no effort has been spared to secure the conquest of the swampy areas and the extermination of the mosquito; with these ends in view, there is a rigid system of inspection of watersheds and all water, and the sources of drinking water are carefully kept free from all contamination. All garbage in these districts is cremated, and they hope soon to have more furnaces in operation.

Very little fresh milk is used on the Zone; in its stead preserved and condensed milk in various forms is used, and it is said that these substitutes have effectively solved the vexed question of milk supply and "tainted milk." It looks as though some similar method will have to be utilized to solve the same question for the cities at home.

MRS. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

* * *

A STORY which was once told in the Senate cloak-room is repeated now and then by one of the distinguished solons. It concerned the days of the anti-rent war in

New York City which grew out of a controversy between the patroons Schuylers and Van Rensselaers, the old original Dutch land holders, who had the grant of the land and who rented it out to tenants at a nominal sum, in some cases as low as five chickens or two pigs, but they held absolute titles to the land, and in this way the landlords maintained a social prestige which was very onerous to the American idea. This was the last death struggle of the old feudal question. The contest for rights between burghers and their tenants was an interesting chapter in history. This controversy resulted in one special law, passed by the legislature, providing that service by the sheriff could be legal if notice was posted on the door of the premises. The records show that one sheriff made a rather significant report after having started to post a notice. The report was as follows:

HON. ROBERT LAMAR
Member of Congress from Missouri

"The Deponent says that in the aforesaid suit, he went to the house of the Defendant, and, not finding him, he was about to post a notice on Defendant's door, as provided by law, when said Defendant raised a window and pulled a gun, saying that if Deponent did not clear out, he, said Defendant, would blow said Deponent to Hell, which Deponent verily believes he would have done."

This grave statement of facts is now a matter of record in New York State, and those relating the story always reach a climax when the conclusion of said sheriff is declared as to the place he would have been blown if he had proceeded farther in carrying out the legal requirements of the Substitute Service Bill.

* * *

DURING the dull summer months some of the most interesting work is transacted at Washington, although it is done afar from the glare of publicity. Thus at the State Department the diplomatic reports and dispatches are gathered into portfolios, as they come in from the consuls general and consular agents representing the United States abroad. Most of these reports make very entertaining reading. In one, for instance, it is stated that as late as 1868 labor unions were forbidden in Germany, although now there are five different unions and subunions. Another report demonstrates that the Rio Janeiro exports to the United States are increasing while the imports into that country are not keeping up the pace; information of which is interestingly set forth by George E. Anderson, Consul General in Brazil.

This activity in the practical work of the consulates cannot be ascribed as of yore to the eagerness of astute appointees, who were anxious to fortify themselves against all comers. Things are different now, and whatever change occurs in the administration, each consul now completes his term of service. No campaign of former years has awakened more interest than that now in progress, but it is not so keenly watched by the political soldiers of fortune as in the past, when a hungry horde of office seekers were intriguing for every appointment.

* * *

SOME idea of the personnel of the representatives of South American republics may be gained from the somewhat humiliating fact that a western young lady visiting Washington was heard to remark, with a mournful shake of her head:

"It seems to me that all the *handsome* men in Washington come from the republics to the south of us—why don't our men look like that?"

PROF. LOWE AND WIFE, AND THEIR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

ONE MAN'S LIFE

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Author of "Wonders of the Colorado Desert"

WHEN a man has lived a useful and honored life and has attained his seventy-fifth birthday; when his whole life has been devoted to the good of his fellow-men; when his achievements have brought them comfort, joy, ease, and content; when he has resolutely refused to allow rich corporations to monopolize them for their own further enrichment, but has steadfastly given of their great benefits to the mass of the people, he is surely a man that the world should delight to honor. And what time more fitting than when he has reached the third quarter-century milestone in his life's journey? It might be more appropriate to celebrate a man's hundredth birthday, and while we sincerely hope Professor T. S. C. Lowe will live to be a hundred years old, it is better to celebrate while we know he is alive, than run the risk of waiting, and let his hundredth birthday find him dead. It is part of my creed that I believe in building the chief monument you intend to build for a man while he is alive. Let him have the joy and pleasure of knowing what you think of him *while he is alive*, as when he is dead he won't care very much whether we think well or ill of him.

It is given to but few men to do as much for their fellows in so many ways as has fallen to the lot of Professor T. S. C. Lowe, now of Pasadena, California. Born on the 20th of August, seventy-five years ago, at the little town of Jefferson Mills, New Hampshire, he endured a greater share of hardships than most poor suffered in those early days. He was one of several children, and his father, owing to untoward circumstances over which he had no control was compelled to leave the brave and stout-hearted mother to bring up the little flock. With a love as wise as it was tender she did all she knew how to keep the wolf from the door and to train her children in virtue and honest labor. But the struggle was too hard to be maintained alone, so, after many bitter tears on her part, it was decided that Thaddeus must be "bound out" to a nearby farmer. Thaddeus, a sturdy, thoughtful, fearless youngster, zealously anxious to relieve his mother of any extra burden, made light of her fears and anxieties and refused to see any great hardship in having to leave home and go out to work for a neighbor. But he rested too much in the expectation that others would treat him with the same gentle and kindly consideration that his noble mother had accorded him. It was a rude awakening to the high-strung lad to find that honest work was not all that some men required of their "hands." Abuse and rudeness must be expected and quietly suffered, for kindness and sympathetic friendliness was opposed, in the minds of such men, to good discipline and to a preservation of the proper distance that should exist between "master" and "servant." But such ideas were as poison to the clear brain of the democratic young Thaddeus. He punctured the claims of caste as readily as he was ultimately to puncture the old-fashioned claims of certain scientists, for one early morning, after talking the matter over with his bosom friend, Nathan Perkins, afterwards recognized as one of New Hampshire's distinguished and noble sons, he started away from his native village, his whole worldly possessions wrapped up in a handkerchief, and his whole fortune of eleven cents hidden deep in his jeans pocket.

RAISING OF THE GREAT UNITED STATES FLAG AT THE LOWE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

His whole fortune, did I say? What a foolish idea that a man's or boy's fortune can ever be outside of himself. That which a man is, not what he has of material things, constitutes his fortune, and this barefooted lad, who, in plain, vulgar parlance, was "running away from service," had a fortune in himself that was to make him, in my mind, one of the most useful men to the world that his generation has produced. For he had robust, rugged health, based upon a sturdy heredity; he had a clear and active brain, fearless as Caesar, daring to question and able to resolve his questionings; high ambition, not simply to live to acquire money for his own selfish ends, but to be a benefactor to his race; high integrity, and the moral fibre that goes to the making of a great soul.

To recount all his early struggles, failures and triumphs is here impossible. His early history reads like a romance, and is full of instructive lessons to the growing youth of our land. Step by step, in the face of great obstacles, he worked his way upward and onward. Nothing daunted him. Ever alert, ever willing to do any good and honest work, he was not content to do things as others did them, and early revealed that inventive genius that has since been turned to such good use for the benefit of mankind. Every available moment outside of the time required for his duties was expended in study and soon his knowledge of herbs, of chemistry and anatomy, and a practical surgery learned from his wise old grandmother, was called upon by the simple-hearted neighbors and he gained quite a reputation as a healer of disease and a mender of broken bones.

Before his twentieth year he had saved enough to gratify his desire for seeing more of the world than ordinarily falls to the lot of a poor lad; and for his wedding trip—he married young—he journeyed from Zanesville, Ohio, down the Muskingham and

Ohio rivers, into the Mississippi and to New Orleans, Louisana, giving lectures on the way and incidentally studying the country and people of the South.

When he returned to New England it was to resume his studies of chemistry with greater fervor than before, and in connection with this study he soon saw an opportunity to gratify a desire that was one of the earliest emotions of his young and active mind. Even as a young child the wonderful movements of the clouds, and the changes of the weather had ever interested him. Born right in the heart of the White Mountains, Mt. Washington and all the presidential range being in sight from his mother's door, he watched the floating clouds of both winter and summer, saw them at times sail away, at another, hang on like banners to the mountain summits, then again, discharge their contents as hail, sleet, snow or rain, while at still other times they were dissipated into impalpable mist by the fury of the summer sun, and he came to the conclusion that there were wonderful secrets of the upper air that he would like to penetrate, that would doubtless explain these wonderful, though common and everyday phenomena. As a chemist he learned the properties of gas and saw how the balloon could be best constructed and filled, and, no sooner was his vivid imagination stirred by what seemed to him practical visions of himself ascending into the upper atmosphere and studying the conditions he found there than he proceeded to the construction of a balloon. Soon he was making regular ascensions. Then the failure of the Atlantic Cable gave him another inspiration. Why not use the balloon to cross the Atlantic and thus give to merchants and others the news they so urgently needed. Distinguished men in Philadelphia whom he had interested, including such men as George W. Childs and Professor John C. Cresson, suggested that he apply to Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, for aid in furthering this laudable and practical project, and in a number of interviews the distinguished savant made himself fully cognizant of young Lowe's far reaching ideas. He saw that here was a mind different from the ordinary, and found great delight in drawing him out. He discovered that the young aeronaut had already learned some things of the upper atmosphere, and that he believed there existed a steady upper air

PART OF THE PLANT OF THE LOWE GAS COMPANY current that invariably moved eastward no matter how diverse, opposite or complex the wind movements of the earth's surface might be.

"Prove to me the existence of that eastward current, without risking your life on the Atlantic ocean," said Professor Henry, "and I'll find you the means of crossing the Atlantic in your balloon."

"How shall I do it to satisfy you," queried the urgent young student.

"Go a thousand miles inland, wait until all the earth currents are blowing *westward*. Then make an ascent in a small balloon, and travel *eastward* and I'll be satisfied," responded the savant.

Young Lowe didn't wait an hour. He went to Cincinnati as quickly as he could go, taking with him a balloon of the size needed for the experiment. The telegraph service was placed at his disposal and reports of wind conditions regularly made to him. The balloon was filled with gas and anchored ready to make the ascent at a moment's notice. Day after day passed. One evening he was at a banquet given in his honor by Mr. Potter, the owner of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and at which Murat Halsted, the distinguished editor, and many of Cincinnati's notable men, were present, when the welcome news was brought that the wind currents were all blowing *westward*. Without waiting to change his society clothes for those more appropriate for a balloon ascent, and still wearing his silk hat, he hurried down to the balloon, accompanied by his fellow banqueteers, Mr. Halsted bringing down with him a large demijohn filled with hot coffee. At Mr. Potter's request Mr. Halsted wrote a brief notice of the ascension and Professor Lowe waited until three o'clock in the morning to allow the pressmen to insert this notice in the *Commercial* and run off two or three hundred copies which he could carry away in the balloon. It was fortunate for him that this was done, as a few hours later, it saved him from being shot as a Federal spy, as I will soon relate.

In the meantime when the Cincinnati people read their morning papers they were amused by the statement that "Professor Lowe's balloon, which had ascended to prove the existence of a perpetual current blowing to the east, when last seen was rapidly traveling *westward*."

But the darkness of the early morning didn't allow the newspaper men to see long enough. While the balloon did travel very rapidly to the west when it first ascended it was not long before it reached the eastward current and then Professor Lowe made the historic trip for which he will ever be remembered. When he struck the Alleghany Mountains he bounded over a mile into the upper air, and then, striking the current between this range and the Blue Ridge he was drawn slightly to the south and descended at noon on the coast of South Carolina, having traveled a distance of seven hundred miles in nine hours. Returning inland a little distance, by means of a westerly current, he landed among some of the "Clay Eaters," who, as the war had just broken out, vowed he was a spy from Fort Pickens. It required both nerve and persuasive power to convince those people of their error, but they finally consented to take him to Unionville, twenty-five miles away, which was the nearest railway point. When the wagon come it was drawn by six mules, and on Professor Lowe enquiring why they brought six animals for so small a load, they said that when they saw the balloon (in its inflated condition) they thought it would require at least that number of animals to draw so ponderous a thing. They were wonderfully surprised to see it in its collapsed condition. Seated on the balloon (to ease the jolting of the rough roads) with his silk "tile" upon his head, Professor Lowe began to laugh at his own comical appearance, but laughter soon ceased when a dozen or more men, each armed with a revolver and Winchester rifle, grimly and silently surrounded the wagon. He saw he was still regarded as a spy and that any suspicious movement would mean instant death. On his arrival at Unionville, however, he fell among friends. One of them, seeing the newspapers which Professor Lowe finally handed to him, explained. "This settles it all right. This paper is still damp from the press. It's a strange story. Seven hundred miles in nine hours, but we're compelled to believe it." Accordingly the "spy" was released and sent on his way to Columbia. Here he was again arrested, and jailed, and would have had an awkward time had it not been for the friendly interference of the president and professors of the college who were acquainted with the purely scientific

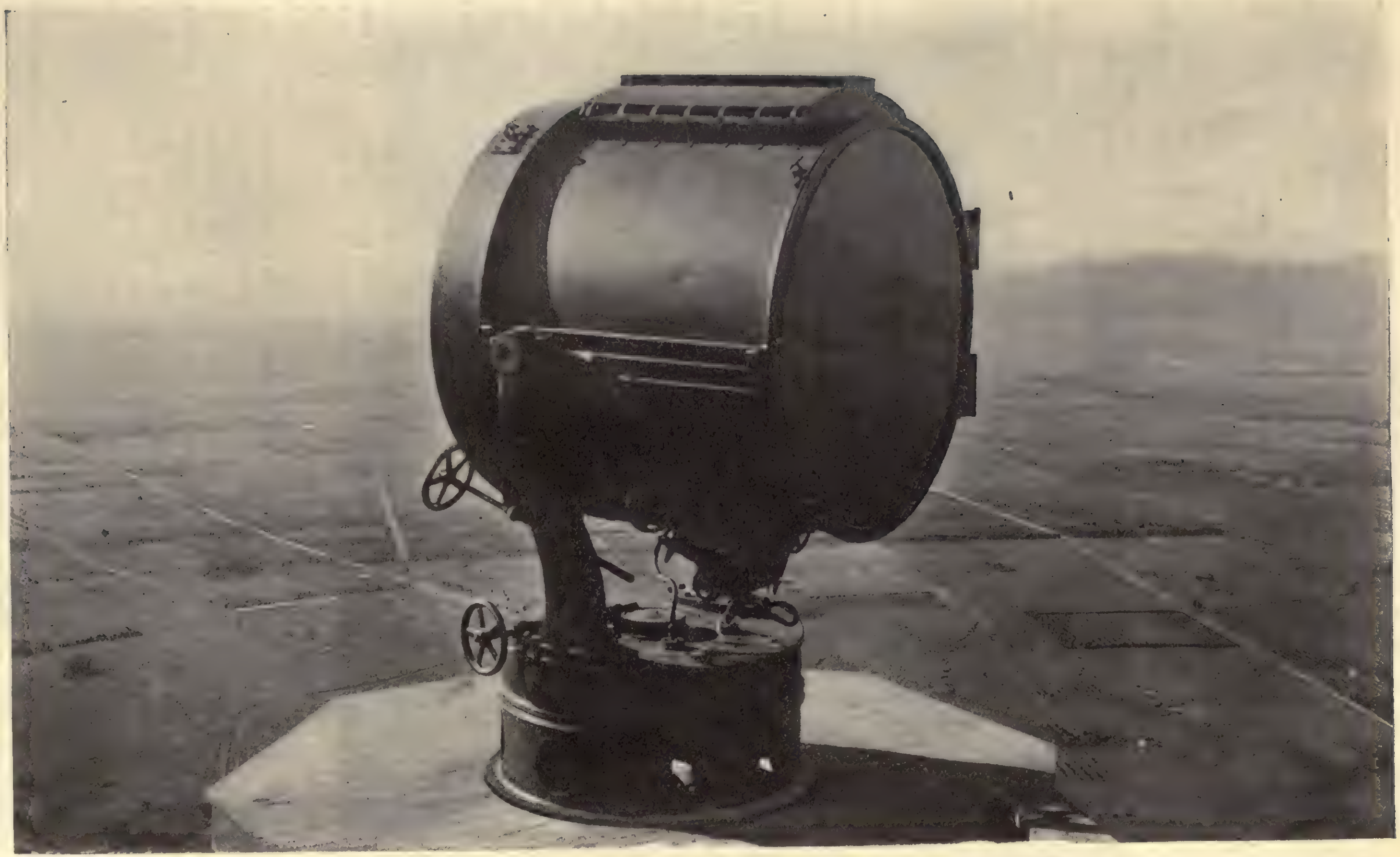


Photo by C. C. Pierce & Co.,
Los Angeles.

LARGEST SEARCHLIGHT IN THE WORLD, ECHO MOUNTAIN, MT. LOWE nature of Professor Lowe's work and that it had absolutely nothing to do with the war.

His adventures, however, at this time were thrilling and exciting enough to stir the blood of the most sluggish, and they undoubtedly turned his active brain into the very direction for which the southern men had arrested him. For it was now that his dominant genius began to assert itself. He was but twenty-eight years old, yet while the fires of hatred were being fanned by the wild utterances of men who did not realize the horrors of such a fratricidal war, he, with a soul full of zeal for the preservation of the Union, began to exercise his intellect to the utmost to formulate a plan whereby his knowledge of ballooning might be made of service to his beloved country. For he was a patriot, in the larger, truer sense, from his birth, was Thaddeus. Every fibre of his being thrilled with the joy of true democracy. He was himself of the common people; he believed in them if they had a fair chance; he saw that if the principles of the founders of this country were carried out the poor and lowly would here have as large and good opportunities for improvement as the high, the educated and the rich, if they chose to work hard to utilize them, hence he burned with an intense, zealous earnestness to do his whole part in helping preserve the Union, to which his whole heart and mind were so devotedly attached. Professor Henry and President Lincoln sent for him as soon as his return to Cincinnati was known, and the upshot of their conferences was that this young man, self-taught and self-reliant was given power to organize the first Balloon Corps for military operations in the field that the world had ever seen. For months he operated for the different commanding generals under the direct auspices of President Lincoln, making daily and nightly ascents, witnessing many skirmishes and battles and giving most valuable information as to the movements of the enemy that could not possibly have been gained from any other source. He invented and set into successful operation methods by which he could telegraph from his balloon to the tent of the commanding general in the field below, thus giving accurate and detailed description of events actually transpiring at the moment the news were received.

GRANITE GATE, ALPINE EXTENSION
MT. LOWE RAILROAD

His chemical studies and inventive powers also came into most valuable play. He soon realized that the old and antiquated methods of generating gas for filling his balloon were absolutely impossible, if it was to become a practical and feasible instrument of aid in active warfare. The exigencies of war demanded that the balloon be transferable at will to any part of the field, or even to distant parts. To transfer it, filled with gas, was impracticable, yet to empty it, transfer it and then regenerate the gas for refilling was equally impracticable. For so many hours were required to generate gas by the old methods that any ordinary conflict would begin, be fought out and the armies moved, before so large a balloon could have been filled. So Professor Lowe invented and constructed retorts on wheels, which could be drawn anywhere, and by means of which the making of sufficient gas was the work of but a few minutes. Thus he was able to make ascensions almost at will and in many and diverse parts of the scene of operations. At all hours of the day and night he was ready. Many a time the movements of the enemy were detected by this novel and vigilant watcher, and the Confederate generals made desperate efforts both to destroy the balloon and either kill or capture the balloonist. Consequently Professor Lowe was given extraordinary powers by his commanding officers, and he and his balloon also became objects of great interest to the enemy. Time and again their sharp-shooters, both of the infantry and artillery directed their fire upon him, but while they were getting his range he went on coolly making his observations, knowing that he was perfectly safe for some time, and then, that the mere pulling of a string would release the gas valve, allow a little gas to escape and allow him to descend a little, or, that the throwing out of a bag of sand ballast would send him up higher, and in either case the changed position would put him out of range of the enemy's guns.

He operated thus, working day and night at the behest of the commanding generals, until the overwork, the hardships of the field and the malaria combined to produce a condition of ill health, which drove him home and well nigh killed him. Even to this day, in spite of his well spent and abstemious life, he still suffers from physical ailments fastened upon him during that time. With that keen foresight, however, which is one of his most marked characteristics, he had prepared for just such an event by carefully training his subordinates to carry on his work. This they did to the best of their capacity, so that, while Professor Lowe lay on his bed of pain and affliction, his mind was at ease with the assurance that the plans he had so carefully formulated were

GREAT CIRCULAR BRIDGE, ALPINE EXTENSION, MT. LOWE RAILROAD being carried out with a reasonable measure of success.

Before he had recovered his health the war was brought to a successful close. He immediately turned his inventive genius to work, and built and equipped a floating refrigerator, the first steamship in the history of the world designed for the purpose, and it made several trips from Galveston, Texas, to New York, loaded with Texas beef, etc. This was the origin of the refrigerator in actual commerce, and the benefit to the people of this invention can never be estimated. By it meats and fruits and other perishable food products are now transported from one part of the world to another, either by land or sea, without injury or detriment. The surplus cattle of Texas are converted into beef and shipped wherever needed, the strawberries of Georgia are sent to the North, and the oranges of Florida and California to every town and hamlet in the country as well as to ports all over the civilized globe.

And yet this invention was, at the time of Professor Lowe's presentation of it to the world, so far in advance of people's knowledge of its value, that he personally not only derived no benefit from it, but actually suffered most heavy financial loss.

It was equally so with his valuable invention for the making of artificial ice. He set in operation several of these machines, on the same principle that they are now working, viz., the compression of ammonia, etc., and thus made it possible for the housewife in her small refrigerator, as well as the chefs of the most luxurious hotels, to keep milk sweet, butter hard and fresh, meats and vegetables cool and pure no matter how hot the weather might be. Is there any measuring the benefit this invention has been to the human race, yet, I feel that the world should know that owing to its being in advance of its time, when Professor Lowe figured up his profits and losses on the giving of this product of his genius to the world, he was $87,000 (eighty-seven thousand dollars) in debt, independent of his long months of time and exhaustive labor, and this debt was subsequently paid by him out of the profits of one of his later inventions.

It is this invention to which I must now turn my attention. Disappointed and chagrined at his experiences in trying to bring the commercial and home world to a realization of the benefit of his refrigerator and ice inventions he vowed he would never again invent things ahead of his times, so he turned his attention to the improvement of present methods of gas supply. In this field he is the recognized master of the world. His varied inventions for the making of gas alone entitle him to the undying gratitude of his fellow men. For not only has it lightened the labor of millions of the toiling women of earth; not only has it reduced the heating of a room, the making of a fire for the cooking of a meal to the mere turning of a gas cock and striking a match, but it has been done in such a way that, while immense fortunes have been made by thousands of men as the result of investments in the invention, it has brought down the prices of this useful and necessary commodity so that the poorest of the poor can now practically have light and heat sufficient for all purposes. Let me illustrate this by a concrete example. Before Professor Lowe's invention was known in the city of Los Angeles, California, the citizens who could afford to use gas (which was but a small proportion) were paying seven dollars ($7.00) per 1,000 cubic feet for it. He put in one of his plants for the gas company, which enabled them to reduce the price to $4.00 per 1,000. Later, when a conflict arose between the company and himself, he obtained a franchise, set up his own plant, and sold gas to the community for $2.00 per 1,000 feet, thus reducing the price $5.00 per 1,000 in a short space of time. Now, after another conflict, the price is reduced again more than half, for gas is supplied to Los Angeles by both companies at seventy-five cents or eighty cents per 1,000, and if his new methods were set in operation universally the price to the consumer could be still further reduced.

Gas today of a fine quality for both illuminating and fuel purposes is now sold throughout the civilized world at from eighty cents to $1.00 per 1,000 feet. Millions are thus benefited by the invention that made such a low price possible.

Allured by the "glorious climate of California" Professor Lowe now settled down in the beautiful home city of Pasadena, but his restless energy soon compelled him to another enterprise which has endeared him to hundreds of thousands of tourists and travelers as well as to the nature lovers of his own state. In sight of the magnificent home that he had built on Orange Grove Avenue are the beautiful peaks of the Sierra Madre range of mountains, reaching from 5,000 to 11,000 feet in snow-clad majesty from the foot-hills to the clear blue of the southern California sky. Save for a few steep and almost impracticable trails all these glorious heights were inaccessible to the majority of people. Knowing their sublime beauty and remembering the enjoyment of the thousands who yearly ride up the railway of his native Mount Washington he resolved to scale, with a railway, the most salient of the higher peaks near Pasadena. With characteristic energy his surveyors were sent into the field. Three different parties reported it impossible by any ordinary or known method of engineering—except at prohibitive expense—to build a railway to the peaks he had chosen. But to Professor Lowe as to Napoleon the word "impossible" is unknown. He determined the impossible. He took one of the surveys that reached from Altadena into the heart of the most picturesque canyon of the range and graded and built the railway to a natural amphitheatre, where he completely bridged the canyon, erected a novel structure, which combined hotel, dancing pavilion, offices, banquet hall, etc., and then made a mile or more of the canyon accessible by means of plank walks and stairways, leading to fernbeds, moss grottos and several exquisite and charming waterfalls.

PAVILION AND ELECTRIC ROAD, RUBIO CANYON

The next desired elevation was 2,000 feet above, on the summit of a mount to which the name of Echo Mountain had been given. How to reach it was the question. The engineers said impossible, unless Professor Lowe was willing to spend a fortune in cutting out a winding shelf to and fro on the steep slopes. But this determined and clear-sighted man taking the problem into his own hands did the same as did the great Alexander of Russia, when, dissatisfied with the engineers' survey, he took a ruler and drew a straight line on the map from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and exclaimed: "There is the route of my railway. Now proceed to build it." Professor Lowe instructed his engineers to grade an incline up the almost perpendicular slope from Rubio Pavilion to the top of Echo Mountain. They knew nothing of his plans, but simply obeyed orders. When the grade was completed he ordered ties laid, wide enough for three rails, except midway up the incline where a wider track would be required for a short distance. While the grading had been going on he had planned a three railed track, upon which two balanced cars should ride, one ascending, the other, descending, with an automatic and fixed turnout in the center, and this was now put in place. A perfect hoisting machine had been designed, which, as it revolved, gripped the inch and a half steel wire cable to which the two cars were built, and thus the great cable incline became an assured fact and for fourteen years it has been operated, without the stoppage of a single day and without accident or injury to any person whatsoever.

Still interested in his meteorological researches Professor Lowe now secured and placed upon Echo Mountain the largest Search Light in the world, intending to use it for purposes of study of cloud movements and wind currents, and then, a few hundred feet higher up, built, and thoroughly equipped the Lowe Astronomical Observatory, which he placed under the charge of the eminent astronomer, Dr. Lewis Swift, who has discovered and recorded more nebulae than any other astronomer since the Herschels.

To give to thousands the enjoyment of the expansive view from Echo Mountain he built two fine hotels, the Chalet, and Echo Mountain House, and here guests were entertained and privileged to gaze upon one of the most beautiful and varied scenes in the world, including the orange, lemon and other orchards of the San Gabriel Valley, with the score of towns and villages that dot its surface, the mountains, foothills, further valleys, seabeach, islands and placid-faced ocean.

Now his genius determined to reach greater heights, and the Alpine Division of the Mt. Lowe railway was cut out of the solid granite mountain sides, equipped and set in operation. This division opened up to public enjoyment the great canyons of the Sierra Madre and reached an elevation of 5,000 feet on the shoulders of the mountain that the officers of the Geological Survey decided should be honored by naming it Mount Lowe. Here, another large, picturesque and well-equipped hotel, Alpine Tavern, was erected, in the heart of a forest of pines, spruces and sycamores.

From this point it was Professor Lowe's intention to extend the railway about three more miles, to the summit of Mount Lowe, 6,100 feet above sea-level, where another hotel, built of the solid granite of which the mountain itself is composed, would have been erected, also an establishment made of an institution for the futherance of pure and commercial science, parts of which would have been another astronomical observatory, with the largest telescope which could be made, and a chemical laboratory equipped fully for every department of analytical and experimental work. Then, over the deep and mile wide canyon separating Mount Lowe from the San Gabriel (or Observatory) peak a swinging cable railway was planned. Timid and doubtful people could not realize that such a railway is both practical and safe. From suggestions and plans furnished by Professor Lowe several of such aerial railways are now in successful operation. Perhaps the most wonderful of them all is in California, plying over the great canyon of the American River, which passengers on the Central Pacific Railway will remember as the abyss they gaze into as the trains round Cape Horn. Here, cars loaded with logs, weighing scores of tons are hourly swung across the canyon, where trains are made up and the logs drawn to the saw-mill. The empty cars are returned by the same method.

These latter plans, however, were arrested by the financial panic of 1893, at which time Professor Lowe relinquished control of the railway.

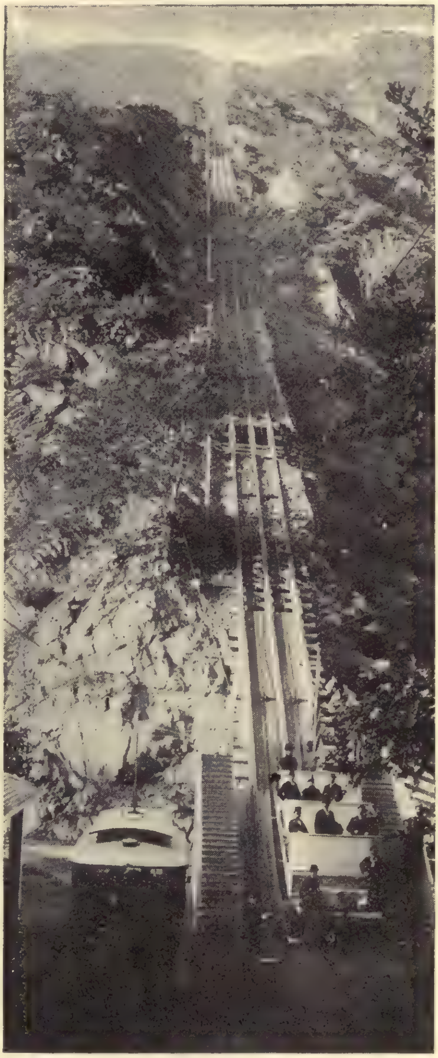
Since then he has devoted himself without intermission to the perfecting of his last and greatest invention, now successfully installed in a working plant and more than fulfilling his most sanguine expectations. By means of this plant he takes the heavy crude petroleums and refines them for practical uses. Thirty-five per cent of the crude oil is thus made to pay the original cost of the whole amount and the working expenses of the refining process. The residue is now made to yield an amount of asphaltum which more than again pays the original cost of the whole amount of oil. In the processes of refining large amounts of tar and lamp-black are extracted, and these have hitherto been regarded as almost worthless. By this new process a mixture of these worthless by-products is converted in nineteen hours, to the most hard, solid and perfect metallurgical coke known. Here then is one plant performing three successive operations with the same crude product (in different stages of manipulation) each one of which pays the whole cost of the operations and of the original product, viz, refining the oil, the making of asphaltum, and the production of coke. But in these various processes another product of great moment has been generated in vast quantity. To produce the results aforementioned a terrific heat has had to be created and maintained. At this great temperature not only are the gases in the oil decomposed, but also the gases of the water that is injected into the ovens. These gases are collected, forced through a washer which retains the heavy carbons, known as lampblack, and through the scrubber, which removes the tar. They are then condensed and purified and thus become the purest and best of illuminating and fuel gas ready for distribution through mains and pipes to the various consumers of a large or small city. The gas is thus practically a free gift to the operators of the plant.

But this is only a part of the story. In all coke-oven systems and other similar plans, where immense heat must be secured and maintained, it has been found impossible hitherto to prevent a large loss of heat through the flues and chimneys necessary for the draft, without which the heat could not be obtained. By an ingenious, practical and thoroughly well tested system Professor Lowe has now arrested this loss of heat, and turns it to good account by generating steam which operates large engines, produces electric power, runs an ice-making and also a refrigerating plant, and also gives to the operators a large amount of steam and electric power for sale.

By means, therefore, of this plant a large or small city can make its own hard fuel (Lowe anthracite coke), asphaltum, ice, refrigeration, and gas, and supply all the steam and electric power needed, and the whole thing be run under one management, under one roof and at one expense.

Hence in looking over this One Man's Life we find he has invented and given to the world the following beneficial and useful inventions and institutions.

1. The use of balloons during war for observations upon the movements of the enemy.
2. Artificial refrigeration of steamships, and railway cars for the transportation of perishable food products.
3. Artificial Ice.
4. Cheaper and better illuminating gas.
5. The Mount Lowe Railway.



THE GREAT INCLINE RAILWAY

6. The Lowe observatory.
7. His latest invention which reduces the cost of illuminating and fuel gas to the minimum.

Is it any wonder then, that, in his native village of Jefferson Mills (now Riverton, New Hampshire) his seventy-fifth birthday was made the occasion of a wonderful demonstration in his honor. The selectmen and citizens of the town extended invitations to the whole country side, and on the twentieth of August, 1907, a salute of seventy-five guns was fired from a battery of guns under the control of the veterans of Lancaster and neighboring cities. Soon automobiles, tally-hos, carriages, wagons, buggies, hay-wagons, broughams, hacks and conveyances of every style and description began to arrive, and at the appointed hour Governor Jordan of New Hampshire, who presided, addressed the vast concourse of people, who had assembled outside the building which now occupies the site of Professor Lowe's birthplace. He spoke of the noted members of the Lowe family and gave an interesting series of reminiscences. A double quartette of the finest singers of the county was present and they sang several appropriate songs, while the orchestra of the noted Waumbek Hotel, played various selections. A poem, composed for the occasion, in honor of Professor Lowe, by Mr. Richard B. Eastman, a composer of more than local fame, was sung by the crowd, and when a great flag, 20 x 30 feet sent by Professor Lowe, was presented to the town, and raised upon the newly erected flagpole, the enthusiasm was immense. It was heightened when the present writer gave an address outlining the chief inventions of the man the assemblage had gathered to honor and came to a fitting climax when the Rev. W. A. Loyne, in a telling and eloquent speech, at the request of the trustees, formally dedicated the union chapel as the Lowe Memorial Union Chapel, dedicated to the benefit of humanity and the glory of God. Liberal refreshments were served to the many thousands who were assembled and thus New Hampshire royally honored its distinguished native son.

Though seventy-five years of age Professor Lowe is still hale and hearty. He lives in Pasadena, California, and is one of the most honored as well as one of the most active and energetic citizens of the Golden State. His noble and cultured wife, who as a scientist, is almost as well known as her husband, has borne him thirteen sons and daughters, nine of whom are still living. He is many times a grand-parent and his sons and grandsons are markedly men of affairs.

In concluding this necessarily short and cursory sketch I cannot refrain from stating that if I were asked to point out the chief characteristic of Professor Lowe's life I should unhesitatingly state it to be his intense love for humanity and his desire to be of benefit and blessing to them.

NECROMANCY

THE ancient beauty still with earth abides;
The magic of the gods is here; the hours
Are clothed with high and supernatural powers,
And mystery in the common daylight hides;
Blithe romance on the wind forever rides,
And glory mantles like bright cloak the showers;
The breath of passion breathes from out the flowers;
Music and majesty upon the tides
Sit throned as God by God! For joy is young
However old the world, and lovers rove
Their happy eyes to wonder freshly born
Like Adam and like Eve the dews among,
When purpling in the primal airs of love
The Eden rose caught first the light of morn!

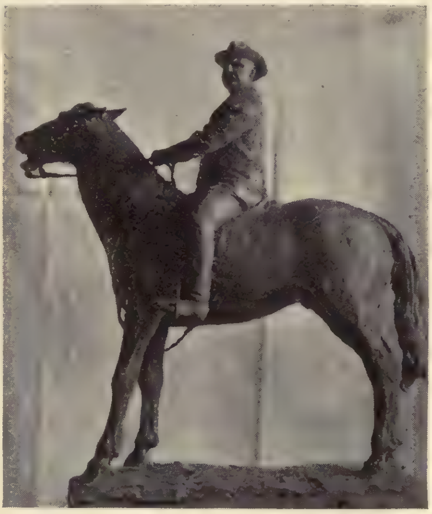
Edward Wilbur Mason

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN BRONZE

By R. S. N. SARTZ

THE great State of North Dakota has its allotted share of the pluck generally accredited to the Northwest. The extensive wheat fields have enriched the pockets of the inhabitants and left them ample time to cultivate higher interests.

North Dakota is proud of once having had President Roosevelt as a citizen and is prone to compete with his native state, New York, in claiming him as its adopted son. The people of North Dakota would have been glad to have had him in the presidential office for a third term, but the President, although appreciating the compliment, did not seem to be willing to go back on his word in order to please his former fellow-citizens. The latter, however, nothing daunted, have been looking for other ways and means to honor their most beloved and prominent son, and they have lately decided upon immortalizing him in bronze on the campus of the Agricultural College at Fargo. That means they have decided to raise him a perpetual monument in the shape of an equestrian statue of himself, modelled by one of the famous sculptors of the world, the great Norwegian Gustav Vigeland.

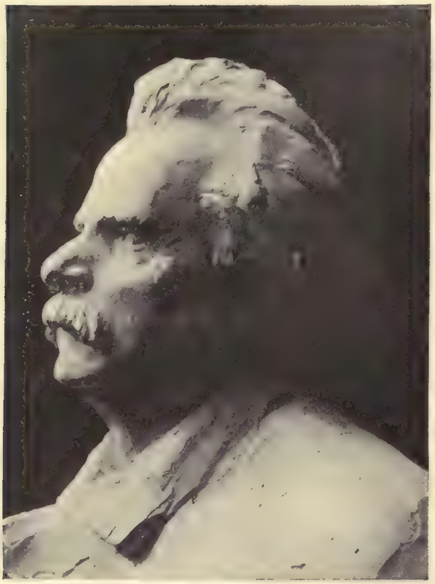


THE ROOSEVELT EQUESTRIAN STATUE
As sketched by Gustav Vigeland, the celebrated Norwegian Sculptor

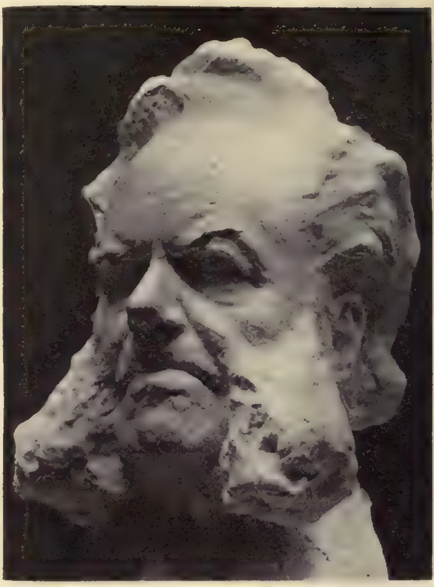
A Roosevelt Monument Association, with Senator W. C. Hansbrough as president, Professor Worst of the Agricultural College as vice-president, and Dr. H. O. Fjelde, of Abercrombie, N. D., as secretary and treasurer, has been organized and the work of collecting contributions is going on. That the necessary funds will be forthcoming is a matter of course and, the statue having been contracted for, the latter will materialize within a very short time. The sketch is already finished by the sculptor, and a photograph of the same will be found on this page.

The fact that the association has thought it proper to go as far as Norway for the sculptor needs explanation, although the name of the artist alone will be sufficient explanation to all connoisseurs.

Gustav Vigeland was born in Mandal, Norway, in 1872. From early childhood his vocation was laid down for him; he needed very little teaching and has, in fact, received very little, except in regard to the pure mechanical part of his art. He has had his own studio since he was twenty years of age and has to-day, at the age of thirty-five years, more than 200 great sculptural works to his credit. It has been said of Vigeland that he is a poet as well as a sculptor, and nothing could be more truly said. In his famous "Man and Woman" series he has given the story of a life from the cradle to the grave,—a story, that can be appreciated and understood by everybody and which has been admired by all lovers of art. His "opus magnum," however, is the so-called "Fountain," one of the sculptural wonders of the world, purchased by the city of Christiania, the capital of his native country, and will be placed in the most conspicuous spot in that city, the park in front of the House of Parliament, where it will be an object of admiration



BUST OF EDWARD GRIEG
By Vigeland

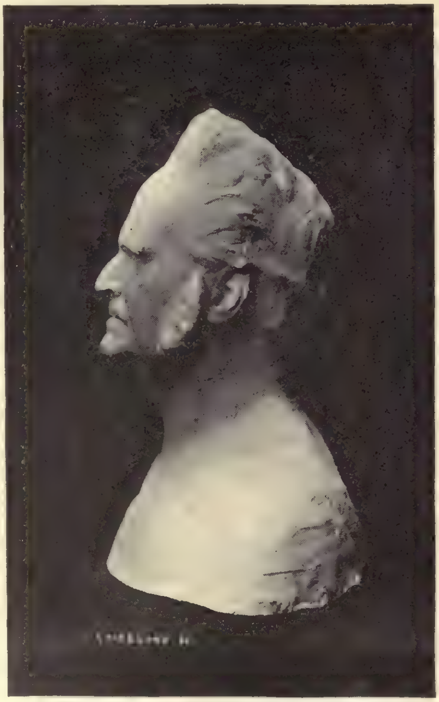


BUST OF HENRIK IBSEN
By Vigeland

to all visitors. My pen is too poor to give an adequate description of it, but those who have had the privilege of viewing the work praise it very highly.

The fame which Gutav Vigeland has gained as a producer of fiction in bronze and marble is only excelled by that obtained by his portrait busts and statues. The museums of Europe contain many notable specimens of the skill of Vigeland, who, though already famous for what he has produced as a sculptor of eminence, has yet many years of usefulness before him that should place him in the front rank of his chosen career. He has immortalized royal persons and the greatest men in the realm of art and literature of the time and he will, without the slightest doubt, do justice to the work entrusted to him by the citizens of North Dakota.

This, his first introduction to the American public, will undoubtedly bring mutual satisfaction. He has made his sketch from photographs, but will study the President in person before laying the finishing hand on his work. Vigeland is a great admirer of the President, and the admiration will, no doubt, be mutual before long. The statue, when finished, could appropriately be provided with the following inscription: "A statue of one great man, modelled by another great man." The



BUST OF BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON
By Vigeland

powers that be may not adopt such an inscription, but the thousands who will view and admire the statue will be inspired by such a thought, whether they want to or not.

The sculptor has not modelled the rough rider or the soldier. He has given us the thinker, the statesman, the strong, commanding man, halting his neighing horse while viewing with great satisfaction that land of the future, the great State of North Dakota. He has caught the happy idea to model President Roosevelt as he will live in the memory of his countrymen. The sculptor has proved the wise selection of the association for this great work, and its further success is assured.

GUSTAV VIGELAND
The Famous Norwegian Sculptor

It is no common custom to immortalize living persons in bronze. As far as the knowledge of the writer goes the German Emperor is the only person having been honored in that way. The statue to Emperor William was raised by subjects; the one of Roosevelt will be by fellow-citizens. But there is not and shall not be anything common about the State of North Dakota's tribute to its most prominent citizen. President Roosevelt is no common man, or even president; Gustav Vigeland is no common sculptor, and, last, but not least, North Dakota is no common state, and her people prefer to honor a living great man to waiting until after his death.

REALITY

I SIGH for blossoms in a wondrous mass:
Golden and pink and blue as central seas;
But my starved soul down dropping to its knees
Makes banquet of the daisies in the grass!
I dream of nightingales whose sweet trespass
Of darkness is with pain-born melodies,
But even as I dream, adown the breeze
I hear the evening-navelled echoes glass,
The lark's glad song! O blest Reality,
What, time I wildly yearn for place and power,
Or strive to struggle from truth's keeping free,
Be thou, O angel, at my side that hour:
Enrich me with thy wealth of poverty;
Make life magnificent without fame's dower!

Edward Wilbur Mason

"My eyes sought Pontilogah where she was tossing a ball with a little brave of six sturdy summers."

—See page 490

A KEEPER OF THE DOOR

(CONTINUED)

By GRACE KELLOGG

(Copyright, Grace Kellogg, 1908)

CHAPTER XIII.

"*I'M not afraid of my husband, I'll choose what man I wish,*" shrilled the old Wood Dove, the fatter wife of Tokacon.

"*I'm not afraid of my husband,*
I'll choose what man I wish."

"Bravo! Bravo!" I cried admiringly, breaking in upon the exultant strain. "But isn't that rather hard on my brother Tokacon?"

"Huh!" grunted the Wood Dove. She was not given to replies necessitating greater intellectual effort than this. The song, indeed, flowed easily from her heavy lips—but she had doubtless rehearsed it often.

"*I'm not afraid of my husband, I'll choose what man I wish,*" carolled Oneeta in blithe mockery.

"Does my cousin join in the marriage-feast tonight? There are more women than men!" she called mischievously to me.

"No, my cousin, Sagehjowa prefers maids to widows," I replied laughing. It amused me to see how my people stared when I laughed. Their laughter comes in wild bursts and peals and gusts. They laugh not easily or lightly as I learned among the white-faced people to do.

"My cousin waits for the courting-dance then?" hinted Oneeta.

My eyes sought Pontilogah where she was tossing a wooden ball with a little brave of six sturdy summers. The motion brought into play the girlish muscles; her eager laugh rang out now and again, and now and again she tossed back her black mane with the fine abandon of a young colt.

"Yes," I said, more slowly, "Sagehjowa waits."

"Tonight they change husbands in fact," volunteered Oneeta, "after two nights of dancing and singing about it. The women say that Tokacon rages because the fat old Dove is going to leave him, for her two acres are the best of the corn-land, and his heart cleaves to them. And he fears greatly lest she choose Big Elk, who having two rich wives already, will then be richer than Tokacon."

"Would the Female Flying Pigeon like to be one of two or three wives?" I asked, rather curiously.

"Wah! Oneeta would care not—if she were the youngest and best-beloved," replied the girl lightly.

"But if Oneeta's husband should get him a younger or prettier wife—which of course he could not—what then?"

"Huh! Oneeta would choose another man at the next marriage feast—

'*I'm not afraid of my husband,*
I'll choose what man I wish.'

"Come away! Come away! They will trap Sagehjowa into the dance before he knows!"

As a matter of fact, the squaws, in motley array, were thronging about the fire; the squash-gourds filled with pebbles were rattling their flurried summons; women were laughing shrilly and calling one another to hasten; discarded husbands were flocking together outside the charmed circle.

I saw one old hag, bald and almost toothless, the great granddam of a lively brood, hobble out from the husband's wigwam and join her squeaking exclamations to the hubbub.

"I'm not afraid of my husband,
I'll choose what man I wish!"

At last the song was raised and the dancers stepped and toed together.

Higher and shriller went the song, louder and swifter. Bare feet beat the ground faster and faster. Screams and sobs mingled with the song. Faster and faster beat the tom-tom. The wildest abandon reigned. Excitement mad, hysterical, governed the frenzied troop.

Then the men took hold of hands in a long line and wended their way about the circle, weaving in and out among the women.

Alas for Tokacon! The Female Wood Dove laid fat hold upon the complacent Big Elk as he passed her. The poor old great-grandmother who had been scarce able to keep a-hopping from one foot to the other, seized upon an unhappy youth of nineteen who wriggled frantically, but in vain.

Monkaushka, the trembling Earth, was well toward the front, sending his greasy smile fore and aft, ogling one buxom widow after another in his most attractive manner. Now and then I heard a subdued titter as he passed, all unconscious of exciting anything but the most violent desire in the gentle heart of the titterer.

Suddenly a hush fell. Only Monkaushka maintained a seductive cooing and gurgling in his fat throat. He was approaching the Female Hard Hand, and everybody but Monkaushka was aware of it, and also of the fact that the Female Hard Hand was watching her unconscious spouse with a glittering eye.

Then Monkaushka saw her. He stopped in afright. He dropped an amative gurgle midway up his throat. He turned yellow. He sidled on a step in abject fear. He paused in deadly terror. He gathered his fat self together and attempted a dash.

A swift darting out of two brawny arms, a terrified squeal, a shrill burst of applauding laughter from the crowd and the Hard Hand, slinging her weakly protesting spouse over her shoulder, darted off home in grim triumph.

"I'm not afraid of my husband,
I'll choose what man I wish."

The dance went on.

I was leaning against a tree, and smiling away to myself when a hand touched my arm. I turned quickly and beheld in the shadow the form of Iron Bull.

"Well?" I said.

"My brother, there is something strange. Come."

I slipped quietly out of the light, and followed Iron Bull.

We crossed the fringe of trees and came out upon the steep bank of the Muskingum. Cautiously we crept down to the water's edge. Iron Bull took my hand and laid it upon something which was lying half in and half out of the water.

"Huh," said I softly, "who?"

Iron Bull did not answer—perhaps could not. He lifted the body and began the ascent of the bank again, I following.

The dance was still progressing merrily when we reached the double line of lodges. We entered my lodge by the river door, and laying the body down on the skins that covered the bark floor, kindled a fire of split wood.

Then by its first struggling light we bent over the thing.

It was the prophet. His frame seemed shrunken together; his face was distorted by an uncanny smile. In his head close beside the untouched scalp-lock was a tomahawk.

I looked down upon the poor twisted body and my face grew terrible.

"Who?" I said hoarsely. "A holy prophet, old and feeble and helpless—who has done this foul deed?"

Iron Bull was bending over the tomahawk.

"Erie," he said briefly, pulling out the weapon and handing it to me.

"Um," said I, "Erie—perhaps. Perhaps not." I looked him full in the eyes. "Why was the scalp not taken?"

"How should Wosketomp know the mind of the Erie dog?" he replied, meeting my eyes squarely with his lying gaze. "Let the Half-King—"

"Sagehjowa"—I corrected sternly.

"Sagehjowa"—the name came hard. "Let Sagehjowa call a council at once for vengeance on the Erie dogs—lest perchance they be watching outside in the darkness ready to attack us when sleep ends the feast."

"Sagehjowa fears not the Eries," I retorted bluntly, "there are more enemies within than without. Let the feast go on. Sagehjowa will watch tonight."

The dancers were beginning to grow weary and drop down in their places.

I went swiftly till I found Neomonni, The Cloud out of which the rain comes. If I must share my watch I preferred to share it with those in whom I had confidence, for I felt that treachery was never far from my scalp-lock.

"Neomonni," I called softly, bending down and touching him.

"Cousin?" he replied, not taking his eyes from the dancers.

"There is fear of the Eries. Sagehjowa watches. Will Neomonni share the watch with Sagehjowa?"

"Uh," he grunted, but I was satisfied.

I then sought out Pokoota, who was dancing most agilely.

"It grieves Sagehjowa to take Pokoota from his new wife," I said to him, "but there is suspicion of the Eries. Sagehjowa must keep watch tonight. Will Pokoota share?"

"Death," returned Pokoota laconically, never ceasing the agile flinging of his body.

One other I wanted. It was Waupeka. He was lying in the door of his lodge with his face in his hands. I touched him gently, and instantly he was attentive, without moving.

"There is fear of the Eries. Sagehjowa watches."

"Waupeka also," said he briefly, and my heart was glad.

Iron Bull had remained apart, but I knew his evil eyes had followed me all about. Now he approached, and addressed me in a low tone:

"Wosketomp too will watch."

"Sagehjowa has chosen his watchers. Iron Bull will sleep tonight in his lodge. He need fear nothing. His doors will be well watched," I assured him with significant emphasis.

A scowl of hatred contracted his brows, but he slunk away without answering. I smiled, but ended by frowning.

The dancers were dropping out rapidly now. Scarcely half a dozen leaping figures now remained, and the shrill chant had broken to hoarse guttural cries.

"All away! All away!" cried one of the squaws, jumping up and running off with her partner. Instantly every squaw sprang to her feet, seized her new husband by the hand and bounded off with him to his lodge. In the flicker of an eyelash there was to be seen only the deserted firelight playing on darkened lodges and brooding trees, where had been leaping figures and glistening limbs.

"Strange," remarked I to Waupeka.

"Uh?" repeated Waupeka, deferentially.

"Why should the squaws delight to change men?"

"Not all the squaws change. Many change not once in all their lives. Waupeka's mother and father have lived together since she was a maid and he a young man as Waupeka. Waupeka's grandsire and grandmother dwelt together in peace through half a hundred summers and winters. Many others have done this also."

"Waupeka speaks truth. But the others? Those who change not once or twice, for reason, but every year as the festival comes around. Do they expect each time a better husband than they cast off? No sooner are they used to living with one man than they take another and have to learn all over again."

"But it is change," replied Waupeka.

"Waupeka speaks truth," I laughed, "it is change."

A pause followed.

I folded my arms. I felt the smile drop from me like an idle mask. My brows drew together.

The hours passed. Still I sat, arms folded, brows frowning.

XIV.

Dawn came, and sun-up, and the hour of council, and still I had not thought it out.

There was little doubt in my mind, in spite of the Erie tomahawk, that Wosketomp, Iron Bull, had done this thing. Yet how to convince my people of this? What words even to put such a serious accusation in? Should I say "Believe that Iron Bull has done this thing; why? Because he seemed disappointed that Manetohcoa did not name him Sachem; and it was he who found the body."

And against this we had had an Erie attack scarcely more than two fortnights ago, and an Erie hatchet in the Prophet's scalp tonight!

Motives for Iron Bull to slay the Prophet? Manetohcoa did not name him Sachem;—but Waupeka and Tokacon might as well be charged for all that motive. Motive for the Eries? Perchance the Prophet stumbled upon one lying in ambush on the river-bank.

Apparent motive for my accusing Iron Bull if I did so? Fear, and a desire to rid myself of a jealous and disappointed rival for the Sachemship.

It would be worse than folly to accuse Iron Bull under these circumstances. Indeed, I found my own convictions weakening, and began to wonder if indeed my instinctive distrust of the man had not led me to suspect him groundlessly. Yet—

The council was assembled about the fire, and I had not yet decided what I should say —or indeed what stand I should take.

I set the matter briefly before the council. The Eries seemed to be provoking hostilities. They had tried to surprise the town a week ago, and now it seemed possible that it was they who had murdered a medicine-man of the Senecas. It was for the Keepers of the Door to decide what steps should be taken toward vengeance, or at least, reprisal.

One brave after another rose and spoke—some one way, some another. The old men seemed more generally for peace, the young men for war. Waupeka had spoken, and Tokacon, a few words—both for war.

The assembly listened with entire gravity. It was impossible to estimate how public feeling was running. Three or four of the graver matrons—Singing-Bird, the sister of Tokacon, and Swift-foot, his aunt, and Female Much-Talker—added their word of eminent good sense if little eloquence. Iron Bull was saving his weight for the final push to the balances, I felt. And I was right. After all who seemed intending to speak had delivered themselves, Iron Bull rose.

"My brothers, a shameful crime has been done. Private vengeance for the death of our great medicine-man is not sufficient: it must be the whole guilty nation which atones. Shall we fear to meet the spears of the Eries? Shall we loiter by the council-fire while foes at our very lodge-doors plot our destruction? Up braves! Let us not shame our scalping-knives! Hasten! Burn! Kill! Slaughter the dogs and tear down their filthy kennels! Let blood extinguish their lodge-fires, and the strung scalps of the out-blotted nation swing and blacken in our wigwams!"

The young men's eyes kindled, and there came muttered cries of,

"*Paliton! Paliton!* War! War!"

Another and another sprang to his feet with hot words.

Then the Old Ogista rose.

Every murmur fell. Every eye was attentive upon him, the old man with the furrowed brow and powerful, thoughtful eye.

"My sons," he began, "I have been young and now am old. No longer do I delight in war for war's sake. Few among you can remember the days when Ogista was war-chief. Ogista is war-chief no longer. Yet he remembers. He remembers the glories of war. But he remembers also the sad things of war. He remembers the graves opened at the home-coming of the warriors. He remembers the wailing of women and the crying of little children. He knows that the shedding of innocent blood is not good in the sight of Hawenneyu. Let us demand vengeance of the Eries for our Prophet, but let us maintain peace, that our wives may till the fields in surety and our children grow up to manhood in happiness and plenty."

There was some slow nodding of heads among the older men, and two or three of the younger ones rose and spoke in much the same strain. It seemed as if the day were won for Peace. We had reckoned without Pontilogah. Into the midst of us she sprang, her young form quivering with mingled timidity and crude pride at her audacity, her eyes blazing with scorn, her voice ringing out in splendid defiance.

"Yea, verily, Oh, braves! Make peace with the Erie dogs! Give them of our kettles to lick! Give them the bones of the slaughtered Prophet to gnaw and bury in their caches! Stroke them that they may stretch their brute mouths in brute-laugh at you! Be women like the Delawares! Be squaw-men—Braid your scalp-locks with beads and take the paint from your faces! Go out and till the fields of the Eries! Aye, be their squaws! Let the other four Nations find they have set women to keep the door of the Long-House—!"

In an instant I was on my feet. I know not what I said. The words poured forth fast, torrent-wise, carried her words away on their impetuous flood, and then gradually grew smoother and quieter till at last we might speak of Peace, and I saw the day was won.

Quickly then I went on to propose my plan. The great event of the year among us is the great ball-game. A whole nation flocks to see it The young men train for it from their babyhood, and he who can make the first goal, may have his choice of the maidens. Let now the Eries be challenged to a ball-game, and our difficulties be settled in bloodless battle.

The novelty of the idea tickled the fancy of many whom the consideration of peace had little weight with.

There was a long silence, but it was pregnant with assent. Iron Bull sat scowling darkly, Tokacon's eyes were cold with displeasure, and Waupeka was visibly disgusted, as became a gallant warrior.

I watched their faces keenly.

Minutes passed.

There was no change in Iron Bull's expression nor in Waupeka's; but Tokacon's eyes had narrowed craftily.

More time passed.

Suddenly Iron Bull's angry gaze roving over the assembly met Tokacon's fixed upon him, waiting for the encounter. An odd glance flashed from Tokacon to Iron Bull, and was answered wonderingly.

Tokacon rose and spoke for peace.

Iron Bull at once followed suit. He had erred in his zealous love for the reputation of the Senecas, but now he could see the wisdom of our sire's words. For peace, he.

The war-wishers heard this two-fold defection in consternation. Waupeka held out gallantly for war, but it was of no use. Tokacon's action had been a graceful yielding to the inevitable.

I doubted the completeness of the yielding.

XV.

I came from the council glowing with triumph, treading on air. I had drunk deep of the wine of mastery.

Then it was that I met Pontilogah face to face and she turned aside to let me pass. There was a tired little droop to her pretty shoulders. I grew suddenly pitiful with the feeling that somehow I had called to aid a ponderous machinery, and crushed some proud fragile thing. I turned and looked after her. There was so little of her usual proud self-sufficiency in the listless step with which she had passed me. I longed to take the weary, weary child in my arms—woo her gently as a strong man should—woo her hotly as a lover should, and not alone with words—woo her reverently, as one must woo the woman whom one loves.

"Cousin, you yet exist! Monkaushka is proud to claim the eloquent Sachem as his friend," came an oily voice at my elbow.

I turned, not overmuch pleased at the interruption, and answered gravely:

"Sagehjowa is Monkaushka's friend truly, as he is the friend of all his people."

Somewhat abashed, the old hypocrite continued: "Monkaushka has set out tobacco and melons on his mat in baskets marvelously woven by the Female Hard Hand for Sagehjowa."

I knew that if it had been the war-party who had won, it would have been Tokacon for whom the baskets would have been marvelously woven by the Female Hard Hand, yet I accepted the invitation with grave courtesy.

In truth the baskets were marvelously woven, and the melons were ripe and firm and cool, and we sat upon the mat in the bright noonday, and I thought of Pontilogah with the defiance of defeat in her eyes as it had been when she passed me, and the little droop of the shoulders. Then my vision ran back and I saw her as she had looked at the council when I caught up her speech and hurried it on to my own end: at first flaming with her own fire of indignation; then called out of herself by my words; mastered and carried away. I had seen her without seeing her—sitting leaned slightly forward, hanging on my words; her skin flushed to loveliness, her eyes shining like stars, her lips parted by the quick warm breath. And after that,—the realization of defeat; the shame, the broken pride, the defiance, and the weariness.

Still Monkaushka's bland voice flowed on: "Yes, she was a fine woman; a fine woman. There was none finer among the Chippeways. Monkaushka knew at once when he set eyes upon her that this was the partner of his joy and sorrow. Therefore he went boldly up to her and pointed the two first fingers of his hands at her, and she followed so quick that he could hardly keep ahead of her.

"Yes, my cousin, she followed Monkaushka straight away from the Chippeways to his lodge in the Long-House. Thus hath she lived twenty years with Monkaushka always faithful—faithful—always faithful—and she has born Monkaushka many children."

"Yet Monkaushka is not faithful to his wife," I remarked.

"No," he sighed, "Sagehjowa speaks truth. Monkaushka deeply regrets his errors —and yet—the women, my cousin knows, the women tempt. And when all has been said, it is in truth Hard Hand's fault."

"Indeed?" said I, raising my eyebrows and smiling; "How so?"

"Hard Hand has not been willing that Monkaushka should have another wife." He seemed lost for a moment in reminiscences. A fat smile creased the corners of his mouth. "One time, many winters ago, a very beautiful captive maid of the Hurons loved Monkaushka. Therefore he took her to his lodge, and directed Hard Hand to spread a mat for her. But Hard Hand picked the maiden up and carried her and threw her into the river; Hard Hand has ducked so many children that when she is displeased—" he looked at me uneasily, possibly wondering how long my memory was— "and, of course," he swelled with heroism, "of course, Monkaushka jumped in after the maiden and rescued her."

That lie must have taken many winters of practice.

"Then did Hard Hand spread a mat for the maiden?"

"No. Monkaushka and the maiden went off to the woods. No one might give Hard Hand meat or fish while Monkaushka was gone. If she would not obey her husband she must starve. It is the Iroquois way.

"After a week Monkaushka thought Hard Hand must be hungry. So he led his new bride to the town and entered his wigwam and said very grandly: 'Wife, you yet exist. Spread a mat for Monkaushka's new and best-loved wife.' She spread the mat. She was very hungry.

"Two—three days passed. Then there was a feast, and that night Monkaushka slept heavily. In the morning his new wife was lying dead upon the mat with a hatchet in her skull."

He stared at me dramatically.

"Hard Hand is a fine woman," he added in comment. "A fine brave woman, and faithful—but jealous, very jealous."

"Hard Hand is jealous?" echoed Waupeka, who had come up unnoticed and now dropped easily down near us and reached out for a melon.

"Very jealous," responded Monkaushka gloomily. "But Monkaushka keeps her under, Monkaushka keeps her under," he added hastily.

Waupeka laughed.

Monkaushka turned a suspicious glance upon him. Then: "Does the very great Sachem hear the crying of the young man who has the toothache?" he asked with great dignity.

Waupeka laughed again, but I replied seriously: "Sagehjowa can scarcely help hearing it, the eternal 'Wah! Wah! *Npummaumpiteunck! Npummaumpiteunck!*' Why should a brave roll upon the ground and howl 'Wah! Wah! *Npummaumpiteunck! Npummaumpiteunck!*' when he has the toothache?"

Waupeka shook his head gravely. "Toothache is very bad."

And yet Waupeka has a scar where a poisoned barb was cut out of him and the wound closed with boiling tar, and he never quivered a muscle nor drew an uneven breath from start to finish.

"Who is the one—who-has-the-toothache?" I asked, after a pause.

"He is named Nootamis,* my brother," answered Waupeka. "He is a very brave young man, and has more scalps in his wigwam than any other of our young men."

"Huh! Yet he cries over an ache in a tooth!"

Waupeka raised his eyes questioningly. I felt myself reproved, and repented of my churlishness.

In fact I finally went out to pluck the herbs for a poultice which I knew how to make, and which was especially efficacious for toothache.

"Whither goes my brother?" asked Waupeka's eyes.

"Into the woods," I replied aloud, and then, feeling his mingled desire and hesitancy, I added: "Come with me."

XVI.

The herb was scarce, and it was dark night before we left our search, and turned toward home.

There was no moon, but a treasure-bin of fine-cut stars, lavishly flung out upon the velvet blue-black overhead, lighted our path.

"And to think," I said—we had not spoken for many hours—"to think that perchance each one of them may be a little world like ours."

Waupeka gazed off over the wide dark

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* Noo tamis.

prairie. "And perchance filled with men?" he asked hesitatingly; "men like Sagehjowa and Waupeka?"

"Aye, perchance," I answered. "And mayhap very like to us. For Sagehjowa has seen the men of more races than one, and found them, in the vital things, very like. And who knows but what the Star-Dwellers may also be kin in the great facts of their natures, to each other and to us."

"Yet the Heaven-Dwellers, the Carrey-agaroona, are gods," breathed Waupeka.

"And we, too, mayhap, are gods in embryo," I smiled. "So the Holy Fathers teach."

He replied slowly. "Waupeka has sometimes felt a stirring of something bound within him, a fluttering as a bird flutters in the snare. Perchance there is a god snared in us, who struggles to be free. Is this what my brother means?"

"Somewhat. I am no teacher, and I scarce myself know what I mean. There are so many teachings. If I should tell you, Waupeka, that there is but one Supreme Being and his name is *God*, what should you say?"

"Waupeka would reply that he has long known that there is a Great Spirit above all things else, and that Waupeka calls him Hawenneeyu, which may be, in my brother's language, *God*."

I meditated upon this, and it seemed to me marvelously simple and marvelously sage. "Yet if I told you that the one true God is not the Hawenneeyu whom Waupeka and his brothers worship, and that Waupeka and his brothers must learn to worship another God than Hawenneeyu and cast out Hawenneeyu as a lie, or suffer punishment, what then?"

"Then would Waupeka reply: 'Hawenneeyu is the true god of Waupeka and his brothers, revealed in their hearts; if your God were a greater would not he have revealed himself to us? It may be that the people among whom Sagehjowa has lived know a true God; if so, it is good for them to worship him. Waupeka and his people know a true god; therefore it is good to worship him. They may be different gods,—Waupeka knows not these things—but if they be so, surely the All-Wisdom has seen that different peoples need different gods, and has known to reveal the right god to the right people.'"

We were standing upon a hummock with five or six little trees growing stiffly out of it. Below us lay a stretch of plain and a little grass-edged pool in which, a minute before, the stars had been reflected. Now they were suddenly blotted out.

"Uh," said Waupeka in an undertone. "Rain. Let us seek the lodge of Muttering Thunder."

He did not speak again for some time, but I felt that he was still thinking about it.

"But Waupeka feels that it is one Great Spirit with many names," he said at last.

After that we talked no more, but hurried on to the lodge of Muttering Thunder, musing upon the things that it is difficult to utter.

We left the open, clambered over rotting logs, skirted fallen tree-tops and piles of old brush, and found ourselves at the tall pyramidal door-way of the lodge of Muttering Thunder, a monster sycamore, full forty feet about, and containing a hollow chamber a generous twelve feet in diameter.

I looked about me in great satisfaction, the more pronounced that at the moment the storm burst in torrents.

"Wherefore does Waupeka call the giant tree 'the lodge of Muttering Thunder?'" I asked idly, as we spread down our raccoon-skins upon the bark floor.

"Muttering Thunder was of the Senecas long ago; a brave who did evil in the sight of Hawenneeyu and slew his mother. Wherefore he heard the whisperings of the Under world People debating what to do to him, he fled in mad terror. But the Onasahroona stole up through a crevice of the earth, and came upon his trail, always a little behind him, but not far. So that finally he climbed up into the top of this sycamore, which was then not cleft, and dropped down into the hollow within the trunk, knowing that the feet of the Onasahroona could not leave the earth. And for many years he dwelt there in hiding, and the Onasahroona searched, and whispered, and searched, but could not find him.

"And then one night Muttering Thunder without cause began to cry out in a dreadful voice, and cleaved the tree with his axe. And the Onasahroona took him down through the crevice in the earth. And now and again as the years go by Muttering Thunder's muffled voice is heard echoing in the vaults of the underworld; and the earth shakes as he heaves his mighty axe, striving to cleave the earth as he cleaved the tree. Hark!"

From the bowels of the earth came a groaning and muttering, and the ground quaked. A blood-curdling shriek cleaved the blackness outside. Waupeka and I stared through the darkness toward each other.

Then, with a short laugh at the trick my nerves had played me, I stepped outside the tree-trunk and called "Oho!"

There was a pause, then a trembling voice came back: "Who calls?"

I laughed again, with something of relief. "Sagehjowa, Sachem of the Senecas."

There was a great crashing among the tree-tops and brush, and a hasty: "Wait! wait! I come!"

It was Big Antlers, one of the mightiest of our warriors. Of a truth, superstition makes cowards of us all.

We spread our mantles once more upon the floor, and lay down to sleep.

Slumber would not come to me, however. My mind had harked back to our previous conversation. The Great Question tormented me with its eternal unanswer. I thought Waupeka was right, and yet—and yet—

I strove to draw my mind from it with other thoughts.

What was my mission to my people?

I had studied them for eight years. I, from my vantage-point of education saw many things clearly which they saw not at all. But how to make them see with my eyes?

Big Antlers was breathing heavily in sleep, but I heard Waupeka turn restlessly, and I spoke to him in a low tone.

"My brother is waking?"

"Waupeka cannot sleep. The many thoughts in Waupeka's soul keep slumber from his eyes."

"Sagehjowa is troubled by visions. He has lived among the pale-eyed people, and he has read the histories of many peoples that are no more. He has seen that the people that will not learn go down beneath the marching feet of the people that learn. Sometimes he fears that his people will so go down."

"Waupeka understands not the words of his brother."

"It is this, Sagehjowa's vision. He sees the lands of the pale-eyed people grow crowded and barren. He sees the pale-eyed people take their great winged canoes and bridge therewith the mysterious salt-river that lies between them and the land of the red man. Across this slender bridge he sees the crowded lands pour their superflux into the vasts of the new land.

"Then will it be striven who shall have the new land: they to whom it belongs from Hawenneeyu, or they to whom it belongs from necessity.

"And because the white man learns and the red man will not learn, the red man will go down beneath the westward march of the white man. That march has already begun. Some half-centuries, and then—we shall go down."

"*Paniton:* let it be," responded Waupeka reverently. "If it is, it is by the will of Hawenneeyu."

"No! It rests with us to decide whether it shall be or shall not be. Will Waupeka say: 'It is the will of Hawenneeyu that I die,' while there is yet a drop of blood left in his veins?"

"My brother speaks true," he cried, fired at last. Life is, after all, the chiefest birthright. "Yet Waupeka sees not why there should not be room in the land both for his brothers and for Sagehjowa's pale-faced friends."

"Perchance for the reason that in all the vast hunting-grounds of the Oheeyo there is not room for both the Eries and the Iroquois," I replied.

"And why should it be Waupeka's brothers who should be slain?" he continued proudly. "Can the white-faced warriors draw truer bows or hurl mightier spears?"

"It is not that," I returned sadly. "It lies deeper than fighting-power. It is more living-power—the fitness to live. In all this great land, from the East to the West, the name of the Iroquois is known and respected. The people of the Long House are greater than all other peoples in all the land. When it is a question of extermination, it is the other tribe which goes out. And why? Because the Iroquois are best fitted to live. You have the highest civilization, the highest development.

"But what is there further? You have developed the utmost possibilities of The Hunter State. For two hundred years you have remained stagnant, hunting and fishing living from hand to mouth, with no thought for the future of yourselves, your children, or your race. You are held by this dam, The Hunter State. Until you break the dam and defy with the flood-tide of progress the barriers builded in the past, you are bound to stagnate. If you would not drop in the onward march and be trampled on, you must learn of your neighbor-peoples how better to form your caravan. That is the secret: to learn of others."

"Why should the red man learn of this white man?" replied Waupeka proudly. "If he cannot work things out for himself, let him die—he is no hanger-on at life's feast. If he has not in himself the right to sit in the circle of Living Ones about the fire, let him be cast into outer darkness. Shall he beggarize his race? Shall he cheaply mimic this white brother? Shall he steal the knowledge of living which this white man has? No! Take from him his life, but leave him his pride of being that one whom he is."

I was stirred by the words. I too am an Indian. "Thou hast said, Waupeka," I answered deeply. "We must learn for ourselves or not at all."

We lay, each thinking the other's thoughts for a time.

At last Waupeka said, more gently: "But my brother is a dreamer of dreams. These things will never come. The Hodenosaunee will live on forever. The white man will never come to the red man's land. Has he not a land of his own?"

"He has come already," I said.

"Then will the red man welcome him as one welcomes a guest-friend. He will take him to his town-house and give him to eat of his fruits and game; he will burden him with pelts and fine wampum. He will say: 'The great fire of the red man is the great fire of the white man,' and the white man and the red man will live as brothers in the red man's land."

I made no answer. It is of my faults that I am ever too greatly busied with thinking, an occupation which ill befits any but a priest; and my heart misgave me lest I might lead Waupeka into the unsoldier-like habit. It is well to think, but it is better to do.

But our talk had awakened Big Antlers, and he now burst forth: "Who talks of massacre? Are not the Iroquois the most powerful tribe in the earth? Is not their name known and feared the length and breadth of all that is? Can they not take the scalps of any ten tribes that uniting should come against them? So long as the turtle's back sustains the earth beneath our feet, so long will the Iroquois hold the people of the earth in trembling dread.

"And who talks of learning? Is there aught that the gods give men to know that the Iroquois know not? How to make paint for his body from the colored juices of plants mixed with the sour juice of the wild sweet-scented crab-apple, how to prepare all manner of foods for his hunger, how to take the scalp of the foe, how to draw a strong bow, how to build him his wigwam for summer and his lodge for winter, how to wed wives and rear children and worship the gods? Is there aught else? What then should the Iroquois learn? And were there aught, to whom should he stoop for teaching?"

The dawn was come before our talk was done.

As we approached the town, I bearing my basket of herbs for the unfortunate Nootamis's toothache, Tokacon joined us. He had a birch-bark basket in which were three small paw-paws, hard and making scant pretence to ripeness.

Waupeka glanced at his moccasins and said: "My brother also has been out all night on the long trail."

Tokacon's eyes assented.

"My brother hath a fondness for paw-paws?" I remarked.

"Tokacon's squaw lies upon the mat and eats nothing, and her heart desired these," replied Tokacon briefly.

I glanced at my cold-eyed crafty-tongued war-chief in some surprise. A word of the pretty Oneeta's flashed into my mind: "Tokacon is of a very great heart. Sometime he and Sagehjowa will be brothers."

I had laughed, at the time, but now it occurred to me to wonder how much of prophecy there might be in the saying.

(*To be continued*)

THE TRANSFERRED VOTE

By IDA ALEXANDER

"IT isn't that I can't understand election excitement," said the drummer, tilting back the chair accommodatingly placed outside the village store. "No, sir. I can appreciate that as well as the next one. Why, in 'Frisco, the crowds will rock electric cars, as you would a child's cradle, and hurrah till they're hoarse. That's all well enough, and natural. It means a whole lot to the country at large who's president. And every one has a spice of interest in senators and congressmen. What gets me is to see as quiet a place as this all worked up about the election of a measly little supervisor, with a salary of—say sixty or seventy dollars a month."

"Fifty—jest fifty, Bill," corrected the storekeeper, "but the salary ain't here nor there—"

"They'll look to its increase, I suppose?" said the drummer, with a coarse laugh.

"Not Stafford," said an unexpected voice.

The storekeeper started.

"Why, Seth, where did you drop from?"

"I left my team at McKenzie's—got to be shod all 'round—an' walked up."

"Well," drawled the drummer, "why not Stafford?"

"Because he ain't that kind."

"How do you know? Oh, yes, present incumbent, isn't he? But first terms don't prove much. They're on their good behavior. The big steal comes in the second or third term. Put Misbee there—or any other man—it'll be all right—at first."

"At last, too, with Stafford," Seth Thompson said, quietly.

"Well, have it your own way. For my part, I'm rather in favor of Misbee—'under dog,' you know."

"We ain't sure yet, Bill, that he air the under dog," said the storekeeper, glancing apologetically from face to face. "It's a-goin' to be a hard fight—a hard fight."

The drummer brought the chair to the ground, with a sudden movement. His interest in the conversation had waned. "I've got to move on. You'll want to give me a big order for cigars, Fresher. You'll need them, whatever way it turns out. For me, let the best man win."

"I believe he wull," said Seth Thompson. "Gimme a pound o' tea, an' a piece o' bacon, Mr. Fresher, an' I'll be gittin' along, too. The team'll be most done by the time I git there."

The sound of his cheery whistle came back to them as he strode away.

"Now, why's he so stuck on Stafford?" mused the drummer aloud. "Aren't relations, are they? Though there's something about the eyes of each that suggests the other."

"I think—I believe, Bill, that something is honesty—but I ain't sure," he added, hastily, as the drummer blew a cloud of smoke in the air, and laughed, "Honesty! Bah!"

* * * * * * *

Seth Thompson drove slowly home, letting the horses go at their own sweet will. They were heavy work-horses, neither young nor beautiful, but he viewed them with proud and loving eyes.

"I'd had to give up, only fur them," he said to himself; "fur them an' Stafford."

"Seth! oh, Seth!" called a voice from a passing carriage, "hold up a minute!"

"Why, Judge Bascom, who'd o' thought o' seein' you? But I was jest thinkin' o' you. Goin' to ride a piece with me?"

"Yes, I think I will," said the Judge, climbing into the clumsy wagon and calling to the astonished coachman: "Drive on! I'll walk back!"

The Judge took off his fur-lined glove and clasped Seth Thompson's roughened, reddened hand.

"Well, Seth, how have things been going? Your way?"

"Wal—no—not exactly. I were jest thinkin' I'd hev had to give up, but fur my team."

"Ah!" said the Judge.

"But now," continued Seth, cheerfully, "I think the turn's made. My boy Jim's gittin' big enough to manage the team, an' hold down the county work. That'll give me a chance to run the farm, an' it'll be hard lines if I don't make it pay, the way I intend to work. With that, an' the road money comin' in steady, I expect to make things hum. There's nothin' beats steady money."

"No," agreed the Judge, "there isn't. Seth, how are you going to vote?"

"Why, a straight ticket. I've done that ever since I voted."

"But suppose I asked you to scratch a name? It's something I never asked a man before, but, somehow, Seth, I feel sure you'll do it for me."

"There wouldn't be much you'd ask me that I'd say 'no' to, that's a fact. But votin'—that's somethin' I never done fur a man before."

"Well, Seth, I'll tell you. The man I'm asking you to vote against is a man that has done me an injury, and I'm scouring the country to beat him. I'll land him high and dry, if it takes every dollar I've got."

Seth Thompson slipped the reins into his left hand, and held out his right.

"I'm with you. The man you feel that way to air too mean to win."

"Thank you, Seth. I knew I could depend on you. As I was saying, Stafford has—why, what's the matter?"

"Nothin'," said Seth, with a mirthless laugh, "nothin'—except if it hadn't been fur Stafford, we'd hev starved. Don't think I ain't rememberin' you give me a hand first. I ain't never furgot that. But—it's this way—if you're sunk deep in the mud, one pull don't get you out. The second hand's as necessary as the first. An' he give me that."

The Judge thought a moment. He still held the work-worn hand Seth Thompson had reached out to him. Somehow, it seemed to tell a story to him—strong, ill-shaped, roughened by work, but honest and clean. He swallowed once or twice, and cleared his throat. Then over the hand his right hand held, he laid his left.

"Seth, don't think any more about it. Life is too short for politics to make friends enemies. And, after all, a man is what he is to you. He may be a rascal to the rest of the world, but if to you he has done one kind action you're right to remember that alone. Vote according to your conscience. You won't go far wrong. Good-by, good luck, and whoever is suited, may the best man win!"

And then Seth was alone, jogging slowly over the pleasant country road. His head was bent in thought and the cheery whistle was not heard again. At last he lifted his head and looked before him with troubled eyes, yet eyes that did not waver.

"I give him my word," he said aloud, "an' I'll keep it."

But the keeping of it was a bitter thing. No little of the bitterness lay in the fact that he must keep the change secret. Not only for the sake of those dependent on him but for those others whose weak stand was firmer, from the staunchness of the stronger man.

It had been easy before to talk to the doubtful ones of Stafford—of his fairness, his justice, and his generosity; the improvement of the roads under his direction; the increase of wages; the shortening of the working hours. Seth's simple eloquence had won many a wavering vote. But the gift was gone, or else he felt himself unworthy. Of the election, drawing near, he spoke not at all. The country people marveled at, then resented, his change of attitude.

The morning of the election dawned crisp and clear; a typical November morning, a day to send the sluggish blood dancing through the veins and make one feel that it is good to be alive. Three times Seth Thompson started for the election booth, and thrice his courage failed him. But at last it was done. Stafford's name—the only one he had other than party interest in—was blank, and a quavering cross marked the name of P. J. Misbee, candidate for supervisor. The very horses seemed to share his mood, as he drove homeward. They went slowly, with drooping heads, and "shied," as if ashamed, at a wagon, decorated with huge banners, bearing the inscription: "Vote for Lemuel B. Stafford for Supervisor. 'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"

"He air," was Seth's comment.

It had been his custom to haunt the election booth, joyfully or sorrowfully hearing the "returns," but it was the next morning before he could bear to go near the place again.

The election officers, who had worked all night, seemed weary, but the rest were jubilant. He touched the man nearest him, "Hello, Seth, heard the news? A clean sweep. Teddy's in, and—"

"But—but," stammered Seth, "how about Stafford?"

"All right. Elected by one vote. Any of us can claim we put him in."

"One vote?"

"That's the way it stands now, and local returns are pretty well in. Of course, it may be altered, and if it's that close, Misbee'll likely contest it, but old Lem'll make good, I hope. Here he is now."

Stafford, laughing, shaking hands and jostling the crowd, finally reached them.

"Well, Ashton," he said, cordially shaking hands, "it has been a big victory—I don't mean mine. I have little to boast of. Wait a minute, Seth. I've been looking for you. I couldn't very well tell you before election, as it might have looked like a bribe. The water-wagon is to be yours—a summer's job—and with the other road work, you'll soon be a 'bloated bondholder,' won't you? What's that? You can't take it? Don't be childish. You're the man for the place. I have the giving of it and it's little enough to the man who elected me."

As he spoke, he put his arm affectionately around the other's shoulder.

"Don't," said Seth, shaking him off. "I didn't. I went agin you."

The other fell back.

"You. I—I wouldn't have expected it, Seth."

"No," said Seth, "I allow you wouldn't."

"But suppose," Stafford continued without cordiality, "I should still insist that you take the place, as a curiosity? You seem to be the only man I've met who didn't vote for me."

"I won't take it, anyway," Seth repeated doggedly.

"Have it your own way, then," Stafford replied.

* * * * * * *

"Hold on a minute, Seth!"

The same voice—almost the same words—at which he had joyfully stopped, two short weeks before, but now he kept on.

"Wait, Seth!"

At the peremptory voice he stood still, almost as his own work-horses might have done. But the Judge's eyes did not seek his face, but looked over, beyond him, till they rested on the frank, angry eyes of Lemuel Stafford.

"Mr. Stafford," he began, in his courteous, well-modulated voice, "this interview, believe me, displeasing as it is to you, is more so to me. I shall detain you but a moment. Another man must not suffer for the sins of Breckinridge Bascom. At my request, my most unwarranted request, against his wish and judgment, with heart, head and hand rebelling, Seth Thompson cast his vote. It was my fault entirely. I did my best to beat you," he concluded, more frankly than he had spoken.

His eyes held those of the younger man, as those keen, gray eyes had a way of doing.

"Why?" Lemuel Stafford asked, softly.

"You know—that article in the 'Tribune,'" the Judge said, stiffening as he spoke.

"I did not write it!"

"Man!" thundered the Judge, as if from the bench, "why didn't you deny it?"

"*Before election?*" queried Lemuel Stafford.

"Seth," said the Judge, "come here. Now suppose two friends—old, tried, idiotic, quarrelsome friends—had a misunderstanding and found it out, how would you advise them to make up?"

"I dunno any better way," said Seth Thompson, glancing from face to face, "than to jest shake hands."

THE WISDOM OF A OUIJA BOARD

By ARTHUR RENWICK O'HARA

"AND so I come in to speak a few words with your talkin' board," said Grandma Thorp's unknown guest, after she had given a circumstantial account of her recent arrival in the community. "I've heard it was chock full of wisdom."

Mrs. Thorp's granddaughters, Betty Reese, a callow, leggy fledgeling of fourteen summers, and Miss Lydia Martin, a teacher in the village school, and who, at the age of three-and-twenty, bore in both attire and manner the unmistakable signs of what we Middle Westerners call a "born old maid," exchanged looks of disgust.

"She means the Ouija," said Betty, in a disdainful aside. "Well, can't people be fools!"

For the benefit of the unenlightened I will say that the Ouija (pronounced Weeja) consists of a highly polished board about two feet wide and two and one-half feet in length. Painted upon its shining surface are the letters of the alphabet, arranged in two half-circles. In the lower left-hand corner is the word "yes," while "no" is to be found in the opposite corner. At the top of the board is the word "good-bye." Accompanying the board is a tiny three-legged table, with its feet tipped with felt.

The manipulation of the Ouija is extremely simple. The table is placed on the board, and any two persons by placing the tips of the fingers of both hands lightly on the table-top can cause it to move quickly over the alphabet, spelling long sentences, or answering questions with ease. Indicating the proper letters by resting the solitary front-foot upon them for a brief moment.

Many persons regard these messages as direct communications from their spirit friends, while others, less serious-minded, regard the whole thing as a stupendous joke.

However, Ouija has been known to answer questions and deliver messages on affairs absolutely unknown to the persons who were apparently manipulating the table, and once I saw the Ouija spell correctly and without hesitation long communications when both manipulators were blindfolded; but that, to quote the oft-quoted Mr. Kipling, is another story.

Grandma Thorp brought forth the Ouija and painstakingly explained its workings to her interested visitor. "It runs better for my two granddaughters than for any one else. It doesn't tell fibs with them," she said proudly.

"Now, Grandma," said Miss Lydia, meaningly, "you know what I told you." She turned to their guest, apologetically. "So many people come here for us to run the Ouija," she explained; "they think because we're spiritualists that we're bound to do weird and uncanny things. They can't seem to get it through their skulls that anybody can use it.

"It doesn't always tell the truth. For all we know its some kind of animal magnetism that runs it. I'll declare I sometimes think that we push it without intending to do it. You see, it runs so lightly that the least effort would move it. I know, often, when some one asks it a question, the answer will pop right into my mind, before the Ouija has time to spell it.

"Why, I know lots of times just what the Ouija is going to say—even if it's a name that I never heard before or something I don't know anything about."

"That proves to my mind that she catches the spirit messages before they reach the Ouija," said Grandma Thorp firmly.

"Well, people have told such ridiculous tales about the way it moves for us that I've made up my mind never to touch it again," said Lydia. "I heard the other day that all I had to do was to hold my hands above the little table and it went kiting around over the board, spelling out messages without a soul touching it. I wonder what kind of a freak they think I am?"

"They'll be telling that the Ouija follows you back and forth to school, next," observed Betty, "like Mary's little lamb."

Their visitor, a worn, sharpfeatured woman of middle age, drooped in evident disappointment for a moment. Then she drew a half dollar from her shabby purse. "Here's a fifty-cent piece," she said, holding it out to Lydia, who reddened angrily, and made no movement to take the proffered coin.

"They don't do it for pay," interposed Grandma Thorp hastily.

The visitor looked at the girls appealingly. "I have to work mighty hard," she said slowly, "and I have a tough time of it. There's things it would help me a heap to know."

The girls exchanged glances of understanding. In dignified silence they placed the board upon their knees and their fingertips upon the tiny table which instantly glided around on the alphabet with something of the motions of an accomplished skater upon the ice.

"I can't read print," said the visitor apologetically.

"Never mind," answered Betty, suddenly unbending, "we will tell you just what it writes. It says that it is Sarah Amelia."

"Oh, is it?" exclaimed the interested visitor, and, addressing the Ouija, she said: "Howdy, Sairey Amelia?"

At this juncture a noise like the sudden uncorking of a champagne bottle called Grandma's attention to Betty, who was so violently agitated that even her beribboned pigtail vibrated from the intensity of her emotions. "Now, see here, Betty," Grandma admonished her, "don't you begin your giggling."

During this diversion the guest had been watching the board and its skating-table expectantly. "It is waiting for you to ask questions," explained Lydia.

"Was he good to you, Sairey Amelia?" questioned the visitor, and promptly the little table glided down to "no."

"Uh, huh! I thought so," said the interlocutor, in the tone of one whose deeply-rooted convictions have been verified. "Mean to the children, too, I s'pose?" and to this the Ouija assented. "I s'pose you had a worse time than me?" queried the visitor, and once more the Ouija glided to "yes"; then it spelled out the sentence: "Life was very hard."

"Pore soul!" said the visitor, sympathetically, when the message was delivered. "Yes, yes, you pore dear! I know it was hard; but it's over now. And you know I'm doin' my best by the children—"

"Who is Sarah Amelia?" interrupted Betty, ever a prey of violent curiosity.

"My husband's first wife," said the visitor simply. "Me and Silas ain't been married quite a year."

"Then the children are not yours?" said Grandma Thorp questioningly.

"No, but Sairey Amelia can't set no more store by 'em than I do. I ain't afeared to say that right here to her face; I'd love to have you see 'em, Mrs. Thorp," said the visitor. "They're as purty and nice-mannered as little dukes and little dukesses."

"I am sure they are," replied Grandma Thorp, quelling Betty's rising giggles with the awful severity of her eyes. "You must bring them to see me some time," she said kindly.

"Do you hear that, Sairey Amelia?" demanded the gratified stepmother, beaming at the Ouija. "Our children are a-bein' took notice of."

"It says: 'I am often with you and the children,'" reported Lydia.

The visitor looked thoughtful. "I dunno as I'm glad of that," she said slowly. "Leastwise, not jest any time. Of course there's lots of times when it would be a real pleasure to have her, and then again—you see Silas—he sometimes—well, you know how men are. It most kills me when he is mean to 'em, and I s'pose it's harder on her. I hate to think she has to stand by and see it."

"Sarah Amelia," said Grandma Thorp, stirred to the very depths of her tender heart, "don't you think your children have a good stepmother?"

"As good as gold," spelled the Ouija rapidly. The visitor's worn face flushed to the roots of her faded auburn hair with pleasure. "I'm a thousand times obleeged to you for them kind words, Sairey Amelia, and I sha'n't ever furgit 'em!" she cried delightedly. "I'm sure you are as good as gold yourself. I'm real pleased to have met you, and I don't know when I ever enjoyed a visit so much," she concluded politely.

"You said there were some questions that you'd like to ask," hinted Betty.

"Sairey Amelia," said the visitor earnestly, "I want you to tell me where that twelve hundred dollars is that my Uncle Joshua willed me. If I had it I'd buy a little place here in town so the children could go to school. I can make a right smart living with my carpet weavin' and our children could be like other folks' children. I want 'em to have some of the things that you an' me wanted in our young days and never got."

"If that isn't just like a woman!" ejaculated Lydia. "A woman is always determined that her children shall have all the advantages and opportunities that she was deprived of in her own childhood, but a man who has had no advantages don't think his children need any. He thinks what was good enough for him is good enough for them, also."

The visitor listened to this discourse attentively. "I must say that you're real knowin'," she said to Lydia. "I never heard anybody say that before; but it's true as gospel."

"Now, Lydia, you come down off your hobby horse, and let Sarah Amelia tell where the money is," advised Betty.

"Sairey Amelia," began the visitor, returning to the Ouija, "where must I go and what must I do to get that money?" "Burst Grandpa Martin's fiddle over Silas' head."

"It had orter be busted," said the visitor thoughfully. "I've thought so many a time; but I'd hate to spile Grandpa's fiddle that he made when he was a boy."

"Maybe she thinks that your husband has the money and if you hit him a crack with the fiddle he'll hand it over," suggested Betty.

"Laws! No!" replied the visitor, not at all offended. "Uncle Joshua died twelve years ago and I never set eyes on Silas till last summer."

"It will talk foolishness sometimes," said Grandma Thorp apologetically. "Let me ask it. 'Sarah Amelia,'" she continued impressively: "I want you to pay attention. For your children's sake tell us about that money." And once more, through the Ouija, Sarah Amelia answered: "Break the fiddle over Silas' head." And stubbornly, over and over again, the Ouija repeated this message until at last it grew so late that Sarah Amelia's successor was compelled to depart.

"We'll call for Sarah Amelia every time we use the Ouija," Lydia assured her, "and if she tells anything we'll let you know." But in the midst of the important family events which in the following two weeks crowded thick and fast into the Thorp family circle, Sarah Amelia, the auburn-haired visitor, and her lost legacy were quite forgotten. It was not until she suddenly reappeared a fortnight later that their interest revived.

"I jest had to come and tell you," she beamed. "The money's in my stockin' now. It was in bills."

"The twelve hundred!" they shrieked in unison.

The visitor nodded. "I done jest as Sairey Amelia advised me," she said, "and I got it."

"I said all the time Silas had it!" cried Betty. "I told you so!"

"Dear me, no!" negatived the visitor. "You see it was like this," she continued, determined not to be cheated out of a detailed account of the event. "The more I studied on what Sairey Amelia said, the surer I was that she knew what she was talkin' about. I felt a heap of respect for her judgment. I'd ketch myself a-sayin': 'Sairey Amelia works in a mysterious way her wonders to perform.'

"I studied about it till I was a'most daffy. I jest went 'round a-argyin' with myself about it. I'd think to myself that whackin' that man over the head won't do a mite of good, and then again I'd think that Sairey Amelia wasn't goin' to advise it, 'lessen she meant it. It jest seemed like there was a Providence in it, for Silas sawed on the old fiddle continual. It 'peared like when Silas was about the house that fiddle was right to my hand.

"Well, one night, after I'd put the children to bed he was a-settin' a-sawin' away and a-hummin' 'Happy Day' to himself; when, all of a sudden, it come over me that then was the accepted time. I made up my mind that I'd do what she advised and if it didn't do any good it would be her fault and not mine.

"I jest walked up to Silas and took the fiddle and says I: 'I'm a-goin' to do somethin' that I don't s'pose you'll relish; but bear in mind that it's my duty and all for the best,' and with that I shet my eyes and brung the fiddle down kerspat on his head.

"Well, his head didn't give a mite though it did 'pear to ring holler, and the fiddle didn't give none either; but says I to myself: 'I don't raly know which of the two Sairey meant for me to bust; but I'll do my duty and whichever one she meant to be busted will be busted,' and I fetched him another lick.

"That lick never feazed the fiddle, and Silas set there like he was stunted; but at the third whack the fiddle give way and, kerplop, somethin' rolled along the floor.

"I knowed instanter what it was. It was twelve one-hundred-dollar bills. You see, Uncle Joshua couldn't bear to see money spent; he knowed what store I set by Grandpa's fiddle and he 'lowed if he hid it there, I'd allus have it and yet not spend it. I'm a-goin' to dicker for the Peters' cottage this afternoon."

"It seems to me," remarked Betty, as their visitor arose to depart, "that Sarah Amelia took a very roundabout way of telling you. Why couldn't she have just told you right out where the money was and saved the fiddle and the wear and tear on Silas' skull."

The visitor shook her head, decisively. "Sairey Amelia's head is level," she asserted. "Why, I wouldn't begrudge bustin' Grandpa's fiddle—even if the money hadn't been inside. Sairey Amelia knowed best. Silas is a changed man.

"After I busted the fiddle I told Silas how I come to do it and how Sairey Amelia said she was often with us, and his hair jest riz! Yes, Silas is a different man!

"I promised him that I wouldn't speak with her today. He was afeared that she'd tell me to smash somethin' heftier than an old fiddle on him, and he knows that I've got that respect for her judgment that I'd do it."

She paused in the little vine-clad, latticed porch and turned hesitatingly to Lydia. "I hate to bother you any more, after all you've done for the children and me," she said, "but I'd take it mighty kind if some time, when it was convenient, you'd give my love and best respects to Sairey Amelia."

GIVE ME A MAN

GIVE me a man who is bold and strong,
  Whose blood flows red in his veins—
Who stands by friends, be they right or wrong,
  Asks but a look for his pains.
Give me a man who speaks what he thinks,
  And whose thoughts are always kind—
From his full soul a parched world drinks,
  And finds him quite to its mind.

Give me a man who loves this old earth,
  Loves Life for just Life's sake—
Nothing moves or breathes but has worth;
  It is there but to give and take.
Give me a man with a great, kind heart,
  With room for Saint or Sinner—
Who in joy or sorrow bears his part,
  Bears it, loser or winner.

Give me a man who gives of his best,
  Of muscle, and mind, and heart,
Who blows through life, with the keen-edged zest
  That helped him on at the start.
Then give me a man who meets with death,
  His eyes self-closed with a smile—
"I've breathed to its end a fragrant breath,
  Now let me rest for awhile."

Willard Packard Hatch

"SINGLES"

By MYRA T. DIXON

JEREMIAH BROWNELL laid down the volume he was reading and looked about him with a frown. Through the open window floated in, now and then, the shrill voices of the Schelling children, the young brood of his colleague in Teutonic Literature, who lived across the way. No other sound disturbed the quiet of the library. The Professor's eyes roved restlessly around the room. Books were everywhere, shelves lined with them, tables and chairs littered with them, books on the sofa and books piled on the floor in circling breast-works around his Morris-chair.

The Professor arose and carefully picking his way across the room between tottering piles of dusty volumes, opened a closet door and took out a golf-bag and, after a moment's hesitation, an umbrella. He looked at this with some uncertainty, scraping his throat dubiously, then set it down, and picking up his cap from the sofa, swung the golf-bag over his shoulder and left the room. When he had reached the street, he turned and scanned the western horizon, to the great amusement of Mrs. Schelling, sitting at her window across the way sewing.

"There's 'Old Probabilities' studying the weather again, Karl!" she called out to her husband who was writing in his study. "Why didn't Jerry Brownell get married years ago and so have something to think about besides the weather! How absurd for him to build that big house and live in there all alone! There he goes back into the house again after his umbrella! He does that thing every time he starts anywhere. Say, Karl!"

"Well?"

"Little David asked Jerry Brownell yesterday where the mamma and all the little children were in his house."

A roar of laughter from the study greeted this.

"Well, Sally, if you don't stop talking to me, I'll never get this lecture finished and will perhaps envy Brownell his bachelorhood."

Whereupon little Mrs. Schelling pursed her lips tight together and left her husband in peace. She fixed her eyes intently on the stocking she was darning. Hence she did not see Miss Jane Morris, artist and spinster, as she passed the house on the way to the golf-links.

Miss Morris, the only woman on the college faculty, was a very popular member of society. Her apartments, fitted out with quaint and artistic furnishings, were the scene of many charming, informal teas and chafing-dish parties, where Miss Morris, as hostess, presided with as picturesque grace as if she had in reality as well as in appearance stepped out of one of the quaint old portraits on the wall. This morning, however, she looked very modern, in a short golf-skirt and natty red sweater and Tam O'Shanter.

As Miss Morris approached the Brownell house, her artist's eye took in the broad sweeping lines of the mansion standing in the midst of its well-kept lawn, a genuine Colonial homestead from her own New England, set down in a middle-western landscape. But her expression of pleasure changed to one of contempt as she noticed the cramped little porch in front with the narrow steps leading up to it.

"Only wide enough for one person to walk on!" she ejaculated mentally. "If I lived in that house, the first thing I'd do would be to jerk off that porch and build on a broad veranda with wide steps. What a singular man he is, anyway!" and she glanced curiously at the closed green shutters, reflecting on the many anecdotes that were current about this bachelor Professor and his *menage*. But her musings suddenly came to an end, as she heard the door open on the funny little porch; and she quickened her steps, hurrying down the hill to take the cross-cut through the grove which lessened considerably the distance to the links. At first, as she sped along, she heard the heavy tread of Professor Brownell behind her, but it grew fainter as her own swift pace increased the distance between them.

When Jeremiah Brownell came out of his

house, he had seen a tall graceful figure ahead of him; but, as he was somewhat near-sighted, he had not at first realized who it was. When he did so, he unconsciously quickened his steps. But when he suddenly perceived the distance between himself and Miss Morris lessening, he came to his senses and awkwardly halted, coughing apologetically at his rashness. He stood for a few moments, apparently regarding with admiring interest the recent attempts at landscape gardening on his neighbors' lawns; then walked slowly on at a safe distance.

When Jane Morris reached the links she entered the club-house to leave her sweater and fetch her golf-bag from the locker. The veranda was entirely deserted this beautiful October afternoon; but inside, in the big hall, sat Mrs. Beaconfield embroidering, with an open book beside her. Mrs. Beaconfield was Miss Morris' special detestation. The wife of one of the head professors in chemistry and possessed of considerable wealth, she was generally regarded as one of the leaders of university society. Reared in Boston and distantly related to the author of a well-known "History of the Wagner Drama," Mrs. Beaconfield posed as an authority on music, literature and art. In every club of which she was a member her opinion had come to be considered the ultimatum, whether the subject in question was the pronunciation of a foreign word, a point in architecture, the name of an author, or the date of the death of one of the great composers.

Miss Morris had frequently smiled behind her fan at the French pronunciation, had eyed with suspicion the compendium of dates, had inwardly disputed the name of an author, and, when her own subject of art was touched upon, had once valiantly risen and disputed the great authority. No one had ever forgotten that day at the art club when Miss Morris dared to defy the learned Mrs. Beaconfield. Since that day, Mrs. Beaconfield had been very cool towards Miss Morris and had failed to include her in the list of guests at a reading of Hauptmann's latest play, given in her parlors for the benefit of the Boston Society for the Aesthetic Culture of the Lower Classes. And Miss Morris, who considered Mrs. Beaconfield a very tiresome woman and the Society for the Aesthetic Culture of the Lower Classes a decided bore, did not regret Mrs. Beaconfield's omission.

Upon seeing her today at the club-house, she nodded indifferently and passed into the dressing room. Returning presently with her sticks she was surprised to hear Mrs. Beaconfield call her by name.

"Oh, my dear Miss Morris! Why do you hurry? Are you so devoted to golf? Mr. Beaconfield is playing this afternoon, but I thought that, instead of wasting my time out-of-doors, I would look through this "History of Antique Furniture." The Colonial Dames are going to furnish a room in the new club-house, and I hear that you have a number of pieces of old mahogany that you are anxious to sell. Is it so?"

Miss Morris's cold expression had changed to one of animation.

"Yes, it is!" she exclaimed energetically. "My rooms are so full of old mahogany that I can scarcely turn around, and more is stored at Woodard's."

"Indeed! How interesting!"

"Not at all so for me," laughed Miss Morris. "I bought it last summer in Richmond for a speculation, some of my friends having promised to buy it. But, for various reasons they have failed to keep their promise, and so it is left on my hands and is literally crowding me out of house and home." She laughed gayly, a most infectious laugh, and Mrs. Beaconfield joined in.

A shadow fell across the doorway, and Professor Brownell entered the hall. He flushed in some embarrassment as he met the laughing gaze of the two ladies. Miss Morris bowed pleasantly, but Mrs. Beaconfield threw up her hands in tragic dismay.

"Well, Jerry Brownell!" she cried coquettishly, "you aren't coming to claim me for that game of golf I promised you some day? I am awfully sorry, you know; but really, I am too tired to play this afternoon. My bridge club met this morning and I had to act as referee, and I am perfectly exhausted. You'll have to take Miss Morris here for a partner," and she gave a malicious laugh as the blood rushed over the man's face and neck and then left him deathly pale.

"Why, ahem, really, Mrs. Beaconfield," he stammered, coughing nervously and looking wildly about for some avenue of escape. "Why, really—"

Miss Morris glanced at him with a mingling of pity and contempt, and turning to his tormentor, said coolly:

"Now, Mrs. Beaconfield, don't frighten me in this way. Mr. Brownell is, no doubt, an expert golfer, and I am such a wretched player, only a beginner, I find a golf-stick a very different thing to handle from a paint brush, and I came out this afternoon to have a little practice by myself. We were speaking of old mahogany. What do the ladies want to buy? I have two Davenports. I should be very glad to show my things to the committee. I am at home every morning between nine and eleven."

Professor Brownell, thus dismissed, blushed a still deeper crimson. His heart was torn by a mingling of emotions; indignation at Mrs. Beaconfield for amusing herself at his expense, and wrath at his own lack of self-possession. There was a deeper emotion still, but he did not yet realize its existence. He stood twirling his umbrella in embarrassed silence. No words came to his lips and after a few moments, he lifted his cap and ignominiously retreated. Mrs. Beaconfield laughed softly.

"Oh, that Jerry Brownell! How he hates me!"

Miss Morris looked at her scornfully through half-closed eyes.

"I should think he would," she said coldly. I thought the man was going to die right here at our feet from the shock you gave him. Of course I didn't mind my share in the affair at all."

Mrs. Beaconfield grew red.

"You may tell the ladies about my mahogany. Good morning, Mrs. Beaconfield," and Miss Morris walked stiffly out of the room.

She seated herself on the side veranda with a magazine. She was in a raging temper. What poor taste Mrs. Beaconfield had shown! Why, the woman scarcely knew her. And that poor man! Was there ever a more pitiful object than a bashful man! And she smiled at the recollection of his embarrassment. Thrown at him and rejected! Had it come to this! She rolled her eyes upward in comic despair.

"Well, I'll stay here until he has had a chance to get well started, poor thing, and not embarrass him any more."

At the expiration of half an hour Miss Morris arose and walked around to the front of the club-house. The grounds were almost deserted. Over on the western slope of the hill were two or three straggling players, but Professor Brownell was nowhere in sight. She crossed the road to the first tee ground, stooped and made an elaborate tee from the soft sand. She drew out her driver from her golf-bag, (no one indulged in the extravagance of a caddy at the university club) squared her toes at the most approved angle, carefully adjusted her fingers about the handle of her driver according to the minute directions in "Practical Golf," and, thus prepared, swung her stick several simes freely about her body. Then she placed a ball upon the lofty tee, gave a preliminary swing, and sighting a distant bunker upon the hillside executed a mighty sweep with her club.

To her amazement the ball did not fly over the bunker, but rolled into the ditch a few feet away at her right. Miss Morris' strokes had generally this double curved motion, and the professor of physics had never been able to explain to her satisfactorily the wherefore. The driving was repeated several times until her ambition to go over the bunker had dwindled to a humble desire to drive over the ditch. When, at last, this was accomplished, she triumphantly picked up her golf-bag and cautiously crossed the plank leading over the ditch to the other side.

The golf-course was laid out on what had once been a farm, and gnarled old apple-trees and hickory and walnut-trees were dropping their fruit upon the ground. She stooped and picked up a distorted apple, took a bite from the side, and sent the core flying over the bunker with her lofter, and her ball after it. She felt very young and girlish, alone on the hills this October afternoon. She dallied in the hazard on the other side of the bunker and pulled a bunch of asters to stick in her belt. When she had holed her ball, she sat down on a bench under the apple-tree at the top of the hill, and with a sigh of content drew in the beauty of the scene before her. The October sky was softly blue. Over all the peaceful country-landscape hung a tender haze, half veiling the town in the distance. Here and there through the grove of oaks on the nearer edge of the town she could see the scattered roofs of the newer and more pretentious houses of the well-to-do, among them Professor Brownell's stately mansion. She thought humorously again of his embarrassment and half wished she had been daring enough to take up with Mrs. Beaconfield's challenge, just to see what would have happened.

"I am almost as much of a simpleton as he is, I'm afraid," she laughed softly to herself, flushing a little. "Mother always told me I did not use my opportunities as other girls did, and I have not learned much with the passing years." She sighed a little ruefully as she arose and slowly crossed the green to the next tee.

Professor Brownell was no stranger to her. She had met him many times at dinners, had often found him a surprisingly agreeable companion when the conversation was general. He had even asked to call upon her the preceding June, just before the close of college, on the pretext of wishing to see some drawings in her possession, the gift of a Weimar acquaintance, which had been done by Goethe as a young man. He had come, to her amusement, not alone, but most properly chaperoned by the assistant professor of history and his wife; and after looking over the drawings, they had had a game of whist and a cup of chocolate in her studio. It was all "sehr gemutlich," Professor Brownell had enthusiastically remarked upon leaving. Something had been said about her returning the visit at his own new house, but as yet no invitation had come. She had a great curiosity to see the inside of that house. The man interested her. Why shouldn't he build a house if he wanted to? Why should men and women who did not care to marry be shut out from having a home? Why should these conceited married people always be interfering with a person's independence and talking as if their own idea of happiness was the only right one? Indeed! She had suffered from their meddlesome advice long enough to sympathize with Professor Brownell and his bachelor life. Why couldn't people let him and his house alone?

In her preoccupation she forgot to make the usual preparations before driving. She struck her ball a vigorous blow, and to her delight and amazement it sailed far over the high bunker that shut out the view of the field beyond.

"What a pity there was no one here to see that stroke!" she exclaimed aloud. "Well done, Jane Morris! Only see that you keep right on!" She proudly picked up her golf-bag and tripped gayly towards the bunker.

When she had crossed between its lofty walls to the other side she found that she was no longer alone. A man in a gray golf-suit was walking about in a patch of coarse clover that stretched off to the left. His back was toward her, but she recognized the figure as Professor Brownell, probably on the hunt for a lost ball. Where had the man been all this time? Her own ball was nowhere in sight, probably hidden in that same hazard.

"Did you see my ball come over the bunker, Mr. Brownell?" she called. "Do you know where it went?"

He turned at the sound of her voice, in some confusion, raised his cap and pushed back his dark hair.

"Why, I never thought before he was so good-looking," was Miss Morris' startling discovery.

Professor Brownell coughed nervously.

"Why, I am not sure, Miss Morris," he stammered; "but I think it went off in this direction. Let me help you find it."

"Thank you," she answered with alacrity. "Have you lost a ball, too? This is a perfect slough of despond. I don't see how we can ever find a thing in this wilderness." She slashed the clover tips vigorously aside with her cleek. "Have you been looking for your ball long?" she asked innocently, giving him a side-glance and observing how broad his shoulders were and how well his head was set upon them, "quite like a Hermes."

"Oh, I think not, I think not," he said hurriedly, blushing more furiously than ever. "I've been hunting five minutes perhaps. I lost a ball in the ditch a little way back and that delayed me. This is a bad place here."

Miss Morris was doing an example in mental arithmetic. She had waited a half hour at the club-house before beginning to play, and had loitered under the apple-trees at the top of the hill another fifteen minutes. It was at least three-quarters of an hour in all since Professor Brownell had left the club-house; time enough to have played half-way around the course. She smiled slightly, but said nothing. The toe of her boot hit something hard under the thick leaves.

"Here's my ball!" she exclaimed excitedly. "It's nothing but a practice ball, but I could not bear to part from an old friend. I am attached to it, for I've had it ever since I learned to play. I know it by the three black dents in the side. See?" She held it out to him confidentially. "Now let's look for yours. It's certainly here somewhere. I feel quite encouraged. Have you looked on the other side?"

Jerry Brownell obediently followed her as she crept through a gap in the scraggly hedge of thorn-apple and elder bushes. The outdoor exercise had given a flush to her cheeks that was very becoming, her hair blew in little ringlets across the forehead and her smile was bewildering. A sprig of asters had dropped unnoticed from the bunch at her waist, and he stealthily picked it up and hid it in the pocket over his heart.

"You are an angel of mercy, Miss Morris," he said in a voice whose daring surprised him. "My ball was a new Wizard, and this was the first time I have used it. But, pray don't bother!"

"Oh, it's no bother! In my opinion, half the fun of golf lies in hunting for the balls. It makes variety, you know, and gives one time to walk about and look at things. Just see that mass of color over there," pointing at a gorgeous clump of sumac near the country road. "Now the people who don't stop to look for their balls never notice those things."

"Neither does everyone who is looking for balls, I'm afraid, Miss Morris. I confess I never saw it while I was here alone. I was thinking pretty hard about something else." He coughed nervously. "Miss Morris, I—I—beg your pardon for my seeming rudeness at the club-house a little while ago."

Jane Morris had stooped, and was raking vigorously under the elder bushes with her lofter.

"Oh, you mean when that Mrs. Beaconfield was so coquettish? That was nothing. What an absurd woman she is!"

"Nothing would have pleased me more than to have taken her suggestion and asked for your company," he said slowly. The perspiration was standing out in great drops on his forehead as he spoke, but he went manfully on. "It was just what I wanted to do, but I couldn't think of the words, confound it! I have always had this miserable bashfulness to contend against since I was a boy. I always appear a simpleton when I want to appear at my best. I don't suppose you care to hear all this complaint," he said bitterly, "but I can't bear to have you think—"

"Why, here's your ball, Mr. Brownell," cried Jane Morris triumphantly, springing up from under the bushes where she was crouched. "Yes, it's a fine new Wizard!" She handed it to him, her eyes sparkling. "Am I not a wizard myself? I will accept your apologies, Mr. Brownell, if, to soothe my wounded feelings, you will play the rest of the holes with me. But you'll have to be careful. I do not promise to find all your lost balls."

Jerry Brownell gave a deep sigh of pleasure. Something within him that had bound him seemed to snap. His heart felt very light and boyish. He laughingly picked up the two golf-bags and they crossed to the next tee.

Two men who had come down the hill and putted into the hole, followed close behind them. They were collarless and coatless, their sleeves rolled to the elbow. One of them was hatless; the other wore an old gray felt turned down about his face. From beneath its brim a pair of thick-bowed glasses caught the rays of the sun and gave him a strange owl-like look. He was waving his arms wildly in illustration of his remarks, in which the words "brawssy," "foozle," "loftah" were most distinctly heard; but when he caught sight of Jerry Brownell and his companion, he broke off his speech in the middle of a sentence and his arms fell motionless to his side.

"Good afternoon, Professor Beaconfield," said Miss Morris pleasantly. "A fine day for golf, isn't it? Are you ahead or Professor Warley?" nodding to the other man, who stood staring at Brownell. "I hear you made a great score yesterday. Play off. Don't wait for us. I suppose this is your second time around this afternoon."

"Third," he answered laconically, gripping the handle of his stick with a preliminary tremulo and sending a ball whizzing through the air far out of sight. He was left-handed, played with only one stick, the cleek, and had made the lowest score of anyone in the club. Two subjects he knew thoroughly—chemistry and golf; but his conversation on the one theme being as uninteresting to Miss Morris as on the other, consisting chiefly of monosyllabic replies, she inwardly classed him as almost as much of a bore as his talkative wife. She made a wry face now, as he and his companion moved rapidly off in the direction of their balls, their heads close together in conversation, as she knew, about herself and Professor Brownell.

"How they look!" she laughed. "Who would think they were two professors in a great university, going about in such clothes." She glanced approvingly at her companion's trim figure. "Shall I play first? What a fine tee you have made me!"

When they started for home at the close of the short October afternoon, the sun was already sinking in a blaze of crimson and gold. They walked slowly down the long lane that led from the golf-grounds to the main-travelled country road. Before them, in the eastern sky, above the tree-tops already swiftly blackening in the fading light, hung the slender crescent of an early moon. The ground was gay with blue and white asters. Here a thorn-tree, laden with its ruddy berries, stood out in brilliant outline against a background of rusty oaks. On one side, for the entire length of the lane, ran a hedge of golden-rod, elder bushes and flaming sumac, intertwined with the wild grape and bitter-sweet. In the field beyond, like dingy tents in a sleeping Indian village, stood shocks of drying corn in silent rows. Jane Morris' artist-soul thrilled with the beauty of the scene, and the man beside her walked on in silence, busy with his own thoughts.

When they passed the Schelling house, Mrs. Schelling was on the porch; and that night after dinner her husband listened with interest to her description of the unusual spectacle of Jerry Brownell's walking with a lady.

"And he didn't seem embarrassed a bit. They were having such a good time together. She is a fine woman and I think she'll make a man of him."

"You do, do you?" laughed her husband. "So you've got them engaged already? Ha! Ha!"

"He was carrying a big armful of golden-rod, and his umbrella was nowhere to be seen. I hope he has lost it. If she has made him forget that umbrella once, she has done wonders already."

That evening Jeremiah Brownell sat at dinner in his handsome dining room, while his German housekeeper, Frau Rossbach, came and went in silent attendance upon him. The table was spread for two, as was his invariable custom. Frequently some friend dined with him. Tonight the chair opposite his was empty; but, to his mental vision, it was occupied by a charming woman with a sparkling, piquant face. His thoughts were upon her rather than on his food. Consequently he scarcely touched the appetizing dishes which Frau Rossbach placed before him.

"Are you not well, Herr Professor?" she asked anxiously.

"Quite well, Frau Rossbach," he answered kindly, rising from the table. "But for some reason I do not feel like eating tonight."

The woman shook her head slowly as he closed the door behind him. She idolized her "lieber Herr Professor."

"I wonder if perhaps he isn't lonely here sometimes."

She rarely admitted the possibility to herself; never to outsiders, who, in her opinion, were altogether too fond of insinuating that her master was mistaken in his ideas of happiness and too much given to questioning her ability to supply him with all creature comforts. But sometimes, as tonight, doubts as to the all-sufficiency of creature comforts would creep into her mind. And then, although she knew it would mean for herself the loss of a good home and the seeking of new surroundings, she could but long for the best of happiness for the beloved "Herr Professor."

It was very late that night before Frau Rossbach heard Professor Brownell close the library door behind him and mount the stairs to his sleeping room. It was the evening for the regular meeting of the Philological Society, and his colleague, Schelling, was to read a paper on "Problems of Good and Evil in the Life of Goethe." It was the first time Brownell had ever missed a meeting of the society, but he remained at home, working out certain "Problems of Good and Evil" in his own life. Of one thing he had become convinced:—It was *not* good for man to live alone.

He rose from his chair and paced the floor, knocking over the piles of books that came in his path. Certain mocking lines from Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea" ran through his brain and tormented him:—

Mir ist es bekannt, und jetzo sagt es das Herz mir,
Wenn die Stunde nicht komnt, die rechte, wenn nicht das rechte
Madchen zur Stunde sich zeigt, so bleiht das Wahlen im weilen
Und es wirket die Furcht die Falsche zu greifen am meisten.

Supposing, after all, he was mistaken. He stood still, his hand pressed on his forehead. A vision flashed through his mind of Jane Morris as he had first seen her, three years before, followed by a picture of her as she had laughed back at him that afternoon. He was in doubt no longer. He saw now what had been his secret motive in erecting that house whose building had caused such laughing speculation among his friends and acquaintances. She was "das rechte Mädchen," of that he was positive. But was it "die rechte Stunde?" He had lost so much time. Perhaps she was already promised to another. Why had he not spoken earlier; why not that afternoon? His impulse was to go tonight. He took out his watch and dropped it back into his pocket with a start of surprise at the lateness of the hour. But he had not long to wait. She had told Mrs. Beaconfield that she would be at home "any morning between nine and eleven."

Promptly at nine the next morning he sallied forth, clad in the most correct of suits, for he knew he was to come under the inspection of a critical eye. His heart was pounding furiously under his faultlessly-fitting coat, but a dauntless courage buoyed him up until he reached the house where Miss Morris had her apartments. He lifted the old-fashioned knocker, and the door was opened by the artist herself. She wore a long blue-checked painting apron that enveloped her completely and one hand held a palette and brushes. She gave a little exclamation of surprise when she found who the early caller was, but cordially invited him to enter.

"I thought it was the laundry boy," she laughed, laying down her palette and brushes. "Excuse me if I do not remove my painting apron, it covers a multitude of sins. One cannot paint, clad in purple and fine linen."

Jeremiah Brownell sat on the edge of his chair in a most uncomfortable frame of mind. Where was his vision of the night before, the dream lady who had walked and talked and dined with him? It was not this woman in a paint-bedaubed apron whom he wished to make his wife.

Es wirket die Furcht die Falsche zu greifen am meisten.

She sat looking at him expectantly.

"Oh, ah,—yes,—ahem!" He coughed nervously as was his habit when embarrassed, and looked about him uneasily.

"Pardon my coming so early. Ahem! I should not have done so,—ahem!—but I heard you tell Mrs.—ahem!—Beaconfield, ahem!—that if she wished to see your mahogany, you would be at home between nine and eleven—ahem! I am something of a collector myself—ahem!—and thought perhaps you might have something I should like. Ahem! Ahem!"

When he had finished, he breathed more freely. He had, he believed, relieved his hostess's mind of any suspicions that the object of his call had been of more than a business nature.

Jane Morris nodded.

"Oh, I see. I didn't know you were such an enthusiastic collector, Mr. Brownell."

He winced a little at her sarcastic emphasis.

"This is one of the Davenports," touching the sofa on which she was sitting. "There is a cabinet and another Davenport in the next room. This way."

He followed her into the studio. Her graceful figure, clad in the dark-blue apron stood outlined against the crimson hangings of the room. She turned towards him with a laughing apology for the dust on the framework of the sofa.

"I suppose you are a far better housekeeper than I am."

The light from the great window near the easel fell full upon her, transforming the fair hair into a golden halo about her face. Her eyes, deepened by the dark-blue of the apron, shone like two stars.

The man stepped forward impulsively. It was the Lady of his Vision, after all! It was "das rechte Mädchen und die rechte Stunde!" His heart was thumping like a school-boy's. The sound of its wild beating seemed to fill the room. He held out his hands in entreaty:

"Miss Morris, Jane!" he pleaded. "It is not your mahogany I want. It is *you!*"

He was astonished at the steadiness of his voice; for the pounding in his ears was almost deafening in its violence—she could not fail to hear it.

Jane Morris flushed a startled crimson. "I—I," she faltered in confusion. "Some-one is knocking—I must see who it is. Wait here." She hastily drew the portiere behind her, as she passed into the outer room.

Brownell stood where she had left him. His brain was in a whirl. He could but exult in the thought that he had at last spoken his desire. The words had been simple, but they were no longer locked up in his breast, fighting with his silly fears. He could hear the voice of the visitor in the outer room, and he ground his teeth in vexation.

It was no other than the airy Mrs. Beaconfield who was speaking.

"Oh pray do not apologize for your appearance. I am sure your costume is very becoming. What a fine color you have this morning! It must be the effect of yesterday's golf. Mr. Beaconfield said, he saw you still playing when he came away. It is fine exercise under certain circumstances"—this insinuatingly.

"Yes, I think so too," Jane answered sweetly. "You have come, I suppose, to see the mahogany we were speaking of yesterday. I have decided not to dispose of it after all. I am very sorry you had the long walk for nothing."

"I understood that you were anxious to dispose of it, because you are so crowded here. Perhaps," she suggested, "you are thinking of moving into larger quarters."

"I am considering the matter somewhat," Miss Morris returned calmly.

The man behind the portiere stirred from his position.

"You have a pupil in your studio I see, waiting for you, and I must not detain you. I hope you may find your new rooms as attractive as these. They are charming. I must come again and see your studio. But do not wait for me. I am so busy, you know. Do come and see me, Miss Morris, and do not fail to continue your golf. Good morning!"

The door closed, and Jerry Brownell turned to meet Miss Morris' smiling eyes, as she pushed back the portiere.

"You heard what I told her," she said laughingly. "I have committed myself now, you see. If you take me, you will have to take my mahogany too."

* * *

Mrs. Beaconfield was making a morning call on Mrs. Schelling's piazza. The lawns were gay with early spring crocuses and tulips. On the Brownell house carpenters were busy finishing off a handsome columned portico.

"Did you know I made that match?" she asked complacently, nodding across the way.

Mrs. Schelling looked her amazement, but she was not one who dared dispute Mrs. Beaconfield.

EVER NEAR

YOU'RE a long, long distance from me,
  Measured by length of the miles,
But you seem to be near, as I think of you, dear,
  With your heavenly winsome smiles.
The distance in space never counts, love,
  Nor separates heart from heart.
For I'm never alone if I hear but your tone,
  Though space says we're far apart.
The birds do not sing to us now as of yore,
  At break of the day and at eve,
But no hour will be long, if I hear but your song,
  As part of the dreams that I weave.
Then send me your laugh on the breath of the wind,
  As it comes over land and the sea,
And no tear shall I shed, while by memories fed,
  For I know you are true, true to me.

Salena S. Martin.

THE CHARGE OF THE PHANTOM BRIGADE

By WILL GAGE CAREY

FOR nearly a fortnight we had been scouring the prairies of western Nebraska for a band of renegade Apaches, who were working their way through to the desolate regions of the Bad Lands, leaving behind them a bloody trail of wanton destruction and ruthless butchery.

There were twenty-six of us cavalrymen in pursuit of these Apaches, together with four scouts, two Ute guides,—and Simon.

Poor old Simon! Back in the early sixties he had been one of the finest scouts in the whole western country; time and again had the Government called on him, when, at some perilous hour the lives of helpless women and children hung upon the one bare possibility of one man's skill and daring being equal to the task of breaking through regions infested with skulking red devils; never had he failed them; never a duty entrusted to Simon, no matter how desperate, that he did not fulfill.

Then came that fatal day when, as he rushed with the soldiers of the Seventh Brigade into a skirmish in which the red-skins outnumbered them ten to one, a blow from a war-club had crashed against his skull, leaving the once cool, alert mind—a blank! One thought only was the poor fellow able to conceive; that again amidst the din of battle, the shouts of his comrades, the hideous war-whoops of painted savages,—he led again the charge of the Seventh Brigade! At these times his drooping form would seem imbued with the vigor and fire of his manhood, as with gleaming eyes his voice would ring out clear as a trumpet:

"Up, men of the Seventh! UP! Up and upon them!"

For a moment he would stand as though watching his comrades making ready for an onward dash into the battle ahead,—then gradually the light would fade from the tired eyes, the form would seem to shrink within itself, and he would become once more the poor, vacant, staring shadow of his former self.

He was not allowed to carry a weapon of any sort; some kind-hearted bugler, however, had given the old man a silver bugle; this he carried with him always. Occasionally, when he lived again the moments of his last battle, he would raise the battered bugle and sound the call,—to charge! Sometimes to try him, the bugler would sound taps, or the reveille, then hand the bugle over to Simon; seeming to understand, he would place it to his lips, pause a moment as though trying to think,—then sound as ever, the ringing call —to charge!

Our gray-haired Colonel, one of the Seventh on that fatal day, had taken the old scout in charge from the moment he left the hospital; never for any length of time would he permit him out of his sight; and that is how Simon was with us on this hunt for murdering Apaches.

We had gone into camp on a wooded bluff o'erlooking a little stream, and were sitting comfortably about our fires when one of the Ute guides broke breathlessly into the circle with the information that, while out reconnoitering, he had come suddenly upon the Apache war-band camped in a ravine a distance of some three miles or so to our right.

In an instant our camp was astir! Fires were put out; saddles thrown on our tired horses again, and in five minutes' time we were ready to advance at the double-quick!

Guided by the Ute we made our way silently and swiftly out over the rolling prairie, leaving Simon behind with the bulk of our camp equipage. The moon had not yet risen, but the stars were out and twinkled brightly down upon us. As we neared the ravine we slackened our pace and advanced with more caution. Soon we came upon our scouts who had gone ahead; they reported that, as the Ute had said, there was a camp of Indians down in the ravine. Silently we approached the head of the draw; within its sombre depths we could see the fires of the Indians; in the ruddy glare we could make out a score or more of dingy *tepees*, with the dim outlines of forms passing to and fro amongst them.

The Colonel hesitated; clearly, he did not like the looks of things. For that matter, we all knew it was not a place such as the Apaches were wont to pitch camp; murmured suspicions of an ambush passed from man to man.

The Colonel called the Ute before him and questioned him closely:

"Red Wing,—is the whole Apache war-party down yonder?" he asked sternly.

"Yes," was the somewhat sullen reply.

"Do they seem to suspect that the soldiers are so close behind them?"

"No."

"Is the ravine open at the far end? Are you *sure* of this?"

"Yes"; it open heap much wide."

The Colonel turned quickly aside and gave the order to advance with caution; down into the ravine we made our way quietly as possible. On we pressed; the camp lay but a little distance. We knew our approach would soon be discovered; then we would get the signal to charge!

A few yards nearer, then one of the horses stepped on a dried branch; it snapped like a pistol. Instantly a score of dogs about the camp began a tremendous barking; the dusky figures of warriors were seen hurrying to and fro as though in alarm,—then the bugle rang out, and the shout of the Colonel:

"Charge the camp!"

With a mighty shout we dashed on into the circle of dingy *tepees;* in the glare of the fires we sought the Apache warriors, but without avail; the camp was deserted! The few warriors we had seen passing to and fro had already slipped past us and out at the opening we had entered; the Ute had betrayed us!

Behind us arose a blood-curdling roar of hideous yells and war-whoops! We turned to fight our way back through the horde of painted red devils that swarmed down upon us! Too late,—the attempt would have been utter madness. We started to retreat into the ravine at all speed; gradually the valley narrowed as we went on. Finally we rushed through a narrow cut into a large open space, leading, we believed, out of the ravine; we rushed on, and came—to the end of the ravine! Great overhanging cliffs enclosed the entire space; we were caught like rats in a trap!

A loud yell of mingled triumph and derision burst from the closely pressing Apaches; still they did not attempt to pass through the narrow cut. An Apache, once sure of his prey, much prefers to wait, rather than take the risk of one of his party meeting death during a hurried extermination of a captured foe. We could see, however, that for some reason, they were determining to assume the risk and dash upon us. Hurriedly dismounting, we began rolling huge boulders into the cut; soon we had a barricade such as two men could hold against a hundred. This momentary success of ours necessitated a change of tactics on the part of the savages. They now seemed disposed to settle down to a seige of our stronghold.

The final outcome seemed certain; slow, lingering torture,—finally, death from starvation! and yet through all the long night we guarded the pass as faithfully as though hope had not already left the breast of every man of us.

The first faint light of breaking day appeared; with the light came new sorrow and torture. The Apaches had meanwhile climbed among the rocks o'er-hanging us, and as soon as they could sight us, poured in a murderous volley which killed outright four of our men, and wounding many more. We were forced to seek shelter at the sides, and there hide continuously behind boulders to keep from being picked off by the bullets of the sharp-eyed devils concealed in the cliffs opposite.

Never will I forget the tortures of that long day; the pangs of hunger, of thirst, the thought of those at home into whose dear faces we would never look again. We were worn with constant watching, unable to change our position for barely a moment without danger of exposing ourselves to the deadly bullets. Four of our men met death during the day from the rain of bullets, in spite of the utmost vigilance and care; many were wounded. At length night closed in bringing us some relief, as the fiends among the rocks could no longer see to shoot.

All night long we guarded the pass as before. Just before dawn a strange quiet seemed to prevail o'er the horde we knew now filled the ravine in front of us; evidently they were getting ready for a rush on the cut; that the air would soon be filled with their hideous yells, for the dawn of the day is the time most generally chosen by the Apaches for an attack.

Within our enclosure a stillness as of death likewise reigned. Each man lay crouched with his rifle beside him, ready to sell his life as dearly as possible, many even longing for the expected battle to begin.

Suddenly a sound rang out on the clear morning air which to us seemed sweeter than music of angels! A bugle call, strong and clear, sounding the signal to charge! From somewhere down near the opening of the ravine it came; then faintly, as though from afar, came the words:

"*UP men of the Seventh! UP! Up,—and upon them!*"

With shouts of wild alarm and dismay the savages sprang up and began a frenzied flight through the ravine, seeking to get out at the entrance e'er they be caught in a trap such as our own!

Our Colonel was quick to grasp the situation; he knew the only soldiers to charge to our rescue were those in the weak, disordered brain of poor, befudled Simon! And yet,—and yet this phantom brigade might save us!

The horses stood already saddled; with a mighty shout we dashed after the fleeing savages, while the Colonel detailed two small squads, one to ascend each side of the ravine to shout and fire their guns, leading the Apaches to believe they were surrounded by a large force.

Out through the ravine we pursued them, killing many and taking numbers of them captive. Among those taken was the Ute guide who had betrayed us. His fate was a terrible one, yet when we thought of the brave men he had led to their death we knew it was a just retribution.

At the mouth of the ravine we saw the motionless figure of Simon. With vacant, staring eyes he stood watching the flight of the terrified savages. Thus far, in their mad haste to get out of the ravine, the Indians had failed to notice the silent figure; now, however, one of the last Indians leaving espied him! Slowly reining in his little calico pony, as though at a loss to understand the strange, motionless apparition, he suddenly straightened himself and hurled his tomahawk! True to the mark it sped, striking Simon full on the brow! Without a moan he sank to the ground.

We pursued the savages but little further. Both men and horses were far too exhausted for a long chase. We returned to the ravine in search of Simon.

As we drew near the spot where he fell we saw him stagger to his feet; a tiny stream of blood trickled down the side of his face, but again the light of battle gleamed in his eye as he drew up his feeble form erect, as of yore and shouted in ringing tones the familiar words which but a short interval before had delivered us, every man, safe out of the jaws of death.

"Men of the Seventh—" then suddenly he gasped, swayed slowly forward, and fell unconscious in the arms of the Colonel. It took many weeks of constant care to restore that shattered mind,—for restored it was, the blow of the tomahawk having but counteracted the effect of the earlier wound.

For such was the reward bestowed on Simon,—for sounding that last clear call to his men,—the men of the Phantom Brigade.

FLOATING

[The author of this touching poem, after many years of eminent professional success, was obliged, through illness, to give up all activities and lead a quiet life.—*Editor.*]

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

* * * *

"'Row! brothers! Row! The stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past."
Canadian Boat Song.

YES, Brothers! Row! Row each his boat!
I row no more; I only float.
The stream, which long has been my road,
On which I hurried as it flowed,
And where the busy oar I plied
Or shaped my course from side to side,
Still strongly bears my failing boat —
I row no more; I only float.

I see the stream more swiftly run
Than when its course was first begun;
The rapids' boding voice I hear
Still drawing nearer and more near;
The noontide brilliance all is past —
Eastward the shadows long are cast —
But I no longer row my boat,
Or try to row — I only float;
Yet still find round me, none the less,
Abundant cause for thankfulness.

O Lord! Send Thou Thy peace to be
Still a companion unto me,
That I may have no shade of fear
Of unknown rapids drawing near;
That I may hear the distant chime
Of bells beyond the walls of Time;
That I may feel my failing boat
Still in Thy guidance as I float,
Till I shall reach the tideless sea,
The Ocean of Eternity!

Robert Dewey Benedict.

THE MODERN PRODIGAL

By R. WILCOX WATKINS

"PLEASE, sir, are you waiting for the train, too?"

I gathered myself together and turned to look at my questioner, a little old gray-headed woman, whose thin trembling fingers were holding the edges of an old rusty black cape together in front.

I had been buried, so to speak, in a newspaper account of a recent racing scandal, and when I faced her a sweet, timid smile came over her countenance.

"I shouldn't have disturbed you, but I couldn't help it," she said, shyly; "I thought you might be my John; I smelled your cigarette, and he always smoked. Do you think he has quit it now, if he used them ten years ago?"

"If it made him a nervous wreck, as it did me, I suppose he has," was my answer.

"I am sure he must be well, judging from his letter. He was hale and hearty as a child."

Then the tears coursed down her faded cheeks, and she turned to the window, presumably not wanting me to see her emotion.

"Pardon me, but may I inquire who John is?" I said, by way of cheering her up.

She turned quickly, gave me a scrutinizing look and then, as if she trusted me, said: "He is my only son, and all I have in the world.—I haven't seen him for ten long years; he was twenty-two then, that makes him thirty-two now.

"Oh, he was a fine lad, big and strong, and handsome; the very image of his father; but he was ambitious, and wanted to see the world. He grew tired of the little old farm that had gone to nothing; the drought killed off everything for three years in succession and the poor boy couldn't stand it any longer. He made up his mind one night that the next day he would take what little money he had saved up and go away to some new place, where there would be an opening for a young man who was willing to do any kind of work except that of a farmer.

"I tried to persuade him to stay, but it was of no use, as he was determined. I'll tell you, sir, that was the bitterest day of my life, to see my boy leave me and not knowing just where he was going.

"I guess you are tired listening to my sotry, but I feel better now that I have spoken my mind out. Sister Caroline never would let me talk like I wanted to; said I ought to have more pride than to worry about a son who had deserted his old mother for ten years. Well, she's not here now, so I'm going to talk just as much as I please about it."

"Where did you say your son was?" My question sounded dreadfully out of place after her sad story.

"In Reno, Nevada," she answered. "He said it was a long trip for an old lady like me; and, to tell you the truth, when I first saw you, I thought may-be he had intended to surprise me by coming here, instead of sending for me to come away out there; yet I have so much faith in him, I am going to take this next train direct for Reno.

"I suppose the fine city-people will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes, and plain ways; I won't mind that, though, for John will buy me some new clothes and I will soon catch on to the style part myself. He's struck it rich out there, and wrote me not to worry about the old home and farm, as he never wanted to see it again; that some people could cling to what they called "the old homestead," but none of that for him. This sounds mighty strange to me, but I'll leave it to him."

"There's the train now, madam," I said; "come, and I'll give you a lift. I'm going to the Big Leaf mine, which is just beyond the place you mentioned, and I'll see you safely through."

We were finally seated in a Pullman sleeper, then I knew she was contented. Her ticket did not call for a sleeper, but I saw to it that she had a "lower berth"; and again the old soul had not given one thought of how she was going to eat, her one idea being to get to John. Here I came to the rescue a second time, and as sure as each day dawned she had her three square meals.

"Madam," I said to her the first day, "I'm not of the class you country-folks call respectable, for I'm a gambler, but I had a dear good mother once; she's dead now and in Heaven, I know; perhaps she looks down and sighs as she sees me, but I never did any one a wrong and have played square all my life, so you needn't be afraid of me."

Our journey was ending at last, and I knew that in a few minutes the conductor would be crying: "All out for Reno!" Way down in my heart I had a grave fear that my aged companion did not realize her expectations in her heretofore neglectful son. However, I gathered up her belongings which consisted solely of an old green ramshackle valise, took a firm hold on her arm, and landed her comfortably in a corner of the waiting-room. I now started out to look for the much-lauded John.

I hadn't gone far when I decided I had met my man. I noticed quite a nice-looking fellow closely observing every elderly woman whom he thought might be his mother.

Presently both, drawn by the strength of their personality, turned and looked into each others eyes. The feeling came over me as if I was standing, as Moses stood, on hallowed ground. I lowered my eyes before the depth of love unquenchable that shone in the woman's face.

The man extended his hand to her in a faltering way. "Mother," said he, "you forgive me! I've been a long time away from you, and I can't say anything for myself, except I was determined to win fortune in new fields; from now on we will be happy together."

Here I left them, and, by the way, came near missing the train—for I wanted to see such a true, loving and faithful mother safe in the arms of her beloved son.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

IS this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around,
When even the deep heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And here they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in the aspen bower;
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree:
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun; how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles—
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away!

Bryant.

AMID THE GREEN SILENCE

By VARAH A. ARMSTRONG

"IT is the 'Green Silence,'" she said aloud, laying down the field-glasses with which she had been vainly trying to get a glimpse of the "Bearpaw Mountains" that had stood out so distinctly in the level rays of the newly risen sun.

Green hills made a close boundary on the East; green prairies swept away until they blended with the pale blue of the horizon toward the North and West; the little stream, trickling away to the South to add its mite to "The Father of Waters," was enclosed by willows of a greener shade than either hill or prairie until its outlines were lost in the transverse line of green bluffs beyond which "The Old Man on His Back," shimmering in a blue haze, bounded her southern vision.

But the "Bearpaw Mountains" were over the line in Montana, and Montana was one of the United States, and the United States was Home.

The cow fed quietly in the green pasture whose velvet sward sloped to the trickling stream. Her muzzled calf frolicked at her side; no other cattle roamed the plain for many miles; why should she break the "Green Silence" with discontented bellowings?

The dog lay stretched in the sunshine at his mistress' feet; there was no unwonted sight or sound to cause a pricking up of his long silky ears or the utterance of a bark.

The white cat, curled up asleep in the shadow of a box, seemed to have ceased to even dream of the mice she never found.

At a little distance a large red ant had crawled into the diminutive hill of a tribe of her much smaller black relatives and here a Titanic, but noisless, warfare was waged until the intruder was conquered and dragged, dead, from the field by force of superior numbers.

The heat-rays from the sun, filtering through the breeze-cooled air, filled the atmosphere with a strange wavy haziness and once a mirage of the "Bearpaws" hovered for a few minutes over the southern horizon.

The noon hour passed. Clouds came up from behind the eastern hills, white and shining in the sunlight at first; growing dark and damp-looking as they made steady progress toward the zenith against the increasing western breeze.

Distant rumbles of thunder broke the "Green Silence." Bumble bees, hitherto unsuspected, boomed past, making for the shelter of their subterranian nests.

A vivid flash of lightning shot across a rolling mass of gray vapor; a deafening peal of thunder shook the earth on which her feet rested and great drops splashing down drove her to the shelter of the tiny cabin at the door of which she had been sitting.

He had heard "The Call of the Wild" and taken up a homestead a few miles beyond our northern boundry and she, because she was more than ordinarily fond of her brother, had come to share his exile—at least for a few months.

Looking out of the window at the falling sheets of summer rain, she thought how dreary would the landscape be when the "White Silence" shrouded the "Green."

The clouds are growing lighter now; the storm-center has drifted southward and little gleams of sunshine sparkle on the pools of water that are rapidly draining off into the hollows and increasing the trickling stream to the dignity of a roaring brook. Soon the clouds roll away and sunshine floods the rain-soaked earth.

The cow and calf that had taken refuge in the barn come back to the pasture to crop the bent and storm-beaten grasses, and about their feet hop great numbers of dirty-black cowbirds.

Watching through the field-glasses she sees them deftly and silently catching the small green and earthly-colored insects that, hidden in the herbage, defied even the birds' sharp eyes until frightened into jumping out of the way of crushing hoofs, only to be quickly caught by ravenous black beaks and swallowed before they had ceased their death-struggles.

The sound of his returning wagon-wheels rumbled through the early evening air, and as they watched the round, red ball of fire sink slowly behind the rim of the northwestern prairie the "Bearpaw Mountains" stood out faintly against the southern sky.

He went into the cabin and taking down his violin played softly "My Own United States" and sitting in the doorway, listening to the music, she saw an antelope emerge from the soft green shadows of the willows and begin cropping the rich grass in the deserted pasture.

THE AWAKENING

By JOSEPH BONDY

UPON his brow the cares of duty lay,
And on his heart the burden of his toil;
And life itself was heavy with its load,
For he was wearied with a work well done.

Thus as he rested, came a voice, faint, sweet,
Like to the whispering in the airy leaves
At night, when all but Aeolus is stilled:

"Long years ago, before the sleep of life,
I promised thee, that when the sun had warmed
The world three score and ten times, and the moon
Was in the full and in the sky the Twins
Were holding carnival, then would I come
And waken thee, and now the time is here
To keep the tryst made in thine other life;
I kissed thee then and sent thee forth; my kiss
Was but the seal that sent thee forth to dream;
And as I kiss thee now, my kiss becomes
The call for thine awakening to life."

So bending down in pity, peace and love,
He kissed him with a look ineffable,
And from his brow the cares of duty fell,
Fell from his heart the burden of his toil,
And when they found him, smiling peacefully,
They pitied him and said that he was dead.

* * *

THE DENVER CONVENTION

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THROUGH a country visited by floods and washouts and days that were not only tropical but torrid in their fervent heat, the undaunted followers of William J. Bryan hastened to the Denver Convention; and its record of energy and enthusiasm will long be considered one of the most picturesque and thrilling political events of the decade. It was essentially a Bryanocratic gathering. Not since the days of Clay and Blaine has there been such an outpouring of enthusiasm and personal affection for a candidate as characterized the Denver Convention. Most of the Pilgrims stopped at Fairview, near Lincoln, Nebraska, the pleasant farm home of William J. Bryan, to rehearse an effective "curtain raiser" for a notable convention. It was an Oklahoma convention—a sort of birthday celebration for the commonwealth claiming the forty-sixth star.

Delegates from Chicago's County Democracy were adorned with badges two feet long, represented by every nationality under the sun. Tammany was there in full force, and so too were the Oklahoma "boomers," and the outspoken delegates of the Northwestern ranges, all out for a real "round-up." No sooner had the Missouri River been crossed than the visitor felt the enthusiasm growing for this last charge under the peerless leader. All the presence and dignity of a country gentleman of the old school now characterizes Mr. Bryan, for he has aged since the fiery "cross of gold" speech of his '96 campaign was delivered; but the devotion and enthusiasm that greeted his name and poured in upon him must have brought back those days of wonderful personal effort.

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Floods interfered greatly with the trains, but hand-cars were available for the dashing cavaliers, and the railroads were fighting the waters for a clear route into Denver; but nothing daunted the pilgrims; they pressed on to the goal.

Mr. Bryan congratulated the railroad on getting Chairman Bell to the convention in time. No sooner had the train passed the boundary into Colorado, than we began to observe that brighter azure in the sky, and that peculiar vividness in the varying hues of the landscape that is seen in Colorado alone.

Gradually, our train climbed up seven and a half feet per mile, for a thousand miles, until at Denver we found ourselves one mile nearer heaven—in point of altitude at least. At the depot a great electric sign blazed with the word "Welcome" and Greek letters, and the great stone structure was flooded with bustling throngs, ebbing and flowing human tides, forever setting east and west, northwest and southeast.

Everywhere energy and purpose seemed to inspire these currents of humanity, as though every human being had been galvanized into life by some secret battery, and I fully recognized the vigor induced by that rarified air when my staid traveling companion, a partner in many journeys, seized two valises and went swiftly through the crowd. The whole atmosphere of Denver is especially adapted for speed. The people of Denver dash into the street cars through a side door and swing around a pole to the front or rear of the car—no need to admonish "Step lively!" here, for every one performs on the poles.

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As the delegates arrived bands played, and the Oklahoma contingent—men, women and children—made a record forthwith in expressing loyal devotion for the "peerless one." It was evident from the start that this was to be an Oklahoma convention, and the officials were there early, loaded with resolutions and speeches, and displaying the same vigorous spirit that was evident in the old days of the "sooner" rush.

The battle song of the Democracy has a ringing chorus:—

"*Line up for Bryan; how the fur will fly.*
There's a hot time coming in the sweet bye-and-bye
When we line up for Bryan in the morning."

* * *

The scene in the Brown Palace Hotel suggested a beehive. Here, in fact, was convened a Democratic convention in minature; one could sit here and see type after type—the facial characteristics of every nationality, every section—a variety lacking at the Chicago convention. Here mustered old-time Democratic farmers who had been following Jackson all their lives. The ancient hats of Colonel Owen of old Kentucky and others have been worn since Jackson's time, and are prized for the past they represent. The Bryan school of oratory was certainly ready for action; the delegate who had no speech ready to fire off at the slightest provocation must have been "affected by the altitude." The band played "Dixie" amid wild yells, and the instant there was a pause—someone got on his feet and made a speech. A seething mass of people filled the lobby, whose walls formed a lofty court-lobby reaching six stories to the roof. Looking down from above, a curious scene was visible—men, women and children all imbued with the spirit of the occasion, unorganized, indefinite, but ready with a burst of enthusiasm and feeling; chaotic, but cheerful and earnest.

Imperial ex-mayor Dave Rose came in with his "leedle German band" from Milwaukee, playing "I'm Afraid to go Home in the Dark," which seemed to be the most popular selection of the convention. The way his silver-toned trombones rang out in that bit of spirited ragtime was a caution. There is no need of anybody's being afraid of the dark in Denver, for the city is magnificently illuminated. On top of one building was outlined in electric light the Democratic Donkey, to whom Miss Denver was tendering the city's key. All the streets were illuminated *en fete;* there were street transparencies of representative Democrats of various sections. There was the face of Cleveland on one lamp-post in close proximity to "near" celebrities—yet to be tested. The street cars sweeping along Seventeenth Street were gaily lighted in colors and carried bands. If anyone in the city of Denver was found not wearing a badge during these days, he was looked upon with suspicion. The Denverites themselves had large oval badges with "Ask me; I Live in Denver" on them, and all strangers were treated with hearty courtesy and cordiality.

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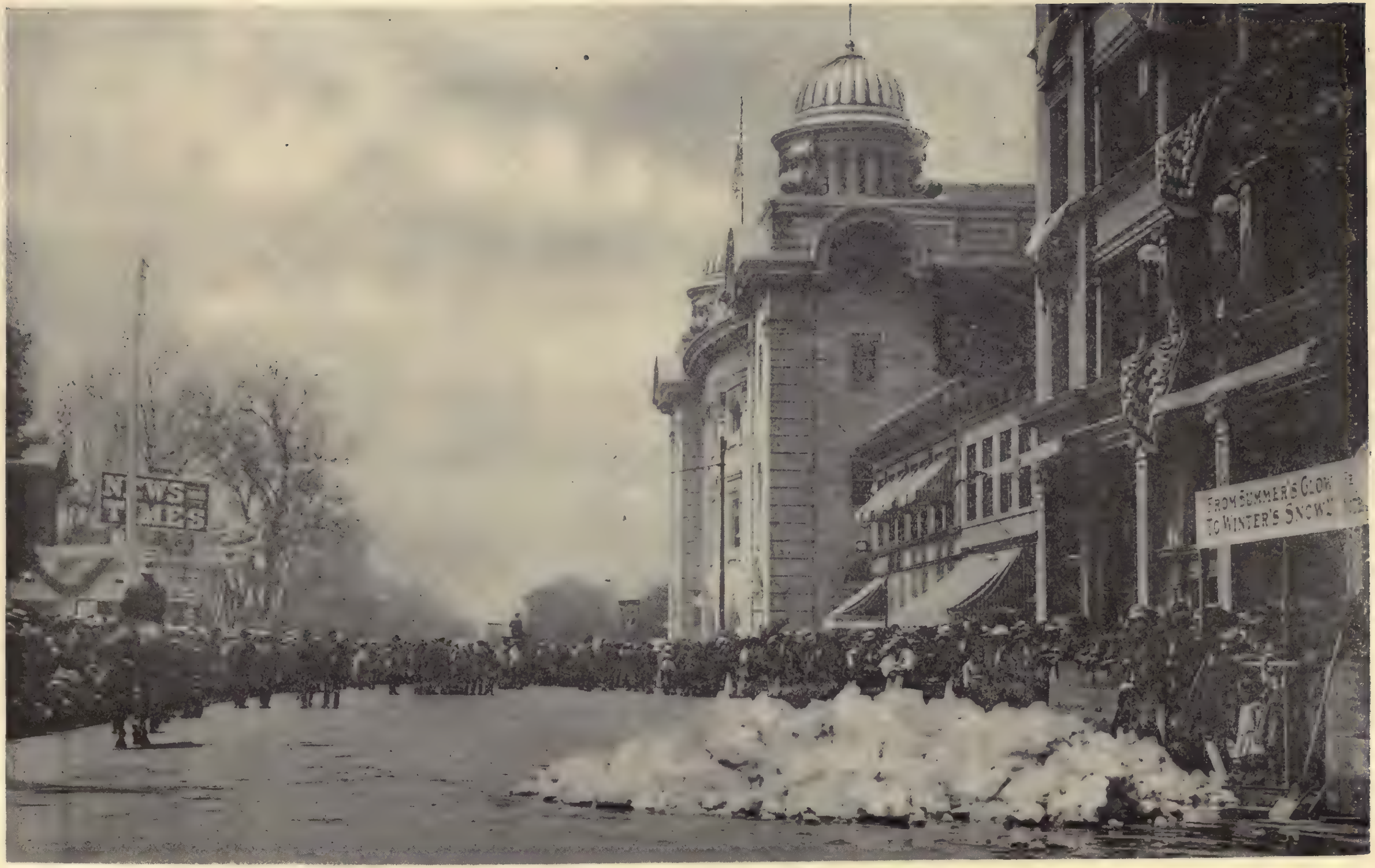
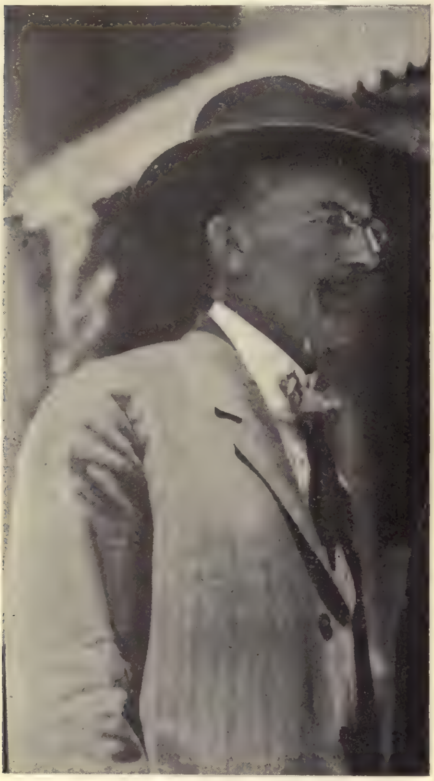
There was a conspicuous absence of the old-time leaders of the party, but plenty of new recruits were at hand, ready to grapple with all problems and all comers that presented themselves. Congressman G. M. Hitchcock of Omaha had his own troubles, having four or five applications for each one of the two hundred seats in the press gallery, and he was soon unpopular, as he scrutinized a newspaper directory to find the political complexion of the newspapers to say nothing of circulations.

Charles P. Bryan, a brother of the candidate, a tall man with a moustache and bald head, was one of the conspicuous personages



A SNOW-BANK NEAR THE CONVENTION HALL ON THAT HOT JULY DAY, WHERE THE SNOWBALL BRIGADE BEGAN ACTION WITH AMMUNITION BROUGHT FROM THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS NEARBY before the convention. I heard the remark that "Charlie" was more a man of the world than his brother William.

The first trouble that flared forth in red scare heads of the Denver papers occurred concerning the seating of Guffey's delegation from Pennsylvania. It was evident at the start that the firm, steady lips of William J. Bryan were set to carry out details strictly, according to the program and "pleasant memories" of four years ago at St. Louis.



CHARLES BRYAN
Brother of William J. Bryan, who managed his brother's interests at Denver

The hotel lobbies were plastered with placards indicating that there were "fifty-seven varieties" of budding vice-presidential nominees, but that was as far as most of these ambitious candidates got in the first days. It was felt early in the proceedings at Denver, as it was at Chicago, that the real leadership—the decision of all matters—emanated from the old home farm at Fairview. The general features of management were similar to those at Chicago, except that it was evident at the outset that the spectators were going to be a prominent factor in furnishing the interest of the convention.

* * *

After the rush for tickets and the enthusiastic speeches of the first day, the Bryan landslide was ready to descend. Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell were there in close touch, with hammers out for a labor plank. "Boss Guffy" of Pennsylvania was to be "fired," and Alton B. Parker was to be humiliated according to the "red-ink" manifestos in the papers.

The Auditorium had been formally opened on Sunday night, with a musical program, and the building was inspected by Mayor Speer and his committee. It was found that in the farthest corner of the second gallery the lowest notes of the violin could be heard. The snap-shotters were busy with the camera, and it was a "picture-taking" holiday. Nothing escaped the cameras.

On the inside, the cowboy band, in full uniform, played its liveliest airs, and to an accompaniment of staccato shouts the skirmish started in the galleries. The beauty of the interior was enhanced by groups of growing palms, behind the speaker's stand, while pine trees on the band stand suggested the land of the palm and pine. A number of stuffed eagles floated over the rostrum ready to swoop with the regulation Democratic whoop.

* * *

Bulletins coming from Fairview noted the time that Bryan had risen in the morning; when he retired at night and the hours passed in sleep, but the Guffey men remarked that he "never seemed to sleep long." The downpour of rain did not dampen the ardor of the Denver people, even if decorations were bedraggled. The street car men, policemen, everyone appeared interested in the welfare of the guests, and it is certainly true that no city has ever handled a national political convention more successfully than this one was managed by the energetic Denver folk. For the time being there were no partisans in Denver, everyone was truly Democratic—all strangers were equally welcome. Some of the most enthusiastic and cordial hosts in entertaining were the Republicans. The Denver spirit certainly has a witchery all its own. Even George Harvey, the editor of "Harper's Weekly," was fascinated with the exuberant, hearty, hospitable Western spirit, and looked over, for the nonce, those ogreish, black-horn goggles.

In the lobby of the hotel was a glee club quartette attired in immaculate evening suits and tall silk hats. They sang through megaphones, and it sounded as though a whole grand opera chorus was in action. At the hotel and elsewhere the Denver people seemed to take especial delight in calling attention to the hot wave sweeping across New York, and drew fearful pictures of the hapless people of Gotham being crazed with the heat—the moral was brought home by drawing the visitor to the door to encounter the refreshing breezes from the Rockies. After a time it became evident that there was danger of overdoing the "snow clad Rockies and sun-kissed heights," and before the convention closed that subject was absolutely tabooed from public speech, as every orator had tackled it, though I was still permitted to pensively gaze at the snow-clad summit of Pike's Peak.

MRS. ALICE ROOSEVELT-LONGWORTH, NICK LONGWORTH, MEDILL McCORMICK, MRS. McCORMICK (*nee* RUTH HANNA) ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT DENVER

The first day was very uneventful; everyone was busy locating his proper seat and duties. As the band played the delegates moved leisurely down the aisles to their allotted places, feeling that all eyes were fixed upon them. The Auditorium is a superb assembly hall, holding 15,000 people. The ceiling was decorated with a star in the center bearing the legend in glowing letters, "Denver welcomes you." Around this a galaxy of stars bore the seals of all the states, not overlooking Oklahoma. A row of boxes surrounded the delegates, which indicated that the society reporters would have to be on the active reportorial corps for national political convention assignments hereafter.

* * *

A great crowd is always an interesting study, and on the first day of the convention it was evident there were floods of Democratic oratory ready; but the tall form of Ollie James of Kentucky proved to be the most conspicuous figure on the floor. The guidons, contrary to custom, were hung like slender banners, instead of flags, as is usual. The flashlight skirmish line came into action early, and the "flashlight boomers" did not even spare the chaplain as he offered opening prayer. The gavel was a contrivance that sounded like a small gatling gun, and was made of wood cut on the Bryan estate. Chairman Tom Taggart, after he had had his picture taken for about the forty-seventh time with that lonesome donkey, called the convention to order.

COLONEL J. M. GUFFEY OF PENNSYLVANIA
Who was ousted, but is still in the breastworks

In one of the boxes sat Mrs. W. R. Thomas of Port Collins, Colorado, and Mrs. William M. Byers, the grand-daughters of General Robert Lucas, who presided at the first Democratic convention held in Baltimore May 20, 1822. These ladies had a hickory cane presented to Jackson on his renomination at that convention.

A large picture of Cleveland, draped in black, hung over the band, and behind the speaker's chair were portraits of Jefferson and Jackson, before which the great portrait of Bryan was to be flung during the demonstration.

The keynote address, made by temporary chairman Theodore A. Bell of California, had all the force and vigor of the Golden State, and was a well-tempered effort. Most of the men conspicuous on the program were young and untried speakers anxious to win their spurs. It was felt that the gallery meant to take absolute control, and many a speaker had his oratorical garlands nipped by an early frost even as he arose on the platform; though he was recognized as a speaker, and had arranged in advance to have his say, the audience simply would not permit it if he could not "make good" at the start. They wanted to get at the real game of the day, and had no patience with mere "oratory." It soon became clear that the gallery, without realizing it, had an organization of its own, which it was determined to bring to bear on the delegates on the floor and platform.

During the waiting for committee reports, Senator Gore, the blind statesman from Oklahoma, was called to the platform, and as he mentioned the name "Bryan," the whole convention appeared to go off like a gunpowder explosion. It may have been premature, but there was great excitement from the very start. There seemed to be no limit to the fire and vigor of the enthusiasm, and it continued for eighty-seven minutes, rolling and rumbling round and round the galleries as peals of thunder echo and reverberate among the mountains.

* * *

There must be that little air of mystification about the "long and arduous struggles" of the committee, and how the resolutions have to be fitted in to make a platform, but the jolly, good-nature of the Denver convention had little of this element, and the portable platform was moved as easily from Lincoln to Denver as it was from Washington to Chicago at the Republican convention. In fact, it is difficult sometimes to find the exact difference in the making of the platform of the two great parties, and as one philosopher remarked, "It is simply a matter of interpretation."

The first and only exciting roll-call was brought forth by the report of the committee on "firing" Colonel Guffey and his Pennsylvania delegation. That roll-call made it clear that the opposition to Bryan was absolutely crushed. The frantic appeals were of no avail; Governor Haskell had ordered them "back to the oil tanks."

I BELONG TO TOM TAGGART.

HON. TOM TAGGART AND FRIEND FROM HOME
The Mascot Donkey at the Denver Convention

* * *

During this demonstration the delegations of the six states, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Georgia, New Jersey and Connecticut, stood out in grim silence against the outburst of enthusiasm, holding their standards as though cut in stone, while the delegates of all the other states were wild with enthusiasm for Bryan.

* * *

The Broadway Theatre was thrown open for a reception given to the delegates and their wives by the people of Denver. A handsomer or more richly and tastefully attired gathering of women it was never my lot to see gathered together. And then to think they were all *real voters!* The speeches of that genial bachelor, George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, and Hon. Charles A. Towne, J. Ham Lewis and Augustus Thomas, the playwright, were worthy of their charming auditors. It was singular to observe that these distinguished men, in facing this Denver audience, appeared to suffer from a species of stage fright, and not one had the temerity to say exactly what he thought on the subject of woman's suffrage, but hedged their speeches about with gallant generalities concerning the sex, that made a saucy Colorado

A GLIMPSE OF THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION ON THE DAY THAT WILLIAM

woman voter simply shake her head and say "Oh piffle!" The direct, forceful and tactful way in which Sarah Platt Decker presided was an object lesson to the orator delegates.

On the platform sat Mrs. Alice Roosevelt-Longworth, Mrs. Ruth Bryan-Levitt and Mrs. Ruth Hanna-McCormick, daughters of three distinguished public men; and the hearty tribute given these ladies on this occasion shows how, even at a national political convention, party lines may be obliterated in social amenities. Mrs. Ruth Hanna-McCormick addressed the assembly on her welfare work—a magnificent effort that does honor to the memory of her father, whose heart and soul were wrapped up in the civic federation work which his daughter is so ably carrying forward.

The speeches and the singing of old songs were followed by a reception to the distinguished speakers, but this seemed to try the courage of the heroes even more than the speeches. The ladies were heard to remark that a few weeks spent campaigning in Colorado would soon accustom the men folks to the presence of women at serious political deliberations.

* * *

Congressman Clayton gave the permanent-chairman keynote in high G. Hardly had he finished the first sentence of his speech, when three pretty little girls climbed up to him, their arms full of roses. He picked up the tiniest child and kissed her, and then hesitated. On being urged to "go on," he gallantly and delicately saluted the three, while the gallery applauded.

It was soon apparent that Clayton had had some training in swinging the gavel, for while Bell had insisted that "the convention will please come to order," Congressman

J. BRYAN WAS NOMINATED. THE EAGLES ARE SOARING OVER THE PLATFORM

Clayton said, "the convention *must* come to order." The first speech under the new rule was by Mr. Robbins of Chicago, the socialist whose flights of oratory were punctured with expressions about certain "automobile bums, who had nothing to do but clip coupons." A voice from the gallery called out, "Don't be too long, Mr. Robbins," and there was a marked diminution in the speaker's eloquence as he gulped a glass of water and quit.

* * *

One of the level-headed, progressive Democratic members of Congress from Missouri who has "to be shown" that things are being done, is Honorable Robert Lamar, who was at the Denver convention. He started life as a school teacher, and still has a way of imparting information that suggests the well-stored mind and adaptability of a pedagogue. Mr. Lamar is now in active practice at the bar, and his service as prosecuting attorney of Texas County gave him experience that has since found expression in much aggressive and valuable work.

Congressman Lamar was first elected in 1902, and his re-election took place in 1906. His service on the Committee on Naval Affairs has shown him to be a man of broad and national views, such as go to making up a typical United States congressman. Missouri may well be proud of the energetic representative who never passes an idle moment during the session at Washington, and who is a favorite both in the halls of Congress and with his constituents.

* * *

The Oklahoma pushers brought out Congressman Littleton of New York, who, smiling genially, made a good "red, white and blue" finish and was heartily cheered to the echo; for the spectators were inexorable, and would insist that any man who spoke more than three minutes was a "wind jammer."

Early in the proceedings it became clear that John Kern was to act the part of pacificator, as he announced "progress of harmonious work in the resolutions committee," while his boom was in cold storage. Perhaps one of the liveliest incidents was when a call was made for J. Ham Lewis, he of the sometime pink pajamas. He was not present, though usually quite ready when his country calls. He carried his cane to the speakers' platform and laid it carefully on the desk when addressing the ladies.

BIRD S. COLER OF NEW YORK
Trying to suppress that infectious Denver smile

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The real work of the convention began at seven o'clock on Thursday evening. On nomination day the spectators and delegates were armed with flags, which made a demonstration long to be remembered. No sooner had the eloquent young Demosthenes from Nebraska, I. J. Dunn, rolled out his rounded periods, than the applause and shouting went off like a vocal sky rocket, and the record of the previous day was outdone. It was the performance proper, after the full dress rehearsal of the day before; an ocean of waving flags and brandishing arms accompanied the thunders of acclamation, rolling wave on wave around the vast Auditorium. The band played vociferously everything that could be considered suitable for the occasion, or that had a suggestion of rag-time about it, but "The Red, White and Blue" and "Dixie" seemed nearest to our hearts. The demonstration continued to increase, and the enthusiasm of the delegates found vent in marching around the hall, the standards of their several states dancing above their heads, as if in high glee, while the eagles over the platform swung to and fro as though eager to welcome the new presidential possibility. Doves carrying red, white and blue streamers of ribbon, were loosed, and flew about trying to find a place of security. They found tender protection at the hands of gentle and kind-hearted women.

* * *

The seething surges of flags carried by marching delegations beat upon the little island of Minnesotans, who stood out alone, loyal to their choice, Governor Johnson. New York, New Jersey, Georgia and Delaware also stood aloof a little farther on, but Connecticut caught the enthusiasm and joined in the demonstration. When the record time was up the lights were lowered and an effort was made to quiet the great throng. At first it seemed to heighten the hysterical enthusiasm, but by degrees the furore of the demonstration abated.

In a croaky whisper, one man back of me said: "I have come a thousand miles, pretty near, from Minnesota, and I ain't going to be stopped of hollering all I like for John Johnson. This is our time to get ready for 1912."

There seemed to be an undercurrent of opinion that, as conventions go, 1912 will be Johnson's opportunity, just as four years ago Bryan had an instinctive feeling that his chance would come in 1908.

* * *

Seconding speeches followed in quick succession. Everybody seemed to want to second something, and it looked for a while as

COLONEL JOHN T. MARTIN
Sergeant-at-Arms, in one of those old-time Jeffersonian smiles

though the spectators were in control. They insisted on calling "time," and when the unfortunate gentleman from Utah mentioned Bunker Hill, as a tribute to Massachusetts, the delegates insisted that he might as well nominate Washington and be done with it. When anyone started in with a funny story, the crowd called out: "Too late for jokes."

The audience wanted to get at the roll-call and see a real game of good ball, and were in no mood even for the most empyrean flights. Some of the orators lost their tempers over this treatment, but the fellows who took it most cheerfully got along best. For a moment there would be quietness, then the gallery would turn down their thumbs, and the speaker finished amid wild confusion. Speaker after speaker was led to the platform to be slaughtered, for the audience was merciless in calling "time," and stump orators who had never before been silenced could make no headway amid this stream of mockery.

The hours of waiting dragged on, but for the first time in the history of conventions the nominating speeches were made prior to the report of the resolutions committee, or the party platform, with the understanding that the ballot was to be taken after the platform had been adopted.

It was midnight before the committee reported. Governor Haskell read the document in a forceful manner, but it was too late for the crowd to be interested in anything but the real game, so when he finished the galleries heaved a sigh of relief as the likelihood of a real roll-call approached.

When the Johnson nomination was made, little Minnesota made its superb fight heroically and alone; the band gave them no help —no gay chorus for the Spartan minority! The same was true of the nomination of Judge Gray; the land-slide for Bryan was pitiless. As the roll-call of states proceeded, it seemed that Porto Rico, the last on the list, would never be reached; each state appeared to have candidates, and would waive their place for a speech from some other state. When New York was reached, Chief Murphy quietly "passed" with as little excitement as if he were sitting in a well-ordered poker game. As the triple hour of morning approached, the excitement and enthusiasm seemed to heighten rather than decrease. It is curious that the all-night session has been a feature of the Democratic conventions for some years past, and it was hoped to nominate Bryan on some day other than Friday, so the clock was stopped and the Jeffersonian Joshua was ordered to stop the moon from gazing. Twelve o'clock passed, and it was nearly four before the completed vote placed William J. Bryan for the third time in nomination on the Democratic ticket, with 892½ votes, with Johnson a '49er and Gray 59½.

As the audience poured out of the convention hall, the streets of Denver, even at that early hour of the morning, were a lively spectacle, crowded beyond the record of any other hour of the twenty-four. The enthusiasm never abated while the lights continued to shine in the Auditorium; nothing looked weary except the flags, which drooped languidly in the stillness of the morning air, and seemed to be waiting to catch the first rays of the sun now rising over the eastern plains.

THE STREETS OF DENVER ON A BUSY CONVENTION DAY

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On the final day, messages were reported from this and that section, relating to vice-presidential possibilities, but the only one that counted was that from Fairview. It was whispered about that John W. Kern of

Indiana was the man. Then came another display of seconding and nominating speeches, including an ovation to Folk, and in due course the name of the Indiana statesman was securely nailed on the ticket.

In Colorado cloud bursts are known to occur within a few hours; the clouds just rip open and in the twinkling of an eye the dry creek beds are flooded. The convention was something of a cloud burst order, for the various vice-presidential booms appeared to collapse with a mighty quiver when the Kern boom came along, officially sealed and endorsed from Fairview. That was when the band played "On the Banks of the Wabash" in a sort of minor cadence, as the various states affectionately bade their "favorite son" and vice-presidential booms adieu and hailed the conquering Hoosier.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES C. DAHLMAN
The Cowboy Mayor of Omaha is a Conspicuous Bryan Leader

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The nominee for vice-president, Mr. Kern, made a confession in the lobby after his nomination. His brown eyes sparkled as he insisted that he never laughed out loud, adding, "I assure you that I enjoy life and see lots of fun, nevertheless."

He wears neither a Van Dyke nor a Dundreary beard, but just a plain Hoosier whisker, and he is scarcely gray, although he admits to fifty-eight years; he says his youthful appearance is due to the Indiana climate and good habits. He was much provoked because one of the newspapers placed his age at seventy years. He always carries two pairs of glasses, and states that he enjoys impromptu speaking, which he began in Kokomo, where he was the youngest member of the bar to practice law. Mr. Kern is a close personal friend of Vice-president Fairbanks. He is a plain, home-spun Hoosier, always ready to smooth out the troublous kinks, and he will certainly prove a very companionable comrade on the ticket with William J. Bryan.

* * *

During the St. Louis Republican convention, twelve years ago, before he ever dreamed of such fame coming to his name, William J. Bryan was housed with others at the Lindell Hotel in a room with cots. In the evening, when the lights were turned low, one man found his way to bed early, and as he opened the door he found that "Omaha man" over by the window scarcely discernible in the shadows of the room. He was kneeling at his bedside, saying his prayers, and that simple piety won the hearts of those rough and ready newspaper men who occupied the room with him. It was William J. Bryan, who a month later thrilled the country with his "crown of thorns" speech.

I. J. DUNN
Who nominated William J. Bryan at Denver

* * *

A trip to Denver convention would indeed be incomplete without a side visit to Lincoln, to see the home of the "commoner" at Fairview. Sitting in a wicker chair, in the sun-parlor of his handsome new house, looking out across the great fields of his farm, was Mr. Bryan. One could little realize why any man should desire to change this habitation, even for the White House at Washington. If there ever was a man who seemed to possess completely all the real comforts of life, and those honestly earned pleasures won by achievement, it is William J. Bryan in his home at Fairview. It is a beautiful brick house, standing on a high hill, on a site which he and his life's companion had selected; a fitting reward for that beautiful life of comradeship which has always existed between them.

The street cars reported heavy traffic to and from "Bryanville," for from the Nebraska hillside the Democratic campaign will be commanded, the first time that a presidential candidate has directed his party's movements from his own porch, west of the Mississippi River.

* * *

In one of his delightful reminiscent moods, Colonel John I. Martin, sergeant-at-arms, said that the wildest national convention he remembered was that at St. Louis, when Samuel J. Tilden was nominated for president by his party in 1876. The speaker tried, with his gavel, to stem the tide of yelling and hissing, but nothing could stop the crowd. The beginning of it was when John Kelley, of Tammany, made his assault on Tilden and spoke without intermission for two hours, determined to tell his story despite of all opposition from those favorable to Tilden. Colonel Martin said that he could not help noticing that the tone of the old veteran was no longer to be heard, "Nothing is as it was in the old times—" Just then he got a blast of the real Oklahoma yell, and he began to think something was doing—even in modern times in Denver.

* * *

One whole day at the Richardson Ranch! We turned "Wild West cowboys" for twelve happy hours, and rode on real bronchos. There were Baldy, Stubs and Peanuts—I had Peanuts. Reaching Aurora by car, we found Packard awaiting us with the steeds, and heeding his admonition to mount from the left side, we got astride without any trouble and instantly dashed off like the wind, with a coyote yell. Whether one is a trained rider or not is immaterial with a branded broncho, only keep your feet in the stirrups and "hang on," laying your bridle-rein on the side of the neck opposite to the direction which he is to go, on the same principle that a ship is steered. No pulling of reins or the curved motion come-on. It took my mind back to happy days on the Dakota prairies. Over the white poppies we dashed, stirring up the gophers and prairie dogs, on to the pool where the cattle find their way from far back on the hills, to get their noon-day drink.

The windmill pump was wheezing away, supplying seven gallons for each head of cattle. As we approached, they raised their heads in a startled way, as if expecting a "round-up," for they dislike that process and no wonder, being a good deal like human beings in that respect. Such cattle and such a ride! Dashing through ravines and over hills, and finding the openings in the wire fences, with the sun coming down all the time like an arrow of heat and light, I thought to myself, "I'll get a nice coat of tan, to let 'em know I've been on a ranch," never suspecting that the entire cuticle would peel from the backs of both hands—I was having a good time! When I dismounted—well, there was more trouble than burned hands—you can imagine the rest. The memory of that zipping ride across the prairies on the sound-winded and tireless "Peanuts" had a charm which no croaking automobile can furnish—but—well, there was the day after.

* * *

In the foremost of the back rows, near the press gallery, was Senator Henry M. Teller, who doubtless remembered that vivid scene when he walked out of the Republican convention at St. Louis in 1896, on the silver plank. He was disposed to be very graphic regarding the forest reserve situation. He said that the President was as ignorant as a woodchuck on forestry, and that good lands were being held from the public by the faddists. He insisted that out of 160,000,000 acres of forest reserve, kept by the government, one-third of the land had not a stick of timber upon it, and his listeners found his fist coming down on the table as emphatically at seventy-eight as when he was eighteen. The strong and sturdy character of Senator Teller is a matter of pride to Coloradoians.

MRS. RUTH BRYAN LEAVITT
Eldest Daughter of William Jennings Bryan at the Denver Convention

Mayor Tom Johnson of Ohio did not seem to be very conspicuous in the halls of the delegations, but at the Baptist church in Denver he made an address which was accounted one of the ablest delivered during the week, taking up, without disguise, his well-known views on Socialism. He said we must go to the root of evils and eliminate the corporative iniquity. He insisted that he wanted to see this country arrive at a point of ownership where street cars would be as free for public use as elevators now are in the big places of business. He appeared to think that municipal ownership was the first step toward this desired end.

THE CHIEF OF TAMMANY HALL
Charles Murphy of New York, takes his grip and goes

There was an exciting moment when Ex-governor Francis of Missouri pushed his way through the crowd to the platform, to pay a tribute to his old chief, the late Grover Cleveland. He expected trouble from the crowd, but they gave him a very respectful hearing. The governor spoke with all the fire and enthusiasm that characterized those 559,742 speeches at the World's Fair, but he seemed to fight shy of the cameras, feeling, doubtless, that he had done his duty by his country in that respect during the St. Louis Exposition.

* * *

There was something refreshing in talking with William Jennings Bryan Junior, a bright son of his distinguished father. He is a student from the University of Nebraska, and was attired in correct student regalia,—soft hat with colored band and turned-up trousers, and a jolly fellow he was, evidently appreciating the enthusiasm shown for his father. He appeared very modest, but insisted that he bore a name that will mean the votes this time.

* * *

The stately Southern gentleman with slouch hat and frock coat, walking about the hotel, covered with badges, big, little and middle-sized, received quite a shock when a lady innocently pointed to his very biggest badge and asked, "How much is this one?"

His look of silent indignation was a whole volume in itself—that he should be mistaken for a seller of badges was indeed unaccountable! What resemblance could there be between him and "Pops, the badge man"?

* * *

Ex-senator Patterson, the author of the Oklahoma statehood bill, and proprietor of the "Rocky Mountain News," was a conspicuous figure. Sulzer of New York, the tall congressman with frock coat and corrugated iron face, was there. Every time he entered into conversation it seemed as though he were making a speech on the floor of Congress. Like everybody else there, he was an enthusiast

* * *

Yes, I wore returning home a white slouch hat, brought back a pair of spurs, mailed souvenir cards from mountain top and valley, and arrived in Boston with a few new blisters, but refreshed and exhilarated by the scenes of that trip to Denver, when William J. Bryan was nominated for the presidency and the Oklahoma delegates brought their messages to the national party councils for the first time. Dreams of Denver and her hospitable people; memories of bright, sunny days, under azure Colorado skies; recollections of hustling hours and of the witching and winning ways of the West, are bright pages in an editor's pleasure book.

MY LORD HAMLET

Historical, Literary and Psychical Considerations Touching the Principal Character in Shakespeare's Tragedy

(CONTINUED)

Dedicated, with sincere good wishes and admiration, to Robert Bruce Mantell, Tragedian—*The Authors*

By JOHN McGOVERN and JESSE EDSON HALL

INFLUENCE OF JOHN LYLY ON "HAMLET"

NOTE.—The main object of this Article is to show that *Hamlet's* colloquy with *Osric* is *not* Euphuism, as usually supposed; but that *Hamlet's* colloquy with *Ophelia* is really in Lyly's style.

THE theatre came, with painting, architecture and literature, from Italy, through Spain and France, to England. In the fashion so long followed, set by the players of Italy, there was a boastful Captain, a quack Doctor, a brave Countryman, a Fool, a Clown, a Harlequin, a Columbine, etc., and these persons were free to compose or "gag" their own parts. Shakespeare made early and continued use of these stock characters. In the play-within-the-play in "Hamlet" there is a conventional villain.

At the same time an affected fashion of speech originated in Italy—a literary echo of chivalry. Women took on poetic names, and conversed only of "love." In France they were called "Précieuses," and in England John Lyly, whether justly or not, became their accredited spokesman. In 1579 he published "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit," which soon became the text-book of courtiers, and was the most popular prose work in our language. When the fashion had run its course, in 1636, there was not another edition of "Euphues" for two hundred and thirty-two years.

John Lyly was considered the best of writers, and Shakespeare, among the rest, was forced to study his works. It is customary to say that *Osric*, in "Hamlet" is talking "Euphuism," and that *Hamlet* in replying, is proving himself a master in the same lingo, but a careful reading of "Euphues" will not bear out the assertion. Lyly's sentences are simple—"Albeit they be . . . yet can they not . . "; or, "Yea, yea, I am not the first that hath been too careful, nor the last that shall be handled so unkindly." Lyly is strictly sententious. There is no straining after synonyms.

The works of John Lyly, however, contain a good many things that Shakespeare used, whether he himself copied them or not. Some of these apply to "Hamlet."

"Euphues" is a book in prose, and deals with the verbose speeches of six characters. Euphues and Philautus, friends, love Lucilla, who jilts them both. Eubulus, "an old gentleman of Naples," gives good advice. *Hamlet's* treatment of *Polonius* is clearly wrought out of the conversations in Lyly's book. *Hamlet* himself uses some of the old gentleman's ideas. Eubulus advises: "Be merry, but with modesty; be sober, but not too sullen; be valiant, but not too venturous. Let thy attire be comely, but not costly. . . Be not light to follow every man's opinion, nor obstinate to stand in thine own conceit."

Euphues, in return, taunts Eubulus with his "*crabbed* age." "If you have taken little pleasure in my reply, sure I am that by your counsel I have reaped less profit." Euphues departed, "leaving this old gentleman in a great quandary . . the tears trickling down his cheeks."

The friendship of Euphues and Philautus furnishes material for *Hamlet's* remarks on friendship. "The express image of mine own person" is a phrase used by Lyly.

"Since a long discourse argueth folly." "As the sea-crab swimmeth always against the stream, so wit always striveth against wisdom." "If, therefore, Philautus, thou canst set but this feather to mine arrow, thou shalt see me shoot so near that thou wilt account me for a cunning archer." [*Hamlet's* "forest of feathers," in Act III, after the play has proved the *King's* guilt, may be a most witty play on Lyly's remark.]

"But unless Euphues had inveigled thee, thou hadst yet been constant. Yea, but if Euphues had not seen thee willing to be won, he would never have wooed thee. But had not Euphues enticed thee with fair words, thou wouldst never have loved him. But hadst thou not given him fair looks, he would never have liked thee. Ay, but Euphues gave the onset; ay, but Lucilla gave the occasion. Ay, but Euphues first brake his mind; ay, but Lucilla first bewrayed her meaning. Tush, why go I about to excuse any of them, seeing I have just cause to accuse them both?"

In this style Lyly proceeds, and *Hamlet* is by no means above the same fashion, as it was considered to be wit of the first quality.

"I hope, Philautus, thou wilt be as ready to provide a salve as thou wast hasty in seeking a sore. I would not that all women . . . for well I know none will winch except she be gawlded."

[Here we see *Hamlet* sitting at the play-within-the-play: "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."]

"She was mortal, and must have died . . knowest thou not, Eubulus that life is the gift of God, death the due of Nature; as we receive the one as a benefit, so must we abide the other of necessity."

All through the letter of Euphues to Eubulus, concerning the death of his daughter, there is material for the first act of "Hamlet," where the Prince is chided for his manifestations of grief.

Hamlet's outbursts against women, as to their beauty and their frailty—their dangerousness to the peace of men, are voluminously outlined in Lyly's book. (We have shown that this descends from the monks.)

In Act III, Scene 1, *Hamlet* is speaking to *Ophelia* strictly in the style of John Lyly (which, it may be seen, is very different from the dialogue of *Hamlet* and *Osric*): "For the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness." Here *Hamlet* is acting as one distraught.

Don Ferardo, father of Lucilla, rebuking her for her fickleness, says (Lyly, p. 101): "For oftentimes she [Lucilla's mother] would say that thou hadst more beauty than was convenient for one that should be honest."

John Lyly's tiresome book was not tiresome to Queen Elizabeth, nor in Shakespeare's time. The study of its text by Shakespeare furnished material for "friendship"; for *Polonius;* for *Hamlet's* rude treatment of *Polonius* and *Ophelia;* and for all sorts of delphic utterances. Many of its phrases appear in other plays of Shakespeare.

But *Osric* and *Hamlet*, in the Fifth Act, do not talk "Euphuism" to each other, as is commonly suggested. Probably that was the way Sir Walter Scott came to be deceived when he drew *Sir Piercie Shafton*, in "The Monastery."

SHAKESPEARE'S MYSTERIOUS FIRST QUARTO OF "HAMLET"

NOTE.—The object of this Article is to bring a number of excerpts from the First Quarto before the reader's eye, with a view of coming in close touch with the lost "Hamlet" from which the First Quarto was probably made.

Shakespeare but thrice spoke of himself over his own signature. The first time (1593) was in the dedication of the poem, "Venus and Adonis." The second time (1594) was in the dedication of the poem, "The Rape of Lucrece." Both dedications were to the Earl of Southampton. The third and last time was in his will, March 25, 1616.

Next in authority, we have, seven years after his death, the printed declarations of his partners and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, that, in their folio book of 1623, they have published Shakespeare's writings—and so published them, "as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them: *even those* are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest absolute in their members as he conceived them."

"All the rest" here means the plays that had not been printed during Shakespeare's life, or up to that time—1623.

"Hamlet" is among the dramas covered by "*even those.*" "Perfect in their limbs" refers to the fact that the pirates had destroyed or had been unable to preserve, the poetic feet, the measure, of the iambic blank verse that Shakespeare used. The partners *seem* to draw a distinction as to accuracy between their resurrection of plays that had been pirated and ones that were here first printed—for instance, between "Hamlet" and "Macbeth."

Nineteen of the plays commonly attributed to Shakespeare were *first printed* in the First Folio, 1623, by Heminge and Condell. A copy of the First Folio, at auction, in March, 1907, in Sothesby's rooms, London, brought $18,000.

Under the entries of 1602, the Stationers' Registers at London have the following:

"July 26. John Robertes. Entered for his copy under the hands of Master Pasfield and Master Waterson, Warden, a book called 'The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke,' as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants. . . 6d."

Here one sees the vanishing form of the lost "Hamlet." No book of the date is preserved or known of.

So late as 1823 a printed play with the following title-page was found: We have modernized the spelling where convenient:

"The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shake-speare. As it hath been divers times acted by His Highness' servants in the City of London, as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London, printed for N. L., and John Trundell. 1603."

This is the First Shakespeare Quarto. Another copy of it was discovered in 1856, and is in the British Museum.

Note that Shakespeare left the Revenge-idea out of the old title, giving to the life-problem of his *Hamlet* a far greater amplitude.

For comparison, we copy the title-page of the Second Quarto. The received Shakespeare text of "Hamlet" has been collated largely from this, and from the First Folio (1623):

"The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy. At London. Printed by I. R. for N. L., and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Dunstan's Church in Fleet-Street. 1604."

The I. R. probably stands for John Roberts, and "N. L." also sold the First Quarto.

From the above entries and title-pages it would seem that John Roberts, the printer, expected to print, or did print, a "Revenge of Hamlet"; that an unknown printer produced a "Tragical History of Hamlet" (First Quarto); that John Roberts then issued a "Tragical History" (Second Quarto) "according to the true and perfect copy."

The commentators count 2,143 lines in the First Quarto; 3,719 in the Second Quarto.

The First Quarto is a piracy, made up in various ways—by short-hand, by recollection, and by copying actors' parts"; but it reports a different version of the play from that copied in the Second Quarto. Although Shakespeare was credited with making the First Quarto, we get a considerable vision of the lost Revenge "Hamlet" that had been played at three theatres.

The lost "Hamlet" seems to have adhered more closely to the Saxo story. The First Quarto has "a scene between *Horatio* and the *Queen*, in which he tells her of the *King's* frustrated scheme for having *Hamlet* murdered in England. The object of this scene is to absolve the *Queen* from complicity in the *King's* crime; a purpose which can also be traced in other passages."* She shows a mother's interest in *Hamlet*.

The guilt of *Laertes* is diminished in the First Quarto, where the proposal to use a poisoned foil comes not from him but from the *King*.

So, if we consider *Horatio's* part, the *Queen's* part, and *Laertes*' part, there is a fundamental change of the First Quarto into the Second Quarto. The First Quarto was much nearer to Saxo's story as told in Pavier; and *Hamlet*, beside being far less eloquent, was not so much isolated from all mankind as he is in the received text. His madness was more unequivocally a real affliction—as Ben Jonson foolishly made *Hieronimo's*.

Dr. Brandes thinks that, in the lost "Hamlet," *Horatio* had a "better part"; that *Hamlet's* madness appeared to be wilder; and that *Polonius*, of course, was *Corambis*. In this he coincides with the English authorities.

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* Dr. Brandes' "William Shakespeare."

Following are names used in the First Quarto: *Leartes*, *Ofelia*, *Gertred*, *Cornelia*, *Voltemar*, *Rosencraft*, *Gilderstone*, *Duke*, *Duchess*, *Corambis*, *Montano*. [In the German "Brudermord" it is *Corambus*.]

In the First Quarto, the "To be or not to be" soliloquy is placed a little ahead of where it is in the Second Quarto and First Folio.

There is a stage-direction that in the *Queen's* closet, Act III, the *Ghost* shall "enter in his night-gown."

Howsoever the First Quarto got into print, and whatever it may be, it reveals Shakespeare's hand, and shows that he knew of the lost "Hamlet," and dropped the word "Revenge" out of the "Hamlet" title. The learned Isaac Gollancz believes the First Quarto (as Shakespeare made it ready), the Second Quarto, and the First Folio represent *three* varying copies of "Hamlet" from the hand of Shakespeare.

We will first give a passage from all three. Act II, Scene 2—*Hamlet's* contempt of the "fad" of letting little children act in tragedies like *Hieronimo*, and his reference to the inhibition of the "common players":

The Traveling of the Players — First Quarto — 1603

Ham. How comes it that they travell? Do they grow restie?
Gil. No, my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.
Ham. How then?
Gil. Vfaith, my Lord, noueltie carries it away.
For the principal publike audience that
Came to them, are turned to private players,
And to the humour of children.

Second Quarto — 1604

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? Their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes.
Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the means of the late innouasion.
Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City: are they so followed?
Ros. No, indeede, they are not.

First Folio — 1623

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.
Rosin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?
Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?
Rosin. No, indeed, they are not.
Ham. How comes it? Doe they grow rusty?
Rosin. Nay, their indeauor keepes in the wonted pace: But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clap't for it: these are now the fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarce come thither.

In the First Quarto, the common players travel because of private plays and of comedies by children. In the Second Quarto their inhibition comes from the innovation. In the First Folio they travel because of the inhibition that comes of the innovation, and because of the popularity of the little children who have taken their places.

The point is, that both Quartos are represented in the drama made up for the First Folio, seven years after the author's death.

Some remarks here may be useful. *Hieronimo* studied at Toledo, and wrote his play there. The title-page of the First Quarto "Hamlet" says it was played at Cambridge and Oxford Universities. *Hamlet* is at Elsinore, Denmark, and is forced to refer to the City of Wittenberg, in Saxony. But the audience at London understood that disgrace had fallen on good actors, and that people were foolish enough or were forced to prefer little children in great parts (for children enacted *Hieronimo*, and Kyd's play still bears evidences of the "gags" that thus entered the text).

The feeling of mankind that the mature and saddened Shakespeare is himself speaking behind *My Lord Hamlet* gains weight through all *Hamlet* says to the *Players*, and about them.

The First Soliloquy — First Quarto

O God within two moneths; no, not two: maried,
Mine uncle: O let me not thinke of it,
My father's brother; but no more like
My father, then I to *Hercules*.
Within two months ere yet the salt of most
Unrighteous teares had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God! a beast
Devoyd of reson would not have made
Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.

This seems to have been taken in shorthand, and whatever the text may have been, Shakespeare rewrote it for the Second Quarto.

Ophelia, in Act II—First Quarto

O young Prince Hamlet, the only floure of Denmark.
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The Jewell that adorn'd his feature most
Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him.
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
There comes hee to mee with a distracted looke,
His garters hanging downe, his shooes untide,
And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face
As if they had vow'd, this is my latest object.
Small while he stoode, but gripes me by the wrist,
And there he holds my pulse till with a sigh
He doth unclaspe his holde, and parts away
Silent as is the mid-time of the night:
And as he went, his eie was still on mee,
For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked,
He seemed to find the way without his eies:
For out of doors he went without their helpe,
And so did leave me.

In the third act, again, after *Hamlet* has left her, *Ophelia* says—First Quarto:

> Great God of heaven, what a quick change is this?
> The Courtier Scholar Soldier, all in him,
> All dasht and splintered thence, O woe is me,
> To a seene what I a seene, see what I see.

Here, if the reporter got it anywhere near right, we may be looking at the left-over text of the lost "Hamlet," and in the received text we may see how Shakespeare wrote it over for the Second Quarto.

Shorthand and Short Memory—First Quarto

> It is a fault gainst heaven, fault gainst the dead,
> A fault gainst nature, and in reason's
> Common course most certain.
> None lives on earth, but he is born to die.

This is meant (Act I, Scene 2) for the *King's* lines:

> Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
> A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
> To reason most absurd; whose common theme
> Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
> From the first corse till he that died today,
> "This must be so."

The Famous Soliloquy—First Quarto

> To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
> To Die, to slepe, is that all: I all?
> No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
> For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
> And borne before an e'erlasting Judge;
> From whence no passenger ever returned,
> The vndiscouered country at whose sight
> The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.

This part was evidently made up from memory.

Puzzles—First Quarto

First Quarto stage-direction of Act I, Scene 2: "Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Corambis, Laertes," etc.

The Second Quarto, same place, has: "Enter *Claudius, King of Denmark, Gertrad the Queen, Consaile as Polonius and his son Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis*."

This "Consaile" may be the "counselor" of Saxo's History, or it may be a rudiment of *Corambis*, which is likely, other things considered.

First Quarto stage-direction of Act II, Scene 1: "Enter old *Polonius* with his man or two." This is copied into the Second Quarto. *Reynaldo* is called *Montano* in the First Quarto. The commentators take "man or two" to mean *Montano*. In the First Folio the text is corrected to read: "Enter *Polonius* and *Reynaldo*"—for they enter by themselves.

The Guilty King at Prayer—First Quarto

> O that this wet that falls upon my face
> Would wash the crime clear from my conscience!
> When I look up to heaven I see my trespass;
> The earth doth still cry out upon my fact,—
> Pay me the murder of a brother and a King,
> And the adulterous fault I have committed.
> O there are sins that are unpardonable!
> Why, say thy sins were blacker than in jet,
> Yet may contrition make them as white as snow.
> Ay, but still to persever in a sin,
> It is an act against the universal power.
> Most wretched man, stoop, bend thee to thy prayer;
> Ask grace of heaven to keep thee from despair.

The Queen's Guilt—First Quarto

In the First Quarto the Queen says: "But as I have a soul, I swear by heaven, I never knew of this most horrid murder." An entire scene is laid between *Horatio* and the *Queen* in order to show that she joins with *Hamlet* to punish her guilty husband. This scene is omitted in the received text.

Shakespeare so revised the drama as to incriminate the *Queen* and return to the classic model, which he found to be the only tenable course.

Hamlet Upbraiding His Mother—First Quarto

> Look you now, here is your husband,
> With a face like Vulcan,
> A look fit for a murder and a rape,
> A dull dead hanging look, and a hell-bred eye
> To affright children and amaze the world.
>
> Why, appetite with you is on the wane,
> Your blood runs backward now from whence it came;
> Who'll chide hot blood within a virgin's heart,
> When lust shall dwell within a matron's breast.

The Poet His Own Best Critic—First Quarto

> But see, the sun in russet mantle clad
> Walks o'er the dew of yon high mountain top.

In succeeding quartos and folios those lines have been changed to:—

> But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
> Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.

This too too Solid Flesh

None of the quartos endorse this accepted reading. The First Quarto has "Too much grieved and sallied flesh"; the Second Quarto has "Too too sallied flesh." It remained for Heminge and Condell to print it, in the First Folio, "Too too solid flesh." The world has stereotyped this phrase, and so undoubtedly it will remain.

The Age of Hamlet—First Quarto

In the First Quarto the *Queen* (iii. 4) addressing *Hamlet*, says "How now, boy!" The *King* also uses the form "Son *Hamlet*" as an ordinary style of address. These matters are changed in later drafts. The speech of *Hamlet* to his mother,—"At your age the hey-day of the blood is tame, it's humble, and waits upon the judgment"—is not in the First Quarto.

In the graveyard scene, First Quarto, the *First Gravedigger* says *Yorick* has been a dozen years buried; in the Second Quarto, *Yorick* has been twenty-three years buried. The *Gravedigger* took to his trade "the very day that young *Hamlet* was born." "I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years."

Note that the *Gravedigger* still calls the Prince "the young *Hamlet*," although he is thirty years old, and is the only *Hamlet* living.

"The young *Hamlet*" is the character in fiction whom Shakespeare invented. He then aged him psychologically, as suited the progress of the sad theme. The young *Hamlet* may always be opposed, psychologically, with the old *Hieronimo*.

Hamlet's Original Instructions to the Players—First Quarto

These lines were omitted altogether in the Second Quarto and in the First Folio. They are not a part of the received text:

And then you have again that keeps one suit
Of jests, as a man is known by one suit of
Apparell, and gentlemen quotes his jests down
In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
"Cannot you stay till I eat my porridge?" and "You owe me
A quarter's wages"; and, "My coat wants a cullison";
And, "Your beer is sour"; and blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinque-pace of jests,
When, God knows, the warm Clown cannot make a jest
Unless by chance, as the blind man catches a hare;
Masters! tell him of it.

Ophelia with a Lute—First Quarto

In the First Quarto, it was directed that *Ophelia* bear a lute in her mad-scene. This was abandoned evidently because it seriously interfered with the "business" of the scene.

A Line Dropped Out—First Quarto

Horatio's question to *Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. 4:

What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
That beckles ore his bace into the sea.

Here the reporter's ear did not catch all the speech as it properly stands in the Second Quarto, viz:

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?

The passage in the First Quarto shows conclusively that an ignorant and incapable short-hand reporter took down the lines. Such short-hand pirates existed and were denounced in contemporary writings.

Hamlet's Dying Speech—First Quarto

Mine eyes have lost their sight, my tongue his use:
Farewell Horatio, heaven receive my soule:

In the Second Quarto Shakespeare reached his most fortunate "The rest is silence." This, however, grew directly out of *Hieronimo* and *Iago* at the same situations. In *Hamlet's* mouth it has a new significance. He does not, like *Hieronimo*, defy the tortures of this world, but of the next. Whether on purpose or by chance, it is one of the chief beauties of "Hamlet."

These quotations give the reader enough by which to judge the First Quarto. As Heminge and Condell wrote—probably of this very pamphlet among others—the text is "maimed and deformed by the stealths of injurious impostors."

Yet, let it reach us as it may, it comes from Shakespeare and reveals him at his writing-table. In the making of a play—the world's favorite—the foundations of which can be examined more closely than those of any other Shakespeare drama—we have here a Shakespearean progression between the lost "Hamlet" and the Second Quarto.

Two hundred years of Shakespearean criticism of "Hamlet" went by without knowledge of the existence of the First Quarto. The work of the German investigators, to learn more by means of the "Brudermord" (the old German "Hamlet"), is in the same modern line of inquiry, and in time, no doubt, the relations of Kyd and Shakespeare will be better known.

One thing has blinded many good students. After erroneously rejecting "Titus Andronicus," they determined that Shakespeare was incapable of theatrical scenes of slaughter and cannibalism. Consider that the "theatre" next at hand was a bear-garden; consider that the very bridge by which one could cross to Shakespeare's theatre was always decorated with the heads of "traitors"—

(there are some twenty in Visscher's picture)—that the bodies of criminals were hanging in the public ways; consider that in nearly the last reign, the monarch (Henry VIII) had cut off the heads of two of his own wives; consider that the stage, for thousands of years, had celebrated the very tragedies that are so alarmedly tabooed—after all this, and more, it is logical to credit to Shakespeare the customary license of his time. His tragedies are all mortal—he did not hesitate nor spoil a climax. Some of his scenes (as in Richard III) far overstep both the nerves and credulity of modern hearers, and there he did not have for excuse the precedent of all historical time. Kyd and Marlowe and Middleton might not be as skillful dramatists as Shakespeare, but they were no more "tragicall"—bloody. In that sublime tragedy ("Macbeth") where there is least butchery on the stage, murder stalks most wantonly and persistently before the imagination.

The First Quarto was *reprinted* as early as 1825. Its text is in the Cambridge edition of Shakespeare's Works, vol. 9; in Furness' New Variorum Hamlet, vol. 2; Samuel Timmins' Reprints of the First and Second Quartos, 1860; lithographic reprints by E. W. Ashbee and W. Griggs, the latter praised by Israel Gollancz; Victor Edition, Shakespeare Reprints, Marburg, 1891 (parallel texts of First and Second Quartos and First Folio)

ON SHAKESPEARE'S IMAGINED METHODS OF WORK IN LONDON

NOTE.—The object of this and the following Article is to bring to the reader's attention the circumstances under which the Elizabethan playwrights wrought, so that the present condition of the Shakespeare text may be much better viewed as a whole, and Shakespeare's own style much more certainly perceived, if present.

I.

We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.
—*Hamlet* v. 1.

[MEMORANDA.—Nowadays, when a written drama is ready for the stage, the "part" of each character is made into a separate pamphlet. The final sentence, or phrase, or "business," of some other character immediately preceding is given and red-lined immediately before every speech in the pamphlet, and this "red-line" is called the "cue." These "parts" are often known as "sides." In ancient days, they were written on pasteboards, and were called "cards" or "plats." Some of the old ones have come down to us, and Halliwell-Phillipps has produced a *fac simile* of "cards" in "The Battle of Alcazar" (by George Peele, 1594), "Frederick and Basilea," and "The Dead Man's Fortune." Both of Shakespeare's theatres burned, probably destroying all the "cards," which must have been very numerous.

[In the Probate (formerly Prerogative) Court at London, attached to Shakespeare's will, was once a fine signature, "By me, William Shakespeare," showing that its writer, almost to his dying hour, was one of the best penmen of Elizabethan days. In a time, too, when there were no dictionaries, a careful penman would be a fairly consistent speller, and doubly valuable in a theatre. Perhaps Shakespeare is letting us into his *own* workroom when *Hamlet* tells *Horatio* (v. 2):

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play. I sat me down,
Devised a *new* commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labored much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service.

[The will at London was exposed to wear and to the light for many years before the danger of its loss was felt. In a Second Folio, owned by Mr. Gunther, of Chicago, is pasted a similar signature,—"By me, William Shakespeare"—which, even if it be only an early tracing from the original, is highly valuable as an evidence of the beautiful hand that William Shakespeare wrote. So surely as so elegant a scribe were in a theatre, he would be employed upon the "cards."

[Heminge and Condell, in their preface to the First Folio, tell the public that the plays which were previously printed (all save nineteen) are now offered "perfect in their limbs," and the editors make a distinction between "numbers" and "limbs." To us, this hints of the getting-together of "cards" and proofreading the copy before it went to the printer.

[A poet's work is never finished. The innumerable graces of the Shakespearian speech, particularly in a favorite and poetical character like *Hamlet*, would be entered at all times upon the "card." Where "local color" was to be added, as in the instructions to the players, it is probable—in fact we know, in one case, that the temporary speeches did not go into the "prompt-book"—(that copy of the play which at least pretended to be a showing, in one piece of copy, of all there was to say and to do). The arts of poet and actor clash harshly, and *Hamlet* speaks bitterly of it to the *Players*.

[If Shakespeare were one of the card-writers, and if the plays had extended runs, or were periodically played, it seems reasonable to believe that it would be a most difficult thing for hard-working actors to obtain an up-to-date full copy of a drama with all Shakespeare's latest poetry. Consider how little to the interest of the proprietors or company it was for such a full copy to exist, where it could be subject to pillage or theft by rival companies.

[The performance began at two in the afternoon. The theatre was "dark" at night, and the region was highly dangerous. Lighting arrangements were bad, and artificial light was both costly and full of risk, as it proved at the Globe.

[In an era without standard spelling, Heminge and Condell, in the First Folio, accomplished what it is likely no living company of actors could or would do today. The labor involved must have been great. Whatever their errors, their confidence in Shakespeare entitles them to the admiration of mankind.

[In 1721 the great poet Pope was prevailed upon to attempt a criticism and correction of the printed text of Shakespeare. He declared that "of all our English poets, Shakespeare must be confessed to be the fairest and fittest subject for criticism, the first editions being printed from the prompter's book, *or the piece-meal parts written out for the players*, and very much disfigured by their blunders and interlineations." With that began the war of the commentators, which has raged for nearly two hundred years.]

II.

It is authoritatively recorded that Shakespeare lived fifty-two years—by no means a short life. Alexander had conquered the world at thirty-three; Napoleon all save Britain at forty-two. It may be, the Swan of Avon continued to sing until 1615, or even later. On the other hand, how early William Shakespeare wrote can hardly be guessed. It is usual for literary men first to try their hands as rhymesters, and Shakespeare was a practised and immortal poet at twenty-nine, to our knowledge, and may easily have been as skillful for a dozen years previously. The noblest poem in our language (the "Thanatopsis"), although it may not have a first-class line in it, was written by Bryant at eighteen, and he did not write so well afterward. In Shakespeare we have the chief literary intellect to deal with, and we may fairly apportion to him over thirty-five years of practice as a writer.

At seventeen or eighteen we should see him, a clever young poet, far more original than Bryant, but not yet come to that majestic Shakespearian iambic tread which he taught to both Wordsworth and Bryant. He, of course, has John Lyly's book of "Euphues" well learned, and is prepared to dwell *ad nauseam* on the overwhelming importance of love and courtship, somewhat compounded with the claims of masculine friendship and the dangers of rivalry in love. For this latter purpose he has John Lyly's play of "Campaspe," where *Alexander the Great* and his friend *Apelles* both love *Campaspe*, and *Alexander* out of affection for his friend surrenders her to the one she loves. Out of these conditions—it being also the fashion of the day—grow the sonnets. In our opinion, John Lyly is the principal key to them.

This young poet Shakespeare arrives at London early in life, and obtains work in a suburban theatre—(all theatres were then suburban). Not having come from college, his pretensions to poetry—to *les belles lettres*—are certainly laughed at by college graduates whose fortune has turned so bad as to force them into his world. That world is indeed a humble one. The merchants and taxpayers have looked with so much hostility on the profession of acting that theatres have been ostracised—must exist far outside the City, or not at all. The idle classes—the high, the low—these preserve the drama.

As work in a theatre today is heavy and not well-requited, we may believe it was even harder on the outskirts of London. There was, in particular, plenty of labor for a young poet who wrote so fine a script as that which is signed to Shakespeare's will, now in existence. The "parts," or "sides," or "cards" of a drama were all to be transcribed on pasteboard, and the opportunity of correction and emendation would continually present itself. If one theatre had made a drama profitable, there was neither law nor custom to prevent the production of a similar and rival drama in another theatre. Haste to get ready would be certain—then as today—and in that haste more than one actor and poet could be set at work. Plays could be written on the pasteboards or "parts," by a company of workers, and the prompt-book put together afterward, if at all.

From the apparent fact that Shakespeare was not a scholastic or pedantic man, and from the vast vocabulary contained in the First Folio of his plays, it seems certain that his name became connected with many works of which he was not the sole and original builder.

As his wealth and fame increased, his time would become more valuable. Certainly, in his very best dramas, he was looking for nothing original in the structure. He followed the scenarios of old plays, and we do not believe that he himself laid the theatrical groundwork, even where the story is told as dramatically as old Latin Boethius told the fable of "Macbeth"—that is, some one else made a "Macbeth," whose "cards" Shakespeare might pick up, one by one, and touch into immortal life. On this ground, particularly, we look for a lost "Hamlet." Shakespeare may have helped Kyd to write it, but not to lay the plot.

All this while we know that the man Shakespeare was amassing wealth in an art that he contemned, among a people whom he despised. He grew old and tired. "Life's but . . . . a poor player, that struts and frets *his* hour upon the stage." The piles of "Hamlet," "Othello," "Lear," stacked in the dusty corners or attic of the tiring-room of a playhouse out of town, were like so much cord-wood to him. He longed to get away from it all—and escaped. The ugly piles of cards belonged to the theatre when he sold out, and, after all, he may have considered himself at most only their editor and furbisher. The piratical printing of his "Hamlet" First Quarto had certainly brought ridicule on his name. The more correct Second Quarto had been coolly received—"caviare to the general." It was fortunate for the English language and the human stage that Heminge and Condell, feeling no rivalry, noted the surpassing skill of their partner, and determined to cord-up all the Shakespeare material of their theatre into a book. They knew—what others could not know—how all-important Shakespeare had been in the production of a drama. Some ten years of his absence had shown them he was needed on the "cards," whoever "wrote the play."

Shakespeare was a great editor, like Confucius. In the daily newspapers of our time little gets into print as it was written. The "style of the office," the pressure of the "ads," the prejudice of the make-ups, the whims of the proprietor, all intervene between the original writer and the reader. In the theatre of today the playwright hardly recognizes his own drama when at last it is acted. These conditions certainly clung to the boards in Shakespeare's time, for *Hamlet* complained of it.

To imagine that Shakespeare took white paper, pen, and ink and sat down to "Hamlet," writing "Act I.—Scene 1.—Elsinore.—A platform before the castle.—Francisco at his post.—Enter to him Bernardo"—and so on, to the dead-march and the carrying out of the four bodies at the last curtain, does not comport with our knowledge of the "Hamlet" material at hand. It may be that, after "Hamlet" was on the "cards" (as in the Second Quarto) Shakespeare never gave it as careful a reading as has any one of a million students in America alone today.

The "Young *Hamlet*" is finally Old *Hieronimo* and *Macbeth*. He is far past the *Romeo*-age of love; he holds himself capable of friendship, and *Horatio* worthy of it; as for the world itself?—Fie on it! We are looking at Shakespeare, as day after day he improved the sad but beautiful speeches ("cards") of "Hamlet." How little the author thought of the publicity they would attain! Pepys and St. Simon, the diarists, have also shown us how writers may commune with themselves.

In the art of writing, too, there may be something of the sub-conscious. The hand may set down thoughts the tongue would not have uttered. The mind may not always keep an inspector, to oversee what the hand has written. Here, say, is a stack of old "Hamlet" pasteboards belonging to the "show." They have been censored, patched, "gagged," corrected. They were not organically original in the first place. *Hieronimo* is more logical, more properly theatrical, than *Hamlet*. *Hieronimo* uses the experiment-play at the proper place, the end; *Hamlet* has to double or "incubate" the situation. Why should not the author of the *Hamlet* speeches, at last, be glad never to see or to hear of the "cards" again?—especially, as he has sold his right to touch them?

So, then, let us not study "Hamlet" as if Shakespeare had yesterday read its proof. We absolutely know much of its genesis. We know it does not fit together. But this thing we may aver: *Hamlet* is the sub-conscious Shakespeare. Whatever the text teaches, *Hamlet* is young to the young man; old to the old man; wise to the wise man; eloquent to the extent the intellect is cognizant of eloquence. "Hamlet" is the essence of poetry in the super-animal register.

And we should not criticise and value Shakespeare by the measure of our appreciation of Milton, Pope, Byron and Tennyson, for they all learned their art *from* Shakespeare. He did not do it all alone, either. With his exceptional brain he switch-boarded nearly everything he knew at every moment, and, if previous writers failed him, he could naturally extemporize *a better phrase.* Heminge and Condell tell us he rarely had to blot anything out. He was not ambitious to show his own excellence as a literary man. If John Lyly wrote "the lark at heaven's gate," that was fine enough for William Shakespeare, and spared him rewriting it. It was perhaps this very willingness to take that led him at last to place no personal value on the writings left behind at the theatre.

Close reading and rereading of *Hamlet's* speeches continually leads the mind to the belief that we are holding personal converse with the greatest thinker who has ever lived.

KYD AND SHAKESPEARE

I.

We are only fair to ourselves and fair to the reader when we call attention to the impression of Shakespeare's own work that we receive in such a study of the "Spanish Tragedy" as it deserves. The fact that we cannot point to a date earlier than 1592 for Kyd's printed work leaves the matter open to the imagination. In 1592 Shakespeare was twenty-eight and Kyd about thirty-three. The two poets were probably friends, and could have been collaborators.

There is a certainty of touch in several of the dramatic situations whereby *Hieronimo* rivets our attention nearly as firmly as when *Macbeth* enters the banquet-hall, vaunting that he hopes to meet his friend and cousin *Banquo.*

Francis Meres, the earliest reviewer of Shakespeare's work (1598), names Kyd and Shakespeare together, as though their relations were known.

Nash, in his tirade against Kyd, speaks of his "shifting companions," almost certainly insinuating Shakespeare. (*Shake-scene* and *shift-scene,* we repeat, were terms applied to Shakespeare by both Greene and Ben Jonson.)

If the reader of Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" feel the tie that binds Shakespeare's "Hamlet" to *Hieronimo,* he may also consider the similar connections of the supposedly lost "Hamlet" and of the partly-lost "Titus and Vespasian" with "Titus Andronicus" by Shakespeare.

II.

Bandello, the Italian novelist, took the Amleth story from Saxo-Grammaticus, and the Romeo-and-Juliet story from Luigi da Porto.

When Bandello's Italian work was translated into French, it was done by two writers, "Romeo" by Pierre Boaistuau (surnamed Launay) and "Hamlet" by François Belleforest. The first-named translator died and the second finished the work; but "Hamlet" and "Romeo" went on their way in the same book toward Shakespeare.

Now the reader may for himself investigate this very remarkable set of facts in relation to "Romeo"—namely:

1. We know that Shakespeare rewrote both plays—that is, he wrote them twice. The First-Quarto "Romeo" and the final "Romeo" differ as radically as the First and Second Quartos of "Hamlet." Recollect that "Hamlet" and "Romeo" came into the Eng-

lish (for Pavier and by Paynter) from the same French book, and the French reader of one story would know of the other.

2. We know that Shakespeare took plentifully from Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" for "Hamlet," including the use of one important name—*Horatio*.

3. There is a *Balthazar* in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," and a *Balthasar* in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

4. There is no *Horatio* in the old story of Amleth; and there is no *Balthasar* in the old story of "Romeo." Both names are in the "Spanish Tragedy."

5. In the "Spanish Tragedy" *Bellimperia* loved *Andrea* and *Balthazar* slew him in battle; *Bellimperia* transferred her love to *Horatio* as suddenly and peculiarly as *Romeo* transferred his passion to *Juliet*. In "Romeo," too, Shakespeare has manifestly improved a similar love-scene from Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy."

These matters are well worthy of study as showing some now unexplained relation between Kyd and Shakespeare. The reader might investigate (1) the hypothesis that Kyd wrote four plays—"The Spanish Tragedy," "Titus," "Romeo," and "Hamlet"—and that Shakespeare, in rewriting a set of cards or pasteboards made all four plays Shakespearian; or (2) the hypothesis that Kyd and Shakespeare collaborated. Note that Shakespeare did not have his name on the early quartos of "Romeo," and his name is not on the entry of title-page of the "Revenge of Hamlet," in 1602.

III.

The psychic and literary connection of Shakespeare with Middleton is also a collateral study, and the reader is recommended to a close reading of Middleton's great play, the "Changeling," where characters and scenes that seem familiar to us as Shakespearian are also to be found.

IV.

Shakespeare warns us of the form and pressure of the times, and it may be that a coterie of authors, holding occasional social converse, might *all* imbibe certain methods and thoughts. But, if the reader be inclined to take note of the possibility that Kyd and Shakespeare could have wrought together, and Middleton and Shakespeare as well, we cannot say that a useful hypothesis might not be set up.

V.

The First Folio of 1623 is the Shakespeare Bible. Its various editors, actors and printers probably collated a good deal of copy that Shakespeare might have omitted. The editors did not print "Pericles" nor the Poems, possibly because they did not have copies at hand. A Second Folio was printed in 1632. A Third Folio followed in 1664. On the title-page of that Third Folio was the following: "And unto this impression is added seven plays, never before printed in folio, viz.: Pericles, Prince of Tyre; the London Prodigal; the History of Thomas, Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham; the Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy; the Tragedy of Locrine."

An apocrypha of some eight *other* plays also exists, and has a conspicuous place in Shakespeariana.

In some measure, at least, the reader of Kyd, Middleton, Lyly, Marlowe and all the known fellow-scribes of Shakespeare's time may appoint himself fellow-editor, in order to keep Shakespeare human, and still to give him more than he might himself claim.

This manner of study is an antidote against Bacon-ism. Mentally, to be with the playwrights in their hasty work; to note their jealousies; to learn how each character's "part" or "card" became a thing that the actor might influence; to see how Shakespeare, as well as the rest, might get things together wrong, or variously—these are all matters that apply to "Hamlet." There is as yet no Church of Shakespeare; there is no holy text.

VI.

If Shakespeare copied a set of cards for "The Spanish Tragedy," and if *that* set came down to us, it would, in our opinion, be enough to fix the Shakespearian touch upon Kyd's great work. Shakespeare can be seen copying *other* matters—like the description of Wolsey in Henry VIII—and the mere transition of prose into iambic rhythm, when done by Shakespeare, has lent to those matters an immortal beauty.

Shakespeare changed *Horvendile* to the elder *Hamlet*, and *Fengon* to *Claudius*, but at the same time he forgot to take out the *Claudio* who is spoken of late in "Hamlet." He forgot to take out the *Duke*. The entire set of Latin-like or Italian names in "Hamlet" must have come to Shakespeare in some way as yet unknown.

Balthazar, who slew *Andrea* in battle, in the "Spanish Tragedy," reappears as a name chosen by Shakespeare in no fewer than four plays—namely, in the "Merchant of Venice," in "Romeo," in the "Comedy of Errors," and in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Isabella was *Hieronimo's* wife, *Horatio* was their son. In "Measure for Measure" *Isabella* is sister to *Claudio*.

These recurring names might lead to important discoveries concerning the relations of the various plays.

The reader must altogether reject the stupid treatment by commentators of Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy." The Encyclopedia Britannica, ninth edition, does not give Kyd a separate biographical article, and he is named only to be slighted. This is because the writers thought Shakespeare owed Kyd too much—better pass it by! But why not find Shakespeare wherever we can?—there is surely a trail of the Shakespearian pen over Kyd's work. Shakespeare, as we know, would willingly "use" a fine line, yet, after all, nobody else had Shakespeare's general style. Time probably will enable us to guess still closer to the truth as to why Middleton's "Changeling" and Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" are so clearly resonant of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Richard III" and "Othello."

VII.

The Shakespearian world, at least conventionally, and possibly with great accuracy, by means of Visscher's large engraving of London in 1616, looks on William Shakespeare as first working at an inn, livery, and theatre (called "the Theatre") in the fields north of London-wall. London City then stood entirely north of the broad Thames. Into the City, from the south, crossing the Thames, led London Bridge, covered with buildings. The street or road from the Bridge led northward through the City, past St. Helen's Church, and out in the fields to The Theatre. This "The Theatre" was moved bodily to the Bankside (suburb), south of the Thames, and became the Globe Theatre. When the Globe opened for a summer show-house, the actors' company, in which Shakespeare served, converted a house in Blackfriars (monastery) into a theatre; this was just inside the city wall at the west, on the Thames. Shakespeare and others bought a house near here—perhaps next-door, possibly for a tiring and "card"-room. Shakespeare paid personal taxes at lodgings near St. Helen's Church. His brother, it is said, lived near the Globe. The Blackfriars were politically independent of the puritanical London City Council. The Globe and the Blackfriars, Shakespeare's final summer and winter houses, were separated only by the Thames River, but, in order to cross from the Globe, it was customary to go westward on the Bankside to the stairs in front of the Swan Theatre, a feature of Paris Garden.

Burbage was the leading actor of the Shakespeare troupe, and Edward Allyn of the rival troupe employed by old Henslowe. One of Henslowe's theatres was very much further into the marshy country south of the Globe, and was called Newington Butts.

The Burbage family came originally from Stratford-upon-Avon, and probably "The Theatre" in the northern fields thus gathered a Stratford colony in which it is not impossible Heminge and Condell also belonged — thus accounting for the personal interest they took in Shakespeare's literary fame—an interest which Shakespeare in his latter days did not share.

In the mind's eye, the psychic speculator of today may see William Shakespeare, walking in the fields north of London; or outside the western wall southwestward toward the palace; or crossing the Thames on John Taylor's boat, always with heavy packages of cards under his arm—pieces of his own, or plays that he had made immortal in the mere process of getting a fresh set of cards, written in his own fair hand—thus puzzling the world.

(*To be continued*)

SIMMERTON OF ALLEGASH

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

SIMMERTON of Allegash had premonitions that had established his reputation as the star oracle of the village, but twenty years of foretelling had not dimmed his after-sight, and when he dipped into the troubled pool of past events he was sure to disturb the waters and fish up a monster. Sometimes the tale was probable, sometimes possible, and again—well, Simmerton was a man of his word.

He was a well-preserved relic of an age when men courted their sweethearts with less of the amenities of life and disposed of rivals with slighter disregard for modern conventions. Simmerton stood six-feet-two in his rough cowhide boots and was as straight and angular as a young sapling untempered by the winds. Even at sixty his figure was as unbending as the tough old oaks of the seacoast which harbored him. When he wasn't prognosticating, he was recalling the past, and of the two he appeared to the best advantage as an interpreter of the years long dead.

Josh Baily, a youth of fifty summers, stood leaning against the barrel of newly-pickled pork, affectionately watching a mongrel cur sleeping in the sun.

"Beats all creation how that critter can find her way back home," he was saying, reflectively. "You simply can't lose her. She jest natcherly finds her way home. I lost her onct in Tioga county, an' she tuk the straight trail home an' got there ahead of me."

"I had a cat onct," piped up Bennie Tribble, waking suddenly from a morning nap on the pile of empty potato sacks.

"Eh?—a cat?" echoed Simmerton with a smile. "I should think you'd need a Tabby, Bennie—or was it a Tom?"

"That cat," continued the awakened sleeper unmindful of the laugh, "was taken acrost the state line in a bag an' dropped in a well by night. You'd think that'd hev fixed her, but when we got home, there she was lappin' milk jest as natcherly as life, an' smilin' at us to think she'd turned the trick on us."

"An' I knew a calf onct," solemnly joined in Simmerton, picking up the drift of the stories, "an' she was the most knowin' calf this side o' the Allegash."

There was the glimmer of a smile around the circle, but it never reached maturity. Simmerton challenged them with a glance, and perforce every one nodded solemnly. It was not policy to laugh at the wrong place when Simmerton held the front of the stage.

"That calf knew more geography when it was born than most men do today, Bennie." Bennie nodded acquiescently and shifted his position to one of more comfort. "She must have inherited it, fur her mother come to this country from Galloway an' crost the continent in a box car, took a side trip up to Canada, an' tried her teeth on Kentucky blue grass afore she located hereabouts. She was a great traveler, an' she knew geography better'n a school-boy. When she wasn't travelin' she was yearnin' fur it, an' what she yearned fur she gen'ally got. You couldn't keep her in a ten-acre lot with a six-foot barbed-wire fence strung round it. How she got through, under or over, it beats me, but she gen'ally managed it without hurtin' the barbs.

"But it was her calf I was thinkin' of—a mighty putty little tan-an'-white critter that frisked around an' kicked up her heels the day she surprised her mamma by comin' into this wicked world of ourn. Betty Jones set a store on her an' said she'd keep her until death intervened to part 'em. Betty was a pert little critter herself—all white an' pink an' blue an'—well, she didn't need to look around fur men to take her home from quiltin' parties an' huskin' bees. She jest had 'em in strings an' shoals totin' behind her, but she was so putty an' good-natchered that none of us tuk offence. We jest tagged around behind her to get a chanst to tie her shoelaces or do any other service that would administer to her comfort. Betty warn't any flirt, but she was young an' frisky jest like that tan-an'-white Galloway calf of hers.

"'Bout the time that little hair-trigger bunch of beef got old enough to make itself a gen'ral nuisance, an' had established a record fur quick-firing with its heels an' a heavy butter with its head, there comes a fellow from the city to spend the summer at Allegash. He was a harmless little dude, an' we didn't pay much attention to him, jest pityin' him some when we saw his store-clothes and frizzled hair set up on end. He might have been a walkin' advertisement fur some ready-made clothes shop, but that didn't prejudice him any in our eyes—not until he began to make up to Betty an' ogle her with them bleached-out eyes. Betty liked attention from anything that wore pants, an' she warn't goin' to discourage sentiment even in a clothes-frame. She wouldn't go half way, but she'd give a chap the idee she would let him go three quarters, an' then she'd balk.

"Well, we sat up an' tuk notice then. When we got a sight on the way things was agoin' we decided the course of events needed changin'. The common cause brought us together an' made us pool interests fur the sake of Betty. Betty, you see, warn't no more'n a child, after all, an' she needed some protectin'. If she wanted to ally herself fur life with a chap with starched hair an' manicured nails, she was goin' to have a square deal an' know jest what she was up against afore she tuk the fatal plunge. Si Bennett and Billy Renway agreed with me, an' we said amen on it an' prepared ourselves fur any eventooalities.

"The way that brainless simpleton paid courtin' to Betty made you feel like ringin' up the loonatic asylum an' askin' 'em to fetch their idiot-catcher. He'd bring a book around an' read some tomfoolery out o' it, an' then he'd tog himself up like a wild-eyed painter. It was high art, I guess, with him. An' Betty never let on whether she liked him or not, but the way she acted toward the rest of us we began to feel dissatisfied with life. At times she'd act so pert an' uppish with us that it would seem as if the bottom had dropped out somehow.

"But there was that calf, which Betty made a factor in all of her love affairs. It was a sort of 'love me love my calf,' an' Si Bennett had got a buttin' that knocked the wind out o' him tryin' to make friends with the Galloway youngster, an' Billy Renway jest escaped losin' one eye from the critter's flying heels. I had discreetly held off, hopin' to take a turn when the rest o' them was laid up in the hospital. Betty didn't like the way I steered clear of her pet, an' she warn't slow in showin' her disfavor.

"But the way she tortured an' mistreated that city chap in cementin' the friendship between him an' the calf made you experience a mite of pity for the fellow. He balked at first, an' then under persuasions from Betty made advances, but always with the rear end away from him. But a pure-bred Galloway is charged at both ends. It's mighty hard to make a choice of positions. Si Bennett, after his experience with the head, said the rear-end is the safest, but Billy Renway thought otherwise.

"But that city lover warn't all fool. He had tucked away in his brain a little mite of common sense, an' he had a trick of twistin' the calf's rope in a knot which held its head pretty stiff. In this way he was allowed to pat the wicked little nose without any great an' immediate danger to himself. This trick sort o' satisfied Betty, an' she laughed at it jest as pleased as a child. It was this development in the situation which brought events to a crisis. The danger signals were now out; we caught sight of 'em in Betty's cheeks, an' we had to mature a plan to make some new history. If Betty wanted the chap, she could have him, but he'd have to show up in his true colors. She must see him when his hair warn't starched an' perfoomed an' his clothes warn't fresh pressed by Darby, the town tailor.

"We was a glum lot of conspirators, an' fur a time we couldn't get up any speed. Si was in fur lettin' events drift, trustin' to Betty's good sense to rescue her from the pompadored villain. Billy swore an' said he'd kill the chap an' bury him with the calf a mile deep in Allegash's medders. But I counciled caution and sense. There ain't no use tryin' to drive one like Betty to cover by holdin' up her lover. The more you persecute some people the more they seem to enjoy it.

"Betty would stand up fur the city chap jest so long as we ran him down, an' if we tried to rope him an' carry him off she'd jest as likely as not hunt him up an' marry him to spite us. That's Betty through an' through. So one day when we met down on the medders to consider ways an' means out o' the difficulty we warn't in the best of spirits. We stood there shiverin' in the cold an' fog waitin' fur something to turn up. It was one o' them fogs which jest get hold o' you an' make you as clammy an' sticky as fly-paper on a wet day. It was so thick you gulped it in by breathfuls an' thought you was eatin' your dinner. Jim Wilson that day was shinglin' his house an' tried to nail some of the shingles to the fog, thinkin' it was the eaves of the roof. Anyhow, that fog proved a blessin' in disguise. It gave us an inspiration, an' we clinched to the idea with both hands.

"Si agreed to go through the first act alone, an' Billy an' I would take up our part of the program in due course as the curtain was rung up. I never did learn jest how Si did it, but in half an hour he was leadin' the victim to the slaughter. Si always swore he came willingly, followin' the bait he dangled before his nose. But he never let on what the bait was that he used. Hidden in the fog, we heard 'em comin'. At the edge of the medders the pompadored chap seemed ready to talk.

"'Sure you know the way in this confounded fog, Mr. Bennett?' he asked suspicious-like.

"'Sure! Couldn't lose me in it to save your life.'

"'My, but it's wet, an' I got on my new pumps,' the chap continued, balking again when the water squashed inside his new patent-tip galoshes.

"We didn't hear 'em again, fur they drifted away an' was swallowed up in that fog sheet. We waited around a little anxious-like, wonderin' after all if Si wouldn't do some rash act an' bury the little chap in some convenient creek, as he'd often threatened. We was a little shy of nerve when finally there drifts out of the fog Si, all smiles and winks. We warn't even then sure he hadn't been up to some wicked deed, fur Si was sometimes good at concealin' things he didn't want others to know about.

"'He's out there tryin' to find the points of the compass,' he announced finally to our great relief. 'It's beastly mushy on the medders today in this fog.'

"He scraped a bushel of mud from his boots an' squatted on an old rail-fence to take in a few restful gulps of sea fog and diluted atmosphere.

"'I told him,' he continued after a pause, 'that if he strayed away from me to follow the sounds of the fog horn, an' that would lead him back to Betty's house. There she goes now.'

"Sure enough, the Cape fog horn was drawlin' out a mournful groan that made you think of a cow bein' smothered by its own cud. Then far off in the distance was a faint echo. It was a human voice callin' fur help, but it had a high panicky note in it that sounded unnatural. Si smiled at this, an' Billy an' I drew nearer to hear any further details that Si might volunteer.

"Finally the cries grew louder, an' Si dropped from his perch an' said:

"'He's comin' this way. Now Billy where's your tooty horn?'

"Billy responds promptly, havin' been coached fur his act, an' draws from his coat a three-foot fog horn that made a blast like all creation. You could feel the medders wobble like jelly under your feet when Billy got warmed up to his work, an' every time he blew the horn we held our breath lest we'd lose it in the noise. Then across the medders comes the mournful echo of the Cape horn, an' between an' betwixt 'em, some two miles out on the medders, there was a little human cry of distress. We keeps this tootin' up fur a while, an' then Si brings to light the identical mate to Billy's horn.

"'I'll try t'other side o' the medders,' he said, 'an' between us we'll keep him dancin' round in a circle fur a while. When he gets too near, Billy, let up on your blowin' an' leave me a chanst.'

"Now with three fog horns a-blowin' an' moanin' like mad acrost that medders, there was bewilderment of sounds that would drive a loonatic to suicide. They just seemed to come from all points of the compass. They come from nowhere and went anywhere. If that city chap didn't have the time of his life tryin' to follow 'em I'll pass my guess. We could hear him blubberin' an' howlin', an' sometimes he'd slosh into water that would cause an eruption of bad language. You could gen'rally tell when he stood on high ground an' when he was sinkin' waist deep into mud and water. He did some prayin' too, an' mighty good prayin' at that. Never had any idee he was so bad afore until he began to confess to the fog.

"We stood it long enough to give him a chanst to travel round the medders 'bout a dozen times before we called in our skirmish line. Si an' Billy were putty well blowed by that time, but they was game an' waitin' fur the last act—which was mine. The sudden silence on the medders after their fog horns stopped breathing made an impressive hole in the fog. The noise had been sort of friendly an' companionable, but now there was nothing but the Cape horn in the distance, an' that sounded muffled-like an' far away. What the feelings of that city chap must have been I can't say, but I guess he thought all of his friends had deserted him.

"Act three was not particularly to my liking, but I'd agreed to it, and I was prepared for eventooalities. Si an' Billy was to come in as supers to relieve me of any unnecessary burden. Betty's little tan-an'-white Galloway lived in the barn with her mamma, an' when we tuk a peek at 'em we knew that they scented danger. We had to use more force than we intended, fur that little critter insisted upon using heels and head without reason or thought. We had to tie her in a knot and smother the head in a potato sack. Then, flung acrost our shoulders, we staggered down to the medders. We padlocked the barn door an' hid the key, so Betty wouldn't discover her loss too soon.

"We tuk turns carryin' the calf out to the medders. 'Bout half a mile from Betty's home we tied her to a stake an' turned the pesky thing loose. She jumped up an' bleated pitifully, an' then started on a dead run fur home until brought up by the rope. Then she bellowed and bleated fit to melt a heart of stone to tears. She wanted to get back home again the worst way, an' she made some fancy leaps up an' around jest to emphasize this desire.

"You'd oughter heard that lost city chap stop sayin' his prayers when he caught the sound of the calf's bleat. We'd taken good care to see that he wasn't far off when we jammed the stake into the soft mud. Now he jumped to his feet with a cry of joy, an' starts fur them sounds. That bleatin' meant liberty to him. It meant home and Betty. The way he trailed fur the calf spoke well fur his bump o' locality. He got to the bellowin' critter afore we could scarcely get around to the thicker side o' the fog, an' fur a minit it looked most as if he'd hug the little Galloway in spite of his natcheral fear of her. But Betty's tan-an'-white had no idee o' being hugged out there in the fog, an' she humped for a spring. She missed connections with the chap an' looked crestfallen at the mishap.

"Si an' I bet on what he'd do. Si said he'd be too blamed stoopid to do anything, but I bet he'd pull up the stake an' let the calf lead him home. Si lost an' I won. After wastin' a dictionary of honeyed words, an' endangerin' his life a dozen times tryin' to rub the fuzzy head, he decided to make for the stake and give the calf all the rope she wanted. But the balky animal was suspicious by this time, an' seemed to think that the fellow was the author of all her troubles. She chased him around the circle until he was winded, an' flopped him over onct through a mischance in stepping on a slippery bog, but the chap was game, an' never fur long let up. He dodged an' circled, playin' leap-frog with the rope, an' taggin' the calf whenever she got to close quarters, but always with the odds against him.

"Finally, as the story tellers would say, with a desp'rate, superhuman effort he lighted fur the middle of the circle an' landed plump on the stake. He tugged at it an' succeeded in jerkin' it free jest as the calf arrived on the scene. Her heels leaped into the air, an' the chap dodged into a squashy pool of slime. The calf cavorted then and suddenly finding herself freed from the stake, started on a straight line fur home. But she had slightly miscalculated that chap's love fur life. He clung to the other end o' the rope an' the two of 'em parted the fog an' shot through it in double quick time.

"The way those two made fur Betty's home was a caution. Si an' Billy an' I saw we were up against it good an' hard if we wanted to be in at the endin'. The calf showed her knowledge of geography in that home run, an' she did it in record-breakin' time. She warn't perticular either 'bout the way she got to it. A creek or two didn't make any material difference to her, fur she could jump 'em, an' she didn't turn out fur mud holes either. Si an' I marked the trail next mornin', an' it was straight as a surveyor's line, except here an' there where it looked as if the chap in tow had made wild leaps across ditches to get his equilibrium after some putty high jumps. In places it 'peared as if he hadn't touched ground fur twenty feet at a stretch, an' when he did he must have struck putty solid.

"Si was the first in at the finish, an' Billy an' I trailed close behind neck an' neck, but fur all that the calf an' the city chap came near beatin' us. We hardly had time to get our breath an' modestly step in the background afore we heard them comin' as if an express train was crashin' acrost the meadows. There was a series of thuds an' heavy splashin's like the steamboat threshing its way through a shallow creek.

"There stood Betty waitin' fur the homecomin'.

She'd missed her calf an' had heard its bleatin' out on the medders, an' she warn't in any gentle mood to receive lovers or friends. So we three discreetly held back an' waited fur developments.

"First the tan-an'-white burst through the fog, a-bellowin' an' snortin' like a cranky steam-engine. The rope dangled far behind, but Betty couldn't see anything on the other end of it on account of the fog. So she tries to pick it up, speakin' gentle-like to her pet, but the calf had no use fur anybody an' was aimed straight for the barn. Betty, realizin' the danger of tryin' to stop a comet in its path, let the rope slip through her hands until she got near the end.

"Then something happened that we hadn't bargained fur. A queer jumble of flying arms an' legs cut through the fog an' landed plump against Betty. The two of 'em went down and mingled together on the grass, while the rope slipped through their hands. There was a series of shrieks from the tangled mass, an' we couldn't make out much else than flyin' skirts and wavin' hands. Then the city chap managed to check his gyrations an' sat up.

"'Oh, Betty, thank God, I'm here!' he exclaimed with a deal more emotion than she'd ever seen afore.

"But Betty warn't in any mood by this time to second this. She was a good deal soiled in body an' soul. She jest crawled away from him, an' pulled herself to her feet without a word. Then she turned on him, an' expressed her indignation in words that made the fog shiver.

"'But, Betty, I was lost out there fur ten long hours, an'—an'—' he gulped an' tried to swallow some of the muddy water that was obstructin' his organs of speech.

"'Don't you see, dear,' he began again, tryin' to crawl to her side, 'I was lost an' this calf of yours brought me home to you saved my life, an'—'

"He made a queer-lookin' lover in the fog, with the starch out of his hair, his clothes bedraggled with mud an' slime an' streaks of color decoratin' his face. He had got so far down he didn't mind crawlin' in the sloppy mud any more, an' he made his way toward Betty like a turtle, wobblin' a little at every lurch. As fast as he advanced Betty retreated, watchin' him with a peculiar light in her eyes.

"'If she loves him now there ain't no use our interferin' further,' whispers Si in my ears.

"I agreed with him. The critical moment had arrived. If one of us had made a noise to betray our presence Betty would have scented somethin', an' all would have been lost. Likely as not she'd hugged the chap on the spot,—mud, water an' all.

"But we kept our silence and waited fur the verdict. Suddenly Betty's hand began to tremble; then her head shook, and finally her body wobbled. This prepared us for the laugh which followed, a laugh which went into convulsions an' then into hysteria, and finally wound up in little screams and squeals. Betty had a highly-developed sense of humor, an' you couldn't stop her when she got goin'.

"That city chap no longer crawled. He climbed to his feet and straightened himself with dignity that only made Betty laugh the harder.

"'Betty—Miss Jones,' he stammered, 'this—this conduct is unseemly, very unlady-like, an'—'

"'Oh, go away or you'll kill me!' shrieked Betty. 'Go look at yourself!'

"The chap had been so bewildered by the rapid course of events that he hadn't paid much attention to his appearance, but now he glanced down an' up an' sideways, an' then blushed through his coat of mud tan. He wanted to run fur it, to hide, to do anything to get away, but Betty held him there, walkin' around an' around him, askin' questions that turned his disgrace into mortification.

"Then he grew wrathy an' threatened never to speak to her again, but Betty would have her laugh. I guess it sort of eased her mind when she remembered the ridiculous position she'd been tumbled into. When he accused her of hard things, she retorted sharply:

"'I'll have you arrested fur tryin' to steal my calf!'

"This seemed to add insult to injury. The fellow turned an' stamped through the fog, leavin' Betty there laughin' an' squealin' fit to beat the band.

"We didn't see the chap after that. He might have gone an' lost himself on the medders again jest out o' spite; but somebody said he tuk the early mornin' train fur the city. Anyway, we was rid of him, an' Betty didn't pine over his goin'.

"We kinder expected Betty would tell us the joke, an' give us a chanst to join her in the fun, but she never did. She'd sometimes break out suddenly an' go off into fits of laughter, but we couldn't make her own up to the cause. If she thought we had any hand in the game, she warn't goin' to give us the satisfaction to ask us 'bout it. Si did want to tell her, but Billy an' I persuaded him, at the risk of bein' tarred an' feathered, not to do it.

"Only onct, ten years later, did she let out a word that showed she suspected anything o' me. That was on the anniversary of our weddin' day, when we went to the city to celebrate. We stood in front of a window full of ready-made clothes, an' one o' them clothes-frames decked out with a new suit suddenly attracted her attention — seemingly reminding her of something. After gazin' at it fur a full minit, she began to titter and squeal under her breath.

"'What is it, Betty?' I asks.

"She looks up an' says, forgettin' herself fur a minit: 'You remember that foggy day on the medders when I—' Then, catching herself, she turned away and added: 'Oh, you warn't there. I forgot.'

"Well, such is the perversity of women, an' o' Betty in perticular, I could never get anuther word out o' her, an' if she thinks I saw the city chap's disgrace that day she isn't goin' to give me the chanst to gloat over it before her eyes."

BEAUTY

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WHITE cloud art thou that quickly fades away;
Eve's war of roses soon thy fire is done;
Apollo with the horses of the sun,
Brief lord art thou of dawn and of the day:
Thou art the star that wand'ring and astray,
Dost headlong down to doom at midnight run;
Fixed immortality of fire-mist spun,
Thou art Sirius and the Milky Way.
Bright vision of the heavens all august,
Sole empress of the zenith and the height,
How oft thy shadow cast on earth at length
Awes with a distant splendor all the dust!
Nay, but thou stoop'st in the common light,
God's robe men touch thee and their souls have strength!

ANIMAL ACTORS

By GRACE HAZARD

"YOUR turn next," pipes the little call-boy at the dressing-room door. As his voice is drowned in a chorus of fierce growls from the stage, I scarcely need the notice, for I am to follow Spieri's Bears, and I take my position in the wings with a sort of Red-Riding-Hoodery-feeling in my bones.

These big Teddies are the only unwilling actor-animals I ever met, and if I were not so near their long claws and white teeth, it would be great fun to observe their protests and eloquent objections to the vaudeville idea. The grand finish of their act, after going through their individual stunts, is for the whole company to participate in a circular gallop on a merry-go-round, each bear riding a handsome unlife-like wooden pony. As the bears whirl solemnly around, each big, shaggy fellow utters a snarl of disgust, and, when the music strikes up a livelier pace and sets the horses spinning faster yet, every rider extends his neck, opens his mouth, and chews the wooden ears of his imitation pony. I did intend to ask the trainer how often the ears were replaced during a season, but that question never occurred to me when in the vicinity of the bears. When the bears are not going through their tricks and lunching on wooden ponies' ears, they are housed in big cages beneath the stage, and you may imagine that that part of the basement is all theirs. No other actor or actress on the bill demands their dressing room or offers to share it with them. Under certain circumstances it must be good to be a bear.

After following a growling, shivery bear-turn, it is a relief to find oneself in the society of an up-to-date canine aggregation like Herbert's Dog Circus. But you become accustomed to associating with all sorts of queer creatures on the vaudeville boards. One week, perhaps, you'll be sandwiched in between a baby elephant and a herd of wise old seals—the next you'll step before the footlights twice a day while the house is still thundering its applause over the manner in which the trick ram has just butted the clown into the middle of a lake painted on the back drop. If one is unduly puffed with pride, it's a good thing to follow this kind of an act. More than one vaudevillian has been cured of conceit with this simple prescription.

If you have never tried to keep forty-five dogs in good health and right up to the minute with their training, you probably can't imagine the task that Prof. Herbert has on his hands three hundred and sixty-six days this year. It's simply dizzying, the work, the patience, the firmness, the attention to detail, and the strain on nerve and brain required to keep that little colony of doggies running right—not to mention the cats. The training goes on in the mornings, and, for every principal dog-act you see, there's another—an understudy—ready to "go on," if by any ill-luck the chief actor goes lame, sickens or dies. The little act which requires at the most twenty minutes to perform, has taken years to perfect, the same with dogs as with human actors, and the whole secret of success is constant drill. I last met Herbert's Dogs at the Shubert Theater, Milwaukee, and every day when I entered the stage door I found a man hard at work pounding up puppy cakes for the company's dinner. He told me they ate twenty-five pounds of cakes every day, in addition to a large quantity of rice and meat. The dogs followed Miss Ida Fuller's beautiful dances that week and it was a pretty sight to see our little pets preparing for their turn as she was finishing hers. The dogs opened with a huge crescent shaped wagon, which was drawn in by a greyhound that afterwards did some wonderful leaping. The wagon was "dressed" off stage. First one of the assistants came upstairs with a big white Angora cat, Snowball, on his shoulder, her two brown kittens in one arm, and a Mexican Chihuahua dog in the other. Mrs. Snowball leaped to her place on the topmost horn of the moon, as soon as the man brought her within reach, and remained there until she was taken down at the close of the act. One afternoon they forgot to take Snowball down when the matinee was over, and there she remained faithful at her post until the night show. I suppose by the same token poor Snowball would stick to her crescent if the wagon took fire and thus afford a touching theme for a poem of feline heroism, "The Cat on The Burning Moon"—but that is altogether too dreadful to talk about.

Underneath the moon rode the white poodles, the black and tans, and then the terriers, while, on the hubs of the wheels as the wagon went round the stage, other little dogs walked backwards; while still others went in and out and between the moving spokes. Seventeen animals are used in this, the prettiest dog-and-cat picture in vaudeville.

Dink, a dear old blind fellow, is the star of the troupe. He was the first high-diving dog ever exhibited, and has traveled twice around the world. It is a sight worth seeing to watch him as he is preparing for his great leap from the ladder which is thrust far up into the flies. He is almost beside himself with excitement; barks wildly; struggles to free himself from the arms of the trainer who holds him until the signal is given; and looks upward in the direction he thinks the ladder is, as though straining his sightless eyes to measure the jump. The signal is given. Like an arrow he leaps for the ladder; scrambles up like a squirrel; teeters for a moment on the topmost rung—and Bing! goes the base drum, and down drops Dink into the carpet.

Toby, who loops the loop, is a bright little fellow; and Tootsie, the poodle who stands on his hind legs and claps his paws when Toby goes round, is one of the big hits of the act.

Saturday was a sad day for Herbert's Dog Circus. When I came on the stage before the matinee, I found Mrs. Herbert in tears and a funereal gloom settled over the entire place. Baby, the pet of the show, was dead. He was ten years old, but so tiny that he could stand with all his four feet upon his master's hand. There he was, cold and stiff upon a table, all laid out in a little white sweater buttoned down the back. I nearly cried myself to see how broken up Professor and Mrs. Herbert were, and all during my own turn that day and evening I could see the little white form laid out in its snowy sweater.

"Baby was all right last night," sobbed Mrs. Herbert, "and played his show fine. Now here he is, dead. I feel so badly I don't want to go on with the work. But we can console ourselves with one thought. We were always good to Baby. He never knew what it was to be hurt. We are going to send him back to the farm in Delaware where more of our poor dear little pets are buried. We'd never forgive ourselves if we left him in a grave way out here in a strange country."

So Baby was tenderly wrapped up in his little white sweater and a shawl, packed in a neat box and sent back East.

For balancing "extraordinary" commend me to Woodward's Seals. We were at the Mary Anderson, in Louisville, together, and I was sorry when the week was over, for I never tired of watching their wonderful work. As there was no better place for the big, flippery fellows, they were provided with a tank in the rear of the stage, and during the progress of other acts on the bill it sounded odd enough to hear them floundering in and out of their tubs and frequently howling for fish. Captain Woodward and his helpers did their best to keep the six sea lions and one seal quiet during the performance, but one or two of them were pretty certain to feel the pangs of hunger just as some singer was trying to take her best notes. After doing my utmost to make "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" sound approximately like the composer would have had it sung, I offered my apologies to the audience one day with a rhyme like this:

Can you imagine how grand I feel
To sing a duet for you with a seal?

When the seals became too noisy, Captain Woodward would silence them with fish. The Captain told me they consumed 100 pounds daily and if given a chance would eat twice as much. Seals and sea lions live to be about 30 years old, and go blind in captivity. The Captain never strikes them. He just uses a world of patience, firmness, and fish. Then some more fish. One day I was introduced to Jumbo, and he shook flippers with me very politely. A blow from that good right flipper, I was told, would break a man's leg, and when Jumbo finds he is getting the worst of an argument he makes use of some very sharp teeth. Jumbo's flippers and teeth are generally respected about the theater, and the scene shifters and stage hands always give them a wide berth. Toby, who plays the clown, is the only seal in the troupe and comes from the English coast. Nipper and

Teski, the sea lion stars, hail from Denmark; Togo and Jumbo complete the company, and Jumbo is the most stupid of the lot. He can't do a blessed thing but shake flippers, pound on his box, and yell for fish. But he does this so artistically that he gets many a laugh. I have seen him catch and swallow twelve big catfish just as fast as his master could throw them at his head, and after the dozenth had vanished down his long snake-like neck, he would utter a loud wail for more. Before the footlights the seals are arranged just as a small minstrel company would be seated by a stage manager, the stars or principal actors down front, and the lesser lights dressing stage around them. Woodward's show is always put on last, so that ample time may be given the Captain to get his funny charges back into their tanks. After Teske finishes her last trick—which is spinning a rubber clown's hat and catching it and missing it; and when it is missed, Nipper clambering down from his box to get it for her—the curtain drops on the picture and the Captain and his assistants proceed to coax the actors to retire to their watery beds. Teske is generally the most obstreperous, and frequently manages to get Nipper into a frolic, much to the disgust of the tired attendants. Usually it costs the Captain four or five fat fish before he gets the playful floppy things into their tanks and locks the doors upon them.

Freddie and Jollie are two dear little white French poodles, who have won more fame than most dogs enjoy, by appearing on the stage with Desroches and Bianca and doing just what they do. Jollie is Freddie's mother, and when she comes on wears a beautiful spangled dress and a plumed creation on her head that would be the envy of a whole convention of milliners. She is dressed precisely like Mlle. Bianca. Freddie, who wears a stylish silk hat and neat yellow overcoat is the exact counterpart of M. Desroches. The latter told me that it required two years of steady training to drill Freddie and Jollie so they could do their pantomime. Jollie is a dear little thing and, when in her own pretty suit of fur, is quite friendly, and willing enough to be petted. But the moment she puts on the up-to-date dress of civilization, she becomes a changed doggie. Her disposition is completely ruined, for the time being, and she'll snap and snarl at everyone who approaches within a yard of her. "She been no real lady," said M. Desroches, "for she no like fine dress."

The most remarkable act of its kind now traveling is Charles Barnold's Dog and Monkey Pantomime. The actors in the little drama go through their entire play on the stage alone, without the appearance of any human being. The climax of the turn comes when Dan, the intoxicated canine, is arrested by Gilhooley, the ape policeman, and is driven ignominiously away in a patrol wagon. Gilhooley has a real gold tooth, and when he was recently taken to a dentist's office to be relieved of a terrible ache he acted just as sensibly about the proceeding as any one of his human friends. He lay back in the chair, opened his mouth, and submitted to the ordeal like a hero. Even when it was necessary for the dentist to turn from the chair to get certain instruments or chemicals, Gilhooley kept his mouth wide open. Gilhooley is very fond of his master and whenever he can snuggles up to him like a child and throws his arms around his neck. Dan, the drunken dog, came from the pound in San Francisco, and was purchased for 50 cents. He has been working in the act for five years and during that time has earned $40,000, which nets his master a fair return on his investment. Tootsie plays Juliet, and Patsy does Romeo All the animals have cute little clothes made to their measure, and when their wardrobe comes back form the laundry, it is an interesting sight to see the to-do behind the stage while the various dresses, shirts, trousers, and coats are being sorted and arranged. Mr. Barnold never takes a dog into his company, he says, unless he is certain it is "stage struck." It must really want to work. When I met the company in St. Louis, they had just added another member, Sport by name, who was plainly crazy to adopt the stage as a profession. Though he had been in training only a week he danced on his hind feet beautifully. Tootsie, as Juliet, was wearing blue that week and had a cute little straw hat trimmed to match her gown. They buy these hats by the dozen in toy shops, when they can find them, for all stores do not carry doll bonnets, and Tootsie is always greatly interested in each new consignment. After she finishes her act, twice daily,—when she elopes with Patsy—she takes her hat off with her own paws and lays it on a chair. Sometimes she does not like the fit of a new hat, and will tear it off and throw it down with just as much temper as any spoiled child could display, as much as to cry: "I hate that thing; it's a fright!" Tootsie has a funny way of dozing in her chair between cues and, when she sits there in the wings, all dressed up and ready to go on, she blinks and nods like a sleepy little old woman who has been kept up after bedtime.

Of course there is sickness to contend with, and sometimes there are exciting times back of the stage when the managers of the little dog show find one or more of their stars unable to go on. Often one monkey or one dog must do the work of three. While I was with them, one monk doubled or trebled—as the sausage maker, the street sweeper, and the bartender, —all in one act. Jack, who is another dog-pound find, hailing from Sacramento, had to work pretty lively one afternoon. He went off stage as a waiter, was hastily carried around to the other side, undressed, harnessed into the patrol wagon, and came on again in a jiffy with tremendous éclat. Dan, the drunk, is bundled into the wagon, the gong is rung, and off they go to the lockup while the house cheers like mad.

Valoni, who is an Englishman in spite of his Roman name, has sixteen beautiful doves for his bread winners, and you'll go a long way before you see a daintier act. He has traveled all over Europe with his birds; and in some parts of Russia, where the doves are regarded as sacred, he was treated with as much deference as if he were a king. On shipboard, coming to America, two of the doves contracted what is known as "falling of the wing." They will never fly again. So he gave them to a friend in New York, where they have a happy home, and where Valoni visits them every time he returns to the city. Only two of the birds are really star performers —Dutch and Tommy. They do a beautiful trick on the revolving balls and hoop, and Tommy balances on the tip-top of four slender clap pipes which are poised, one above another, on his master's forehead. Mr. Valoni is mourning the fact that Diabolo is not a popular game on this side of the water, for he had several very showy tricks in connection with the pastime. When shown in London his doves became the rage, all on account of their tricks with Diabolo. Here we do not understand the sport and Mr. Valoni says to put on the act would be a waste of time.

Ah Ling Soo, a real Chinese magician, comes on the stage in a gorgeous yellow satin kimona, carrying a big square rug. After exposing both sides of the rug, to show there is nothing concealed about it, Ah Ling lays the carpet upon the floor, when, presto! two full grown pigs and two rabbits come from underneath the rug. Then a pair of ducks waddle out of a large basin of water which appears by magic upon the carpet. To prove that it is real water the conjurer pours the contents of the basin into a tub, and the two ducks come down to the footlights, where they think they can dry off—and shake themselves, spattering drops all over the members of the orchestra. While Ah Ling performs a number of inexplicable tricks, the rabbits take refuge under the table and the pigs promptly root them out. Though the animals are not trained their antics on the stage make almost half the show and invariably cause a great hit with the children. Ah Ling told me in very good English that he has a terrible time washing the porkers, who answer to the names of Chop Suey and Chop Tuey. They like water if it's dirty, but object to it when it is clean and mixed with soap. I could well believe him; for one day, after matinee, the theatre resounded with the most terrifying racket you ever heard and stage hands and actors rushed forth to ascertain the cause. "Some one is being killed, I'm sure; call the police!" cried one hysterical little dancer whom I met in the wings.

In the center of the stage we found the cause —Ah Ling Soo with his sleeves rolled up, and Chop Suey and Chop Tuey struggling in the agonies of a bath.

THE LATE LIMITED WAS ON TIME

By RALPH LESLIE MEARS

THE train from the East was late and in the great terminal station the surging throng was getting a bit impatient, for missed connections and forced lodgings in a strange city are not as desirable as they might be to the average traveler. Out in the yard roundhouse the extra engine crews were sitting 'round the stove smoking and talking while waiting for their call, and on the westbound main-line track just outside stood engine "80" with full head of steam ready to pull the "Limited" to the end of the line, when that tardy train put in appearance.

A thick bank of fog was being driven in from the sea by a raw cold wind and the prospects were good for a rattling south-easter before the night was over. The red, white and green switch and signal lights added weirdness to the picture and the only sound that broke the silence, with the exception of an occasional passing shifter, was the steady throb of the big mogul's air pump.

Ted Goodwin, the "crack engineer" of the division, sat with legs crossed and with fixed gaze back over the top of the tender at the red target which should have shown white some forty minutes back. He muttered something about "whaling the daylights out of 'em when he got 'em going," and took another look at the steam gauge. Putnam, the fireman, pulled the injector to give the thirsty iron horse a drink and at the same time suggested to Goodwin that it was "a mighty poor night to make up much time."

"You're right it is, but I'll bring that train in on time if the steam and sand hold out long enough, and don't you forget it. The president's private car is on the train tonight and we've got to make a good showing for the division or jack the job."

"All right, Ted, I guess my back's good for it, and I don't mind if I lose count of the swings between the fire-box door and the tender."

A sudden rush of steam stopped further conversation, for the target was now showing white and the engine was backing across the net-work of tracks to be coupled to the "Limited" with its precious load of freight.

With a gentle bump the couplings locked and the "car knocker," after connecting the air and steam hose, came out from between the engine and baggage car and waved his bull's-eye lantern to the rear brakeman. This was answered shortly by four sharp whistles in the cab of the locomotive, and Ted, on hearing the last one, released the air and the hissing was heard from cab to tail lights, with an accompanying familiar squeak as the brake-shoes let go.

"Here's a letter for the engineer," said a well-groomed porter as he handed a white envelope to Putnam the fireman; and with a grin which showed two rows of whitest ivory he turned and hurried back up the platform.

"Letter, huh! stamped with the President's official stamp, too; more trouble, probably"; he tore the end of the envelope viciously and, unfolding the typewritten sheet, read the following:

> "*To Engineer of Train No.* 2:
>
> "Owing to the failure of connecting roads to make schedule time, I feel it my duty to inform you that something *must* be done to keep up the reputation of this, the fastest advertised train of the company.
>
> "The above is for your information, no further explanation is necessary.
>
> "Respectfully
> "PRESIDENT ———"

Folding the letter, he placed it in the box under his seat and, leaning over toward the other side of the cab, said:

"Well, Put, guess it's up to us all right; we'll show the 'old man' what can be done with time if we never ride over the driving rods again, eh!"

"You bet!"

"Clang, clang," the big gong in the station had sounded its last warning and the few stragglers were fast disappearing up the car steps.

"All aboard! 'board!" and with this the conductor waved his lantern and engine number "80" picked up the solid string of ten vestibules, as if they were but playthings, and started on a run of one hundred and fifty miles with one hour of lost time to make up.

Telegraph poles, signal lights and villages whizzed past, as the speed of the powerful engine increased, and it was not long before the first stop twenty-five miles out was made, with ten minutes of the lost time made up. Things were looking encouragingly when the train started again for another twenty-five mile run and the last stop to be made, and all would have gone well had not the fireman been taken suddenly with a dizzy attack which blinded him completely. Ted was left alone to fire and run the engine, and when the next station had been reached three precious minutes of the made-up time had been lost and his courage was at low ebb.

When the train stopped who should appear at the gangway of the engine but Ruby Price, the fiancée of Charlie Putnam the fireman, and as Ted helped him out of the cab she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Charlie, what's the matter?"

"O nothing, except I've one of those dev'lish bilious attacks, and just at the wrong time, too, for we were trying to make up lost time."

"That makes me think," said Ted. "I've got to find the conductor and have him get me a fireman for the rest of the trip."

"Mr. Goodwin, can't I help fire or do something to take Charlie's place?"

"No, Ruby, you couldn't lift a shovelful of coal to the door."

"Oh, but please can't I do something to save 'my boy's' reputation?"

"Well, there's only one thing you could do, and that's run the engine; a most improbable suggestion."

"Oh no, it isn't, Mr. Goodwin, because I know every signal, grade crossing, and station location on this division, for I've helped Charlie when he's taken the examination."

"That's right, Ted, she does know the line to a letter."

"Well, then, jump in, Miss Engineer, and we'll see what you know about engines, while I do the firing. The conductor's giving the signal now and if we can make good, he'll be none the wiser. You get in the baggage car, Charlie."

With that the train started, as Goodwin pulled open the throttle, notch by notch, and they were off for a hundred-mile dash with fifty-five minutes still shy.

Mile after mile was reeled off and Ted, when not busy feeding the fire box, was standing at the gangway to get a breath of fresh air, his confidence in the ability of the one whose hand was on the throttle now having been firmly established. But, as the train rounded a sharp curve, Ruby saw two red balls of fire flash out of the gloom in front and, calling to Ted, she pushed the throttle home and closed her eyes, waiting for the crash.

Ted, sensing the danger, threw the engine in the reverse, applied the air and sanded the rails; every brake shoe on the train took hold, and the sparks were flying from the wheels, but the train continued to slide, owing to the wet rails. Before any further action could be taken they felt the jar of a switch cross-over and looking from the cab saw by the light in a caboose monitor that they had missed the tail end of extra freight "912" by a fraction of a minute, the rear "shack" having had presence of mind to turn the switch after the freight had just managed to get "into clear."

Both sighed with relief at the turn of events, and Ted, with hand slightly trembling, released the air and increased the speed of the now slowly moving train. Hardly a minute had elapsed since rounding the curve, but it seemed years to the pair in the dimly lighted cab, while back in the train the passengers were talking and laughing, knowing not the distance that had but a moment before been between them and eternity. Aside from the shock, as the brakes set, they had thought nothing further of the matter.

Not once was the speed slackened after the close shave with the freight and there was no time nor chance for conversation. Although the hands of the clock seemingly flew around, the lost minutes were slowly and surely being regained, and as the big clock in the station-tower struck eleven, the train was pulling in on its accustomed track, on time, with Ted at the throttle and a little girl with flushed cheeks and flying hair on the fireman's seat,—both with a secret they cared not to divulge at that moment, though 'twas sure to come out later.

Before Ruby could jump down from the cab of the engine a portly gentleman hurried up and said: "Mr. Goodwin, of course you know who I am, and I wish to congratulate you on making up the lost time; I understand, however, that the young lady whom I see there did most of the running, and I want to say that although you took a big chance in letting her do it, she proved herself capable, indeed. Your fireman Putnam, I believe, has chosen this young lady for his wife, and as he has shown such good judgment in his love affairs, it seems to me he ought to have good enough judgment to run a fast train, and the work will not be so hard for him; I am going to give him the run opposite this one.

"You don't need to tell him, for we've talked it all over back in my car while you and your engineer were getting "The Limited" in on time."

A BALLADE

By THOMAS LOMAX HUNTER

ALL day, on glimpse of her intent,
  My heart lies eagerly in wait;
All day my hungry eyes are bent
  On ceaseless vigil of her gate;
And when the hour has grown so late
  I know my watching is in vain,
I cry, in anguish of my Fate,
  Give me the sight of her again!

All the sweet tones of earth are blent
  In her dear voice;—an opiate,
It brings my aching nerves content:
  Above the sounds that irritate
I hear its accents, heart elate,
  And fashion them to Love's refrain—
Oh, for all woes to compensate,
  Give her beloved voice again!

Dream-memories of her touch have lent
  The power to smile at scorn and hate,
And all my sweetest hours are spent
  With fancied joys. I contemplate
My heart-full bliss with her for mate—
  These are sweet blessings I may feign
Till Heaven shall make them consummate,
  And give my love to me again!

Envoi

O God of all the desolate
  And sick at heart of an old pain—
Great God, and most compassionate,
  Give me my Woman back again!

DAY DREAMS

Suggested by the story "Day Dreams" in the book "Heart Throbs."

By WALTER F. NESMITH

HE was a ragged little urchin, barefooted and half clad,
His old blue denim trousers flopped around him like a bag,
Held in place by one suspender, which had evidently done
Similar duty in the family, but for some older one.

A hickory shirt adorned his back, on his head the rimless crown
Of an antiquated derby hat, some old "hand-me-down,"
On this cold and frosty morning, for 'twas in the early fall,
It seemed but a scanty covering for a form so puny and small.

Ambling along by the roadside were two raw-boned cows, who grip
Mouthfuls of the frosty grass 'twixt the crack of the urchin's whip,
Who walked along the frozen track which hurt his naked feet,
Yet 'twas easier than the frosty grass on either side the street.

He had been awakened that morning by what to his young mind
Was the Supreme Will of the Universe without its Providence kind;
He'd as soon have tried to dodge lightning when his father came to say:
"Get up, you lazy little brat, and go drive the cows away!"

'Twas too early in the season, at least so he'd been told,
To be wearing out his winter boots, he'd need them when 'twas cold;
So here this ragged urchin was, this half-clad, shivering form
Walking on the sides of his feet so the bottoms might get warm.

And he was earnestly thinking, making a wonderous plan,
Of what he'd do in the future when he should become a man;
The autumn sun just rising spread around its golden gleam,
It filled his soul with a golden hope, he was in a waking dream.

Unconscious of his scanty garb, from pain and trouble free,
The mists of years had rolled away, he saw himself as he was to be;
The scraggy cows, the frozen road, the long, damp, frosty grass,
And all the pain and misery now seemed forever past.

In imagination he was a man, respected, rich and great,
His name and fame was spread abroad, a mighty ruler of state;
He saw no more the barren slopes on which from day to day
It was his task to earn his bread—they, too, had passed away.

He saw spread out rich fields of grain far as the eye could see,
Waving in the golden sunshine like an endless emerald sea;
Giant elm trees reared their heads beneath whose grateful shade
O'er the cool and velvety lawn happy children romped and played.

A noble mansion reared its walls, standing among the trees,
Fit place for youthful minds to grow, a home for age and ease;
And it was his, *his very own, his* children and *his* land,
Riches beyond his wildest dreams were now at his command.

And with *love* he'd rule *his* children, harsh words they'd never hear
Such as *he* had been accustomed to, that filled his soul with fear.
"Hi, there! What in the devil are you dreaming about any way,
You had better get a 'hustle on' and drive those cows away.

"You confounded, sleepy, good-for-nothing lazy little brat,
If I once get my hands on you, you'll move faster'n that!"
Faded at once the sunshine, back came the frost and pain,
Back from the realms of dreamland, back to the earth again.

The frost seemed to bite the harder, as he hurried down the road,
But, thank God, for the "Day Dreams," they help us to bear our load;
And it may be that off in the distance, in some far and future age,
These "Day Dreams" of our children may be our heritage.

THE BREYFOGLE MINE

By J. W. G.

SEEING an article in the "National" in regard to the Breyfogle mine, there are several points on which the writer had been misinformed.

I am well acquainted with the Breyfogle family, got the story straight from intimate friends of the finder of the mine and, several years after the finding, was through a good part of the Death Valley country, though not in consequence of an attack of gold fever.

Breyfogle was on a trip from Nevada to Arizona. At the head of Death Valley he fell in with a stranger bound for the same place. (This stranger, by the way, had killed a man in Nevada and was trying to get out of the country.) They camped together for the night, and the following day journeyed together. Towards evening the water supply gave out and, seeing timber on the hills to the east, they thought that that would be the most likely place to find water; their intuitions did not lead them astray, for they ran across a spring where they camped for the night, and as their horses had to depend on the bunch-grass for feed they hobbled them and turned them loose.

Next morning the animals had strayed off. Breyfogle got on their trail and during the hunt he found the far-famed ledge which he judged to be within two or three miles of the spring..

As his companion was a total stranger he did not mention his find on returning to camp, but merely told him that he had changed his mind and was going to return to Austin.

At that time Indians were bad in that country and it was not safe for one or two men to stay alone for any length of time. So on his arrival in Austin he showed his samples of rock, and got a party of men from there to return with him, these men furnishing the stock and other expenses.

On arrival at the spring, Breyfogle failed to find the ledge on the first day or two's hunt. The disappointment made the men wild with rage; they declared it was all a hoax, he had found no mine, called him opprobrious names and some of them went so far as to propose hanging him. One man suggested leaving him alone with a hatchet, a day or two's provisions and his gun, to take his chances about getting out, and this suggestion was carried out.

The second day after they left him he again found the ledge. He located the spot carefully in his mind, marked the ledge by chopping a notch across it with his hatchet, which he left there; put as much rock as he could well carry in a flour sack and taking his gun started southeast towards the Los Angeles and Salt Lake road.

After travelling about half a day he came to water, where he met two Indians, who appeared friendly, but watched their opportunity to knock him in the head with a rock. They then scalped him and left him for dead, taking his rifle.

Recovering consciousness he took his sack of rock and made his way to Stump Springs; there some teamsters, hauling goods for the Indian Agency on the Muddy, picked him up and conveyed him some fifty miles to Los Vegas, where old man Gass (the then proprietor of the Los Vegas, or Meadow Ranch) took care of him for about six weeks. From Los Vegas he went to Salt Lake, and from there to his home in Oakland, where he died from the effects of his injuries.

Old man Gass showed me a piece of the rock which I should judge would go from thirty to forty thousand dollars to the ton.

Billy Beldon mortared two pounds of the rock, out of which he got one hundred and sixty-two or three dollars.

THE USE OF BENZOATE OF SODA AS A PRESERVATIVE

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.
WASHINGTON, June 17, 1908.

THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
BOSTON, U. S. A.

Gentlemen:

In regard to receipt in April number, under caption, "Little Helps for Home Makers," entitled "To Keep Pickles Unfermented," by L. C., Long Island, Kansas":

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has not as yet determined the advisability of using Benzoate of Soda as a preservative but in a broad manner condemn the use of same on the ground that all preservatives are injurious.

Now no one would care to embalm themselves, yet preservatives used on the scale as suggested in the above-named article are not very far removed.

The Department permits but does not sanction the use of Benzoate of Soda, in the proportion of "1-10 of 1 per cent" and in such proportion would mean relatively 6 1-2 grains to the pint (liquid) or 13 grains to the quart (liquid), but not in the proportions of a teaspoonful to the quart as suggested in the article mentioned.

I merely make these remarks in order that those desiring to make use of the valuable preservative may make no mistake.

Very truly,
BRONTE A. REYNOLDS.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOME ONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

PREVENTS CHILBLAINS

By I. H. L., Melrose, Mass.

A very simple and effective remedy for chilblains is common chalk. Try it and be convinced. Since prevention is better than cure, try putting on a fresh pair of stockings every afternoon—and be convinced again!

GOOD USE FOR PAPER BAGS

By Mrs. E. S. Bartlett, Detroit, Mich.

Canned tomatoes should be kept in the dark. Put each can into a bag (saved when they come from the grocer's). By doing this with all canned goods, and marking the contents on the bag, the mark is easily seen and the can kept free from dust.

USE YOUR DRY LEMONS

By Mrs. Burt Hatch, Kalamazoo, Mich.

If you have some dry, hard lemons, do not throw them away. Instead, put them in a pan of hot water, set it where the pan will maintain the same heat without boiling, let lemons soak for two hours. When taken out and dried they will be as soft and juicy as though they never had grown hard.

CORNSTARCH AS MITTENS

When doing your washing, before you go out in the cold to hang up your clothes, wipe your hands dry and rub them well with cornstarch. Your hands will not suffer with the cold.

TO TAKE OUT IRONRUST

By Mrs. W. J. Robinson, Lapeer, Mich.

To take out ironrust, fill a dish with boiling water and put the spot of ironrust over this, covering it with salt. Now drop on this enough hydrochloric acid to wet the salt, and drop the material at once in the hot water, when the spot will disappear.

RESTORING ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

By Helen Hunt, Glover, Vt.

To freshen and restore faded and soiled artificial flowers dissolve in gasolene enough tube oil paint of the desired color to give the right shade. Dip the flowers freely in this, shake out and let the gasolene evaporate. Straw and felt hats may be restored or colored in the same way. Beware of using the gasolene near a lamp or fire.

VINEGAR IN DOUGHNUTS

By Myra Severin, Abbottsford, Wis.

For doughnuts made with sour milk or cream, add a generous half-teaspoonful of vinegar to the batter before adding the full amount of flour.

PRUNE DESSERT

Soak prunes over night. Boil slowly until very tender. Sweeten to taste. When they have cooled in their own liquor, pierce one side with a pointed knife, remove the stone and fill with chopped nuts and raisins, mixed. Serve with whipped cream.

GRATED COCOANUT FOR BUTTER

By E. M. Darrington, Yazoo City, Miss.

A cup of grated cocoanut or finely chopped nuts may be used instead of butter in making cake.

CHICKEN OIL FOR CHICKEN SALAD

In making chicken salad, use the oil that comes out of the chickens when boiled, instead of olive oil. This adds greatly to the flavor of the salad.

FOR THE HAIR

By Mrs. A. G. Ball, Mason, Mich.

Put one tablespoonful each of salt, glycerine, borax and powdered sulphur into a quart can and fill with soft water; let stand one week, shaking the can at least once every day during the week. Add a few drops of bergamot or any other odor, after straining the above.

KEEPING MEAT FRESH

By Mrs. M. M. Lamson, Windham, Vt.

To keep beef fresh in hot weather, put the meat (after removing bones) in an air-tight glass jar, and set where it is cool. By tying string around jar, it can be lowered into the well or cistern. I have kept steak in this way for a week, through the hottest of weather.

TURNING EGGS

By Bernice R. Tuttle, Rutland, Vt.

It is well-known that eggs may be kept almost indefinitely if turned often enough to prevent the yolk from sticking to the side. Instead of storing the eggs on a shelf, put them in a stocking hung to a nail and the whole stockingful may be turned as easily as one egg.

HOW TO TAKE CASTOR OIL

By Edwin Peterson, Whiterocks, Utah

Beat castor oil in three tablespoonfuls of boiling milk until cool enough to drink. Take a sip of hot milk after the dose, and there will be no disagreeable flavor. Salts may be given without the knowledge of patient by dissolving in strong, rather sweet, lemonade.

FOR SPRAINS

By Rev. W. H. Kerschner, Rural Valley, Pa.

Place the sprained parts in a vessel filled with buttermilk. Permit the affected parts to remain in the buttermilk for a period of thirty minutes, and repeat this three or four times a day. Within a week from the time I began using buttermilk the swelling was gone.

A LITTLE TIME-SAVER

By Belle Taylor, Austin, Texas

A small stiff-bristled scrubbing brush, such as can be bought for five cents, should be in every bath-room and kitchen, within easy reach. When you step in the mud with your best extension-soled shoes, do not try to scrape it out with a knife or other sharp instrument, but hold the shoe under the faucet and, while the water is running slowly, brush briskly between the sole and uppers. It can be done so quickly that the shoe will not be injured in the least by the water, and after wiping dry with a soft rag and rubbing lightly with vaseline, they will be like new, and with a very few minutes' work.

Another use for the little scrubber is to clean the grater after grating chocolate, potatoes, etc. A minute's work will remove every particle, and leave the grater clean and dry.

DRESSMAKING HELP

By Mrs. J. C. Russell, South Pittsburg, Tenn.

To correctly find one's waist-measure so as to be able to put belt or girdle on shirt-waist, cut shirt-waist somewhat shorter than full-length pattern; make waist and then try on; tie a tape around waist, placing fullness in back, front and sides just as desired. Then take a lead pencil, mark the waist all around just below tape. Cut off even with marked line, after taking off waist. Put on belt, remembering to have measured distance from middle of back to under-arm seam, so as to know exactly where to let fullness be. This is an excellent idea, and will be of great benefit to home dressmakers.

AN AID TO DIGESTION

By Mrs. S. A. G., Dublin, Texas

A few drops of essence of peppermint in a glass of hot water after meals is a great aid to digestion, and will gradually cure stomach troubles. It is a most harmless remedy to give to children who do not seem to assimilate their food. A few drops on sugar is the easiest way to give it to children—unless you can make the large white mint drops.

TO RESTORE COLOR

By Mrs. C. W. Flake, Jasper, Ga.

To bring back color when taken out by any acid, make a weak solution of baking soda and water and into this dip the article which is faded; the color will be restored. This is especially effective in the shades of yellow.

TO REMOVE MILDEW

By Mrs. D. L. K., Higgins, Texas

Place article in a solution of about ten cents' worth chloride of lime to one gallon of water with one teaspoonful soda added. Remove in a few minutes and wash in clear water.

TO BLEACH HANDKERCHIEFS

By Mrs. L. L. Gough, Memphis, Tenn.

To bleach handkerchiefs, after washing let them soak over night in water in which a bit of cream of tartar has been dissolved.

FELT MATS

By A. W., Pennsylvania

I make mats from old felt hats and find them useful in protecting tables and shelves from hot dishes.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR LOCKJAW

By Beulah L. R. Ingram, Hopeside, Va.

Dr. J. G. Hatch, an old physician of over forty years' practice, recommends the following treatment for lockjaw, having tried it successfully both on himself and on others. If a person is threatened or taken with lockjaw from injuries in the hands, feet, arms or legs, do not wait for a doctor, but put the part injured into the following preparation:—Put hot wood ashes into water as warm as can be borne; if the injured part cannot be put into the water, then wet thick folded cloths in the water and apply them to the part as soon as possible, at the same time bathing the backbone from the neck down with some powerful laxative stimulant, say cayenne pepper and water, or mustard and water (good vinegar is better than water). It should be as hot as the patient can bear it. Don't hesitate; go to work and do it, and don't stop until the jaws relax and open. No person need die of lockjaw if these directions are followed.

TO DROP MEDICINE

By Mrs. W. S. Sargent, Draper, S. D.

Shake the bottle so as to moisten the cork. With the wet end of the cork moisten the edges of the mouth of the bottle, then, holding the cork under the mouth, let the fluid pass over the cork in dropping.

WET SHOES

Have a boxful of dry sawdust to pour into your shoes when caught in a shower. It will help dry the shoes and keep the leather from getting stiff.

TO MEND ENAMELED WARE

By Hattie W. Lehnherr, Camas Valley, Ore.

Mend leaky enameled ware with white lead. Cover the small holes with white lead on the outside of vessel; for larger holes cut a piece of white lawn or muslin a little larger than the hole and pull through on the inside of vessel, and apply the white lead on the outside. Place in the sun or near the stove to dry. Large mends require two or three days to dry, small ones three or four hours.

BUTTONHOLES

By Amelia D. Bowman, Lancaster, Penn.

In finishing the bands of children's drawers, I work the two outer buttonholes diagonally, first outlining the hole with a choot stitch on the sewing machine, before cutting with the scissors. Buttonholes done in this way are practically everlasting.

NEW CAKE RECIPE

By Mrs. W. J. Snell, Ortonville, Minn.

To make an inexpensive white cake that is like angel food, beat the whites of three eggs, add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of boiling water, one cup of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder.

FOR THE SICK

By Ada M. Neff, Attica, Ohio

Mix equal parts of lemon juice and glycerine to moisten the lips of fever patients. Use cinnamon instead of mustard for plaster poultices. It retains the heat but does not draw so hard.

TO SET AND KEEP COLORS

By H. L. Perkins, Canton, O.

Where green, blue, mauve, purple or purply-red is the dormant note, soak the things before washing for at least ten minutes in alum water, using an ounce of alum to a gallon of water. For browns, brown-reds and tans, use sugar-of-lead in the same proportion. Yellows, buffs and tans are made much brighter by adding a cupful of strong strained coffee to the rinsing water.

TO CUT HOT BROWN BREAD

Draw a clean, strong white thread sharply and firmly across the loaf, pushing it down equally on either side. The result will be clean, smooth slices, free from the stickiness that comes from knife cutting.

CHEESE DREAMS

By Faith B. Linsley, Manchester Depot, Vt.

Cut thin slices of bread at least one day old, spread with soft cheese and press into sandwiches; fry in butter. These "dreams" are favorites with college and boarding-school girls, as they can be cooked over an oil-stove.

CLEANING OIL PAINTINGS

By Mrs. Frank Bacon, Moore, Mont.

When an oil painting becomes discolored it can be cleaned with a raw potato. Cut a slice from a potato, rub over painting until potato is dark, cut the dark off and rub again.

FOUR WAYS TO COOK CARROTS

By Mrs. E. H. Scott, Vulcan, Mich.

Baked as potatoes are baked, roasted with meat, boiled till tender, and then fried brown; and boiled until tender and covered with white sauce, seasoned with butter, salt and pepper.

PUTTING AWAY SUMMER FINERY

By Mrs. J. Morton Harmer, Fond du Lac, Wis.

When putting away your summer finery, wrap all white silk in blue paper and enclose several cakes of white wax. The wax will turn yellow, but the gowns will retain their whiteness.

TYPEWRITER SUGGESTION

By Cora S. Day, Atco, N. J.

Clean your typewriter with benzine. It will remove rust and dirt that other things will fail to take off, and make the machine fairly "run away."

TO CURE DEAFNESS

By Harriet O. Hyde, South New Lyme, O.

Obtain pure pickerel oil and apply four drops morning and evening to the ear. Great care should be taken to obtain oil that is perfectly pure.

PANCAKE BATTER

By Etta L. Lowe, Hudson, Mich.

In making flour pancakes, add one or two slices of finely-crumbed bread and see how much lighter and nicer they will be.

FOURTEEN HELPS

By Mrs. D. S., Metamora, Ill.

To work buttonholes in dresses of sicilienne or similar materials, melt some paraffin and place a drop on the wrong side of the goods just where the buttonhole is to be worked. Smooth it down with the finger and work the buttonhole as usual. When completed place a piece of manila paper on the wrong side and prass with a warm iron. The buttonhole will be perfectly smooth and all trace of the paraffin gone.

When cutting out embroidered scallops, use curved manicure scissors, and the work will be more neatly done.

When making dresses from goods that will shrink, or for growing girls, run a tuck by hand or with a loose tension on the machine, on the right side of the goods very near the bottom. Turn up the hem and tuck will be on the wrong side. When ready to lengthen take out the tuck and no stitches will show.

To make dress shields for thin waists, cut white flannel the size desired, trim edges with lace and use same as rubber shields. They will keep the waist dry and they look nicely.

Canned peas are made fresh by pouring off old liquid, washing and adding new water, butter and a bit of sugar.

To make corn meal mush, or any fine-grained cereal, when fried as pleasing to the sight as to the taste, pack it in well-greased pound baking powder tins. When cold, turn out and cut into slices. These little rounds can be prettily piled on a dish at serving time.

Cut a dress shield in two pieces, bind the raw edges and tack under a baby's fancy bid. It will absorb the moisture and keep the little dress from getting damp.

Sew a narrow cotton tape on white petticoats as you would skirt-braid on a dress. When frayed it can be easily renewed.

Sandwiches prepared in advance of the serving time can be kept as fresh as when first spread by wrapping them in a napkin wrung out of hot water and then placing in a cool place.

When ironing between buttons on a shirt-waist, place the buttons down on a folded towel and iron on wrong side. The result will be very pleasing to both ironer and wearer.

A perfume bag to keep moths away is made as follows: One-half ounce each of cloves, nutmeg, caraway seeds, cinnamon and three ounces of orris root. Have these in fine powder and place in small bags. These bags placed amid clothing will impart a pleasant odor and will keep moths out.

A most excellent plan to prevent milk from scorching when boiling for a pudding or soup is to first grease the bottom of the vessel with butter. It will save all worry and trouble.

To preserve cut flowers and at the same time save changing the water, fill the vase two-thirds full of clean sand. Stick your roses or other flowers so they will remain just as you put them; then add water and see how much longer they will keep fresh. Sometimes the stems of roses and carnations will root in the sand.

Stockings wear much longer if washed before wearing. It tightens the threads, making them firmer.

VALUE OF WHOLE CLOVES

By Mrs. Wm. J. Durbin, Falmouth, Ind.

Sprinkled among furs and woolens, and under carpets and rugs, they will be found as effective, if not superior, to the ill-smelling moth preparations. And if the housekeeper who superintends the canning of her fruit will put a quarter-teaspoonful of whole cloves on top of the thin cloth which many wisely place over the hot fruit before putting on the lid, she will not be annoyed with the molding of her fruit.

SUGAR SYRUP

By Alice E. Briggs, Metamora, Ill.

For buckwheat and other griddle cakes many who prefer a home-made syrup of sugar have trouble with its granulating when it becomes cold. Try putting in it while cooking a spoonful of New Orleans or other molasses, and see if you do not have better results.

DELICIOUS APPLESAUCE

A spoonful or more of lemon juice or good vinegar added to apples that do not cook readily will hasten the process and improve the flavor.

WATER IN CAKE

Try using water instead of milk in making cake, and you will find it an inexpensive and very satisfactory substitute, especially in white cakes as they are lighter in texture and color.

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TO KEEP ROSES FRESH

By Mrs. D. E. Thornton, Franklin Grove, Ill.

Fill the vase or pitcher with very warm water, and as each rose is inserted cut off the tip of the stem with scissors, under the water, so that no air may reach the freshly-cut stem. Do this every morning, leaving the flowers to cool in the same water until the next day, when repeat the process. All hard-stemmed flowers can be kept fresh in the same way.

ODORS ON THE HANDS

After handling onions or other malodorus things, wash the hands in mustard water. Nothing better.

SCORCHED LARD

By Mrs. E. Hamiter, Bradley, Ark.

It frequently happens that in rendering lard a part of it is scorched, but it can be made as good as any by frying Irish potatoes in it.

I was so unfortunate as to have a large quantity scorched last winter, and saved it all by this method. As we often had fried potatoes for breakfast, I would fry them in a skillet full of the lard, then drain it into a bucket kept for the purpose, and when cold it would be white and free from the scorched odor and taste.

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E. C. SIMMONS
President of the Prosperity Association, St. Louis

ON PROSPERITY'S TIDAL WAVE

By MITCHELL MANNERING

IT just seems as though the waves of prosperity were rolling again, and one does not have to seek far for the contributory causes. An indefatigable business man is Mr. E. C. Simmons of St. Louis, which is in Missouri, where people not only have to be shown but have a way of showing others. Mr. Simmons' activity in promoting the great work of the National Prosperity Association of St. Louis has accelerated the revival of business activity, which is returning with almost the rapidity of the panic itself. A generous recognition and adoption of the ideas of the Prosperity Association has spread rapidly over the territory tributary to St. Louis, and will soon sweep over every state and territory in the nation. The Simmons Hardware Company, of which Mr. E. C. Simmons is president, in one day placed orders for goods amounting to more than $1,000,000. This set the wheels of many factories going, and other St. Louis houses followed in the restoration of confidence and placed orders amounting to $5,000,000 more. This practical and unmistakable co-operative expression of confidence could not be misunderstood, and did much to encourage others and to discourage reckless attacks upon business and industrial interests.

The work of the National Prosperity Association of St. Louis is supported by the voluntary contributions of business men and corporations, and its program carried out during the first three weeks of May develope tremendous results. Bidding defiance to all doubters and pessimists, the Prosperity Association simply forced the issue—and compelled the return of confidence by the same methods which brought on distrust—by creating popular sentiment.

A trip was made to Washington by representatives of the Association, where they were given a most cordial welcome and reception by President Roosevelt. If the financial stringency was psychological, its cure was certainly of the same nature. The facts proclaimed by the league were full of that exhilarating spirit of confidence which has but one result—improvement in popular feeling and confidence.

In my journeys through the great Southwest, I find that just such far-seeing and cool-headed business men as Mr. Simmons are the leaders who have done so much to develop the wonderful resources of the Southwestern empire. He handled the situation as he would a weak spot in a business proposition or a physical ailment and looked for a recovery to sound health through the only possible way; a demonstration that men must do business and must believe in each other, and that business can be transacted in spite of timid stock markets.

* * *

Through the traveling salesmen, those emissaries of hope and optimism; through the newspapers and the magazines; a great and magical change of sentiment was wrought within a few weeks, and now the sunshine of renewed prosperity is already glinting in the pathway of business.

Mr. Simmons insists that things are fundamentally all right. He proves his statement by facts rather than words. The farmer, the tradesman, the working man, the professional man are all made to see that their interests are identical and must profit or suffer alike. The Prosperity Association had great influence in encouraging the farmers to put in full crops with confidence, knowing that the harvest will follow seed time. The expressed purpose of the Prosperity Association has the fascinating "go" about it that suggests the slogan of the old "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign, and reads thus:

"To keep the dinner-pail full,
To keep the pay-car going,
To keep the factory busy,
To keep the workman employed,
To keep the present wages up."

The financial clouds are passing away and the summer sun is shining on fields in the Southwest already whitening to harvest, while firm after firm and corporation after corporation, factory after factory which was closed down has opened and resumes its normal activities.

To no association is more credit due than to the irrepressible St. Louis Confederacy of brave, sensible and original business men which encouraged manufacturers, the working men, and the farmers to make the years 1908 and 1909 two of the best business years our country has ever known.

June 1 was made "Re-employment Day" in St. Louis. The suggestion proved a happy one, and thousands of people were added to the pay-rolls of that city and its manufacturing suburbs. Establishments closed for weeks were opened, and merchants replenished their stock to the amount of millions of dollars.

Congratulations, Mr. Simmons, upon the work of your Prosperity Association in a great and beneficial effort for whose accomplishment great statesmen and wise legislators have often struggled and failed.

The bitter utterances which were fast arraying class against class might have brought forth evil fruit but for your success in cultivating that broad spirit of brotherhood and unity that is, after all, the basis of American progress.

The response of President Roosevelt to Mr. Simmons' address was one of the most memorable short addresses that has ever been delivered from the White House, and the epochal visit of the St. Louis Prosperity Association to Washington deserves a place in history as marking the return tide of prosperity in the year of our Lord 1908.

TRIUMPHS OF ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

NAME the foremost technical schools of the country and the Armour Institute of Technology of Chicago instantly comes to mind. Under the splendid directorship of Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus this institution has become the great recruiting center for technical engineering education in all branches. It reflects the educational trend of the times and forecasts the achievements of the future. Generously endowed by Mr. Philip D. Armour and supported by Mr. J. Ogden Armour and his mother, Mrs. Philip D. Armour, and the Armour family, the institution has won its well-merited and high rank as an engineering school by producing practical results.

The word "technical," implying the rigidity of mathematical accuracy, is scarcely a word comprehensive enough to include all the forceful achievements and broad purposes of the institution. It has produced sterling manhood and womanhood. It is the consummation of an ideal of the most practical, successful and notable men of their time, Mr. Philip D. Armour and Mr. J. Ogden Armour, enthusiastically carried out by these inspiring idealists and uplifters of youth, whose personalities radiate that sun-lit encouragement that dissolves all obstacles.

THE ARMOUR INSTITUTE

On a bright sunny afternoon, in 1886, I saw Mr. Philip D. Armour sitting in a small class room at the left of the entrance of the Armour Mission with his friend, Mr. John C. Black. On this day the Armour Mission was dedicated, and the sincere and gracious tribute paid by the thousands of children and young people at that time to the man whose modesty forbade any ceremonious expression of gratitude was an impressive scene. Among the guests was Mr. George W. Childs, who kept busy shaking hands with every one in that genial, cordial manner characteristic of the Philadelphia philanthropist. When he paid that final glowing tribute to Mr. Armour in a handclasp of good-bye, Mr. Childs foresaw the enduring scope of the work. The bright sparkle in Mr. Armour's eyes accentuated the pallor of his cheeks reflecting the great business responsibilities which he had carried in his long and active life, to perfect the picture that the New York farmer lad had dreamed of as a crowning life-purpose. The buzz of merriment and social chatter, the flutter of leaflets, the rousing songs and responses, the ringing optimism of the inspiring words from Doctor Gunsaulus were incidents marking the inception of a great work now revealed in the Armour Institute of Technology that can never be effaced from memory.

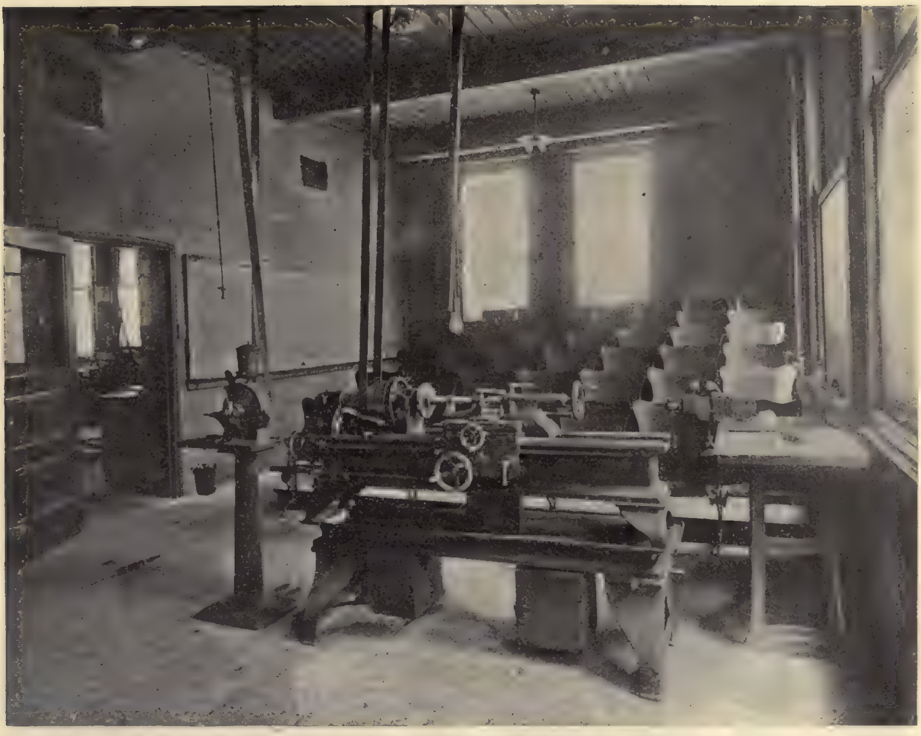
The history of the undertaking is an important chapter in national educational advancement. At the suggestion of Mr. Joseph

F. Armour, brother of Mr. Philip D. Armour, a large donation was made for the erection of a building to be called the Armour Mission. A special charter was obtained November 4, 1886, in the name of Armour Mission, for mission, church, school and other educational purposes as provided for in Mr. J. F. Armour's will. Before the completion of this building Mr. Joseph F. Armour's demise occurred. Mr. Philip D. Armour completed the building, contributing a large additional sum for the furnishing and equipment of the Mission as planned by his favorite brother.

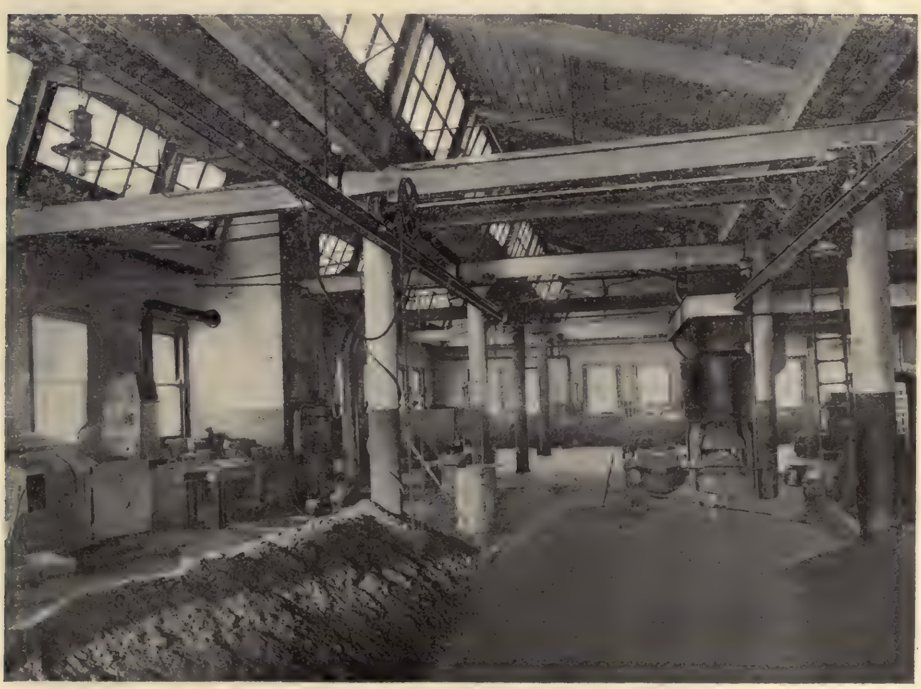
To provide funds for the furtherance of the mission work, from time to time Mr. Philip D. Armour erected two hundred and thirteen flats for dwelling purposes, located on Thirty-third Street and Armour Avenue, and surrounding the Armour Mission. In 1887, fifteen three-story flats were erected; in 1888, fourteen four-story flats more; in 1890, thirty-six new four-story flats created further revenue; in 1891, eighteen three-story and forty-eight four-story flats, and in 1892, fifty-six four-story flats were completed—a veritable little city in itself for a permanent endowment. The practical and businesslike methods of the donor are apparent, and the amount expended exceeded eight hundred thousand dollars, the income of which was to be entirely for the support of the Mission and any educational work that might be undertaken.

MACHINERY HALL

Unqualified success attended this generous outlay, for many years supporting a Sunday school ranging from twenty-five hundred to three thousand attendants, with a carefully selected library of nearly three thousand books maintained for the use of the pupils. A daily kindergarten provided for one hundred and sixty children of all denominations, the entire mission work being non-sectarian. A drill-corps of three hundred Sunday school boys formed a separate organization developing physical manhood in the marching and



LECTURE ROOM ADJOINING MACHINE SHOP



FOUNDRY

sword drills. For many years no parade of any pretension in Chicago was complete without the Armour drum-and-fife corps of thirty pieces accompanied by the drill corps. The exhibition drill given throughout the country always attracted favorable attention, and they were given a hearty ovation in 1898 on a trip to Colorado.

This condition of affairs continued for many years during which time other missions and numerous Sunday schools made inroads on the attendance, but the Sunday school and the kindergarten continue the chief features of the mission work today. A picnic for the Sunday school, and an encampment for the boys, lasting five weeks, during the summer months, are always memorable events in the lives of the young people. At the Christmas time the pupils all receive gifts and the seventy general employees are always remembered with a turkey and a gold piece accompanied with Mr. J. Ogden Armour's generous good wishes.

DR. FRANK GUNSAULUS

A free dispensary under the care of two paid physicians and a prescription clerk, with an average attendance of over forty-five patients was maintained. The reading room, plentifully supplied with daily papers and magazines and other general reading matter, was open daily from three to ten p.m. Under the superintendency of Mrs. Julia Beveridge this feature of the work has sown good seed. Mrs. Beveridge has been with the work from its inception and her kindly counsel and advice will never be forgotten. She always seemed to have something stowed away among the library books and papers to interest the boys and girls. Eventually a class of boys was formed and instructed in the early modeling in clay by Mrs. Beveridge. The numbers increased so rapidly that it was necessary to engage the assistance of a teacher who also included instruction in preliminary carpentry work. The results at the end of the year were so creditable that an exhibit was made of the work accomplished. This so pleased Mr. Armour that he conceived the idea of educational work on a larger scale. The library work of the Armour Mission was the veritable germ from which the Armour Institute sprang into being. Shortly afterwards Mr. Philip D. Armour, accompanied by Mr. John C. Black and Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, trustees of the Armour Mission, visited several of the eastern schools and colleges. Upon their return Mr. Armour asked Doctor Gunsaulus for his time in return for ample funds, to establish and maintain an institution of which the Armour Institute of Technology is the outcome. To this general and blunt proposition Doctor Gunsaulus consented, and has since devoted his life with unflagging zeal to this great educational work.

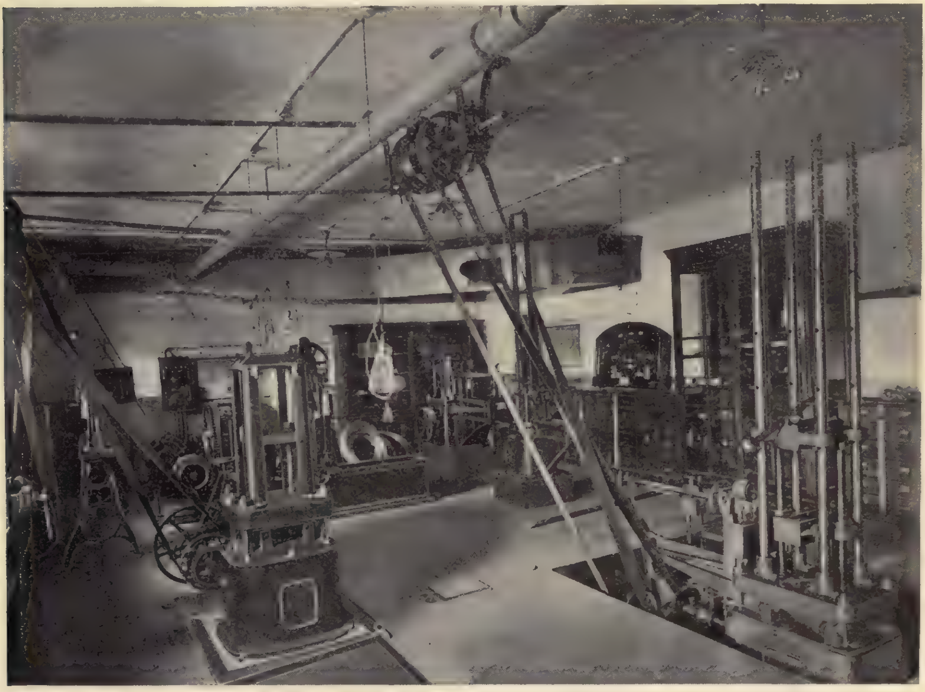
In 1892 a special charter was obtained and the erection of a building commenced. The Armour Institute of Technology opened its doors in 1893 with a registration of seven hundred and fifty boys and girls which increased during the three periods of the first school year to eleven hundred. The studies undertaken comprised the Technical College, the Scientific Academy, Department of Domestic Arts, embracing cooking, dressmaking and millinery, Department of Commerce, Department of Music, Vocal and Instrumental, Normal Kindergarten Department, Shorthand and Typewriting, and the Department of Library Science. The library study was discontinued in June, 1896; Department of Commerce in June, 1898; Normal Kindergarten Department in June, 1900; Music in June, 1901; and Domestic

Arts in June, 1901; and the work concentrated upon making the Institute an engineering school in the broadest sense of the word with the widest range and scope.

The increase of male students from year to year made it evident that a choice between a boys' and girls' school must be solved in these days of specializing. The class-rooms and laboratories necessary to accommodate the increasing number of male students in the College and Academy occasioned an encroachment upon the quarters occupied by the female departments, until finally, though not without a hard struggle and the greatest reluctance on the part of Mr. Philip D. Armour, was it possible to convince him that a strictly Technical Engineering School should be the future aim and purpose of the Institute.

In accordance with this plan the admittance of female students was discontinued, permitting those already enrolled to graduate. The graduating class of June, 1903, including five female students, completed co-education in the Armour Institute of Technology. From this date purely engineering studies have been undertaken in the College with the adjunct of the Scientific Academy.

During the year 1902, Machinery Hall was donated by Mrs. Philip D. Armour and Mr. J. Ogden Armour. This splendid building comprises four shops with thirty-six hundred square feet of clear space on each floor, besides lecture rooms, tool and locker rooms and lavatories. The first floor is devoted to the Forge Shop, the second to the Machine Shop, the third to the Pattern Shop, the fourth to the Foundry, while the basement is used for store rooms, heating and ventilating apparatus and the offices of the Mechanical Engineering Department.



TESTING LABORATORY

During the year 1903 the splendid Ogden Field, a space of ground covering three acres facing Thirty-third Street on the south, Armour Avenue on the west and Dearborn Street on the east, formerly the site of some forty cottages which Mr. J. Ogden Armour had purchased, was made into a Campus or Athletic Field. Here is located a lunch-room capable of seating one hundred and fifty students. An excellent luncheon of wholesome and substantial food can be obtained at a very reasonable price, with locker room and shower baths on the floor above. The baseball and basketball teams have done excellent work and gained a reputation that has added to the prowess of Chicago muscle and skill. The track team is being strengthened yearly and makes a good showing. Football is a sport not favored because of its encroachment on the time of the students who are preparing for an earnest struggle in life. What this splendid breathing-space of Ogden Field means to students they told me in enthusiastic words. It is indeed one of the many fully-appreciated gifts to the Armour Institute of Technology which has contributed to the splendid success of the school.

OGDEN FIELD

A club room for the use of the college students was made possible, owing to the generosity of one of the trustees, Mr. Simeon B. Chapin, who fitted it completely throughout. The building in which the club room is located is named the "Chapin Club," in grateful acknowledgment of Mr. Chapin's kind consideration for the welfare of the boys. Some of the students earn their tuition fees each year rendering service in many different ways, such as cloak-room attendants, assistants to janitors, oilers and machine shop attendants, correcting papers and other routine work. At least two hundred of the students earn their tuition fees, and board and lodging, by serving newspaper routes, driving milk wagons, lighting and extinguishing lamps, ushering in theatres and churches, which reflects the sturdy self-reliant spirit of the founder in learning early in life how to "do things."

The extreme generosity of Mr. J. O. Armour and his hearty good-will on behalf of the students and members of the faculty, together with the constant watchfulness of their beloved President, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, have endeared them to the sturdy body of students and to all connected with the institution. Everywhere there is a spirit of loyalty to the memory of the founder, Mr. Philip D. Armour, and to that tried and generous supporter, Mr. J. Ogden Armour, who maintains the same personal interest and enthusiasm in the work that his distinguished father manifested.

The institution possesses within the space of two of the city blocks in a densely populated district, educational buildings with equipment, Athletic Field, and renting property estimated at a value of nearly four million dollars.

Mr. John C. Black, the friend of Mr. Armour, who was always greatly interested in this work has associated with him in the Continental National Bank, the institution in which the interests of the Armour family have always been prominenlty identified. These two friends took a great mutual interest in the work of the Mission and Institute, and it was always a matter of quite as much of personal consideration to them as any commercial or industrial proposition in which they were interested. Mr. Armour's favorite expression concerning the battle of life was "organization, choosing good lieutenants and getting the best," to keep his capital, energy and ability in action with a good ballast of plain old-time common sense. His great ideal was the home life — the domestic circle.

In a busy life philanthropic work was with him a passion, and he always gave first attention to the young people, as he often remarked with a twinkle in his eye that he believed in "getting into partnership with the boys and girls."

At the opening of the institution he made a remark that deserves to be immortalized. "Take youth and train it. Take care of the young people and the future will be taken care of. You see these girls," he remarked, "they are the future mothers of America and what a responsibility it is to have the shaping of their lives on which the future of the nation depends. You should see young foreigners learning our language, studying American history, they are being impressed now with ideas that will count in the years to come." He insisted on the idea that every child should know early in life that he counted for one and was a part of the country's citizenship. "This is the country for young men, and young people are required for the great opportunities before us." The vital foundation for all future progress, he insisted, must be made in the schools and in the proper inspiration and training of the young.

CORNER OF CHAPIN CLUB, STUDENTS' CLUB ROOM

The splendid honor and tribute which Mr. Philip Armour paid to the memory of a sainted mother, and through her memory to the mothers of the country, revealed the high-minded motive behind his philanthropic purposes.

In the office of Mr. J. Ogden Armour, directly over his desk under glass and in a neat frame, is a copy of the first partnership-agreement between Mr. Philip D. Armour and Mr. Miles. Both the young men agreed to put five hundred dollars ($500) each into launching a business enterprise. From this small beginning, backed by the indomitable purpose, tireless energy and consummate ability, the great Armour fortune was created. No stock or bond or any document is more prized and valued by the devoted son than this simple scroll in his father's handwriting on the wall. It was the seed sown that has yielded many-fold by the old and tried tenets of success. One can almost see the glow of enthusiasm mounting to the brow of these young men as they entered into the business world with $1,000 representing all their savings. Every dollar of it hard earned and every dollar was made to count. This is a rare document and it is herewith reproduced in full as it is in itself an inspiration to all young men who knock at the door of opportunity.

PHYSICS LABORATORY

The record of the number of students enrolled during the last six years shows the wide range and scope of the institution. Every state and territory is represented and in the 1,869 students of the past year nine foreign countries are represented by thirteen students. The growth in students and increase of the Faculty is given in the following table:

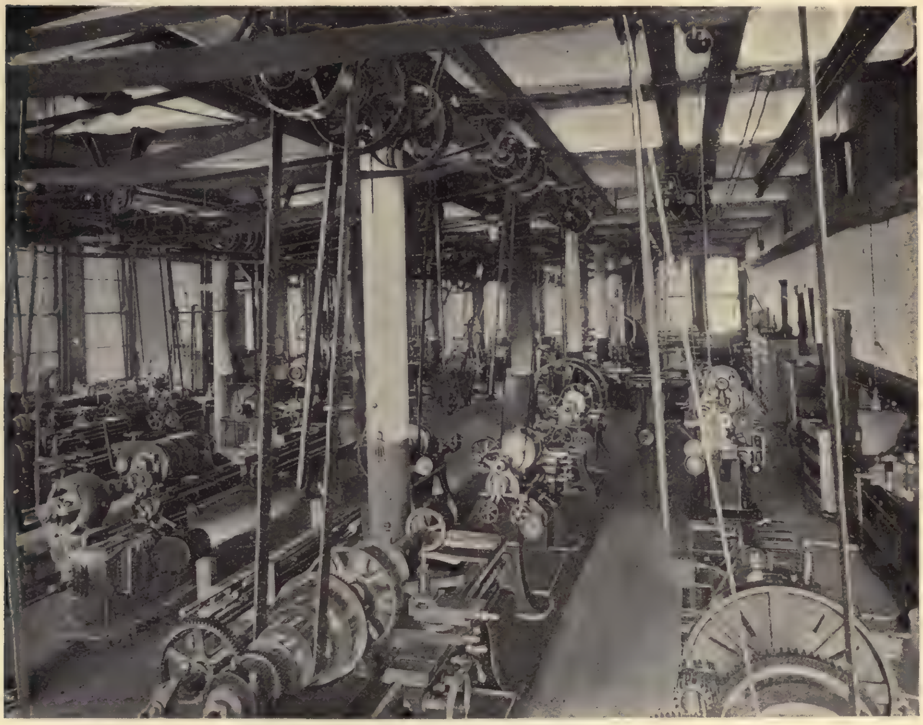
	College	Academy	Even. Class	Sum. School	Total
1902	...353	333	111	103	790
1903	...422	372	553	173	1520
1904	...492	342	575	184	1593
1905	...592	293	530	187	1602
1906	...624	266	674	206	1770
1907	...622	269	798	221	1910

FACULTY MEMBERS

1902	39	1905	61
1903	44	1906	66
1904	54	1907	68

The main building of the Institute is thoroughly fireproof, built of stone in 1892. Here are the offices of the president and the comptroller, Mr. F. U. Smith, the office of the deans, the library, and the laboratories of the electrical engineering, physics, chemical, drafting, lecturing and recitation rooms. On every side are the trophies and collections gathered for inspiration and instruction.

No matter where Doctor Gunsaulus may go the interests of the Armour Institute are always uppermost in his mind, and he never forgets his boys at the Institute, whether preaching at the City Temple in London or lecturing at Kankakee.



MACHINE SHOP

The mechanical and general equipment yearly supplied by Mr. J. O. Armour make this school in itself as busy as any manufacturing institution that is rushing all hands over-time to fill orders. The lecture rooms adjacent to the lathes, planers and mechanical equipment make a demonstration in the class room as complete as a medical clinic.

A sketch of the Armour Institute would not be complete without reference to that sturdy veteran, Mr. F. U. Smith, Comptroller, who was secretary to Mr. P. D. Armour at the very inception of the idea of the Institute. He purchased the property on which the buildings now stand under Mr. Armour's direction and looked after the erection of the structures one by one. The days have never been long enough for him to find a leisure moment, for he is heart and soul in love with the great work. To hear him tell of the growth of the Institute from the time of Mr. Armour's first expressed purpose is a unique personal recital of the history of an educational institution which must be heard from his own lips to be fully appreciated.

In the two-hundred-and-thirteen-flat buildings which surround the Institute are the homes of prosperous people. The rentals, listed from $20 to $25 per month, are probably the lowest proportionately in the city of Chicago. Here Mr. Smith has lived constantly from the time the first building was erected, in the very atmosphere and the spirit of the Institute. Many changes have been made in the development, but the one that Mr. Smith says caused the greatest sorrow for the great-hearted benefactor was when it was decided to eliminate the girl's department from the Armour Institute. While it was proven conclusively to be the best policy, there was never a time when the sense of chivalry toward women of Philip D. Armour was so tried as when requested to discontinue the course for girls in the Armour Institute. He did not live to see this carried out, but appreciated the fact that the change was inevitable because of the character of the school in specializing along technical and engineering lines to meet the pressing demands for industrial engineering expansion.

In surveying the educational world today one could not conceive of a degree more potential in the field of industrial and business activities than that conferred by the Armour Institute of Technology. The success of the institution is now pointed out as a model. Denver, Minneapolis, Kansas City and several other cities of the West are planning for institutions of the same character to meet the pressing wants. The work and wide range and specialized technical course of the Armour Institute of Technology is regarded as an unexampled success in this particular field.

The glory of the Armour Institute of Technology is in the work that has been accomplished and the graduates it has sent forth. In all parts of the world I have chanced to meet some, for their work calls them to wide fields of activity. The story of the young widow's son who earned his way through the Institute and then went to Africa to become one of the most successful engineers in the Dark Continent is only one of the many others who have had similar experiences in Alaska, in Spitzbergen, in the Rockies, in fact, wherever technical engineering-skill has been in demand. Hundreds of young men of purpose and daring spirit have been nurtured in this institution and gone forth to do and to conquer. The world is the field that lies before the graduate of Armour Institute of Technology. There is no engineering undertaking, no enterprise or development of the great resources of the world so gigantic as to daunt those sturdy youths who have gained their inspiration within these walls; because the institution is endowed and supported by a name that has stood for so much in the way of progress and development of the Nation's great resources, opening wider and wider, now, the doors of opportunity for the pushing young men who are recruiting the ranks of those who are accomplishing the vast engineering achievements of the time.

HALL IN MAIN BUILDING

SENATOR ISAAC STEPHENSON

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

HOW vivid and lasting are our first impressions, when life is full of the glory and wonder of the world's drama of hope and achievement! How well I recall the first time that I met with a man who was actually " running for Congress,"—a kind of demi-god to my youthful eyes. I was busy at the imposing stone, "sizing up" locals, taking good care that the smallest were at the top and the big ones at the bottom of the column, when there came into the office a tall, stately gentleman, of whom it was soon whispered through the office from frame to frame, that this was "the candidate for Congress." It was indeed "Uncle Ike Stephenson," of Marinette, Wisconsin, making his "88" campaign, and canvassing the northern part of the state.

* * *

That campaign in among the primeval forests of Wisconsin was an event of universal popular interest. "Uncle Ike" was here, there and everywhere, and seemed to have friends in every clearing, hamlet and "neck of the woods"; he was a typical leader of men in the Middle West, and was duly elected as representative from the Badger State. When one knows Uncle Ike, his success is no surprise. For Isaac Stephenson, born in New Brunswick and familiar with the pine woods on the border and in the state of Maine, came to Wisconsin an emigrant boy, in 1845. A few months only of schooling were at his disposal, for he realized that he confronted a long and strenuous struggle for a bare existence.

* * *

The persistence which wrung success from adversity overcome in his business life has also characterized his political career. He has a way of going direct to the root of the matter in hand, and was the first to recognize the need for reforms in Wisconsin, and to aid its champion, Senator Robert M. La Follette. The Primary Election Law was one of the earliest measures to be enacted at his instance, and through his support; at the age of seventy-nine, Mr. Stephenson is as active and vigorous in mind and body, and as alert in political activities as ever.

From his humble beginning as a lumberer, he rapidly rose to the command of larger interests, and, mounting up step by step, getting into touch with his men, introducing improved methods and leading an army of loyal employes by means of efficient machinery, he went on to a glorious campaign, as the years brought larger demands and more complicated considerations.

The affection shown him by his men is a splendid tribute to his kindly consideration, and they talk of him in loving terms, telling how thousands of emigrants who have come from Sweden, Norway and other European countries and Canada have found their first employment in the service of the N. Ludington Company, of which Mr. Stephenson is president. Large numbers of them have worked with him for twenty-five, thirty and forty years. Many of his old employes are now men of wealth and prominence, and one and all agree that they have never had a harsh word from Uncle Ike.

* * *

When the first land office in Northern Michigan was opened, in 1848, at the "Soo," Mr. Stephenson attended the initial sale, and purchased such large tracts of land that all comers thought he was certainly squandering his money, but the lad had been carefully over the section, and knew that it would ultimately be of great value. It was, in fact, the foundation of the great fortune which he has since amassed, and now uses so generously and efficiently in the development of Northern Wisconsin.

He was interested with the first mayor of Chicago, William B. Ogden, in establishing a large wooden-ware factory which was later destroyed by the terrible Peshtigo fire of 1871, and on the same day the Chicago fire destroyed the lumber yards of the company. The loss of nearly $2,000,000 by this catas-

SENATOR ISAAC STEPHENSON OF WISCONSIN

trophe did not damp the ardor of the pioneers, but they set to work and rebuilt not only their own mills but the village of Peshtigo, which had perished.

Mr. Stephenson was also one of the originators of the Sturgeon Bay and Lake Michigan Canal and Harbor Company. He was the father of the Menominee River Boom Company which, in its day, handled more logs than any other corporation of its kind in the world. It reached an output of 675,000,000 feet of logs in a single year. He is also interested in Louisiana, Michigan and Wisconsin farm lands, and his stock farm in Kenosha, Wisconsin, covers 900 acres and is one of the best in the Western States, for Uncle Ike loves animals as well as human beings, as evidenced by the story told of his consideration for his old driving horse, which has served him for twenty-six years.

In 1856 Mr. Stephenson began his political career by casting his first ballot for Fremont and Dayton, the first national nominees of the Republican party. He has been a Republican ever since, has served in both houses of the Wisconsin legislature, has finished three terms in Congress, and voluntarily retired. He succeeded the Honorable John C. Spooner, who resigned his seat in the Senate in 1906. In 1880 he was delegate to the Republican National Convention, and was a loyal follower of Blaine, and voted thirty-three times for his nomination in that memorable convention. He also cast the final vote for Garfield; in 1892 he cast the vote of his state delegation for General Harrison; in 1900 he voted for McKinley, and later, in 1904, for Roosevelt, and has again voted as a delegate this year, when Taft and Sherman were nominated.

In his office, at the back of the Ludington Company's store, at Marinette, he manages his vast interests in his mills, railroad, paper and sugar factories and other industries. He is president of the Escamaba & Lake Superior Railroad, with a trackage of 150 miles, which enjoys the distinction of being the only road in the United States which never owed a particle of bonded indebtedness.

Who could conceive of a man more worthy to be honored or likely to be chosen to the high office of senator by the voters of Wisconsin? I have often seen him at Washington when, in the closing sessions of Congress, he never wearied in his close application to his work or his attendance upon the wearisome all-night duty. His long business and political career has given him that ripe judgment which few men of today possess.

"Uncle Ike" is indeed one of those rare and conspicuous figures that remain to us, a blending of the vigor and vitality of pioneer days with the splendid aggressiveness of modern business and political activity. His record as a United States senator is only a natural and logical sequence of his life and public career—the legitimate outcome of faithful labor, untiring energy, blameless life and loyalty.

* * *

Mr. Stephenson has a remarkable memory; I have often talked with him and found him a veritable walking encyclopedia of all the dates and events conspicuous in the history of the early colonies.

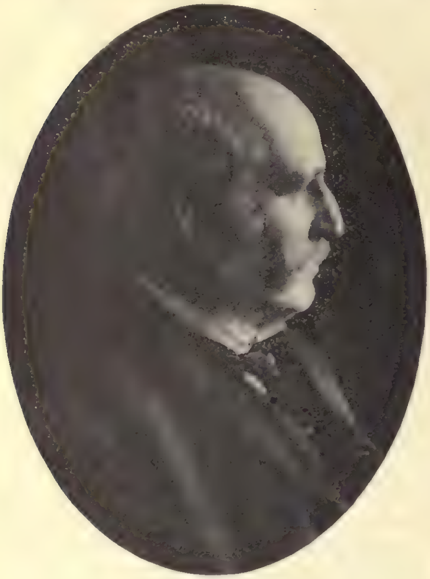
No one who meets this man of kindly-hearted, large sympathies, so quick to see the needs of others, always ready through a long and busy life to make those around him happy, can help loving and admiring him. He never has been too occupied with his business to consider the pleasure and comfort of others, and has ever been as approachable to the poorest and humblest of his acquaintance as to his own family. He is a financier who believes in keeping his money as well as his men actively at work; he is always considering the interests of all the people, and when he goes along the streets of Marinette he is "Uncle Ike" to everybody. Such a career is hardly possible outside America, with its natural and undeveloped resources, that are being worked up by a people strong in its mixture of all the dominant races—English, Irish, Scotch and Norse.

With a man of such character and of ripe years of experience, his Republican friends feel they have in Mr. Stephenson sound senatorial timber that cannot be easily matched, and now do you wonder that, when I see him listening attentively to the routine of the Senate, in the back row, that bushy head of hair with scarce a gray lock, cocked on one side, or walking in the corridors of the Capitol, I feel a peculiar and personal interest in Uncle Ike Stephenson? Is he not the first man whom I was privileged to meet who wore the halo of a congressional career? Did I not pie four lines of type to grasp the hand and look into the face of one who truly typifies the sturdy spirit of the great Middle West?

LET'S TALK IT OVER

AS the years pass there is a keener appreciation of the splendid service rendered by the veterans of the Civil War, and the honor due to the men of the rank and file is more clearly understood.

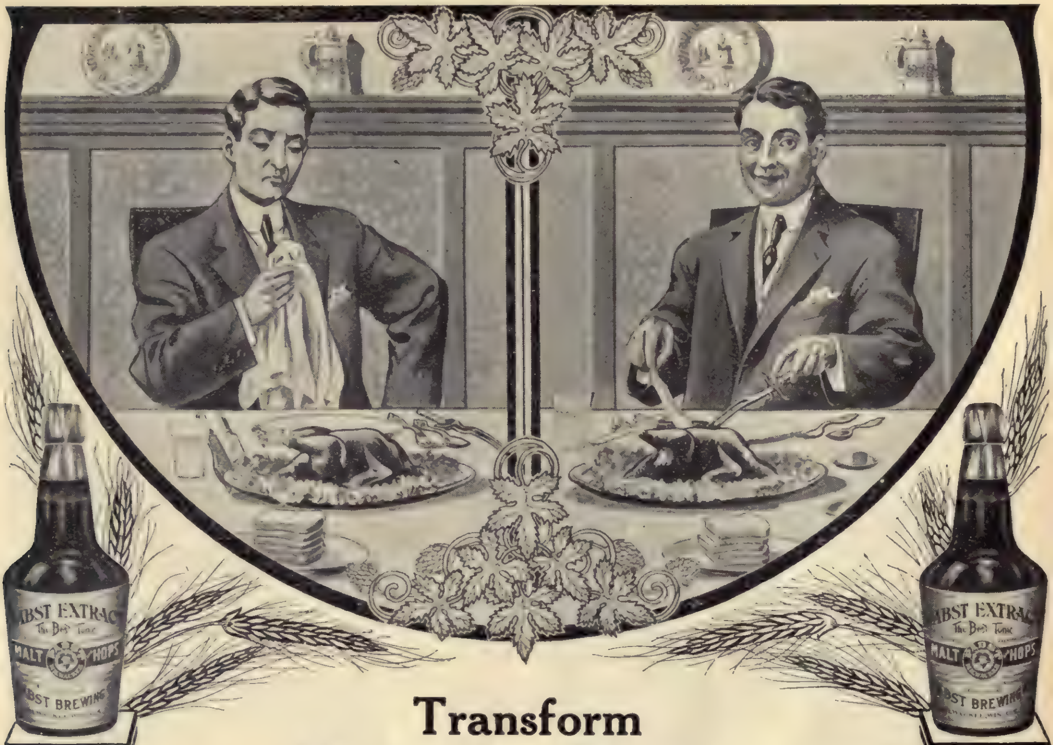
It was a beautiful expression that a non-commissioned officer made recently in the South:—"When we were in the war, we did not think we were heroes, or were ever going to be. We simply had our day's work to do and we did it. We performed our duty as honest men do in every walk of life." They knew what it meant to face death and privation and to be brave and true. A grateful nation and people can never be too highly appreciative of the soldiers of the Civil War.



COLONEL H. B. HEDGE
Des Moines, Iowa

When the call came for men North and South in '61, the youth of both sections rose up en masse, and officers and soldiers were supplied, just as when a brigade is organized to quench a neighbor's house on fire. Some were to be designated as officers and leaders, but all were of necessity on a common level and fought for a common principle, side by side, sharing their hard-tack and salt pork from the haversack and their commissariat coffee from the canteen, whether they were company officers or in the ranks, standing guard or at the outposts cutting abutments and digging trenches. The private soldiers did their duty. Officers received salaries from $100 to $500 per month, while the non-commissioned officers and privates received from $13 to $17 per month in paper money varying in value and purchasing power from about thirty-six to fifty cents on the dollar. When enlisted at the beginning of the war, it was understood the pay should be given in gold, which was done only for a time.

In honoring the Loyal Legion, composed of commissioned officers, it does not mean that the private soldiers should be overlooked. To make a distinction between the commissioned and non-commissioned officers and privates is contrary to the fundamental spirit of the nation—which they fought in common to save. Today many of the highest officers of the Grand Army of the Republic and foremost citizens of the country were once non-commissioned officers or privates in the ranks. Why recognize a distinction which is in essence repugnant



Transform Dyspepsia's Gnawing Cravings Into Honest, Healthy Hunger

Of what use is a feast without an appetite? Or, what is more distressing than a stomach that will not digest the food it craves? These are the signs of dyspepsia. If you let them go unheeded, you sow the seeds of weakness which will blossom in disease. Before you know it you will be fast in the aggravating grip of dyspepsia—irritable, peevish and lacking in ambition and energy. You can overcome these feelings by using

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

This essence of modern diet, combining the rich food elements of pure barley malt with the tonic properties of choicest hops, is a boon to the dyspeptic. The system easily and thoroughly assimilates the nourishment offered in this predigested form. The appetite is stimulated, causing a desire for and making possible the digestion of heavier foods, thus assuring a speedy return of health.

Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, being a predigested liquid food, is welcomed by the weakest stomach. It relieves insomnia, conquers dyspepsia, strengthens the weak, builds up the overworked, helps the anaemic, feeds the nerves, assists nursing mothers and invigorates old age.

At All Druggists — Insist Upon it Being Pabst

Booklet and Picture, "Baby's First Adventure," sent free on request.

PABST EXTRACT CO. DEPT. 20 MILWAUKEE, WIS.

to every freedom-loving American? This thought is brought out by a discussion among congressmen with a view to make future pensions equitable, providing that the distribution be equal to *every* honorably discharged soldier whether he possessed a commission from the government or obeyed the orders of his officers, standing firm on the firing line and facing death. The general impression otherwise seems to be to recognize a distinction in favor of ex-prisoners of war, who it is felt should be given much more consideration than commissioned officers. This subject is likely to occasion a lively discussion on the pension question in the coming session of Congress. With the ranks thinning at the rate of nearly one hundred and fifty a day—more than a full company and a half—none too much can be done toward giving every consideration to the interest and welfare of all old soldiers.

MISS MARGARET PREBLE
Candidate for County Clerk, Humbolt, County, Iowa

Nothing is more interesting than to chat with some of the men who have seen actual service in war time and who remember clearly those old days. Half an hour's conversation with such a man as H. B. Hedge, formerly of the Ringgold Cavalry of Pennsylvania, and now a member of Governor Cummins' staff, with rank of colonel, throws light on many a little incident that would otherwise be forgotten. Mr. Hedge enlisted in the First Cavalry Company mustered into the United States service for three years on June 26, 1861, and although in active service all the time, never rose higher than a non-commissioned officer, though he is now known to his wide circle of acquaintances as Colonel H. B. Hedge. Like many other veterans, the Grand Army of the Republic is very near his heart, and he watches with deep interest any legislation that may concern the welfare of the old soldiers.

* * *

ONE of the most interesting "trade reminders" in the business world is a little publication called "The Pen Profit," issued by the L. E. Waterman Company, manufacturers of the Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen. The last issue contains a letter under date of April 26th from Count Witte, the Russian statesman, in answer to a question as to whether the Japanese-Russian treaty of peace was signed with a Waterman Ideal —You've guessed the answer—it was.

In honor of this event, the regular style No. 18 which was the style used, has been christened "The Portsmouth," and so imprinted. Another interesting feature was the grouping of some twenty-two different magazine covers to show pen dealers everywhere how many magazines it takes to reach 7,201,000 people with the Waterman Ideal Pen advertisement in a single month.—Yes, the National was well up front, thank you.

* * *

THE Editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE writes me to write about Robert Luce. I knew the boy Luce. I know the man Luce, the business Luce, the professional Luce, the legislator Luce, the governor Luce, for Luce has done as much of the governing as any man in and out of the State House, and Luce will stand at the head of the state unless politics are greater than statesmanship and "pull" of more account than "push."

Luce is a statesman, except to those who can't see above politics. In him are the active elements that stand for efficient public service,—the kind of ability that can accomplish.

Luce was born to be a leader of men, and he took his proper position in the van of things when as a college youth he was pre-eminently a leader of thought and action.

SOME OPINIONS OF THE
OSTERMOOR
VERMIN PROOF NON-ABSORBENT
NEVER GETS LUMPY
NEVER REQUIRES REMAKING
WILL NOT MAT
HAND LAID FILLING
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This trade-mark label is sewn on the mattresses so highly spoken of in these letters from users:

N. Y. CENTRAL & HUDSON R.R. CO.
New York, March 10, 1907
Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.

Gentlemen: The Ostermoor Mattresses I bought of you in 1893 (fourteen years ago) have proven perfectly satisfactory and are all that you claim them to be in every respect, besides vermin-proof and non-absorbent. We think them excellent and a perfect success.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE H. DANIELS, G. P. A.

DEWEY, STRONG & CO.,
San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 24, 1908
Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.

Gentlemen: Some years ago I ordered and received from you an Ostermoor Mattress. We have had *an earthquake* since then, and I do not remember how long I have used it, but it is in first-class condition.

It is a great improvement on the hair mattress, not only from the standpoint of cleanliness and hygiene, but also from that of comfort, wherein it greatly surpasses hair. Yours truly
GEORGE H. STRONG.

THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER
New York, Feb. 1, 1908
Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.

Gentlemen: The Ostermoor Mattress, is far superior to the best hair mattress, decidedly more comfortable and cleanly, and requires no attention, because of its everlasting softness.

We have had one in constant use since 1889; with the single exception of cleansing the ticking, nothing has been done to it. Truly yours, R. F. BOGARDUS.

No other mattress in the world can show the tributes accorded the

Ostermoor Mattress $15.

It is in a class by itself. The superiority of the Ostermoor is in the *way* it is *made*, more than in what it is *made of*. Any one can buy cotton, even of the high quality used in Ostermoor Mattresses if they will, but only the exclusive patented Ostermoor processes can make this cotton into the light, elastic, springy Ostermoor sheets. Only the Ostermoor processes can produce a mattress with the comfort-giving, non-matting, resilient qualities of the genuine Ostermoor. It is germ-proof and vermin-proof.

When you buy be sure that the name "Ostermoor" is sewed on the end of the mattress. Then, *and then only*, will you have a *genuine* mattress identical with those which brought forth the strong letters printed above.

Mattresses Cost
Express Charges Prepaid

4'-6"—45 lbs.	$15.00
4'-0"—40 "	13.35
3'-6"—35 "	11.70
3'-0"—30 "	10.00
2'-6"—25 "	8.35

All 6 feet 3 inches long

In two parts, 50 cents extra

You can buy of your Ostermoor Dealer. If he has none in stock, we will ship direct, express prepaid, same day check is received

30 Nights' Free Trial granted, money returned if dissatisfied. Send for our free book, "The Test of Time," and ask us for the name of our authorized dealer in your vicinity. Don't go to anybody else for an Ostermoor—you may be deceived. We lose a sale and you lose the value of your money. **Write for the book to-day.**

OSTERMOOR & CO., 144 Elizabeth St., NEW YORK
Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Luce is a natural care-taker of public interests.

Luce is one of the few men who are known by the quantity of their enemies and the quality of their friends.

Summing up Luce:—

1—He is honest,—in and out of office.

2—He is a statesman.

REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT LUCE
Of Somerville, Massachusetts

3—He is a man of business and professional success,—the right combination for public responsibility.

4—He is an orator, one who speaks through the head of experience, not through the hat of conceit.

5—He is a law-maker of laws for the people.

6—He is an advocate of temperance in all things, and of every kind of right-living, including respect for Sunday and other laws of respectability.

7—He is a man; match him politicians if you can.

NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR.

* * *

IT was just a little morning jaunt of one hundred miles around Denver. Over the Denver-Greeley Irrigation district we bounded in an automobile, in company with Mr. Frederick W. Taylor, crossing and following the ditches, around which there is a homeland for 100,000 prosperous, happy and contented people. Every person who visited the Agricultural Building at the St. Louis Exposition will be interested in knowing that the chief who made such a splendid record at that exposition, and also at Omaha and Denver, is now manager of the Denver-Greeley Irrigation district. Mr. Taylor has made a distinct triumph in exhibiting collectively American resource and ingenuity in agriculture. It was the one distinct triumphal exhibit of the country. He is a thorough and painstaking student of farm products, and has made this his life work. Mr. Taylor is familiar with conditions in South America, South Africa and Russia, and when he concludes that irrigated farming is the thing, it means conviction implanted by well-wroughtout investigation.

We rode over the country and saw where the greater Standley Lake is to be formed, and had pointed out to us a schoolhouse which must be removed, because there will be twenty-five feet of water where it now stands. All this recalled my visit to Panama, where the great canal will submerge the village of Gatun to make way for the big dam. This great project of Standley Lake will be completed within two years. The company have already a large territory covered by water near Denver, but they will not sell an acre of it unless it is well provided with water and ready for cultivation. The company will irrigate a large area of new land aside from the 65,000 acres which they now own in the district.

* * *

THOSE people who had ceased to marvel at the Ingersoll Dollar Watch, as a most successful low-priced timepiece, are this year awakened by a new surprise—another example of mechanical genius, in the production of the Ingersoll Junior, which is a small watch, technically known as a "12 size," and resembling the ultra thin American models Looking back to the time of the Columbian Exposition, in 1903, it will be remembered that then the first Ingersoll Dollar Watch was built, and that it was very cumbersome, but since then there has been a very successful reduction in the size, as well as a marked addition in the accuracy, of these time-keepers, until at present Ingersoll watches may be had of very small size. This rapid evolution is explained by the fact that the company is

IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Hammer the Hammer

Near safe is not enough. The only firearm safety worth having is *absolute* safety. The only revolver affording that kind of safety is the Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver.

Millions are in use—yet not a single report of accidental discharge—drop it, kick it, "hammer the hammer"—you must pull the trigger to fire it.

Costs no more than near-safeties; but accurate, hard-hitting and positive, with *absolute* safety.

Our Booklet "Shots" Mailed Free

together with our handsome and complete catalogue.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER

Richly nickeled, 22 calibre rim-fire or 32 calibre center-fire, 3-in. barrel; or 38 calibre center-fire, 3¼-in. barrel, **$6** Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER

Richly nickeled, 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel; or 38-calibre center-fire, 3¼-in. barrel, **$7** Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost.

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, 188 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers St.; San Francisco: P. B. Bekeart Co. 717 Market St.; Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4.,

Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles

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SNOW TEMPERED BREEZES

¶ COLORADO'S snow-clad mountains make its climate the most delightful and invigorating in the world. In summer blankets are indispensable at night. ¶ There are many attractive camping, fishing and hunting resorts in the Rocky Mountains along

The Colorado & Southern Railway

¶ Every taste and every purse can be suited. Shall we send you booklets descriptive of this land of wealth, health and pleasure?

T. E. FISHER, General Passenger Agent
DENVER, COLO.

constantly planning, for years ahead, for such machinery as is necessary to make desirable changes in their product. The Ingersoll Junior, their new extra thin American model, carries just the same guarantee that was supplied with the famous Ingersoll Dollar Watch; the price of the new watch, because of its thinness and reduction in size, is a little higher, being two dollars.

THE INGERSOLL JUNIOR

The reception by the public of this new model Ingersoll time-keeper has been remarkable, and it promises to rival its big brother, the Ingersoll Dollar Watch, which is known all around the world. This popularity is not surprising when it is remembered that the firm keeps its finger on the public pulse and that this new watch was made to meet a distinctly felt want for a thin watch at a low price. That the Ingersoll Junior meets the needs of the people is attested by its popularity. It is prophesied that the sale at Christmas time will be enormous, because of the low price and unique and elegant design which will make the "Junior" a favorite Christmas gift. During the coming months many new members will be added to the "Ingersoll Watch Coterie." It is singular what a fellow feeling there is among those who carry these timepieces. Waiting for a train the other day, I pulled out my Ingersoll and instantly a man who stood beside me smiled and said, "I carry one, too—dandy watches, aren't they?"

If you are going traveling, don't bother about letters of introduction—just carry an Ingersoll and let it be seen, and you will never be lonesome.

THOUSANDS of busy people find it necessary to make periodic trips between New York and Boston, and they will assuredly appreciate the new service given by the Metropolitan Steamship Company, on their all-water route, with the magnificent ships the Yale and Harvard. Leaving either terminus at five o'clock, the trip is made in fifteen hours, and during the summer months, when the streets are sultry and the pavements like an oven, a trip between these two cities by rail is justly regarded as a most arduous undertaking. What a relief it is to go to the pier, within easy access, and board one of these fast boats, assured of all that modern ingenuity has devised to make travel pleasant!

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM
OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as **Beautifies the Skin.** No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): *"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."*

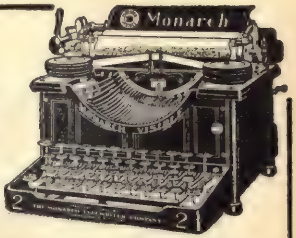
For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.
Price 25 cents, by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes superfluous Hair. **Price $1.00, by mail.**
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York City



The successful man is he who applies himself to his task and makes good every day. So it is with

The Monarch Visible Typewriter

It is a daily success, making each day's work a finished product.

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EXECUTIVE OFFICES, 300 Broadway, NEW YORK

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High Grade Instruction by Correspondence
Fourteenth Year.

Prepares for the bar of any State. Improved method of instruction, combining the Text-Book, Lecture and Case Book methods. Approved by the bench and bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Uniform rate of tuition. Write today for Catalogue.

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about Hay Fever and Asthma—Its Nature, its Cause, its Complications and what can be done for it. A rational, common-sense method of Home Treatment on Modern Lines, which is thoroughly and completely successful. You ought to know about this. Write for Book N811, and send names of other sufferers, for copies. Address **P. HAROLD HAYES, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.**

SMACKING GOOD SYRUP
LESS THAN HALF PRICE

How often have you longed for a pitcher of good syrup—something better than the blended varieties you have to pay $1.25 or $1.50 a gallon for?

What wouldn't you have given to be able to make up a batch right in your own kitchen where you could see everything that went into it and know that it was absolutely pure and wholesome?

There are thousands of thrifty housekeepers doing this very thing every day; they're saving nearly a dollar on the price of every gallon, too.

The secret? Why there's none. Just get a 2 oz. bottle of

"MAPLEINE"

from your grocer—enough for two gallons. Make a syrup of granulated sugar and hot water and flavor with "MAPLEINE" according to directions. If it doesn't produce the richest, creamiest maple-flavored syrup you've ever eaten we'll gladly refund your money.

If your grocer can't supply you send us 35c. in coin, stamps, post office or express money order for a 2 oz. bottle.

CRESCENT MFG. COMPANY
Dept. "D" SEATTLE, WASH.

LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

gives a piquant flavor indispensable to good

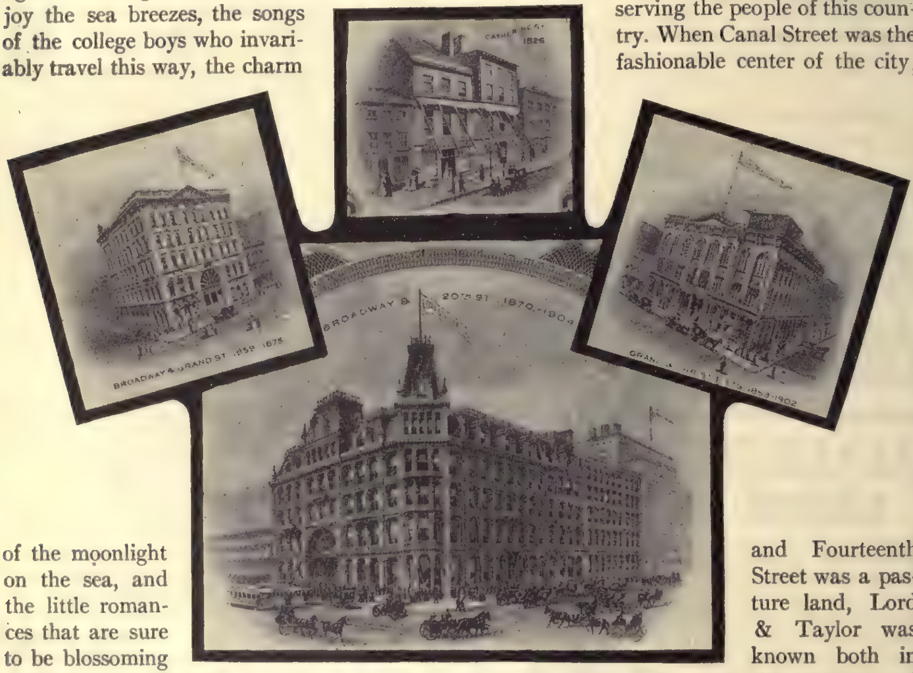
Chafing Dish Cooking

Fish, Shrimps, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters; Frogs' Legs and Welsh Rarebit are given an appetizing and delicate relish by its use.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N.Y.

The company certainly forgets nothing that can add to the comfort of their passengers, even to the issuance of a time-table, giving the location of all lighthouses and the time of passing them; this adds a novel and most interesting feature, even surpassing railroad travel, in letting passengers know just where they are. Even a stranger on the route may at once determine the whereabouts of the ship by consulting the map.

Being an all-night trip, this route has the double advantage of giving the traveler a delightful evening in which to enjoy the sea breezes, the songs of the college boys who invariably travel this way, the charm of the moonlight on the sea, and the little romances that are sure to be blossoming under the stars of a summer night.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE HOUSE OF LORD & TAYLOR

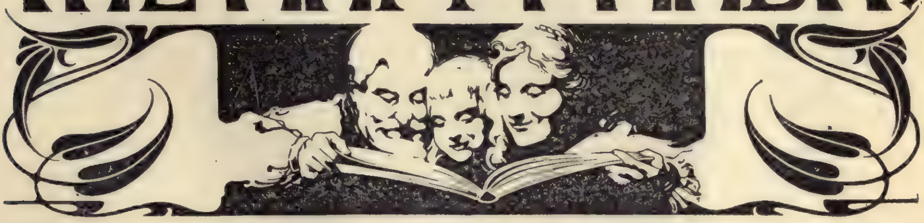
The speed of the boat — from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour—always insures a breeze, even in the warmest weather. The possibility of making this trip in so brief a time is due to the fact that these vessels are the fastest ever built with the exception of the Lusitania and its sister ship, the Mauritania.

In addition to its other provisions for the comfort of passengers, the company issues a paper, at eight o'clock in the evening, telling the results of all ball games and races, so that it is difficult to believe that one is not visiting at a first-class hotel rather than taking a sea trip. The service is especially appreciated by those who have been in the habit of taking the five o'clock train from either Boston or New York, which necessitated their riding late into the night and going to a hotel in order to be at business the following morning. Now the boat takes the place of the hotel, and the busy man arrives in good time, not tired and hot, but rested and all "ready for the fray."

* * *

One of the oldest and most fashionable stores in New York is that of Lord & Taylor which for 81 years has been serving the people of this country. When Canal Street was the fashionable center of the city, and Fourteenth Street was a pasture land, Lord & Taylor was known both in this country and in Europe as a reliable business house. Moving up, some years ago, to Eighteenth Street and Broadway, they were the first to build a connecting building which faced on Fifth Avenue, thus first appreciating the importance of this thoroughfare, and they occupy today the unique position of having a place of business which opens on the two principal thoroughfares of New York City—Broadway and Fifth Avenue. The reputation of this firm as large wholesalers of hosiery extends to every corner of the world, and it is also well known to the readers of magazines through the advertising of its "Onyx" Hosiery and "Merodé" Underwear.

THE HAPPY HABIT



ABOUT every so often I find it a good plan to try to be a boy again; to get the spirit of those dear old days, and look upon the world and the future with bright-eyed expectancy. Ah, those days!—when we longed for the time to come when we could grow up and be men; when we wished for longer vacations—that there could be more playtime and a little less work; more days for fishing and more times when the circus came to town, counting all time as dating from that event or the Fourth of July. Every boy lives in the future, and is necessarily an optimist. The average boy—if he is a real boy—is happy-go-lucky, something of a barbarian, it is true, but still he has not much time for brooding; he is far too busy to lose time thinking of the sorrows of the world and trying to run everybody's business.

In preparing our plans for the New England Exposition for our special day, October 12, I find that the boys are taking right hold a little better and more vigorously than the girls. Right here I wish to speak a word quietly to our girls. We are going to have representatives in every New England town, village and hamlet at our reunion, celebrating Columbus Day, October 12, when we shall meet in the Paul Revere Hall, in Boston, and we want the girls represented. Who knows, girls, you may be voters ten years hence! We shall pay all traveling expenses for girls and boys who have the gumption and determination to make an effort to attend this reunion.

* * * * *

This day will see one of the most notable gatherings that New England has witnessed for years. We may not have celebrities, presidents, judges or diplomats, but we will have among that bright-eyed group the presidents, judges and diplomats of the future, who will in the years to come represent the nation. I am already beginning to count the days until October 12. I want to see our young people and feel the thrill of enthusiasm as we meet and participate in one of those good old-fashioned times that come all too seldom.

* * * * *

Now girls and boys, if you have not read carefully the details of this reunion, published last month, just get a copy and read it carefully, and if there is anything that is not quite clear to you, write me a personal letter, because I want everybody who desires to come to Boston on October 12 to be with us without fail.

One reason why I am so enthusiastic over this gathering is that I was once a boy myself, and can imagine what it might be like to be a girl. Long ago I attended a convention in this very way, and you bet I worked hard to get there. First I saw that Pa and all the uncles and aunts and other relatives gave me subscriptions, and then I betook myself to friends and acquaintances. Just get out and work—tell the friends they are getting good value in the National Magazine, as well as helping the girl or boy to make a good start in life. Who can estimate the value of those first impressions of a young girl or boy visiting Boston, perhaps, for the first time, to attend the National Magazine reunion. Who knows but that some of you may be called upon for a speech; who knows what friendships may be formed, as we enjoy ourselves together, that will last all through life?

No, I cannot tell you what is going to happen on that day—it would spoil all the fun. Rest assured that we shall have a good time. You may guess what we are going to do. No, we are not going to study anything in the nature of lessons; we have plenty of that at other times—during school days. We are just going to do what the girls and boys would like to do, and have great fun!

By gathering together in this way, we hope to perfect an organization that will be permanent, and in the days to come there will be many of us who will recall with delight that pleasant day spent together in the old Paul Revere Hall in Boston. Better bring your cameras—no lunch baskets needed—and you will be sure of having souvenirs of the day that will always be a delight to look over in the future years.

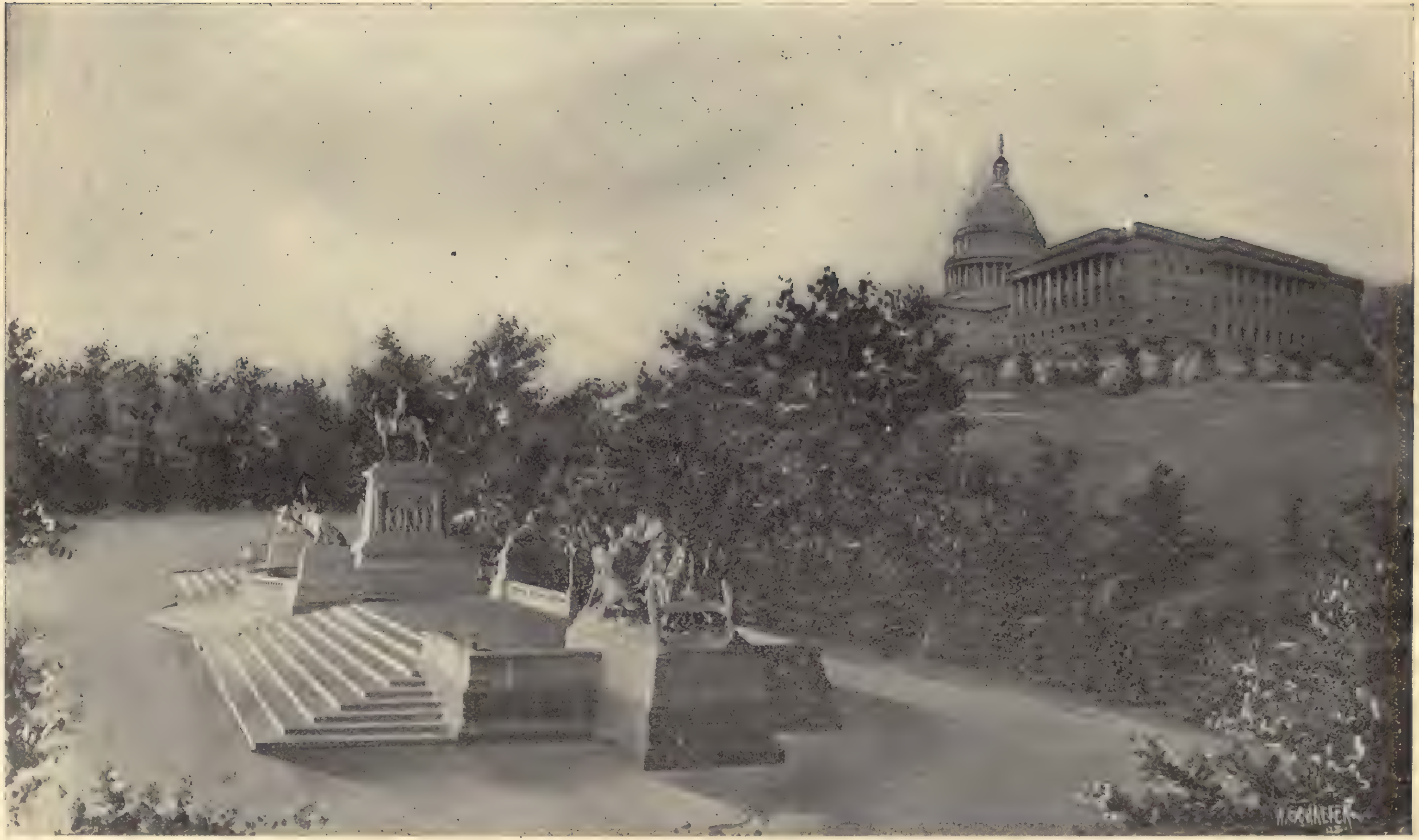
Most of you will soon have to get out into the world and do some traveling and working for yourselves, and this will be a sort of overture to that time that will give you courage to go through with it. Bring along with you the best-natured smile you have, and just see how well you will like the girls and boys you meet in Boston on October 12. Do not bother about dressing-up too much—tell Mamma we are going to be democratic; no evening dress or swell society functions here. It will be truly a girl and boy affair, with the National as host.

You will notice that this month we are devoting the entire department of the Happy Habit to the girls and boys—to what better purpose could it be put? Slip up to your mother and ask her what she liked to do when she was a girl? Then ask your father what was the best time he ever had when a boy?

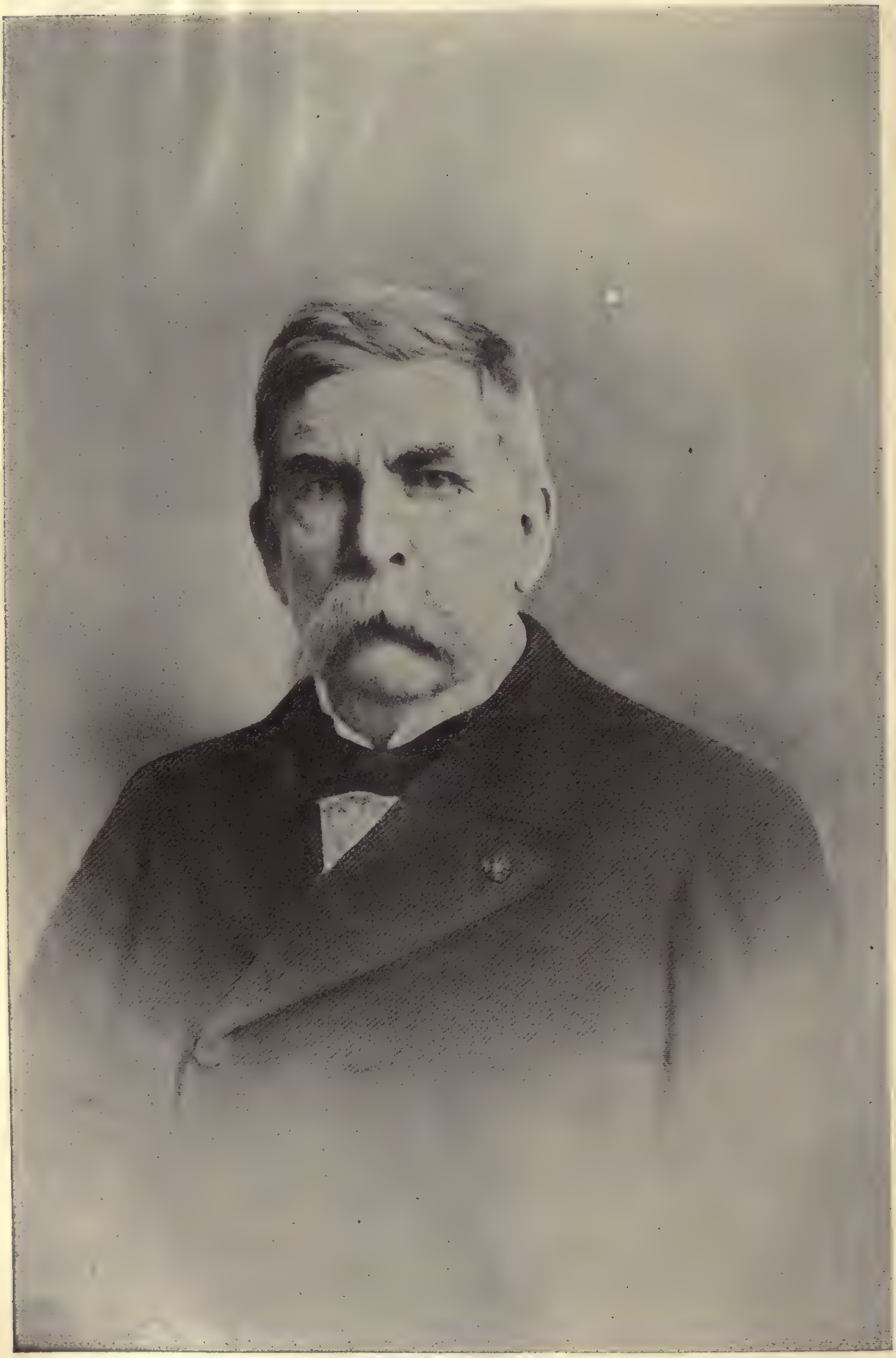
The first thing is to get out and start working—because there is always room in the world for the girl or boy who can go out and create something. So many young people are trained for dependent work; but someone must have initiative, so get out and assert yourselves; show that you possess the self-reliance and force that makes leaders. That is the kind of girls and boys we expect to have with us in October—real leaders but as yet undeveloped. Those who can get out and look people in the eye, with head up, and say, "I want something!" And then show why it is wanted, and why they ought to have it. The whys always count.

October 12 may be notable in history as the day that Columbus discovered America, but our girls and boys will make it a celebrated day, for we shall all have an opportunity to discover what happy girls and boys are coming up from all parts of New England. Let every village, town and city in each of the six New England states have its full representation, and we will make it an assembly as memorable as those early historical gatherings which crystallized into the great Continental Congress which passed the Declaration of Independence.

Joe Mitchell Chapple



THE GRANT MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED ON THE CAPITOL GROUNDS



GRENVILLE M. DODGE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVIII SEPTEMBER, 1908 NUMBER SIX

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

SEVEN applicants are seeking the leasehold of the White House; seven political parties, represented by as many presidential candidates and platforms, are backing their respective claims; but no one passing the modest trim White House, set back among the foliage, would imagine that so much depended upon who lived there. It is said that Abraham Lincoln remarked that he never had even the slightest thought of the White House as his dwelling-place before he was actually domiciled there. It was the great ideas and purposes of the campaign which absorbed him, rather than any thought of aggrandisement which might come to him as occupant of the White House. Probably there is not one of the presidential candidates who gives as much consideration to possible quarters in the executive dwelling as he would give under other circumstances to the selection of a four-roomed flat. Yet there must always be a certain glamor cast over those who reside in the concerted limelight that ever beats upon the most prominent dwelling-house in the whole United States.

* * *

This will be the first presidential election in which seven names will appear on the ballots in every state in the Union. Seven is a sacred and mystical number, supposed to carry with it special charm and significance; and if election day follows close upon a bountiful harvest, peace and plenty will beautify the land and be a meet setting for the acceptance of one of the seven candidates for national honors.

As one walks by the executive mansion, it seems strange that each of 15,000,000 voters are to have a voice as to who shall live there, a substantial percentage of whom will be young men, who, having attained their majority within the past four years, are now beginning to have decided ideas as to housekeeping, and are therefore anxious to participate in the housekeeping arrangements of the White House for the next four years. The boys in knee-trousers nine years old when McKinley and Bryan ran in 1896 cast their first vote in 1908.

* * *

ONE of my pilgrimages never loses its charm and is never omitted. As long as it is possible I want to be present at the encampments of the G. A. R. and also of the Confederate veterans. These events are to me more interesting than any other gatherings, no matter how brilliant or interesting they may be. Think for a moment of all that it means. Other organizations may continue uninterruptedly as to membership, recruited by new blood year by year, but there can be no recruits for the G. A. R.; every time the old boys march with feebler and more palsied steps, more and more frequently comes the thought that each is near his last bivouac. No others can take their place as survivors of the great Civil War; they can only hand down the memory of those days as a heritage to a younger generation, but the actual membership must soon cease to be.

Who can think unmoved of those splendid flashes of patriotism, tales of which fall from the lips of Corporal Tanner; or of such royal souls as General S. D. Lee of Vicksburg, who entertained at his home members of companies and regiments of both sides, giving them a splendid taste of rich Southern hospitality. A few days later he passed away, but left an enduring memory of kindliness and hospitality that will last as long as the G. A. R. retains a living warrior.

Photo by J. R. Schmidt, Cincinnati

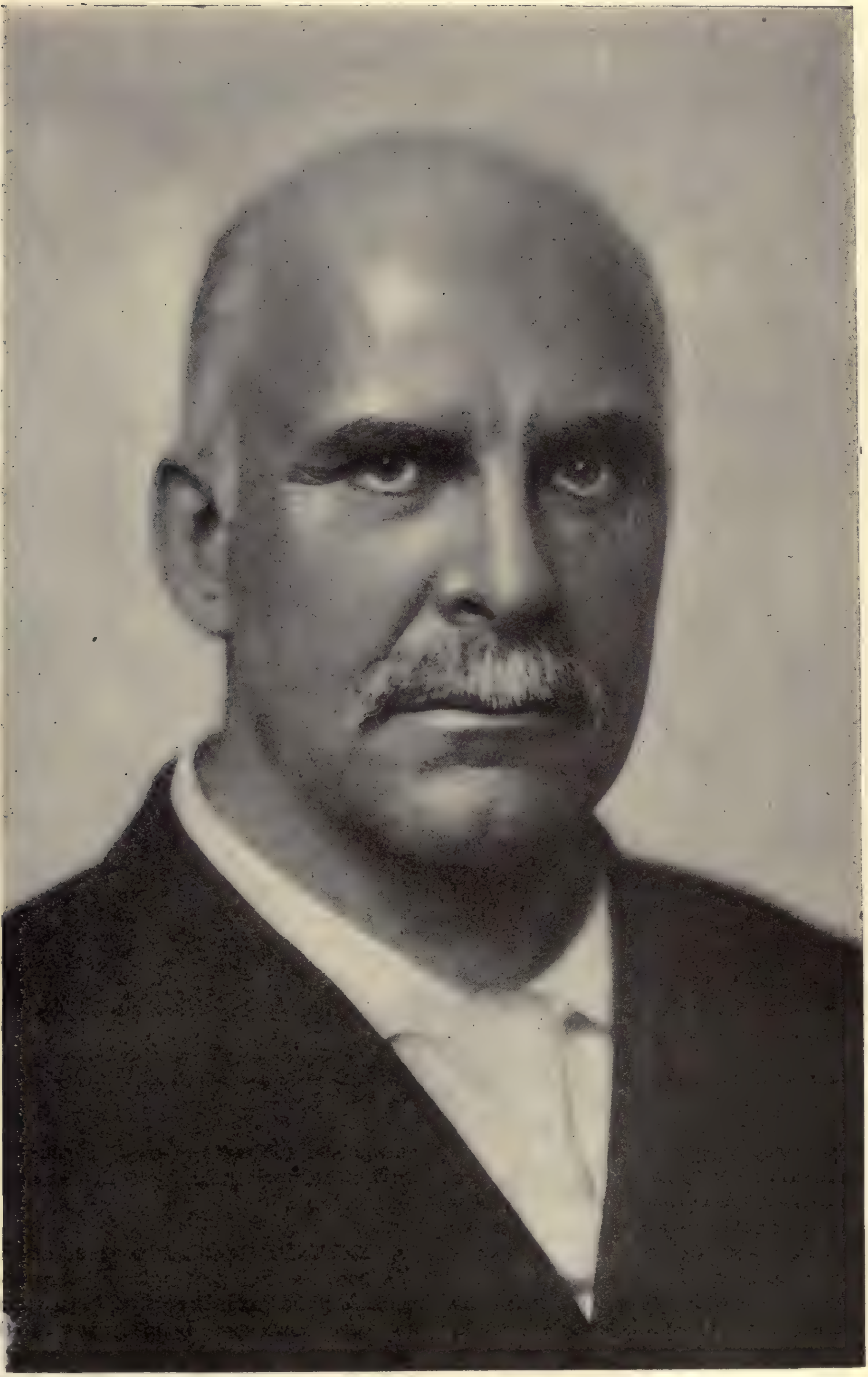
GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT
Who will be transferred to the Pacific coast with headquarters at San Francisco

The encampment this year was held at Toledo, and the splendid hospitality extended by the people of that city will not soon be forgotten. These encampments excite more vivid interest with each recurring year; and if some historian could only chronicle the flashes of humor and jovial spirit that animate the veterans as they tell of ancient foray, battle, siege and sea-fight, history would offer reading of intense interest for succeeding generations.

Under the very shadow of the Capitol dome, work has already been begun on the famous Grant Memorial, the design for which is published in this issue. The Grant Memorial Commission, of which General Granville M. Dodge is president, is pushing the work vigorously, in the hope of having the unveiling witnessed by the old soldiers who were with Grant. The sculptor who designed this fine heroic group has put life and soul into the work, which has won the applause of military experts all over the world. The memorial will be located at the head of the Botanical Gardens adjoining the Capitol grounds, and from it one will have a good view of the Washington monument and the Potomac in the distance. The unveiling will mark a great event in the history of the surviving soldiers of the rebellion.

General Dodge, who is today the most prominent living general of the Civil War, has charge of the work, and his enthusiasm and vigor in prosecuting it and keeping in touch with current affairs indicate the useful leisure which follows the duties of a
and well-spent life. To recount ever
principal events and achievements of s
life-story, already extending beyond
lotted three score years and ten, would
a bright and inspiring page of America
raphy.

COL. W. M. PALMER
Staff of the late General William J. Sewall



Co 1908, *Moffett Studio, Chicago.*

EUGENE W. CHAFIN, PROHIBITION CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

THE famous Walker painting of the Battle of Gettysburg, now at the Capitol, has no equal in the world in point of accuracy; it is an artistic and vivid portrayal of one of the greatest battles in military history.

It is said that the position of every regiment is represented with exact fidelity, and that the studies for the painting were made soon after the conflict from every salient point of the battle-ground, and that every body of men engaged in the action was duly considered. The picture has been heartily commended by the commanders and soldiers who participated in that bloody conflict, but no more praise has been bestowed upon it than it deserves.

Almost every time I go to admire this painting I fall in with Colonel William M. Palmer, who has been for years clerk of the engrossed bills. He hails from Haddonfield, New Jersey, and has a war record which would shame many romances, with its plain unvarnished record of facts; among which the exciting experiences of his capture and escape are indeed dramatic episodes.

Many veterans come to look upon this celebrated picture. I heard a young man, while standing before it, say: "There are no opportunities like that for us young fellows of today; we simply take our chances in automobiles and railroad trains, without the thrill of excitement that must come with the roar of battle."

Photo by J. R. Schmidt, Cincinnati

THE TAFT OLD HOMESTEAD IN CINCINNATI,
Where William Howard Taft was born and raised. It is one of the oldest residences in Cincinnati, and is nearly the same today as it was when Mr. Taft was born

* * *

A SPLENDID specimen of physical manhood is Eugene Walter Chafin, the nominee of the Prohibition party. He has been an active campaigner for many years past, and would like to make as many addresses in Nebraska as Mr. Bryan before election.

THOMAS L. HISGEN, INDEPENDENCE PARTY CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

He has given his entire time during the past eleven years to the cause of prohibition. No one can meet him without understanding that he is an enthusiast on this subject, or acknowledging that he is a prime optimist overflowing with good nature, as he goes ahead in his natural, friendly way declaring his principles.

He is an old schoolmate of Senator La Follette, but he announces that he does not approve of wearing his hair *a la pompadour*, and the reason is apparent in a glance at the sparse growth atop his head.

If prohibition agreed as well with everyone as with Mr. Chafin, it would be a universal doctrine, for he has never been ill a day in his life since leaving the Wisconsin farm at Waukesha, where he was born. It is indeed a remarkable record to reach the age of fifty-five without an ache or a pain, and is certainly an enviable distinction for a presidential candidate.

Mr. Chafin spends his vacation at Camp Cleghorn, in Wisconsin, and to see him turning a handspring, despite his 185 pounds, is proof positive that he is as light and supple as a lad and well fitted to bear the fatigue of a presidential campaign. He was grand chief templar of Wisconsin for four years and of Illinois for one year, and served one term as national grand consul. He has been president of the Illinois State Epworth League and for thirty years has been an active rostrum orator. His early life on the farm, where he earned money to pay his way through the university, is one of those phases of a career whose future can be pretty clearly foretold by the earnestness and sincerity of the lad.

In his speech accepting the nomination, Mr. Chafin insisted that he would rather be the nominee of the Prohibition party than president of the United States. He had little idea that he would be nominated when he came as a delegate to the convention, but he has entered the campaign with enthusiasm, expects to speak in every state, and looks forward to increasing the total vote, which was 258,000 as cast for Silas C. Swallow in 1904.

* * *

WHEN the name of Debs is mentioned, some feel a shudder and a drawing away from the dread agitator and socialist, but when one comes to know the man, the loving words of James Whitcomb Riley are no longer a surprise. Tall and enthusiastic, Mr. Debs may be classed as a dreamer.

Since his leadership in the great strike of 1894, Mr. Debs has given himself unreservedly to the leadership of the socialists. He is one of the aggressive picturesque candidates, having had a widely varied career. He served in early life as a fireman or stoker on a locomotive, and now he dreams of the federation of all labor interests in one political party, as he formerly hoped to have all unions amalgamated in the great strike of 1904. Like William J. Bryan, E. V. Debs appears for the third time on the presidential ticket.

* * *

THREE times also has the name of Thomas E. Watson been on the ticket as a Populist candidate for the presidency or vice-presidency. In 1906 he was the candidate of his party for vice-president, with William J. Bryan at the head of the ticket. He received, in conjunction with Arthur Sewall, the Democratic nominee, a large portion of the united 6,500,000 votes for Bryan, and twenty-seven electoral votes went to the credit of the Peoples party. In 1904 he headed the ticket and secured 117,000 votes.

Mr. Watson has long been known as an earnest advocate of the Populist party, but his work as an author on the Life of Napoleon and of Jefferson will be his most lasting monument; for his historical work is worthy of the great leaders whose life and times he has made a life-study. He earnestly believes that the Populist platform, which in 1896 met with much approval throughout the country, should be regarded as a permanent panacea. Mr. Watson will conduct his own campaign from his home in Georgia.

* * *

THE new Independent Party has a strong and aggressive candidate in Thomas L. Hisgen, of Springfield, Massachusetts. He has been a prominent campaigner in his home state; has had the active support of Mr. Hearst with his syndicate of newspapers.

The convention at Chicago revealed a very effective organization, considering the short time since the founding of the Independence League. This new party, while in some degree an outgrowth of the defeat of Mr. Hearst in his campaign for the governorship in New York, stands for a platform and policy sepa-

Reproduced by courtesy of Army and Navy Life

MISS ANNIE KEITH FRAZIER

Daughter of Senator Frazier, of Tennessee, and organizer of the Society of American Naval Sponsors rate and distinct from that of all others. Mr. Hisgen, although a public character for the time being, is a man who takes pride in his home and family life.

* * *

THE seventh candidate on the presidential list for 1908 is Martin R. Preston of New York, the Socialist Labor candidate; he is now serving a twenty-five years' sentence in the state prison at Carson, Nevada. He was convicted on a charge of homicide, and for this reason he wrote his party declining the honor of leadership; but the party gave him an enthusiastic invitation to remain on the ticket, and later one of its prominent representatives started for Nevada to plead personally with him to carry on the campaign as planned, representing the platform on which Charles H. Corrigan, of New York City, was a candidate in 1904.

* * *

Courtesy New York World

M. R. PRESTON

Socialist-Labor Candidate for the Presidency

NOW that the National Magazine has had something to say about the congressmen from many other districts, a little enthusiasm concerning our own representative is quite allowable. Joseph F. O'Connell is thirty-five years of age, one of the youngest and most successful members of the Sixtieth Congress, representing the tenth district, including seven wards of Suffolk County and containing 250,000 people and over 35,000 voters. It is the largest district in the city, extending from the South Station on the north to Quincy and Milton; it has also the distinction of being the only district in the United States from which two presidents have been elected, John Quincy Adams and John Adams. Was also the home district of Charles Sumner and Edward Everett, and at the time Mr. O'Connell was born was represented by Henry L. Pierce, head of the Walter Baker Company.

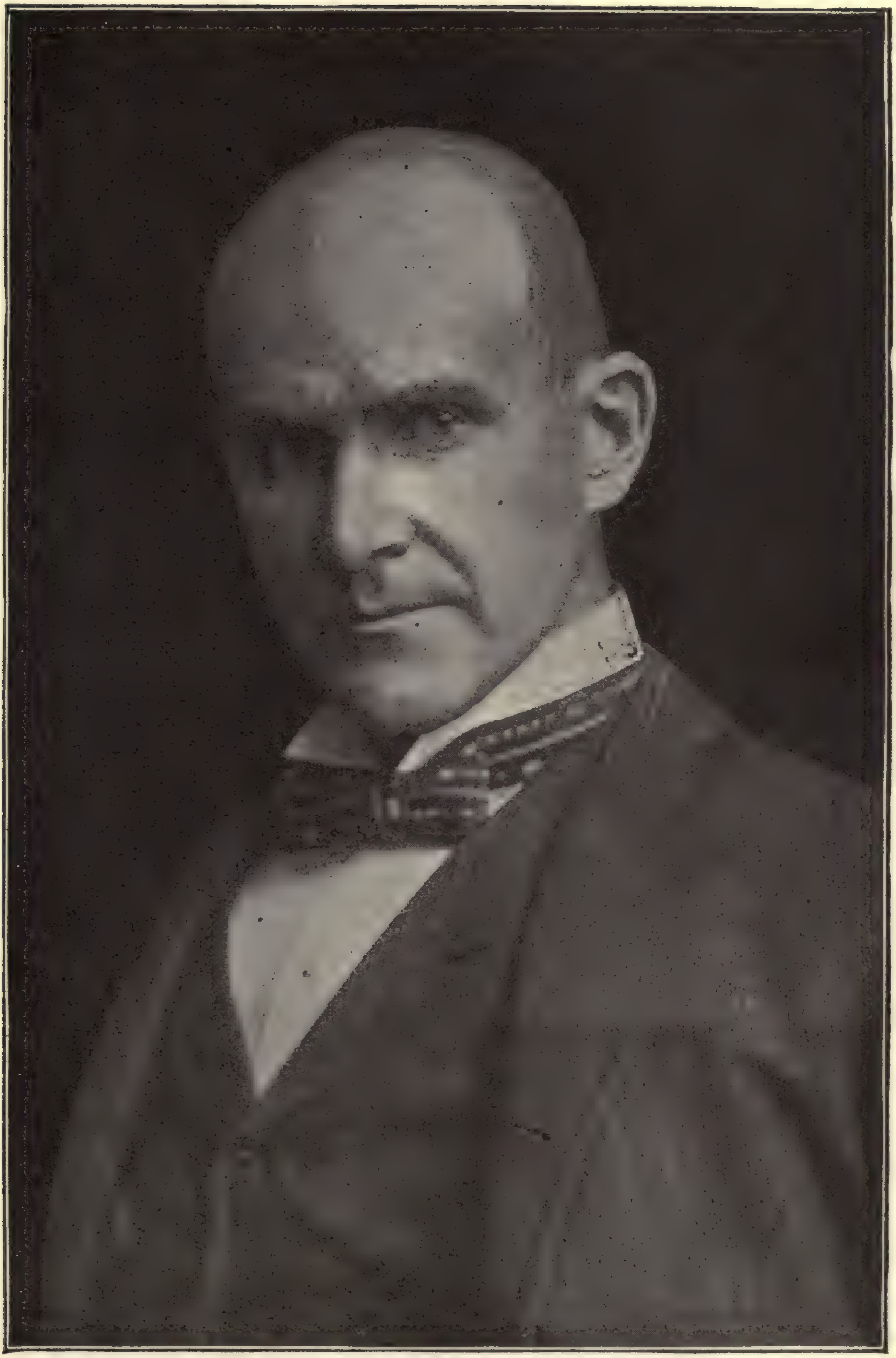
Mr. O'Connell was born in the district he represents, and there are few of his constituents who do not know something concerning his personality, for he is a most persistent, scientific worker. Though defeated several times, he has always gone on again, turning defeat into victory. He was educated at Boston College, where he won his A.B. degree in 1893; in 1896 he gained his title LL.B. in Harvard, and in each instance was the youngest member of his class.

The fact that Mr. O'Connell is an all-round athlete has probably added to his popularity, which has greatly increased since his most decisive election. He has won distinction in his work on immigration, and is the only Democrat whom "Uncle Joe" recognized after the famous "filibuster demonstration" in Congress; his bill for an immigration station in Boston went through without a roll-call. The purpose of this piece of legislation was to save Castle Island as a playground for his constituents in South Boston. As a boy he remembered the picturesque old fort on the island, but wanted the new immigration station placed anywhere but on a breathing-place required by the people.

Colonel Casson was once asked to name the most typical New Englander he knew in the halls of Congress; he promptly replied: "Mr. J. F. O'Connell of Boston—in accent, in all his ways, in his ideals, he is a real New Englander."

Mr. O'Connell's acquaintances in his district are legion, and he is very familiar with the history of the various sections. He pointed out just where the first town meeting in this country was held—in a little building within sight of the National Magazine office—and also showed where the first free public school was started, the funds for which were supplied by direct taxation.

John Sharpe Williams, leader of the minority, made him assistant whip, and he did effective work with Tom Bell of Georgia in



EUGENE V. DEBS SOCIALIST DEMOCRAT

getting out the party vote. He is a good "mixer" and a forceful talker, and uses the same alert and aggressive methods in his work in Washington that proved effective in the conduct of his campaigns in the home ward.

Within sight of the National Magazine office, under an old elm tree, he held one of his first out-door meetings, six years ago, after is was decreed that he was not then to have a place on the political map; the enthusiasm of his friends, the companions of his boyhood, and the admiration of those who have known him in later days has proved an irresistible force. Mr. O'Connell is now a candidate for his second term.

JOSEPH F. O'CONNELL
Member of Congress from Tenth Massachusetts District

* * *

FORTY-THREE years of devoted service in the lower and upper house of Congress is a distinction that belongs only to one man. It was only the second day of last March that I sat with Senator Allison in his room at the Capitol on his seventy-ninth birthday. With a merry twinkle in his eye, he said: "Forty-five years ago tomorrow I took my seat in Congress with James G. Blaine and James A. Garfield. We were all about thirty-four years of age, and you may believe that I had no idea that my companions of that day would so soon achieve distinction."

The death of Senator William B. Allison in Dubuque, Iowa, August fourth, removes from public life the Grand Old Man of Iowa, one of the greatest and most conspicuous figures in political life for nearly half a century past. Though in his later years a great sufferer, he conducted a vigorous campaign, and was recently re-elected at the primaries for another six years; so that no man in the country has ever had so long a series of continuous senatorial honors. His life story is an inspiration and expressed in the loving tribute paid his memory by the press and people.

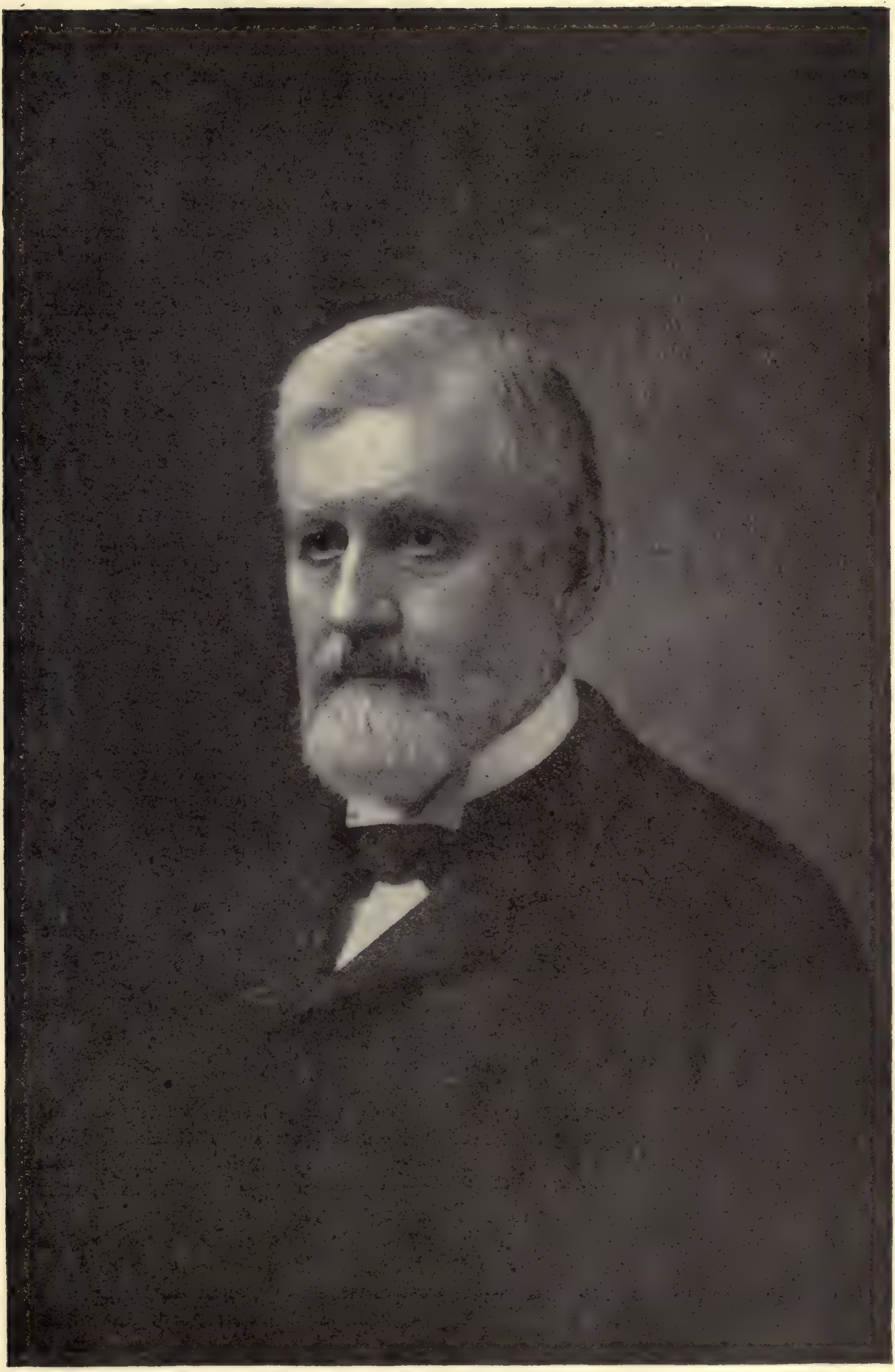
He truly gave to his country all the devotion of a father to his family and the appropriate condolences are addressed to the great Nation he served so well.

When I came to send a telegram of condolence I thought—not a chick or child or a living blood relation to whom the message could be addressed.

Born in Perry, Ohio, he was the product of the district school, working in the fields during the summer months to provide for the few months of reading, writing and arithmetic—the three 'r's'—during the winter.

* * *

In the rush and crush of the Republican National Convention, in Chicago, I met Mr. Studebaker of Studebaker Brothers, South Bend, Indiana, who was in his best reminiscent mood. He told of the days when he and Senator Allison were boys together, and how, in the blacksmith's shop, he kept the flies "off the horses" with great zeal until "Billy" Allison came along. Then flies and horses interested him no longer, for there was a tall-fenced orchard over the way, and no paling was a serious obstacle to those boys. Mr. Studebaker offered a sweet tribute to his old playmate as he called up memories of bygone days and a comradeship that never failed or lost its charm, in all the rush and bustle of the years that have passed since



THE LATE SENATOR WILLIAM B. ALLISON OF IOWA that time in the old blacksmith's shop. He said of him:

"Senator Allison is indeed a true and tried friend and a great patriot; he has handled billions of money and carried heavy responsibilities for the government, and his integrity and honor have always been above suspicion. To my mind, William B. Allison is today one of the greatest men of the country.

"It was always natural to trust him. Even as boys, had we marbles or other treasures which we wanted to place in safe-keeping, Billy Allison was chosen as custodian, and was always ready with a suggestion for the next move. He knew how, by carrying water for the elephants beforehand, to make 49 cents buy half a dozen tickets for the circus."

THOMAS WATSON
People's Party Candidate for the Presidency

It was indeed a pleasure to hear a man of Mr. Studebaker's wide experience voicing the general sentiment regarding his old friend, Senator Allison who was then living.

* * *

When scarcely sixteen, young Allison entered the academy at Wooster, Ohio, and later Allegheny College, where he won high honors. In the teeth of the panic of 1857, he removed to Dubuque, Iowa, with his bride and hung out a sign which he preserved as one of his cherished relics. It read: "W. B. Allison, Attorney-at-Law."

* * *

His first entrance into politics was as a delegate to the Republican convention in 1860, at Chicago, where Abraham Lincoln was nominated. He was one of the secretaries of the convention, and it was delightful to hear him tell of those exciting hours in the Wigwam. During the Civil War he was a member of the governor's staff and was active in the organization of the Iowa troops for the work under Governor Kirkwood. In 1863 he was elected to Congress, and served until 1871, and during the panic of 1873 he was elected to represent the state of Iowa in the Senate, in which service he continued until his death, carrying out his oft-repeated to "Die in the Harness." He frequently remarked that panic years appeared to be mascot times for him. Senator Allison vigorously supported Fremont in 1856, and was a member of the convention that nominated Salmon P. Chase governor of Ohio.

During his long and illustrious career the senator has helped many young men to places of honor and distinction, and the splendid tribute paid to him by William H. Taft truly expresses the general feeling entertained toward him:—

"I loved him as everyone did who came within the influence of his sweet nature and strong character. He was a warm friend of my father and mother. I consulted him as one would a father. It's a great privilege to have known him."

* * *

With a responsibility resting on him involving the expenditure of billions of dollars, with all sorts of intricate measures constantly coming up for attention, Senator Allison had a way of quietly and effectively getting results. The tribute paid to him by Senator George D. Hoar in his memoirs is one of the highest ever offered to any man. With the nomination for president just within his grasp, William B. Allison stood firm to his convictions with a loyalty that has characterized all his career.

THREE presidents offered Senator Allison the portfolio as secretary of the treasury, but he declined the honor because of the conviction that he could do better service where he was. In 1881, when offered a seat in the Cabinet, his devotion to his wife, who was ill, led him to refuse office, for "an insuperable personal reason," as he put it.

More than any public man, he seemed like a father in feeling and fact to all young men starting in life; never too busy in those days of ceaseless industry to talk with, advise and help, what a monument of gratitude he erected in the hearts of the people. I have seen him as early as eight o'clock in the morning conversing with various applicants for his aid and after twelve hours at the Senate continue his consultations until past midnight.

THE HOME OF C. P. TAFT IN CINCINNATI ON NOTIFICATION DAY
Judge Taft Will Spend Most of His Time Here During the Campaign

* * *

How delightful it was to hear him recite in his quiet way Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," which was his favorite poem. I recall his rendering of,

> "Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
> 'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"

He was closely identified with the administrations of Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Cleveland and Harrison; was the special friend and counselor of McKinley, and was the honored advisor of the Roosevelt administration—what a span of history his life has reached! As head of the steering committee, he was the technical leader and had earned the title "Father of the Senate." No one knows except those closely associated with him of the many times when he guided the government out of financial shoals and quicksands and set the nation on the straight road in times of panic and distress.

* * *

What a pleasure it was to visit with Senator Allison in Dubuque and see him among his books that he loved so well! A scientific student of finance, he had a knowledge of every authority on such questions. At his flat-topped desk, in the rear of the library, surrounded by a mass of documents, books and papers, he worked during vacation time with the devotion which ever characterized this true soldier and partiot. It was a delight to ride with him out along the bluffs overlooking the great Father of Waters, and hear him tell of the early Indian days and conditions; of old Chief Dubuque, who first settled on the site of the present city. Devotion to his home state, Iowa, was a passion with him, and he loved to study its fertile fields and woods. He whispered to me confidentially: "You did not know that I once wrote a poem, did you?" I was surprised. "It was just an effort to express my thoughts one June morning, after I had returned from a walk in the fields and over the bluffs." He loved to look westward,

> "Where the sunbeams rest,
> When they promise a glorious tomorrow—"

and often said that it must be the magnificent promise of a new day that impels the race to move ever toward the setting sun. He spoke of the beauty of Iowa sunsets, and said that he believed that if there had been a real Garden of Eden on earth it must have been situated in his home state.

Assuredly Iowa has no richer heritage than the memory of the illustrious public man who loved her so well. Every generation to come, and especially the young men, will recognize in the career of William Boyd Allison, "stainless man and perfect gentleman," the ideal career of an American citizen and statesman.

* * *

A POLITICAL ceremony that is growing more important with each campaign is the notification of the nominee. The exercises at Cincinnati were a fitting overture to the campaign. As Candidate Taft went about among the "home folks" he said his memory was keenly awakened, and he remembered all the Joes, Bills, Georges and Johns of past years. When the newspaper men asked how to address him — whether they ought to say "Mr. Secretary, Judge or just plain Mister," he replied that he was no longer a member of the Cabinet, and that the name he liked best at home was "Bill." "It makes me feel younger," he laughed.

JUDGE TAFT, SENATOR WARNER AND COLONEL S. O. BIGNEY OF MASSACHUSETTS
At the Notification Ceremonies at Cincinnati

As the great throng gathered about the house, there was a little strip of lawn not occupied, but when the candidate suggested that it might just as well be filled, he had scarcely got the words out his mouth until the people piled over the fence and the whole spot was crowded in a moment. It was a jolly gathering; there was Colonel Bigney of Massachusetts, who exhibited one of Chickering's life-size photographs of the Secretary, taken in fur-lined overcoat, with a facetious remark about its being too hot weather to wear such a garment; to which the Secretary promptly replied that while the coat might look a little warm just now, he had been very glad of it on his last trip to Boston.

Mr. Taft then told the tender story of that revered spot in Massachusetts where, surrounded by loving friends, the closing years of his mother's life were spent, and added that he had "a warm spot" in his heart for the Bay State and its people.

Senator William Warner of Missouri, as chairman of the notification committee, has reason to be proud of the splendid and auspicious opening of the Taft campaign. A visit to Columbus recalls the campaign of a few years ago and emphasizes the fact that here the first active work was also done for the candidacy of William Howard Taft. At the old Chittenden Hotel many political gatherings were held in years past, and in Ohio president-making is still a popular pastime. Books of photographs tell stories of past presidential campaigns, and this branch of the photographer's art has attained almost the proportions of an industry; how to create sentiment by exploitation and literature, reaching public sentiment and educating it to the desired issue by the dissemination of booklets and other information, has reached a fine art in Ohio, as evidenced in the work done by Albert I. Vorys in launching the Taft campaign. He had scouts out watching every corner and movement throughout the country.

TAFT CLASPED THE HAND OF T. F. WALSH OF COLORADO AND SAID "NOW FOR THE RACE"

In Columbus the McKinley campaign was evolved, with Senator Dick's master hand in charge and Senator Hanna close by in Cleveland. At Cincinnati the work is being done now, with Charles P. Taft and Albert I. Vorys taking the place of Mark Hanna and Charles F. Dick at Cleveland.

In a plain business office, with no flounces, sentiment or decorations, furnished with a map on the wall and roll-top desks, and a huge newspaper scrapbook as a chart to show the way the political wind is veering, the campaign was wrought out by Mr. Vorys during the year. Tactical mistakes were avoided and Mr. Vorys scented success from the start. Many curious evolutions might be seen in the crystallization of sentiment and the analyzing of results in the early days. A casual trip here or there, a conversation on the street often proved a germ that sooner or later developed into a delegate. There were blue days and sunny days, but the real business was face to face talk, or voice to voice exchange of ideas over the telephone; a story of the notification of William Howard Taft as nominee of the Republican party would indeed be incomplete without reference to the splendid and effective work done in his home state when the candidacy was first launched.

PUBLIC PRINTER JOHN S. LEECH

* * *

FEBRUARY 12th next will be the centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. In anticipation of that event the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic has appointed a committee, of which Hon. Eli Torrance of Minneapolis, Minnesota, former Commander-in-Chief, is chairman, to report at the annual encampment to be held at Toledo, Ohio, on suitable commemoration of the event. The encampment begins August 31st and continues one week. The people of the United States will note with interest the report of Judge Torrance's committee and the action of the encampment. The recommendations of the Grand Army of the Republic will be received with the utmost respect by the people of the United States.

It is the intention of Congress to erect in the near future at Washington a suitable national memorial to Lincoln. On April 15, 1902, Senator Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois, introduced a bill for a congressional commission to consider and report a plan for this memorial. The bill appropriated $25,000 for this preliminary work.

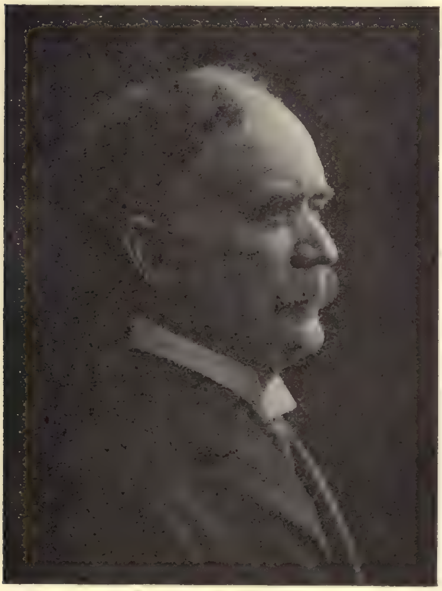
By the bill as introduced by Senator Cullom the commission was to consist of four persons, the chairman of the senate committee on the library, the chairman of the house committee on the library, the secretary of state, and the secretary of war. At that time these ex-officio members of the commission were Senator George Peabody Wetmore of Rhode Island, Representative James Thompson McCleary of Minnesota, Secretary of State John Hay, and Secretary of War Elihu Root.

The bill passed the senate on April 18th without amendment. In the house it was favorably reported by the committee on the library, without amendment. But when the bill came up for action in the house on June 16th, a very interesting incident occurred. Representative James D. Richardson of Tennessee, then democratic leader in the house, speaking on the bill, said in substance: "Mr. Speaker, with the purpose of the pending bill my colleagues on this side of the house and I are in entire sympathy. We are heartily in favor of erecting in honor of Abraham Lincoln, at the expense of the nation that he served so well, a suitable memorial. It should be worthy alike of the man and of the nation. But it seems to my colleagues and myself that the bill is faulty in the personnel of the proposed commission. This was no doubt wholly without intention on the part of the framer of the bill. It will be noted, Mr. Speaker, that the four gentlemen who are to compose the commission are all northern men and all republicans. Mr.

Speaker, Abraham Lincoln is more than a northern man and more than a republican. His name and fame are dear to all sections and to all parties. And it would seem fitting that in the personnel of the proposed commission that fact should be recognized."

When Mr. Richardson sat down, Mr. McCleary, who had charge of the bill, as chairman of the committee on the library, said: "Mr. Speaker, the propriety of what the gentleman from Tennessee has suggested is so obvious that nothing further need be said by me. I move that the bill be amended by adding the name of James D. Richardson of Tennessee. Mr. Richardson is a southern democrat, and in the civil war he wore the gray uniform. He is by selection of his party the leading democrat in this house. Lincoln would approve this amendment."

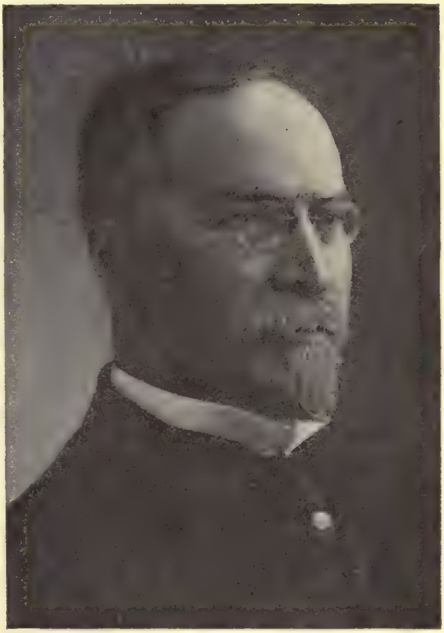
This is not the exact language used by either gentleman, but it conveys the sense of what they said. The amendment was agreed to. Later, in conference, the name of Senator George G. Vest of Missouri, the last survivor of the Confederate senate, was added to the commission. The bill was signed June 27, 1902.



ELL TORRANCE

Senator Vest has since died, so that the commission consists today of five members. The present members of the commission are Senator George Peabody Wetmore of Rhode Island, Representative Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, Secretary of State Elihu Root, Secretary of War Luke E. Wright, and James D. Richardson.

Numerous suggestions have been made for the memorial. Some favor an arch or something of that kind in the plaza between the new Union Station and the Capitol. Others have suggested a memorial bridge across the Potomac to connect Washington and Arlington. But it is understood that this memorial bridge idea has been pre-empted for a long time by the veterans of the civil war for "all of us," as they put it.



JAMES T. McCLEARY

In 1903 the commission sent Mr. McCleary to Europe to get information and gather ideas for the commission's use. It is understood that Mr. McCleary has reported in favor of a splendid highway from Washington to Gettysburg. It is understood that this suggestion is strongly endorsed by members of the Grand Army, by the Confederate veterans, by art associations, and by a large number of others who have given the subject thought.

To the National Magazine this would seem the best of all the plans proposed.

IN the imperial city of Denver I met Mr. Matthew R. Denver of Ohio, the son of Colonel James W. Denver, for whom the gateway city of the Rockies was named fifty years ago. It does not seem possible that only a half-century has elapsed since this city was founded. With its splendid buildings, well-paved streets, excellent street car service and every facility for industry and trade, it far surpasses many cities of ten times its age No longer ago than 1884 Colonel Denver was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the persidency, and had a hearty and enthusiastic endorsement from many prominent men, and his son is an honored member of Congress and was a delegate-at-large from Ohio. He was accompanied by his gracious wife, and this was their first trip to the city named for the distinguished father. Colonel Denver was territorial governor of bleeding Kansas in which the territory of Colorado was included when the city of Denver was founded.

MATTHEW R. DENVER

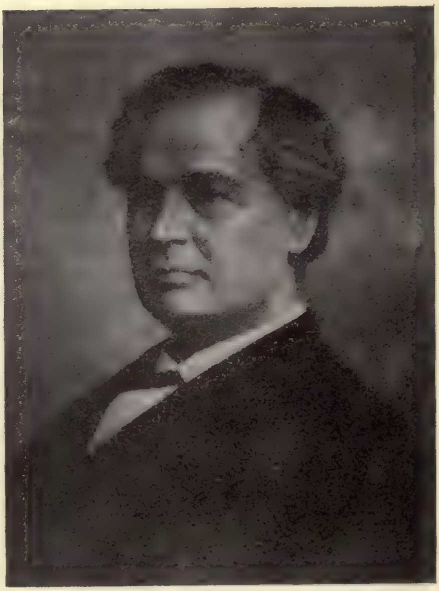
It was while General James W. Denver was governor of the extensive and turbulent territory of Kansas, in 1857, that the new city was founded at the foot of the Rockies and named in his honor. The new Denver was then in Kansas, but the boundary of blue Colorado skies soon defined the borders of a new state.

General Denver's widow is still living at Wilmington, Ohio, in the district which is now represented by the son in Congress.

* * *

In the Ideal Building, the office of Mr. Charles W. Bone, the general sales agent of the Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co. was a display of early vegetables, fruit and other irrigated farm products which attracted much attention. It was amusing to see ladies pause admiringly and then come in and endeavor to purchase part of the window display, thinking it a grocery store, and as they said, "the vegetables did look so inviting."

Many Eastern and Middle West farmers who had sold their high-priced lands were here buying small farms. When eighty-six bushels of wheat can be grown to the acre, and two thousand bushels of apples produced from five hundred and thirty trees, when over one hundred sugar-beet growers report an average of eighty dollars an acre, while alfalfa is known to yield three to seven tons an acre, worth from ten to thirteen dollars per ton, can you wonder at their interest? These facts all count with the thrifty and progressive



JAMES W. DENVER

farmer, and during convention week Mr. Bone's office was about the busiest place in Denver, for hundreds of prospective settlers visited him. It was a new experience to be shown "pea-fed pigs" that seemed as plump and firm as the best corn-fed shoats. Peas are a very productive crop in Colorado. The irrigation project has been put into a few terse sentences by Mr. Bone, and he insists that only irrigated farms demonstrate the importance of plenty of water to the agriculturist. There is no dependence on an uncertain rainfall, but cultivation goes right on whatever the weather when land is under irrigation.

Mr. Bone's array of facts and figures make attractive reading for the farmer who in this land of sunshine is insured three hundred and twenty-eight fine days in each year.

The small amount of land available for irrigation is one of the facts to be considered in the advance of values in irrigated countries. All the snow-sheds of the Rocky Mountains will irrigate only an average strip thirty miles wide. When it is recalled what proportion of this territory is covered by the Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co. the value of their proposition is realized. The wonderful system which prevails in this irrigation district, of measuring the water down to the hundredths of an inch and dealing it out as sparingly as elixir, places a new value on the elements.

FREDERICK W. TAYLOR

One of the immigration experts of the world and manager of the Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co. He was chief of Agricultural Department at Pan-American and St. Louis Expositions, and is one of the best authorities on Russian and world agriculture resources.

The company protects new customers by absolutely refusing to sell any "dry land." Many people lose money purchasing dry land in the hope of some miracle making irrigation possible, but unless there should be an unheard of change in climatic conditions, it is worthless.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington.

CONGRESSMAN E. A. MORSE OF WISCONSIN

The seepage, or waste water, which forms ponds here and there, are as good as a mine These are rented for duck-hunting to the various hunting clubs, and net a nice little income to the farmer besides making a crop of water for irrigation purposes.

* * *

As we rode by the ditches it often seemed that the water must certainly be running up hill, as we looked over the beautiful landscape to the mountains. What wonderful and yet simple feats were accomplished in this farmer's paradise. The most profitable crop in this district is said to be the sugar-beet, and we looked over Farmer Griffin's under cultivation. The cultivating is done with a plow of many shovels, which must be very carefully operated. The beets are sown ten inches apart and yield an average of twenty tons to the acre; the contract price at the factory is five dollars per ton. The cost of cultivating the beets is thirty to forty dollars per acre. As high as two dollars and a half per day is paid for weeding, and whole families are engaged in this work, spending whole months camping in the fields.

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CONGRESSMAN FRANK W. MONDELL
of Wyoming

Here may be seen rich fields of alfalfa, with its purple blossoms; the crop is cut three times a year and the price per ton is twelve to thirteen dollars this season, so you can well imagine that the farmers are looking very happy. Alfalfa roots reach down very deep and keep growing until they come to water, and it is not unusual to find roots penetrating ten and twelve feet into the earth. This plant was originally imported from Asiatic Turkestan, and was brought to the Pacific Coast by the monks and later to Colorado by John Brisben Walker. The loading and stacking of alfalfa is done by derricks remind one of an oil rather than an agricultural district.

* * *

WHETHER it is owing to woman's suffrage or not, the women of Denver are more actively interested in public life and matters than in any other city in the Union.

Miss Ellis Meredith, vice-chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, is not only a brilliant writer and author, but is a thorough-going politician; one who understands the foibles and fancies, not only of women but of men. She has been prominent for some years as a journalist, always taking an active part in the leadership of progressive problems of the times. Her book, "Heart of My Heart," met with a great success, and there does not seem to be a kink or phase of Colorado politics on which she is not posted. Mrs. Anthony, "Polly Pry" is also a resident of Denver, and I must confess that a Colorado experience would convince any ordinary man of the merits of woman's suffrage. It is coming; it is inevitable; why not meet the movement first as last. It is one of the hopeful signs.

ELLIS MEREDITH
Vice-Chairman Colorado Democratic State Central Committee

Among Denver's most energetic citizens is still numbered John Brisben Walker, the former editor of the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," who has just completed a railroad to the Mount Morrison Valley, developing a delightful suburban retreat of Denver. He is going to bring this cloistered mountain retreat where summer or winter homes are provided, within a half-hour's ride of the city. Mr. Walker is a Colorado enthusiast, and in one terse word he expresses the story of that wonderful state—"climate." In building the new railroad to the Peak, in six months and six days, he says that only three days and two hours were reckoned as lost time. He says that in this new district opened up by his road there is sunshine enough to picnic during any day of February and November, or July and August.

MRS. FREDERICK W. UPHAM

The making of this road was a gigantic undertaking. It is reached by the Colorado Southern, so that Denver people living in Mount Morrison can reach the city by 8.30 a. m., without undue early rising, and be at home in one hour after leaving Denver, just in time for dinner. The tourist looking through the gateway of "Coelus and Terra," sees a view not soon to be forgotten.

THE splendid success of the general arrangements for the National Republican Convention were largely due to the efforts of Mr. Frederick W. Upham, who was as prominent in securing the convention for the Windy City as he was tiresome in active work to make a gathering that would reflect great credit on Chicago and her citizens. For many years past Mr. Upham has been very energetic on behalf of his party, and his appointment as assistant treasurer for the Republican National Committee, with headquarters at Chicago, is not only gratifying to all his friends and associates, but adds to the Western corps a worker who has wide experience and splendid executive ability.

FREDERICK W. UPHAM

Several years ago I met Mr. Upham, who is the brother of ex-Governor Upham of Wisconsin. He was then a young man making his start in business with the same keen, far-sighted, relentless spirit that has accomplished so much in recent days in Chicago, and that is as sure to tell in his management of a corps in a political campaign as in business. Mr. Upham, and his handsome, gracious wife gave to the convention a social aspect that is new in the history of presidential politics in this country.

ON one of the hottest days of summer I sat in the Raleigh Hotel at Washington, with Captain Thomas S. Baldwin, just after the test of his airship. It was a spectacular scene, as like a demon from the skies—its motor spitting fire and the long gray gasbag outlined against the dark sky of dusk — the Baldwin airship landed in Fort Meyer, after its remarkable flight which has broken the record on aerial navigation up to the present time. This airship is a large, military dirigible, built for the United States army, and for over two hours it flew back and forth over a course of about five miles, answering requirements of the official endurance-test. There was something almost supernatural in that great, moving vehicle in the sea of space. No swishing waves, no ripple around her prow, she sailed majestically and quietly through the air. The friction that comes from the contact of vehicles with roads, even smooth ones, and the swish of sailing on glassy seas was absent there in the trackless air. The article by Captain Baldwin in the July NATIONAL tells the story of his career.

The fact that the government has purchased this airship augurs well for the beginning of the new era of locomotion, and suggests that air travel is going to be a serious issue in the future. This airship is now the property of the signal corps of the army, and will be under the charge of General James Allen, chief signal officer. The rivalry among nations for the future may be in the development of airships, as in the past it has been in the development of armaments. The keen American inventors are determined that the Europeans shall not obtain the start on this as they did in the automobile development; they are beginning with smaller airships and appear to be obtaining better results than by making tests with appliances of too large a size. It is recalled that steamships were developed most effectively gradually from the puffing Fulton to the ocean liners of today. Even the Great Eastern was ahead of her time, and was broken up — a failure after her maiden trip—although now her size pales to insignificance beside the Lusitania and Mauritania, the Cunard leviathans.

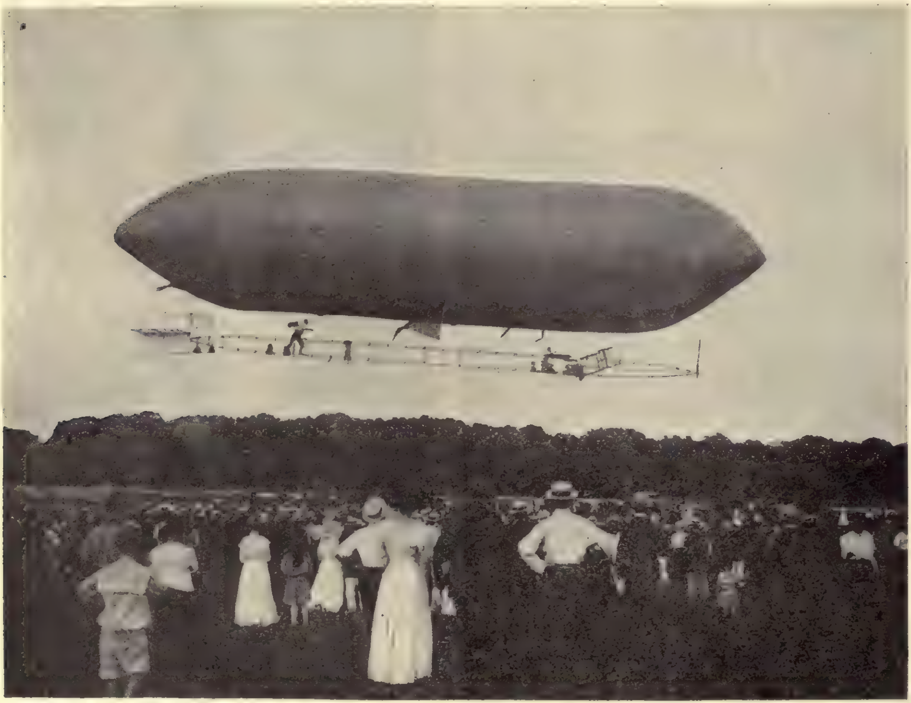


Photo by National Press Association

THE FIRST TRIAL TRIP OF CAPTAIN BALDWIN'S BALLOON AT FORT MEYER, VA., AUGUST 4

A New Era In Political Campaigning

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

HAMLET said, "We must speak by the card or equivocation will undo us." As I walked beside the tall form of Mr. Frank Hitchcock, in his initial inspection of the official headquarters opened in New York, I wondered if he had read that magic line of Shakespeare's, which so tersely expresses the spirit and policy of political campaigning in 1908. Every voter is to have his card.

The result of the Republican presidential campaign under Mr. Hitchcock's management, will not be due to accident, but to the natural sequence of well-laid plans and methodical operations. This same smooth-faced, auburn-haired young man might be found some four years ago dispatching work on a presidential political campaign with the same precision and calm investigation of a laboratory research, or transmission of orders for a business house. The campaign of 1908 farther marks the inauguration of a new era in political campaigning, as contrasted with the old days when the politicians and men of influence of the ancient regime arrayed in long frock coats, big diamonds and smoking black cigars, sat and lounged about headquarters, and a swarm of applicants for office, with voluminous recommendations from various prominent men, formed a regular galaxy of attendants and satellites. Now how changed!

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK
Chairman of the Republican National Committee

At No. 1 Madison Avenue, the new headquarters, in the Metropolitan Building, which boasts the highest tower in New York City, and overtops all other structures in the world erected by human hands, a new deal was on. All letters from applicants requesting positions were of no avail, for before a desk was placed in this office the organization was complete; every man at work there, even to the office boy, had been selected on account of his fitness and on no other consideration. This is fundamentally characteristic of Mr. Hitchcock's way of doing things. The campaign for the nomination of Mr. Taft was but the training for the political campaign now under way.

When it came to a question of securing delegates, the work was done as thoroughly and as systematically as its principal employes are chosen by a great business firm, and every man has made his own place rather than been called upon to fill a vacancy

* * *

No better instance can be given of how the working force selected than that of Mr. Ormsby McHarg, the tall young attorney with iron gray hair and wearing spectacles, who prepared the evidence in all convention delegate cases; the very successful way in which he handled such work brought him the verdict, for his evidence and cited authorities were so carefully prepared that there was nothing left for the other side to stand upon.

Young McHarg's strong features are an indication of his descent from the doughty Highland chief who gathered his "Duinhewassels" and clansmen together and charged in the front of the battle at Killiecrankie, in the days of Claverhouse. Mr. McHarg was born near Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, attended the Michigan University at Ann Arbor, and later hung out his shingle at Jamestown, North Dakota. He did not wait for clients, but larruped a few alien land owners and went into the North Dakota legislature at Bismarck for pure love of the political game. He set out to help elect Senator McCumber, although at the start he had not half a dozen votes. He won by carefully thinking out his proposition and going ahead—and getting the votes. Mr. McHarg went to Washington as secretary to the senator, and while there took a post-graduate course in the Columbian University, where he served as instructor for three years, and so not only had experience in the strenuous, unsparing practice of Western courts, but a thorough grounding in academic law. At the end of his three years as instructor, he was sent to investigate important federal affairs in New Mexico, and when the local lawyers heard who was coming, they said, "Here is a tenderfoot tutor from a university—we will make things warm for him."

They missed their count, however, not knowing the new man had been given his initiation in a wooly Western territory, and was a fighter as well as a well-read lawyer.

While assistant to the attorney general, Mr. McHarg was about to go to Oklahoma to follow up some matters there, but before leaving called on Mr. Hitchcock, who was entering upon a red-hot Taft campaign. Mr. Hitchcock said, "Mac, I have need of expert service; better resign and come with me."

Then and there the two men set to work to thoroughly prepare the evidence and authorities, so that they absolutely knew their men and understood the situation at the Chicago Convention before they had finished preparatory work. They did not depend on mere desultory reports, but had information first-hand, and the result of this system was shown in Chicago.

* * *

One by one Mr. Hitchcock's helpers have ome to him—like an accumulative card index—as they showed efficiency and his staff, is essentially composed of specialists; is there a point of political law in question—he knows that Mr. McHarg will finish that up just right, and so with the multifarious points that come before him—each is assigned to the right hands; affairs assume an appearance of simplicity which may deceive the uninitiated who see only the finished results. He has planned a gigantic card index system to indicate the name, address, religion, political belief, and all data that can have political significance, and with this absolutely accurate information before him, he knows just where the best work can be done.

The experience gained in collecting and tabulating this knowledge has led Mr. Hitchcock to adopt methods exactly opposite to the old-time secrecy and mysterious whisperings. He says frankly that he wants to know this or that, and asks the questions directly. With his business organization and thoroughness, Mr. Hitchcock is going to be a help to all other parties in perfecting system, for he desires to have all sides shown. It is coming more and more down to a direct business proposition, with the individual voter, and there promises to be little of personal bitterness or rancor in this campaign.

Acting from principle and honest conviction, he goes to work believing that the chief thing to be done is to learn just where and who the voters are, so that he can place the salient facts and conditions before them, exactly as they are, and conduct an open-and-above-board campaign, as frankly and ingeniously as he would introduce new industrial plans and ideas.

* * *

Inspecting the new headquarters with the chairman was Fred. W. Upham and other prominent Republicans. As they looked over sills and doors of the steel, fireproof Metropolitan Building, and the furnishings of the rooms, Mr. Hitchcock was congratulated on his "headquarters"; he significantly replied, "This is not my headquarters—that will be in the field, back and forth between Chicago, Washington and New York. This is one of our storage batteries of campaign facts."

He will be living in sleeping cars for the next few months, and keeping ceaseless watch on the complications and difficulties which may arise; yet he is so cool, so matter-of-fact, that it is hard to realize that this quiet man could really be located in political headquarters anywhere. No banners, no brass bands, no decorations nor campaign trophies of any sort surround him, but all is as simple as any ordinary business proposition. He is arranging that the heads of the several bureaus shall make regular reports, cover all details completely, and he will remain chairman, the real executive—there will never be any doubt about that, although each one will be encouraged to develop his own talents and look after all minor details without harrassing his chief with a multitude of small matters. Mr. Hitchcock's rule is "never do any thing which is the assigned work of another worker."

* * *

Like all forceful leaders, he knows that no man can lead who does not know how to obey, and while he is chairman he means to carry out the slightest wish and purpose of his chief, William H. Taft. He understands thoroughly how to command all his own prejudices or ideas for the best interests of the party and his commander, and that his personal aims are as nothing compared with carrying out the greater purposes of the party.

Those who have met Mr. Hitchcock for the first time, invariably confirm the opinions of the old friends, and realize that, always impelled by a specific purpose, Mr. Hitchcock has an inexhaustible reserve of physical strength and yet is always graciously thoughtful for those about him. These are the qualities that impress strangers. For instance, while I was there three guests were ushered into the room; they were only campaign promotion men, but he pointed out to them the best seats in the room in the most affable manner. They made no sales, but they swore by Mr. Hitchcock before they left.

During the first few days in August, at the Manhattan Hotel, the resourcefulness of the new chairman was severely tested. There were no rooms or anterooms for the hundreds of visitors pouring in on political business, so Mr. Hitchcock made each one of his staff turn his quarters into a reception room, and without a moment's preparation the twelfth floor of the hotel was transformed into an ideal political headquarters that amply served the purpose of the hour in dispatching business.

The more I see of the chairman, in campaign array, the more I admire the stalwart force and dynamic power of the man. I have seen him in President Roosevelt's private office, and in conference with Secretary Taft, and many other leading officials, and have heard the lively, cross-country, rapid-fire vote gathering at work, and have seen him busy until after midnight in the Post Office Department, when he was first assistant postmaster general, but there never was a time when he did not appear perfect master of his duties. His unerring clairvoyancy in judging the character of men and propositions brings him close to the problems which he has to handle, and he thoroughly realizes that the task before him is not merely to deal with momentary passions and prejudices of men but that he must inspire convictions and confidence to secure voters who are so convinced that they cannot be swerved aside by any passing wind of opinion or prejudice and keep a sharp lookout "ahead."

Photo by Moffett Studio

ORMSBY McHARG

The young lawyer on the Republican National Committee who knows how to get votes

* * *

WHEN I ventured to ask Mr. Coleman du Pont, in charge of the Speaker's Bureau, concerning the line of talent he had obtained, he waved a sheaf of blanks which he was about to have printed. On these the place where each speaker shall go is set down, with memoranda of his expenses, time of arrival and departure, with all the exactness of a lecturing tour.

Mr. Coleman du Pont stands six feet four inches and wears a ruddy brown moustache; he has a jolly manner and is altogether a picturesque and decisive character. He is the eldest of the twelve brothers du Ponts in the powder business, and insists he has never yet been "blown up." His cheery way of getting directly at what he wants, suggests that he will secure results from the array of stump speakers to be billed.

Copyright 1902, *by George Prince*

GEORGE R. SHELDON
Who holds the purse strings as Treasurer of Republican National Committee

Coleman du Pont is the man who reorganized the Republican party in Delaware and eliminated John Edward Addicks from Delaware politics. At the last election Addicks did not carry a single precinct.

While it is not expected that there will be any test of the voices of the 700 speakers for the campaign, yet I am convinced that the director of the Speaker's Bureau will not fail to know an attractive political speaker and the time and place he is needed to obtain votes. His desk was covered with as many applications as that of a theatre manager's, but he was taking plenty of time to obtain the correct political cue before launching on a cast of characters for opening dates in the great political drama of 1908.

Inside of the first ten minutes in which Mr. du Pont assumed charge of official work, it could be seen that the wheels in the Speaker's Bureau would keep pace with the rest of the organization.

Mr. du Pont is a member of the National Committee in Delaware, an aggressive and forceful man in every way; he is a cousin of Senator du Pont and can be relied upon to make a record that will reflect credit upon the splendid organization of the campaign committee of 1908.

When asked his age he replied "forty-four," and though that may not appear in the blue books or public documents, no one would guess more than forty years of age for his bundle of enthusiastic and energetic force that handles the Speaker's Bureau according to approved business methods.

* * *

The campaign promises to be lacking in old-time torch light processions, stump speeches, flying banners and excited hurrahs; the time for these has evidently passed; today the working man wants something more than glitter and tinsel; his personal interest in the selection of the president must be placed before him in such a way that he will see as clearly as that two and two make four where his best interests lie in the selection of the president, expressing his choice and convictions in a reasonable way.

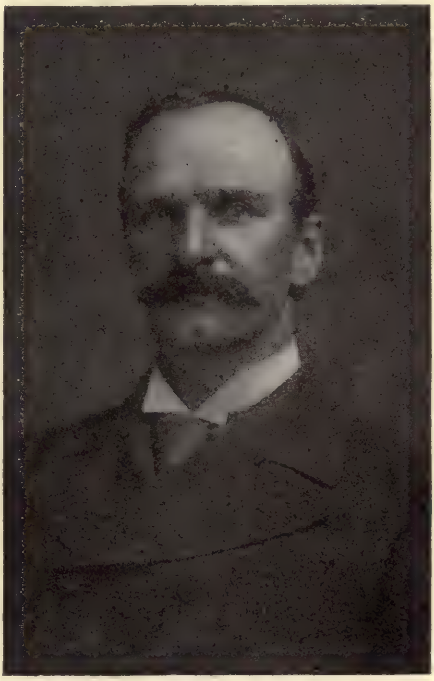
The map of the United States appears to be emblazoned on the mind of Mr. Hitchcock; his extensive travels and knowledge of men have prepared him for the work in hand; many years have gone to his training; as a clerk in the Agricultural Department, giving close study to scientific experiments; then as chief lieutenant of Chairman Cortelyou in the presidential campaign of 1904; as an assistant in organizing the department of Commerce and Labor, and later as first assistant postmaster general, Frank Hitchcock has served a thorough apprenticeship. Born in Ohio, reared and educated in Massachusetts, he began early in life to follow politics, and took part in a campaign in Cambridge when scarcely of age, accomplishing wonderful things by knowing the facts by the card. With such an opponent as President Eliot of Harvard College, he was undaunted, but insisted that he had a point to win. It is refreshing to hear old friends in Somerville, who knew Mr. Hitchcock in boyhood days, speak of "Frank," and his way of "doing things." Even then his words were few, though his firmly compressed lips told a story of their own, that was often contradicted by the twinkle of his eyes, for he is never lacking in a sense of humor.

* * *

The opening guns of the campaign may be fired in keynote speeches throughout the country, and great multitudes may gather to listen to the speakers, but the conduct of the campaign for 1908 will be brought quietly and directly to the homes of the people, and there questions are to be decided amid environments to which they are accustomed and in which they can think clearly; the policy and purpose of the candidates, every detail of the platform, every promise made are the goods that must be distributed by the campaign committee.

The committee is ready for all emergencies. If there is a question, an essential fact, or anything in the life of William Howard Taft or any other candidate which the limelight has not yet revealed, it will be uncovered. There will be nothing left for the campaign device known as "roor-backs" to accomplish, and this time-honored deception will probably be unknown in 1908, although it has been in vogue since the Polk campaign in 1844, when a mythical Baron Roorback accused the presidential candidate of selling negroes with his initials branded on their shoulders. A keen lookout will be kept for "Burchards," with the three R's, at every turn. Every speech and interview by those in the forefront of the political battle is written out beforehand and carefully inspected before delivered. The many decisions of Judge Taft on the bench are thoroughly analyzed, to show their real force and value. This plan of campaign is no innovation, but grows out of the natural trend toward organization, without emphasizing partisan features. Political parties in these days must look beyond party lines, and must show that they are considering the interests of all the people all the time.

Much work is done through the telephone. While I was talking to Mr. Hitchcock, short conversations were held with the President at Oyster Bay, and with Secretary Taft at Hot Springs, Virginia, thus avoiding long delays. Mr. Hitchcock believes in having his equipment and machinery just right, as he told me when I first made his acquaintance: "Get your desk equipment right—they are the tools with which men work—you live with them and by them."



COLEMAN DU PONT
Who has charge of the Speakers' Bureau of the Republican National Committee and 700 speakers on his list

Now he is dashing through subways in New York, or whizzing across Chicago in an automobile; so much has to be done in so limited a time that, instead of thinking of going anywhere, he just "goes"—jumps into an auto and is off, or else he takes the telephone and has it soon settled over the wires. Supplanting the old-time picture of the romantic warrior on his charger, with sabre flashing in the sun, leading on to victory, the political leader of today contemplates a report, jumps to a telephone, grasps a traveling bag all ready at his right hand, and in a few hours is conferring with leaders here, there and everywhere, keeping three or four stenographers busy taking notes on the fly. No prancing charger for him—an automobile and a train schedule is all he requires.

Such campaigners as Frank Hitchcock and his staff are not only developing all that is best in their own party, and considering the needs of the various sections of their own contiguous land, but seek to confer ultimate benefits on the Philippines, Porto Rico and Hawaii. More far-reaching even than this is the political campaign, for justice and equity in our country must aid all nations in building up a higher civilization, a higher code of morals and higher ideals. The prosperity and welfare of every nation is the business of every other, and is not all foreign to the plans and purposes of modern politicians, as demonstrated by what is going on in our own country. The campaign of 1908 is not a mere contest among seven candidates for presidential honors, but the interest and welfare of every world-citizen is in some measure affected in the forthcoming election of 1908.

Photo by Marceau, New York

VICTOR L. MASON

Assistant Secretary Republican National Committee, with headquarters in New York

OVERLOOKING the spot in which Nathan Hale was captured by the British, Secretary Cortelyou is spending the summer on the North shore of Long Island. Halesite is named after the hero whose beautiful life and death are of almost sacred significance in the nations annals. There is no more thrilling page in history than that which pictures baring his breast and meeting death regretting that he had "only one life to lose" for his country, in curious contrast to the English hero André, who was also hung for being a spy, and who stoically remarked that he would "die like a brave man."

As I looked upon that spot, and read the inscriptions on three sides of the monument, one telling how the hero should be "held in everlasting remembrance," another setting forth the day of his birth and death, and the third bearing on its face the famous words, "I only regret I have but one life to lose for my country," and saw the fourth side turned toward the ocean, I bethought me that here surely was inspiration for every American. Glory indeed gathers about this rough boulder at the entrance of beautiful Huntington Harbor. Huntington is noted as the birthplace of Walt Whitman, and thousands of the admirers of the good gray poet visit the vineclad house where he was born.

* * *

This historic spot on Long Island is reached by rail route and then trolley, but the final few miles are covered in the good, old fashioned way; the visitor hies him to the livery stable and may secure there the cream-colored ponies which do service for the Secretary, who keeps neither automobile or carriage but contents himself with the modest equipage to be obtained at this livery stable. He leases the house of Mr. George Talyor, who erected the monument to Nathan Hale and who owns the beautiful ground on which it stands, about which cluster a settlement of elegant summer houses.

Secretary Courtelyou was on the veranda, possibly testing the direction of the wind that day; here he is just as busy as when in Washington, and here, too, these incomparable business methods may be seen in their perfection, for Mr. Courtelyou was the first to inaugurate modern business system in handling the government departments and political campaigns, in place of the old modes that once prevailed. His opinions on the organization of the present time would be of importance. In his quiet way, he insisted that the management of a political campaign could not be placed in abler hands than those of the men selected by Mr. Hitchcock, who was himself the lieutenant in the 1904 campaign.

* * *

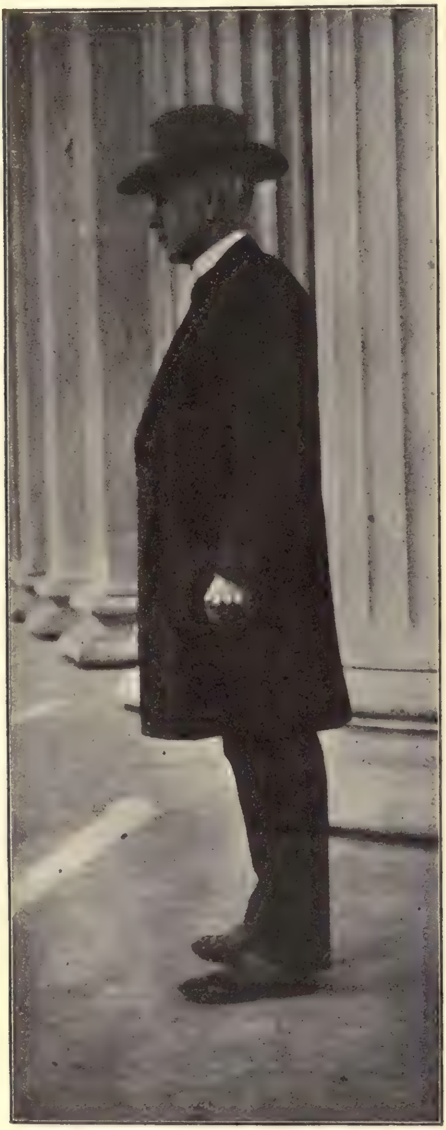
WHEN Victor L. Mason was drafted to serve as assistant secretary of the Republican National Committee, he was one of the most surprised men in New York City. Few men of larger or keener executive capacity are to be procured. This young man of thirty-seven was born in Washington, was a close friend of Secretary John Hay and secretary to Senator Alger and Secretary Root. It was the Senator who first measured the splendid business and executive ability of the young man who served him as secretary in the War Department. In 1899 he resigned from political service and went to Detroit, Michigan, where he became a thorough-going lumberman and fully eligible as a member for Hoo-Hoodom. Later he came to New York as vice-president of the Development Company of America, which owns over 500,000 acres of white pine land in Northern Mexico, in the state of Chihuahua. It is estimated that the profits on this tract of timber will aggregate $48,000,000. The company also own large copper properties in Arizona, including the Imperial, which turns out a million and a half pounds of copper per month, to say nothing of numerous other properties under development.

Mr. Mason is a man of dynamic force, and of medium height; his sparkling large gray eyes are set beneath a square-rigged forehead; he is quick and accurate and appears to dive down and bring up just the information or facts needed *just* at that moment. Mr. Mason resides at Passaic, New Jersey, of which city he is an enthusiastic citizen and president of the Board of Trade; he was an alternate at the Chicago convention which nominated Taft. He is a member of the New York and New Jersey Interstate Bridge Commission, appointed by the Governors of the adjoining states, to consider the erection of a joint bridge over the Hudson, to facilitate foot and vehicle traffic in the same way that the tunnel provides for street car and railroad traffic. Five commissioners represent each state, and while the position is purely honorary, Mr. Mason and his confreres are deeply interested in serving the 100,000 passengers who cross the Hudson on ferries every day. It is stated that a bridge could be built for $10,000,000 up the river, but it is hoped it will be possible to erect one farther down town to meet the increasing demands of traffic between Manhattan and New Jersey shores.

The office of Mr. Mason adjoins that of Mr. Hitchcock, and when I saw him ordering supplies and looking after details in rapid fire order during the early days of the organization, when scarcely a carpet was laid, there could be no doubt that the selection of this young man for aggressive executive work on the national committee was a wise move. He is one of those young men who always measure for a large salary and are generally sought. He is fitted to handle big things in a quiet, easy way. Mr. Mason did much literary work while in Washington, and his articles published in the Century and other magazines attracted widespread attention.

RICHARD V. OULAHAN
In charge of the Press and Publicity Bureau, Republican National Committee

While in the basement of the War Department one day he came across the relics of the Booth trial — the fatal bullet, the boot which was cut away, the spurs and other gruesome mementoes of that trial. He made a study of the life of Lincoln and then set out with a companion, making a trip from the box in the Ford Theatre where Lincoln was shot, over the same route that Booth took in his flight to where he was shot by "Boston Corbett."



HON. LESLIE M. SHAW
One of the Republican Committee Speakers for 1908

This sketch attracted the attention of Secretary Hay, whose work on the Life of Lincoln had made every scrap of information concerning him of keen interest.

Mr. Mason has a wide acquaintance in practical business and political conditions in every state and territory. In his unassuming way he secures a wide grasp of complicated business situations, and one feels that any matters passing over his flat-topped desk, through his hands, are handled according to the expeditious and substantial business methods. At times he drums nervously with his fingers,—when thinking—and every thought seems to ripen into action—and every action into results.

* * *

ALMOST every appointment made by Chairman Hitchcock was a surprise to the man selected. Richard V. Oulahan's designation as Director of the Literary Bureau was enthusiastically endorsed by the press. He has served as the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun for many years. Mr. Oulahan is a man who has a host of friends and who enjoys the confidence and esteem of public men in both parties. He is a prominent member of the Gridiron Club. He was a personal frie of Presidents Harrison and McKinley, and warm friendship has existed between hi and Theodore Roosevelt since the Spanis American war days. As a writer on int national politics, upon which subject he h contributed many notable articles to t New York Sun, Mr. Oulahan was well a favorably known to the late John Hay. M Oulahan was one of a small circle of Was ington correspondents who held the co dence of Mr. Hay.

A very wide range of experience especiall fits him for this political work, and he is singularly suited to manage the department of education. Mr. Hitchcock has been warmly congratulated on this appointment, and the fact that Mr. Oulahan has accepted this post, speaks well for his loyalty and interest in the work. Mr. Oulahan has always been popular in the press gallery where he generally managed to get at the nub or kernel of the most complicated piece of news. Years before the Spanish-American war he acquired a technical knowledge of army and navy affairs which made him a close friend and confidant of many men of high official position in Washington. His specialty, however, was international affairs, in which he took a deep interest. He has also the ability to meet men and hold their confidence, which accounts for the saying that the "army and navy have no secrets from 'Dick' Oulahan."

A young-looking, smooth-faced man, with square features and heavy eye-brows, he has a kindly eye—such as one seldom sees in one so capable of putting "acid test" to any doubtful proposition. During the opening days at the New York headquarters he received visitors as fast as they could be brought in and ushered out. Every sort of campaign scheme was propounded and put to the "proof," for "Dick" of the easy manner and gazelle eyes knows the kinds of brick in a wall when he sees it. He has an eager and yet diffident way of listening to a proposition, narrows his eyes, leans back and assimilates the information offered concerning about one thousand and one things that have to do with the campaign. There never can be a moment's doubt that he is the right man for the place, and well fitted to have charge of this mportant bureau; will be here, there, and rywhere, and if there is anything in the of literary ability that he cannot utilize, s not yet come to the front. Mr. Oulahan be met almost any time until the close of campaign dashing between Washington, innati and Chicago headquarters, with ess suit case filled with papers, manu- ts and books. He is always at work, ed by John E. Monk, who is one of the known of the younger Washington cor- ondents. Campaign headquarters have fashioned into a regular newspaper eau service. There is the city room, the side room and all the documents carefully labelled and stored away. All is reduced to the utmost simplicity.

Mr. Oulahan is a keen student of affairs; Washington born and educated; and one of that group of young men ready for the November dash. Among them will assuredly come some of the great leaders and public men of the future. The blend of solid, cohesive business enterprise and political acumen and tact has seldom been seen in a political campaign. There is no groping after things, but every piece of information is right at hand as wanted. The State Committee, County Committee, Township Committee are important factors in the splendid Literary Bureau, ably organized under the generalship of the genial and brilliant "Dick" Oulahan, who knows the power of strong "copy" in the right place.

* * *

THERE are no men who have a more complete knowledge of political conditions, and of the men who exercise potential influ ence throughout the country, than the Washington correspondents. It is not surprising Mr. Hitchcock has drawn heavily from this corps. James T. Williams, Jr., for some years correspondent of the Boston Transcript, is now acting as Mr. Hitchcock's secretary, making appointments and taking charge of the entourage, as it flits about the country. Mr. Willams is a thin-faced, kindly looking young man, who emphatically has all the qualities of a good secretary. He has charge of all that relates to the work of the chairman and portions out carefully every moment of his chief's time. It has been well said by public men in Washington that "a secretary either makes or breaks a man in political and public life."

WILLIAM HAYWARD
Secretary National Republican Committee

Thus far Mr. Williams has been very successful in holding the cohorts to their arduous duties without engendering any acidity, yet there is that glint of business "go" in his eye, which every caller understands as a cue for "next" as he bobs in at the door.

* * *

A young man six feet two in height, thorough and alert, who simply insists on "knowing things," is the only man able to tell Frank Hitchcock anything about card systems; he is William Hayward of Nebraska City, the son of the late Senator Hayward of that state. Although only thirty-one years of age he has already made his reputation. Young Hayward has served as county judge and began early in his career to devise a way of handling actual information instead of rainbows in modern politics. The Nebraska polling system, under his direction, is said to be one of the most perfect in the country. His service as chairman of the Nebraskan State Committee has won for him the admiration of all who have an appreciation of politics as a practical proposition.

Anyone who has seen Mr. Hayward is not surprised to learn that he is an athlete, and has an inter-state reputation as a football player in the University of Nebraska eleven; he certainly has a way of coalescing disturbing elements in political circles, and finding out "collaterals" that bear on the matter in hand, a talent which may be the result of his training on the gridiron.

* * *

THEN there is Theodore L. Weed, who has charge of the chairman's immediate clerical force and supervision over the correspondence that receives his personal attention. Mr. Weed, who was formerly private secretary to the present Secretary of Commerce and Labor, has been private secretary to Mr. Hitchcock for some time past, having been enlisted in the work previous to the convention. He is an expert in correspondence, and every letter receives an answer that bears the stamp of the chairman's originality upon it, though it has not been possible to bring it to his immediate attention. A thorough study was made of all possible inquiries, situations and possible and probable answers. Then Mr. Hitchcock personally outlined his method of handling each case, so that the exact manner of his answers to all letters has come from his own lips — in fact, "by direction," — while the chairman is not burdened with the mass of detail. What this saving of time means in the twelve weeks' rush of the campaign will readily be appreciated by anyone around headquarters. This system will make the correspondence uniform, and at the same time avoid the intricacies and misunderstanding that are almost sure to come where a rush of mail matter is not carefully handled, especially in the confusion of a political campaign.

* * *

Two bright young men, named Walter Barnum and Frank D. Gardner—eminently Hitchcock products — have been doing valiant service in the campaign. Mr. Hitchcock has a reputation for training boys. He first gets the right material and then insists, even in the lackadaisical leisure of government service, on his boys' being busy. If they have no routine work to do for the moment, something else is found for them — for Mr. Hitchcock has no patience for idle hands. When the buzzer rings the Hitchcock boys jump as though their lives depended on moving quickly and they return to their seats with equal energy; it is said that the chairman believes that character may be judged by the manner in which a boy rises to perform a duty and sits down again in his chair.

These two boys studied stenography at night and were with Mr. Hitchcock in the Department of Commerce and Labor and later in the Post Office Department — first as boys, when they were messengers, and then as stenographers. I first saw them "in action," during the Chicago convention, and later in the dash in opening of headquarters in New York and Hot Springs and Chicago, helping to arrange conferences from Pikes Peak to Cape Cod, and concluded that a young man who goes through Mr. Hitchcock's training school has the stuff in him that succeeds.

Altogether, then, the Republican national campaign committee has the aggressive spirit of progressiveness, tempered by conservative practical business methods, that recognizes causes and goes after results.

A KEEPER OF THE DOOR

(CONTINUED)

By GRACE KELLOGG

(Copyright, Grace Kellogg, 1908)

CHAPTER XVII.

WHILE thinking of Pontilogah, I came upon her—yet was this not strange, for come upon her when I might, I was sure to find my thoughts thus occupied.

She was standing in the river-path, poised between advance and flight. I saluted her gravely, with a "Cousin you yet exist," but she merely glanced at me with a slight raising of the eyebrows and a lowering of the lids, and deigned no reply.

As if this were not enough, she turned and walked slowly off down toward the river. There was none of the weary droop, the broken pride of yesterday. Cool contempt emanated from the very ease of her indifferent grace.

I stood in the path, sore puzzled whether to be vexed or to laugh at my plight. Then, leaving the matter unsettled, I strode after her. She had shown little wood-craft, and she realized it when she reached the river and I was behind her. She cast a quick glance back toward the town. Nothing to be heard but the rattle of squash-gourds filled with pebbles, the "*ya ne no hoo wa ne*" of young men and girls, the soft padded beat of feet upon the ground. She glanced furtively upon the river. The moon-path was wide and frosty, and black waters were swift and cold.

"There is no need, cousin," I said coldly, angered that she should so distrust me.

There was silence. I thought she seemed a bit shamed and confused. Therefore my anger cooled as swiftly as it had risen. How defiant she was, how unyielding in her pride of birth and sex!

Suddenly she spoke, without a trace of feeling of any sort,

"Is not the very-new Sachem to dance in the courting dance?"

"Is He-who-was-Sachem's daughter to dance in the courting dance?"

Her eyes flashed, but her tone was as cold as before.

"What has that to do with the Sachem?"

"It has everything to do with the Sachem's answer."

She paused and then said haughtily: "Pontilogah does not dance in the courting dances."

"Neither has Sagehjowa ever, nor does he will to do so till Pontilogah takes her place there."

The girl made a quick passionate gesture. I shrugged my shoulders.

"As you please," I said coolly.

There was a flash of finery down the path.

"Dance with Oneeta? Dance with Oneeta?" called a roguish voice.

"Sagehjowa does not dance tonight," replied I, shaking my head.

"Tschuk! with Oneeta? The Flying Pigeon shall nest in your lodge forever. But dance! dance!"

"*Matta*, pretty Pigeon, Sagehjowa does not dance. Fly away and seek another partner before Eshtumleah finds him."

"Tschuk! Sleepy Eves wants none but her Iron Bull. Come!"

"No." I frowned suddenly, and the girl vanished, startled into precipitate flight.

I looked at Pontilogah. Upon her lip

demure satisfaction struggled with serene indifference.

I waited.

She remained supremely unconscious of my presence.

To wait for the woman to court—strange patience of the red man! I set my lips grimly and determined to take the white man's traditional right that twenty years in the white man's land had bred into me.

"Will you not speak?" I said gently.

She glanced at me—then she glanced away.

"No," she said coolly, after some time.

"Then I must needs speak to you."

She moved restlessly and her eyes glinted.

"They are long stories that Sagehjowa is about to tell. Pontilogah would better sit here in the crotch of the sycamore root," I suggested.

"Let past!" she cried, yet not moving—apparently daring not to approach me.

"Pontilogah will first hear that which Sagehjowa has to say," I replied quietly.

"Let past!" she repeated.

I said nothing.

She sank down on the mossy seat, rebellion visible in every reluctant motion.

"Ah!" she said. "It is good to be strong!"

I started as if she had lashed me. She was right. It was by brute-strength I was forcing her to listen. I stepped aside out of the path.

"Cousin," I said, "the path is open."

She did not move.

"Cousin," I repeated, "you may go."

She looked up at me, and a half-smile glimmered in her rebellious eyes.

"Pontilogah does not know that she *wants* to go," she said demurely.

I dropped at her feet. I had not lain so at a woman's feet since the days of Valèrie—and I thought no more of the days of Valèrie—days of folly—days of duping—days of rueing—of chagrin—and sore pride.

I dropped at her feet, and resting my head on my hand so that I might look up into her face, I began to speak.

She thought—dreaded—it was to be the story—the story that I had not yet told her—of my love for her. Why then was she disappointed when I told her merely story after story of the life beyond the seas? I even strove to forget her—vain striving!—that she might wish to be again in my thoughts.

Long stories—full of wonders—to her. But I had not lost myself in the fair memoried fields and bowers. It was all with a purpose. Slowly another note crept in. I spoke on sentence after sentence of the violet and blue and black of far waters under the evening sky; of the glories of sunsets; of pines, and winds and stars;—words—words—words endlessly; and through it all and above it all my heart called to her in overmastering summons. Then I hurried her on to stories of daring, and reckless joy of living, and the fire of youth. Me they called out into a fury of passionate desire. I know not if she felt it. Then I touched on the fair white beauty of the gray-eyed women, with their wondrous robes, and jewels, and paint of pink and cream and swept on into another mood; a mood of dreams and mystic sadness.

She rose and took a step as if to go, then turned back, and stretched out her hand to the tree-trunk for support.

I, too, rose, trembling—was the time come?—shaken to the very depths with the intoxication of the hope—the exquisite fear—the wavering—the conflicting—the deep gladness—the dread.

"My beloved—my beloved—come to me—come to me"—the fierceness—the acute longing of passion—and, mingling, a great awe—"your eyes—your mouth—your hands—see! I am tortured out of myself—give me—give me—"

She shivered and laid her face against her arm.

With a last mad effort to keep my hands steady I turned her face to meet mine.

She laughed.

I sprang back as a blooded horse at a whip cut across the nostrils, then stood frozen.

"Go! squaw-man!" she cried. "Go! Woo the young men! Iron Bull would love you! You woo better than Eshtumleah!—Tschuk! Before I hated you. Now I can laugh at you."

I laid my heavy hand upon a young sapling and bent it to the ground and bruised it there.

Then I turned and went away.

Had I been able to see clearly I should not have wronged her so. I should not have deemed her whole attitude a light drawing out of my passion in order to fling it back in my face with jeering mockery. Could I have seen clearly I should have realized that her every mood had followed my words—expectant dread—inconsistent disappointment—half desire for what she had dreaded to hear—vague new longings and wonderings hued with the tints of far waters, stained richly with the glories of sunsets, shadowed with the fragrant shadows of pine, lighted with stars. And then her sudden overmastering response to the call of my heart to hers. A response tortured almost at once by the thought of the beautiful fair-faced women, and drawn into agony by the mystic sadness of dim dreams. If there were not always one weapon left a woman when all others have been stolen from her, I had won her then, when she stretched out her hand to the tree-trunk for support. But, because she felt herself dizzy and almost conquered, she clutched recklessly at that last weapon which, by some strange paradox, takes least strength and steadiness to wield.

All this I might have seen—and did see long afterward. But for now, my eyes were blinded by the pent-up turbulence within me, and I saw nothing—save her laugh. So I went away, when I should have stayed.

As I passed the lodge where Eshtumleah dwelt with her father, I heard the sound of sobbing. Eshtumleah was lying there on the mat in all her finery of silver and beads.

"Well, cousin?" said I, gently, out of the heaviness of my own heart.

The girl sobbed louder.

I came near and laid my hand on her shoulder, saying soothingly: "*Kutchimmoke*, *Kutchimmoke*, little one."

"Oneeta," came a woe-begone voice from the heap of baubles on the mat, "Oneeta, she, the nameless one, asked Iron Bull, and he dances with her, the nameless, nameless one! Oo-hoo!"

There seemed to be nothing for me to say.

"Eshtumleah has no one to dance with," came the wail.

I hesitated.

And yet, what difference would it make to her?

"Will Eshtumleah do honor to Sagehjowa by facing him in the courting-dance?" I asked formally.

Eshtumleah sprang to her feet, her sombre eyes radiant.

"Eshtumleah has a better partner than the odious Pigeon," she cried delightedly.

But I was in no mood for coy speeches. If I joined the dance it was because there were too many tears—too many tears in the world; and, dance or not, it was all one to me.

We joined the dance, I the line of young men, she the line of maidens.

"*Ya ne no hoo wa ne—ya ne no hoo wa ne*," continued the unbroken refrain. "*Ya ne no hoo wa ne*,"—and the squash-gourd rattled and the reed-pipes shrilled.

The two long lines advanced and retreated, backward and forward, backward and forward, in time to the endless "*ya ne no hoo wa ne*." Bending as they neared, heads came close together, maiden's lips to young men's ears, but the loud "*ya ne no hoo wa ne*," covered the whisper.

The rhythm was enchanting. Eshtumleah's full lips touched my ear, lingering, and retreating. It is the feminine part to tempt. My blood, frozen in the high tide of passion, gushed again through swollen veins.

"Yes?" whispered Eshtumleah softly.

I flushed. Rage and chagrin and passion struggled within me. With all my heart I loathed the beauty of the woman before me, and yet I was scarce conscious of her presence. Pontilogah—Pontilogah—

"Come?" whispered Eshtumleah throatily.

Retreat and advance and the luring whisper.

My blood was thick and my pulse came heavily.

"I want you not," I repeated wearily.

Retreat and advance.

I did not answer. Everything had slipped from me. I saw Eshtumleah no more. I heard no more the seductive whisper. The rage and turmoil in my heart suddenly fogged my brain. I saw only smoldering scornful eyes, black hair braided with swan's feathers, Pontilogah's lips, close to mine, and twisted with laughter.

Eshtumleah misunderstood.

"Come," she said, and left the dance.

I followed mechanically, obeying command as a man does who has surrendered his will under a trance. We passed out of the circle of firelight toward her lodge.

At the door, Eshtumleah lifted the bearskin and waited for me to enter.

I awoke.

"Ah," I said, and looked about oddly.

XVIII.

"Come," said Eshtumleah.

"No," I said.

The woman opened her eyes wide.

"But yes!" she cried.

"No," said I, "my blood is at fever heat. I must needs go to France for a leech, I think."

Eshtumleah looked at me puzzled. At last she spoke.

"Why is not Eshtumleah fair in thy eyes?"

"Eshtumleah is very fair, but my eyes see another face."

Eshtumleah pouted.

"Pontilogah."

I was silent, not choosing to bring in that name.

"Am I not more fair than the squaw Pontilogah? Are not my eyes more full of love, are not my arms and breast softer and of greater pleasure,—"

"Stop!" said I sternly. "We will leave her name uncoupled with thine, Eshtumleah. Meanwhile, though thou art all that men desire, I love thee not. Eshtumleah shames me, thus to force me to put her aside as though I were some pretty Narcissus of the forest, but by my soul thou art a veritable Echo—thou and all thy cousins."

Eshtumleah had scarcely followed. Her eyes, narrowed and fox-like, slid this way and that; saw Pontilogah watching tensely; saw Iron Bull watching out of the tail of his eye. She bowed her head meekly.

"It is as Sagehjowa says. Pontilogah is in his eyes more fair—yet Pontilogah loves him not. And there is one in Eshtumleah's eyes a nobler brave than Sagehjowa, mighty in war and counsel though Sagehjowa be. Yet this one loves not Eshtumleah, nor chooses her for the dance. Therefore must Eshtumleah and Sagehjowa choose each other."

I laughed a trifle in irritation.

"Sagehjowa sees it not so, Eshtumleah. Have done. I go."

Suddenly she sank down on the ground crying softly.

I swore under my breath. Yet I bent over her, restraining my impatience.

"It is dark—dark—Eshtumleah is alone—afraid," moaned the girl. "Iron Bull fondles Oneeta and comes not to Eshtumleah. The Onassahroona are out—they terrify me—Oh!"

Her eyes stared hither and thither.

With a sudden short laugh, I lifted her and carried her within the wigwam, and laid her with scant ceremony upon the mat.

"Stay with me—stay with me," she begged. "Eshtumleah fears the Onassahroona that lurk in the darkness."

"I will send some one to you," replied I briefly.

"No, no!" cried the girl, apparently in terror. "Leave me not alone! Leave me not!"

I walked to the door and looked out, drawing in a deep breath of air. Pontilogah had vanished.

"After all, what does it matter?" I thought bitterly.

I sat down on the other side of the fire in the middle of the lodge.

"I will stay with Eshtumleah till Eshtumleah's brother returns," I said.

She crept toward me, but I stopped her with a stern gesture.

"Lie there!" I said, and she obeyed, startled and abashed, and perchance offended.

The hours passed. Her brother did not come. Eshtumleah lay motionless. I brooded over the fire.

At last low and regular breathing told me that she was asleep. I rose, replenished the fire, and slowly left the lodge. The village was quiet.

I reached my own lodge. My dogs and my horse lay dead before the door. Someone was engaged in ripping my wigwam with a sharp knife.

I knew instantly who it must be, and muttered a curse upon my soft folly. I approached the dark figure, and spoke quietly

Wosketomp, go home. You have destroyed enough."

"Wah!" said Iron Bull in sardonic rage. The next instant he was picking himself up off the ground, and I was standing above him, repeating with out-pointed forefinger, "Go."

Wosketomp obeyed. He was still a trifle confused and dumfounded; but he covered his retreat with a rear guard of mutterings: "dog of a nameless squaw-man," and similar triple epithets of great force and directness.

I laughed; but the laugh ended in a frown and a sigh. I entered the dilapidated wigwam, flung myself wearily upon my mat, and was asleep.

In the morning came all the tribe in great astonishment and indignation to see the wreck of the Sachem's lodge and the slain dogs and horses.

"My friend," said Waupeka, "our eyes and ears are for you, to seek out the insulter that you may reap vengeance of him quickly."

"I have taken vengeance already," said I.

"Wah?" said Iron Bull evilly who stood by. His face was stained deep dusky red, with a yellow patch across the nose, which rendered conspicuous the evil eyes, while obliterating the rest of the features. "I am glad my brother has slain the offender, for this is the greatest insult one man may offer another, and it may be atoned for only by death."

"Perchance Sagehjowa has not slain him," replied I evenly. "Perchance death by the weapon of a Sachem were to confer too great an honor upon the nameless one. Sachems do not dip their proud scalping-knives in the blood of such."

Iron Bull's eyes went blood-shot.

"See, my brothers," cried I, "thus did the man: Cut and cut and cut—so. A very great carcass of a man—very great—but with the heart of a pigeon. And the Sachem comes upon him so, and the Great Carcass turns very slowly, and looks at the little chief so."

I mimicked well. 'Twas a trick I had learned at court, to be polite mountebank. The warriors burst into loud laughter. The fierce bravado was well caricatured.

"Little chief does not bother much. He just says 'Go, dog of a nameless squaw-man,' so. Great Carcass says 'Wah!'"

A papoose wailed in sudden startled terror, and the braves howled with delight.

"Little chief shrugs his shoulders, so. Big Carcass makes much bother. Then he goes, *so*, and Big Carcass is on the ground, *so*. All so quick Big Carcass knows not where he is. He looks so, and so, and the dead leaves stick out of his mouth, so."

Yell on yell of laughter echoed from the ravished spectators. Squaws danced and doubled up; even the little children sent forth shrieks of delight.

With perfect gravity I continued:

"Then Big Carcass gets up and goes, so, his eyes meeting over his nose, and spitting the rotted leaves out of his ugly mouth. And he thinks to himself that sometime he come back and *kill* that little chief that laughed at him. And when he does this, the Little Chief will take a knife from some nameless one, and stick it into Big Carcass and build a great fire and feast on the the unscalped carcass."

The last words chilled the laughter on their mouths. A shudder ran through the crowd. Eshtumleah, whose sleepy eyes had narrowed with an expression which boded ill to somebody, now, in the midst of the shocked hush, said in a clear, hostile voice:

"Our new father, are you of the tribe of the Man-Eaters?"

I had not understood the sudden superstitious chill which had struck them all, but now I caught the ball and returned it lightly.

"O, our new sister, Sagehjowa is no Man-Eater. The feast would be of Roast Dog."

The tribe burst into surprised laughter, and the day was saved.

Eshtumleah laughed with them, but there was a high note in her laughter which said much to me. Iron Bull laughed also, and the blood spurted from his nose, and spattered his chest, streaking the paint with richer dye. But I had turned aside and laid my hand upon the arm of the Old Ogista.

"I would speak with you, my father," I said.

The crowd scattered.

"Well, my son?" said the Old Ogista, looking upon me with kindly eyes.

"My father, thou knowest that Sagehjowa came among you a stranger, friendless, ignorant of the customs of your people, alone, unmated; that he was made Sachem. Wherefore the revered Ogista made him his son, formally. I know not if the Old Ogista's heart has warmed to Sagehjowa since then?"

"My son," returned the old man kindly, "Ogista loves Sagehjowa as his own son, blood of his blood, bone of his bone. Speak!"

"Let not my words offend the ear of my father. Before the stranger, the Half-King, came to the town of the Senecas, he had seen the daughter of the Senecas. He loved her. Therefore he followed the trail of the Senecas. Therefore he lay outside their town. Therefore he gave the alarm-halloo in their peril. Therefore he entered their town and became as one of them. All this because he loved their daughter, the daughter of the Sun, Pontilogah."

The old man smoked placidly on, his eye misty with half-forgotten memories of youth and spring-time.

"Now Sagehjowa finds his lodge dark. The sun shines not within his wigwam. His eyes grow blind with much seeking the light. O, my father, I pray thee, let thy daughter bring the sunlight into the lodge of Sagehjowa; let her bring it into his wigwam. Let Sagehjowa have her to sit upon his mat and be the light of his eyes and the warmth of his heart. Let him cherish her in his bosom; let him adorn her wrists with silver and her neck with fine wampum; let him mingle her hair with blazing jewels and feather-trophies of the south.

"Oh, my father, let the words of Sagehjowa be to your ears as music, let them be as singing birds, let them be as the call of mating birds in the spring-time."

The old man smiled—a rare old smile, and his eyes dwelt kindly upon me as he answered slowly:

"Ogista loves Sagehjowa as his own son. The voice of Sagehjowa is to his ears as the singing of birds in the spring-time of his own youth. The maiden Pontilogah is of the tribe of the Deer; Sagehjowa is a Hawk; it is well; they may wed. Ogista gives her to thee, oh, my son, with all good heart."

I turned away and looked out upon the smiling woods—which yet frowned subtly—and the dancing sun on the wigwams—gay like laughter—and yet mocking.

"I would speak with her," I said finally.

"That thou mayst do," assented the old man.

"But thy granddaughter was not here."

"She has gone into the *Puttuckakaun*, to pray to the Great Mother," replied the old man placidly. "Four—five—suns and she will come back to Ogista's lodge and Sagehjowa may see her."

I bowed, and set myself to wait. One day dragged by, and another, and another, till five days were done, and still Pontilogah came not forth from praying.

Finally I went to the old wiseman again.

"My father," I said, "Sagehjowa may not have the right to ask, yet he would fain ask what happened the night of the courting dance."

"My son, shall you not soon have the right to ask what you will concerning Pontilogah? The night of the dance Ogista saw her not until she was leaving the circle about the middle of the dance. I know not whither she went, but shortly before dawn she returned to the lodge, and, by her mokawsons, had been across the river. She told me she was about to keep alone to pray, and gathering up food, and what else she needed, she went."

"Was there aught that seemed strange in her appearance or in her manner?"

"Ogista was smoking his pipe, my son, and dreaming over his fire, and he saw only her mokawsons as she came in and went out."

I strolled away, my heart filled with uneasiness.

"Folly! Folly! Folly!" I chided myself impatiently. There were a dozen reasons why I should believe Pontilogah safe in the *Puttuckakaun* not two hundred rods away—and yet—and yet—a sudden certainty sprung up in me that she was in danger. She was alone there, and in fear of death!—Or dead—she seemed far away—

I sprang forward. The *Puttuckakaun* frowned dark and mysterious upon me. No man might enter there to disturb the prayers of the women. No man—I seized the slowly flapping curtain and raised it.

The house was empty.

XIX.

Quite calm and steady but with a strange pulsing dryness in the mouth I made for the lodge of Pokoota.

"Come!" I said, and hastened for Waupeka. But he was gone out berrying with the squaws and some other of the young braves. Iron Bull and Tokacon I would have nothing of, but I found me Monkaushka and Nootamis and two others, who were ready to follow to the death, as indeed they were to prove.

I said nothing to anyone left in the camp, for I wished not to alarm the Old Ogista needlessly—and doubtless we should find her near in some vine-grotto, dwelling alone, care-free and mischievous as a child. Doubtless!

We circled the camp to find her out-leading trail. Pokoota struck it and called us with a shrill halloo.

I was by him on the instant, with Nootamis on my heels, and Ooneepog and Wikwela came scarcely less swiftly, while Monkaushka followed, puffing hard, on the rear.

It was indeed the trail, and it led straight down the bank of the Muskingum. It did not go up the opposite bank. It ended in the river.

"Three up-stream and two down-stream with me," cried I. "Give not up till you hit either the trail of the source of the river. Whichever of us finds it, if soon, give three sharp halloos; if too late for that, send up a signal and continue with all haste on the trail."

Wikwela, Ooneepog and Pokoota went up-stream. Nootamis and Monkaushka and I headed down-stream. I judged, and rightly, that as she had not dared take a canoe and must needs swim for a way, she would go with the current that she might put more distance between herself and the camp before fatigue forced her to the bank. We found the spot where she had clambered out of the river, and followed the bank for a way. She had made but little effort to conceal her trail—why, I have never been able to discover, for she was a maid as expert in woodcraft as any of the braves.

Just at night-fall we reached the spot where she had spent her first night, and we camped there. With the first gray herald of dawn we were up and on the trail again. That day we came out upon the Beautiful River, the Oheeyo.

Some scant fourteen miles below the mouth of the Muskingum she had taken to the water again. I mistrusted that she was about to cross the river, making the Beautiful Island which lies here in mid-stream her halting place.

Therefore instead of following the bank farther we took to the river, and cut across to the island. Right again. Here was the second night's camp. It was just sunset—there were two hours more for us.

I paused and wondered if that night she had stood so and gazed. Before me, the great river lay, a silver ever-narrowing band curving northward to show the distant vista of vale and hill growing misty blue, and lying vague and far in the soft light. The splendor struck athwart the towering gateway of the Little Kanawha, and dyed red-gold the russet meadows of the Beautiful Prairie, to where their warm stain melted into the purple of the low-lying hills beyond.

To the south beetled the wooded rock-hewn palisade of the southern hills. What lay behind the frowning fortress-wall of the unknown land whither the buffalo go when the snows pile up in the gray sky?

'Tis a wondrous warm land, where dwell the Daughters of the Sun, the fairest of mortal maidens, in the hidden islands of the Great Swamp, a vast emerald bog serpentined with black ooze. It is the land, too, of the Hairless Bear, wherewith mothers hush their babes, saying, "The Naked Bear will eat you!" A bear immense, ferocious, hairless except for a white tuft on his back. Unwary the native who tries to kill him, for he grins with his monstrous teeth, and in two or three shambling giant strides is upon the foolhardy hunter. Not by running nor climbing may one escape, but only by hurling oneself into the river and swimming for dear life into deep water. He cannot see you, for he is nearly blind, but so keen is his sense of smell that once attacked he will hunt you out though you fly to the ends of the earth. Neither think you may kill him. He grins hugely at the arrow, for his heart is small, very small; and at the tomahawk that blunts on his skull, he laughs.

They say that once the Hairless Bear dwelt near a fair town of the Ojibways, and that every night he came by stealth and seized one of the warriors, till by and by there was but one warrior left; and he was young and comely and beloved of one of the maidens. Whereupon she took five of the strongest of the maidens, and they piled a great mound of stones on the summit of a high rock, and then climbed thereon and made a great noise singing and praising the Sun-God. So that the Hairless Bear came speedily, shambling over the ground. And he came grinning at the rock with the maidens standing upon it; who turned pale with fear lest he should be able to climb it. But he stood at the base, reared aloft, and clawed at it, raging in a voice of distant rolling thunder, but could not climb it. And while he struggled, his wicked little eyes bloodshot and his tongue lolling out, the maidens cast down the big stones upon him till one broke his back and he died.

I know not if the story be true. However that be, when I heard my men muttering the tale one to another I sternly bade them be silent and remember that it were better for them to die in the embrace of the Hairless Bear than by the heavy hand of Sagehjowa.

Then we pressed on, leaving the fair island with its gentle wooded slopes of elm and locust and its sycamores white and slender and graceful as Daughters of the Sun.

Twilight fell as we plodded up the hill-slope on the southern shore. I climbed a tall tree on the hill-top and looked back. The river lay pale gray and lustreless. The graying prairies stretched flat to the fading hills. In mid-stream rose the sland, an isle of shadows peopled with sycamore ghosts.

We camped beneath the tree on the hill-top and spent a night oppressed by formless dream-terrors.

For my self, I had trodden the soils of many strange lands, and the unkown held ever less of terror for me than of piquing mystery, but tonight, perchance because of fear for her in the strange land, my dreams were bad. I saw an unseen god, terrible to look upon if one might see him, riding over all in a whirling ball of fire, and smiting all with white terror; and below, in the midst of a vast barren plain, a solitary figure standing, that I knew and knew not; and the white terror creeping over its forehead. Then the unseen god called to her out of the fire in a voice of thunder, and then came a burst of all-consuming flame and a crashing voice and a woman's scream.

I awoke and knew not if I were awake or this were still a part of my dream. The forest was rocking above me, and the earth shuddered beneath.

The forest aisles leaped up in the lightning flash. Blindness followed, and a crashing as of toppling battlements. Somewhere a riven tree went down, pounding and thundering with a rushing of leaves. The rain dropped suddenly in a sheet. Glimpses of a black sky ragged with thunder. Shattering crash as of ship's timbers on a reef in the night. Grinding and pounding of giant-flung limbs in the forest-top surging and heaving like a heavy sea. Cries of beasts hurling their uproar against the storm; and somewhere near and far away, voices chanting:

Pehella pehella
Pohoka pohoka
Eshohok eshohok
Yohok! Yohok!
Palliton! Palliton!
Snake-water rushing
Forest gods falling
Storm-god bellowing
Away! Away!
War and destruction!

"The voices of the sailors, dear heart," I explained to her, "hark, how thin they are and far away. They are ghost-voices off the reef. Ah! the reef! My darling, courage—courage—"

A crash. She stood alone on a barren height looking out over the waste of bald hills. She was in danger. I could not reach her—could not reach her—

Again the crash. We were riding together, she and I, on a horse black as night with breath as the breath of the storm, and ever and ever there crept up on us something, and I had no spurs; I had left them in France—A crash, and I walked in a ruined city, and ever her voice wailed as a spirit-voice through the empty portals, "Follow—follow!"

The storm was over and morning was come. I rose haggard-eyed, with the phantom-call ringing in my ears, "Follow—follow."

I suffered no time for the building of a fire to warm our chilled bones. We set out with the first light, on the ragged trail.

"She walks slowly here. She is suffering from want of food. We shall soon overtake her," said Pokoota.

My lips tightened. She had five days start. We should not soon overtake her, unless—

Shortly after this we passed at some distance a town, and farther on by not a great way we came upon a buffalo trail.

"Buffalo!" said Pokoota laconically.

"Oo—hoo!" whimpered Monkaushka, and fell to rubbing his fat paunch with his pudgy hands.

Our fare had run short, for my men had eaten up each his portion soon after leaving home, and though I, with the foresight of the white man, had eaten sparingly of mine, yet, with sharing it among them, it also was gone. Wherefore, as we had been subsisting now for some time almost entirely on berries and roots, Monkaushka's demonstrations soon bred in all of us an immoderate desire for buffalo-steak.

Yet I, desiring very urgently to overtake my princess, sent them aside upon the trail of the buffalo, bidding them kill and sup and make all haste after me, for I would not leave the maiden's trail.

Monkaushka sprang away with a squeal of ravenous joy, and Nootamis, Ooneepog and Wikwela followed scarcely less eagerly, if with greater dignity, Nootamis calling back that he would bring me a steak.

Pokoota lingered.

"Pokoota would not leave his brother," he said.

"Go," I replied briefly, "You will join me tonight."

"It is a prophecy?" he said solemnly.

"It is a prophecy," I replied smiling at his superstitious gravity, and off he sped after his fellows.

I went on, not looking back for some time. When I did so I could still see my men following the buffalo tracks to the west. But there was something peculiar about their movements. They seemed moving slowly and uncertainly, limping, and one stopped and stooped as if to pluck something from his foot.

A strange fable flashed across my mind: How that the Man-Eaters bind buffalo hoofs upon their feet and set poisoned thorns along their trail which lame him who follows the tracks so that he can neither pursue when set upon, nor take to flight.

"Tschuk," said I smiling at my folly. And I continued on my way.

Shortly, nevertheless, I looked round again. I stood still to look, scarcely believing my eyes. There was the wide meadow—just as before—but no trace nor sign of men. Whither had they gone? A horrible thought crossed my brain. I dismissed it instantly. Doubtless they were lying in ambush for the buffalo.

But where were the buffalo?

Tschuk! The men would shortly be rejoining me with great tales of the surprise and chase.

Yet night fell and they had not returned.

About midnight I passed near a camp.

The naked braves were dancing about the fire. I was so near that I could see the glaring eye-balls, the wolfish jaws, the ivory bone thrust in the nostril, the heads flattened back and front to a shed-roof on top, the ears slit and dragged down to the shoulders by carved bones.

The savory odor of roasting flesh assailed my nostrils and turned me inexplicably faint. I was hungry. Should I present myself and share the midnight orgy?

I stole nearer and nearer, drawn by some irresistible fascination. Just outside the ring of fire-light I paused and surveyed the scene more closely.

I liked not the thing; why, I knew not. It was not the animal cast of the brute-features nor the misshapen skulls, nor the savage decorations. None of these are so strange in the forest. Yet I was conscious of a vague indefinable horror, not to be explained by what I could see.

Indeed there was very little to see. No squaws; no wigwams; a circle of braves dancing about a fire, a huge roast on the spit; between the circle of warriors and myself a formless dark heap—a heap which might be pelts—might be traveling gear—might be quarry. My eyes drew to it again and again as if fascinated, and clung there dilated, trying to pierce the shadows and weave some semblance of form into the shapeless outline.

I could have sworn I saw the thing move slightly. I knelt, petrified, fearing I knew not what, my eyes strained to catch the faintest quiver.

Suddenly the mass heaved violently and then sunk a foot, as they say earth new-mounded heaves and sinks with the restless turning of the corpse beneath. My eyes stayed fixed and staring. Was not something dark and long moving out in the black shadow of the mound? I watched it come nearer—nearer—to the shadows where I stood. Now it paused—now it came on again more slowly—paused longer—moved a bare inch—paused—stopped—lay motionless and inert, a long dark blot in the dark grass.

I watched and waited, fevered with anxiety. But it moved no more. Suddenly a dread certainty seized hold on me. With a stifled cluck of horror in my throat I dropped flat on my stomach and wriggled out toward the thing. It was as I had thought—had dreaded.

I reached the body and cautiously turned the head so that a glimmer of light struck across it. My nerves were too highly wrought even to jump with surprise when I recognized the bloody discolored features. The eyes were shut, the pallid lips loose and sagging. Restorative was needed, and quickly. I flattened out again and grasping his wrists with my hands endeavored to edge my way backward and draw him after me. In vain. I could not move. My hands were employed, and the feet are of little use in moving backward. I twisted in a semicircle, bound his wrists with my pouch-string to my ankles, thus allowing myself not only to move forward but also the use of both hands and feet in propelling myself.

We made but little headway nevertheless, for the body was a dead weight. Moreover, too vigorous effort might attract the attention of the Man-Eaters; and to reflect on the fact that my lean carcass would make them poor eating, gave me but slight satisfaction.

An inch forward and yet another. The first half-shadows were reached. Yet an inch, and an inch, and another, and we were within them. An inch and several more like it, one by one, and we were in the protecting blackness of the forest. I poured some of my herb-water down his throat, and he came back to life and straightened up.

His eyes lighted when he recognized me.

"Huh," he said with the old dare-devil smile, "Pokoota sees that Sagehjowa is indeed a true prophet. Pokoota doubted this not many hours ago."

"Come," I said briefly, "we have barely ten hours before us, and we must put much forest between us and the Man-Eaters."

We sped away, running easily side by side. We had not gone far when Pokoota began to lag a little.

"Come, come," said I, "put more stomach into your pace, man."

He spurted forward and we ran on for some time. Then he began to lag again, and suddenly staggered and threw up one hand to his head.

"What is it, man?" I said anxiously, and touched his head. The scalp was gone.

Sick with pity I sought a lynn-tree and of the bark of the roots thereof, pounded and water-soaked, I made a poultice. This I spread on green moss and bound upon his head like a wig, with strips of birch bark.

He laughed rather sorrily when this was done, but drank the last drop of my herb-water, and came on more vigorously.

A little later we struck a stream of water. I dared go no further, for though I was sure she must have struck it at about this point yet I wished to run no risk of losing her trail.

Pokoota I sent along it northward, toward home. He fain would not have gone but would have continued on with me. But I said, nay. Were there fighting to be done, two could no more win than one. Were there flight, one were easier lost from pursuit than two. But he might make all haste homeward and bring help along my trail. I did much blame my foolhardiness that I had told no one of our mission.

"If the sun strike not the madness into his unroofed brain, Pokoota will bring fifty young men to his Sachem under the fifteenth sun," he said, and the word was a promise.

So we parted, he setting off for the north, and I seeking a covert in which to await the dawn.

There was, to be sure, the fear that the Man-Eaters might follow our trails.

For Pokoota, however, I feared little. As soon as daylight came he would make him a canoe of elm-bark and sweep down-stream with the powerful strokes which men knew for his afar off, as the holy fathers say men knew the driving of Jehu. And for myself, though I must needs proceed slowly, I feared the less that I was fearing all for Pontilogah

Yet it was a weary and fearsome way. Once I was shot at by a straggling war-party, and once I made my couch beside a coiled snake, and there were many strange crawling things along the way, so that at last I grew careful where I put my bed. But more than all was I anxious for the maiden. The trail grew ragged and ragged. Here she could scarce drag her weary feet along. Here she had lain down at mid-day and risen painfully. Here she had gnawed at a sweetish root and thrown it away because her hunger sickened her. Here she had stumbled and fallen from weakness.

And I, when I found her, what had I to offer her? My pouch was long since empty. The herb-water was gone. I had scant time to hunt, though one evening I speared a fish and devoured it ravenously at one meal, and another time by sheer luck I brought down a bird with a reckless arrow, and made it last over several pitiful breakfasts. But I might well leave thinking of this till I had found her.

So for six days after Pokoota left me, I followed the trail with its heart-rending story, and then a new dread laid hold on me.

The trail of a band of Indians crossed hers, re-crossed, and followed along it.

I stopped not for sleep that night, but stooping painfully over the trail, and straining my eyes in the cloudy moon-light I followed on for two more nights and days, pausing neither to eat nor sleep.

Now the tracks overtook hers, and she was carried along with them. My first thought was of great praise that she should have been saved from meeting starvation and death there, alone, in the dark. I had never admitted to myself before that that was what I feared for her; yet now that she was safe from it, I knew what manner of fear it was that had been gripping my heart with icy fingers. I saw that she was being treated well, for she was not bound, and was walking freely with a step once more firm and elastic. Also, that there were squaws in the party and but few braves, I knew by the parallel ruts of the dragging tent-poles. What reason would a peaceable domestic party have for injuring the maiden whom they had rescued from starvation?—Nay indeed they would probably treat her with even greater hospitality than usual, because she was beautiful and courteous-bred. I felt a great weight roll off my heart.

That night I slept.

(*To be continued*)

A SONG OF CHEER

By SARAH D. HOBART

OH winter's wind that buffets me,
Relentless from the northern sea,
You cannot daunt my soul.
My heart throbs high against your touch,
Although you taunt me overmuch
I scorn your harsh control.
For all the while a merry song,—
"You bring the blessed spring along!"
Is swelling on the air.
I see the snow-drifts break and fly;
There's luster in the southern sky
And promise everywhere:
And though the dark woods cast their gloom
I know the violets will bloom.

Oh storms of fate that compass me,
That haunt and will not let me be,
You, too, shall pass and fleet.
I yield not to your cruel thrall,
For lo, I hear the love-birds call
A message glad and sweet.
The founts of joy forever flow
To glad the world of care and woe,
'Tis ours but to receive.
I claim and hold my royal share
Of good that pulses everywhere
My losses to retrieve.
I am a part of endless life
And love shall conquer pain and strife.

THE SAVING OF ANNIE CAMERON

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

SNODGRASS laughed so loudly that his mother in the kitchen dropped a dish. His laughter was caused by the decision that Annie Cameron should be saved; that she should marry Sam Bolton.

This idea had first presented itself to him, two nights before, when little Jim had another of his attacks and Annie couldn't get to the Mission where she tried to go a little while every evening. This morning when the decision had been reached, Snodgrass clenched his teeth and brought his fist down on the table. His mother bustled in with the breakfast. Recurring to the thud she said:

"Flanagan's fallen downstairs again," the gentleman in the adjoining flat having a habit of using the stairs in that fashion. Snodgrass did not enlighten her as to the truth. His mother going to the kitchen again, he freed himself of a deep groan.

"Flanagan's whipping the children for leaving their toys on the stairs against the landlord's orders," his mother called in to him; and again Snodgrass failed to lift an aspersion from his neighbor's character. When his mother came in once more she said, noticing his uneasy manner:

"It's plain to see you've got a holiday and don't know how to pass the time. How do you like this coffee? Did you know Flanagan's got an accident policy?"

"Mother," Snodgrass said irrelevantly, "little Jim Cameron's sick again."

"It's always been that way," his mother replied. "They say he takes up so much of Annie's time that the dressmaker says she'll have to get somebody else if Annie don't turn out more button-holes in a week. I pity that girl. She took care of her mother till the last, and here's her brother ailing all the time. The doctor says he may be that way till he's seven, so she's got two more years of it. I don't know how Annie's going to manage; it's killing her by inches. She ought to get married. You know Sam Bolton's mother says Sam would give his two eyes for her, only Annie holds him off. I suppose you know Sam's uncle, the contractor, is going to get him into politics?"

Snodgrass was in a sort of reverie in which a becurled little head, blooming above a black frock, was mixed up with a man whose mother averred would give his two eyes for her, while care of a tiny brother was "killing her by inches."

Breakfast over he went down to the street. He wandered listlessly around. He might as well own it to himself that he was fond of Annie and had been so for a long time, though he had fought down any expression of the feeling, as every one he knew impressed it upon him that Sam Bolton was her choice. Sam, by his own account, was making big money and was going into politics which would give him further ascendency. And it was no wonder Annie held him off, she was not the girl to thrust a sick brother on a husband.

"But maybe Sam don't see how pale and thin she is," he said; "they say politics kind of blinds you to a good deal."

Suddenly he stopped short. Suppose he should go and interview Sam? He was near the campaign club, in the doorway of which Sam usually held forth when he had any time to himself and informed his friends as to the manner in which the city ought to be governed.

As he expected, Sam was there and in a brand new suit; in his cravat a pin which, had it been of the diamonds it represented itself to be, might have paid off considerable of the national debt. Snodgrass was not dressed up, and on the instant he appreciated the independence which is the adjunct of decent raiment.

"Hello, Bob!" Sam sang out genially, and flipped the ash from the cigar he was smoking.

"Hello, yourself!" feebly responded Snodgrass, and could think of nothing else to say. The two or three men who had been with Sam dissolved in the vista of the club-house hall.

"Seen anything of Annie Cameron lately?" asked Sam, making the very opening desired. "She's so taken up with that kid brother of hers that I'm disgusted."

"Sam," said Snodgrass, "what do you think of the kid anyway?"

"No time for him," answered Sam, biting the end of his cigar viciously. "Sorry for Annie, though. If she'd take my advice—Well, she knows what I'm all the time telling her, and that is to give him to the Society, or something."

Snodgrass thought they must be very intimate indeed when Sam could give Annie advice "all the time" as to little Jim. As for himself, he never should have presumed to offer her advice; rather, he agreed with her, telling her that he understood how dear the kid was to her, and that sort of thing.

"I wouldn't," said Sam explosively, "have the care of a sick kid not if I was Andy Carnegie and Jim was a jay library. I saw him and Annie a few minutes ago. Kiddy's had another spell, and Annie was breaking her back carrying him."

Snodgrass regarded him vividly. This man professed to care for Annie, and yet he could loiter at his club while she was "breaking her back" carrying a sick brother.

"She's making a fool of herself," Bolton went on hotly. "The idea of her going to the Mission every night and taking the kid there on Sundays makes me tired. She even gets the Gospel crank, little Simpson, to pray for Jim. I'll show her a trick worth two of them if she's ever my wife."

"Sam," stammered Snodgrass hastily, "if Annie got rid of Jim would you marry her?"

"Today!" answered Bolton, "today!"

Then it was not Annie who was holding off, but Bolton on account of Jim! Snodgrass saw a way out of the difficulty. He was acquainted with an old lady who had been a nurse and who, for five dollars a week, would look after Jimmy as she looked after a couple other delicate children, and Annie might be happy with a home and protection.

"Where will you be about four this afternoon?" he asked the clubman.

"About here," answered Sam carelessly. "My uncle's coming this afternoon—Ah, there's a fellow I want to see," and darted into the club-house.

There was one thought in Snodgrass' mind as he went down the street—Annie must be saved. Sam Bolton had said that he would marry her today if she were free of Jim. Yes, she must be saved.

There were arrangements to make—he must see little Simpson; Annie, the old lady who would look after Jim, and this afternoon he could go to Sam and tell him Annie was ready for him. Though he must spring it suddenly on Annie, give her no chance to back out. Her curly head rose before him, her brown eyes looking wistfully into his as they so often had done.

First, he went to the Mission. Little Simpson was diminutive, Snodgrass was tall. He looked down at little Simpson, and little Simpson looked up at him.

"I suppose you could spare a few minutes at four this afternoon?" Snodgrass asked sententiously.

"Who's dead?" inquired little Simpson who was used to funerals.

"Dead nothing," crisped Snodgrass. "It's a marriage. I suppose you know Miss Annie Cameron?"

"So she is the bride," smiled little Simpson. "Strange she did not mention it last evening."

"I'm doing the mentioning," retorted Snodgrass. "But she's the one."

"And as true a woman as ever I saw," said little Simpson.

Snodgrass seized the man's hand and wrung it.

"You know where she lives then," he said. "Be on hand at four sharp this afternoon.

Without giving the clergyman a chance to say another word he hurried away. He had engaged the minister, and now he must tell Annie she was going to be married, maybe getting Jim away before the ceremony.

In going to Annie's flat he had to pass by his own. The temptation came to him to put on his best suit of clothes, letting Annie not note any disparity between his appearance and that of Sam Bolton. His mother was getting dinner ready, so he had to sit down to the meal. He was silent and preoccupied, till his mother told him that the Flanagan children had sent the landlord on his back because of their toys on the stairs, in consequence of which Flanagan had received notice to vacate his rooms.

"Mother," he broke in confusedly, "suppose a daughter-in-law took those rooms so near yours, how would you like it?"

"The sooner the better, Bob," his mother cried out. "Who is she?"

"Did I say it was me?" he demanded, and rushed into his room and changed his clothes.

He had asked the question because of Annie. Sam Bolton lived as he did, with his mother who would not be separated from him, and he wanted to see how an ordinary parent would feel toward a sudden daughter-in-law.

He was out in the hall again when he realized that he had been curt with his mother. He went back to her. But could he tell her what was in his mind without hearing questions from her which it would irritate him to answer?

"You mustn't mind me today," he said; "I'm sort of rattled."

He caught her face between his hands and kissed her as he had not done in years, and which embrace left her in tears and with the conviction that he had committed some deed which might place him within the meshes of the law.

But Snodgrass was hurrying on to Annie. When he reached her house he went boldly in. He mounted the three flights of stairs and knocked on the door.

Such a pale worn face as appeared there a moment later.

"Oh," said Annie, "Jimmy is very bad, he has wanted mother so, more than ever. I know you people all think me silly for taking care of him the way I do, but he was mother's baby and she loved him so. Besides, I haven't any money to send him—"

"Rot!" said Snodgrass, and silenced her. In his heart was the feeling that it would be cruel to send the baby from her, and yet—she loved Sam Bolton who objected to Jim.

"This can't keep up," all at once he broke out; "you've had too much of it already."

"I promised mother to look after him," she returned. "He was her baby, and she's only been dead six months. He was getting better till she left us. Since then he has missed her so much."

Silence fell between them; silence awkward and long. Snodgrass was uneasy. How should he say to her what he must? He had not thought it would be so difficult. Besides, she did not act so coldly toward him as she had sometimes done when she found him solicitous about Jim and wondering if some one else could not take some of the care of him.

"Little Simpson," he said, "will be here this afternoon at four o'clock."

"What for?" she asked.

"You've got to get out of this today," Snodgrass went on savagely. "There's going to be a wedding here today at four o'clock, or I'll know the reason why. You know who the man is, he'd give his two eyes for you, and he'll do the best he can by you. There's not going to be any 'No' from you, and—and—"

His voice trailed away. Her lips were smiling, her brown eyes looked into his.

"God bless you!" she said quietly.

He moved toward the door.

"Stop!" she said. "Stop! I must tell you that I know your kind feeling for me and Jimmy. I thought at first that you wished him dead, like so many of the neighbors who call themselves my friends. I see now that you were thinking of me in another way than that. Do what you think best about today, I am willing. You will find me ready at the time you mention. Now leave me, please."

Snodgrass went out, his head on fire. It was now three o'clock; he must see the old lady who would look after Jimmy for a consideration nobody need know anything about—not even Annie who should be told that it was gratuitous because of the lady's interest in ailing babies. This piece of business took but a few minutes—Jimmy might go that evening and try to get well for five dollars a week.

Then he turned in the direction of Bolton's club. There was a rush in his mind, a wild desire to get it all over.

He found Bolton holding forth in the familiar doorway.

Snodgrass moistened his dry lips.

"Sam," he said, "of course it was all square what you said this morning?"

"What did I say this morning?" Sam naturally asked.

"About getting married today," Snodgrass answered, "if Jim Cameron was out of the way."

"I'll marry when I please," frowned Sam, "and don't you meddle. There isn't anything between Annie Cameron and me, and there won't be if she keeps holding on to that sick kid. Besides, there's another lady I'm interested in and—say, Snodgrass, you attend to your own funeral, not mine," and disappeared in the club.

Snodgrass was rooted to the spot. Then he had the wild desire to throttle Bolton. Though to molest the fellow would in all likelihood force an explanation to the men around him, and Annie's name would be bandied about.

The madness of the whole day's proceedings confronted him; he had acted like an idiot. Though Annie must be apprized of Bolton's defection, and what would be her opinion of the officious friend who had so mismanaged the affair?

A clock struck four.

The sound roused him. He must go to Annie. Accepting her censure, he must tell her the truth that Sam Bolton had declined to make her his wife after his ambassador had arranged for the ceremony. He experienced all the sensations of a mortal defeat as he went in the direction of the Cameron flat. He was glad, at least, that Bolton did not know how far matters had gone, for that was shielding the girl a little.

He reached the tall flat-house; nothing made up in his mind as to what he should say, only he must tell Annie the truth and be near her in her hour of shame and wounded womanhood. She would hate him, and that hate would be her best shield against herself.

Annie must have heard him coming up the stairs, for she opened the door before he knocked.

She put off the black she wore for her mother, and was habited in soft gray. She looked like a bride, indeed, standing there especially as little Simpson, who stood back of her had brought her two or three white roses which were tucked in her belt.

"Annie—" Snodgrass began brokenly, "Annie—"

"Hush!" she said, drawing him into the room. "Jimmy is sleeping like an angel. And—and you never told me that I was dear to you. But you have always meant much to me. And your mother has been here and told me what you said to her today—about a daughter-in-law. She guessed the truth at once."

The world became a great blur to Snodgrass. He knew that Annie's hand was placed in his; that little Simpson asked him questions and helped him out with the answers; that Annie answered similar questions.

"I pronounce you man and wife!" It was little Simpson's voice. "I pronounce you man and wife!"

Everything cleared up at those supreme words. Little Simpson had thought it was his own marriage he arranged for in the morning; his mother had thought it was his own wife he meant when he spoke to her about a daughter-in-law And Annie? Yes, Annie loved him and had taken it for granted that it was her wedding and his he had insisted should be solemnized that afternoon.

Her hand still in his he noticed a shambling young form in the room—Jimmy.

"Mammy Annie," said Jimmy, "am I going out?"

"Going out!" cried Snodgrass. "Hear that now! But you're coming in again. You're never going to leave Mammy Annie nor—nor Daddy Bob."

He laughed aloud as he had laughed in the morning when he waited for his breakfast and his mother accused Flanagan in consequence of it.

"Little Simpson!" he said, "Jimmy! Annie!" and the tears would run down his cheek; "Annie, am I the one that's to save you? Annie, my wife!"

STILL WATER

By JENNIE HARRIS OLIVER

BECAUSE Lucia Drennell could sit an entire evening without a single fidget, and listen to the most stirring drama without a hint of emotion tinting the cool white of her cheek, there were those who intimated that she was heartless.

Richard Leonard believed that her sweet coldness only concealed and protected an unusually loving and sympathetic nature—which opinion he held for many years; but then Richard was an idealist and Lucia one of his cherished ideals.

Even when he became the drama, her perfect poise and calm acceptance of the plot did not shake him one whit from his boyish allegiance, which lived on in the ideal after the play was over; for Leonard had the sense to see that he had carried things with a very high hand indeed upon that occasion.

It was the morning that one of his ideals had popped up in the very midst of things and he had been dismissed from old Tom Lipton's shoe department for refushing to sell mismated shoes. He had marched from the store with his "time" in his pocket, his head very high, but with the cherished ideal intact, and gone straight to Lucia. Here he preached a boyish sermon upon the dishonesty of business men in general and old Tom Lipton in particular, and expressed his firm determination never again to be classed with that sort.

He furthermore added that he would never marry her unless he could take her to as good a home as the paternal roof—which was a very good roof, indeed—and begged her to marry some one without ideals, but plenty of cash, and be happy.

Lucia, after a thoughtful survey of his earnest but obstinate face, had serenely acquiesced. Six months later she married according to his advice.

Leonard was genuinely in love, so other women failed to interest him and he turned his attention wholly toward the promulgation of his cherished schemes.

He started a small credit business of his own, determined to do everything strictly on the square which, every one knows, is not as easy as it sounds. However he sold a sack of flour to the "credit" man for exactly the same money as to the one who laid the cash on the counter—which in brief, was his standard—and strangely enough, prospered fairly well; so that by the time Lucia was two years a widow he offered her an ideal home, which was serenely accepted; and it is only characteristic of her to relate that on their wedding day Leonard walked the streets until he was tired to find her at last kneeling in her dainty finery in the dusty gallery of a "racket" store, calmly selecting an express wagon for her small son, Alonzo.

This incident Leonard tried to forget. Perhaps he blamed the ten years that had drifted between them since the morning of his drama. Perhaps—but there is no way to fathom the thoughts of the man who wakes with disappointment from the dreams of his boyhood.

One thing he soon learned—Lucia would never be the sympathetic companion that men of ideals covet. Still she made a very comfortable little housewife. While not bolstering up any of his pet schemes, neither did she put the stumbling block in his way. Herself a diligent little Methodist, she joined the church of his choice—because, she said, it was nearer. She fed his proteges unostentatiously, and entertained his clerks without enthusiasm. She wore the tiniest of high-heeled shoes, and went miles to a neighboring city to purchase her bonnets, gloves and frosty, or softly-tinted gowns because of his expressed opinions; but Leonard never could delight himself with the certainty that she would not have done exactly that way if he had not existed.

Leonard's wife had not come to him unprovided for. She had a neat bank account and a picturesque farm all in her own right. If she sometimes pined for cows that stood knee-deep in the clover-bordered brook, or the breath from her rose-garden, she said nothing about it. She did mention the bank account once, but after Richard's positive remark that a man who would use his wife's money for any purpose whatever wasn't half a man and he wished her never to refer to the matter again, Lucia put her bank-book away and forgot all about it, or pretended to. This was when times were pinching, too, but it would have smashed one of Leonard's fine ideals to have lived thirty-two years and then prop up his business with a woman's money—money that some other man had accumulated. There have been other men with like scruples, but I doubt if there are many who would have held out so obstinately when the crash came—as it did almost in a day, leaving him with a bewildering sense of failure and disgrace.

There is a story written of a man who had but seven more days of life and knew it. Leonard thought oddly of this as he sat in the midnight stillness of his office after the day of his downfall, and wished he were the man.

Early in the evening he had taken a small revolver from a drawer and sat for hours holding it in one long, dark hand; thinking desperately upon the past and the present—for him there was no future. Many a man has gone down in the maelstrom of business life, looking the world and his creditors calmly in the eye, and upon the ruins risen phoenix-like to a stronger position; but of these men Richard Leonard was not a type. He knew himself for an extremest who could make no distinction between "business tactics" and crime. With him one would be sure to mean the other. There had been times when a very little crookedness would have saved the situation. Only that day, in the face of his ruin, had come a temptation which few men would have resisted. Even he had withstood it with an effort but he had withstood it. Suddenly the futility of the sacrifice struck him like a blow in the face. He had stood by a principle for humanity's good, and would after all be shortly known as a criminal failure—a defrauder of mankind. A revolt at the fate that stands ready to down the man of straight life assailed him, and his hand tightened on the weapon as the thought of self-destruction leered its deceitful image before his eyes. A gentle click at the back door made him relax and the weapon loosen in his hand. His wife softly entered.

So small and child-like, so deliberate and almost stupidly-calm did she appear as she raised her large, unquestioning, heavily-lashed brown eyes over the banister of the middle stair and folded her arms idly along the slanting surface, that Leonard felt a curious sense of rest, coupled with aloofness and isolation. It was like a cool breath when the desert had been burning. His brain cooled, and he was conscious of the everyday objects about him; that it was very late and he wretchedly hungry. Things did not seem to matter so much in the presence of her child-like, unexplainable calm. Still she did not know the worst—he supposed he ought to tell her at once. Then softly she spoke.

"Coming down pretty soon, or shall I come up? Lonnie is fast asleep—there is no hurry." Not a word about the lateness of the hour. Not an inquisitive glance toward the weapon he still held. It was as if nothing ever mattered to her.

Leonard turned his drawn face from the light and, after quietly putting away the revolver, held out his hand and took the little figure on his knee. As well might he disclose his peril to her four-year old Lonnie, he told himself with helpless fondness, as he felt her little fingers arranging his tie, and then steal to the heavy locks, disheveled on his aching forehead—smoothing, parting, playing with them.

"Little girl," he said at last, "you've done a bad thing for yourself, after all, in marrying me. I am ruined. The banks suspended payment this morning; every house I owe has withdrawn further shipment, and sent in statements for immediate settlement, with threats of early attachment. Other houses have refused me credit. I have been without flour for four days and thought it simply delayed. It was only this afternoon that I fully understood the situation."

He had intended to add that he would make arrangement for her to go back to her farm while he turned to a hand-to-hand combat with the world, but something in her unresponsive attitude stopped him. She was absently smoothing a crease in his collar, her eyes speculatively raised toward a cluster of lace handkerchiefs swaying near a frosted dimly-gleaming globe. Then suddenly she slipped down and leaned over the railing to pull the daintiest bit from the bunch and tuck it in the front of her filmy waist. Leonard looked at her oddly. With a grim smile he arose and began to turn off the lights. His wife meantime, tried on slippers in the semi-darkness.

"Save this pair with the white kid insetting," she said at last in a low voice, slipping them back into the box. "Send them over and have the heels made a half inch higher the first thing in the morning. I am going to the city—just must have some things."

She caught him lightly by the coat as he passed her in the darkness. "If we fail, we can go on the farm, can't we?" she added in the same tone she had talked about her shoes.

Leonard was fumbling with the key, and when they finally stepped out into the quiet night, he said slowly: "You know, Lucia, that I'm no farmer. This business is all I know, for I have devoted my life to it. I'll just have to go to work for some one else until I pay out, if it takes a lifetime. Thank God you're provided for; the situation would otherwise be unbearable!

"It seems strange," he went on, getting hungry for sympathy, now that the worst had been put into words, "that any one would deliberately plan to "do" me. I never did any man an ill turn in my life. But my connection with the Anti-saloon League has caused some to think I have more influence than belongs to one man. Uncle Billy Matthews explained it this afternoon. He offered me the loan of five thousand dollars for six months if I would withdraw. You know he owns all the buildings, and is in some way connected with the business. He has made stacks of money out of it."

"Of course you refused," said his wife, absently, pushing open the door and turning up the light.

"Of course," answered Leonard, feeling as if he had been talking to the empty night.

His wife set out a dainty luncheon and did something to the flame under the little silver coffee-pot; then she came back to him and pulling herself over by the lappel of his coat, used her absurd little forefinger to smoothe out the furrow between his aching eyes. "I think your wrinkles are so dear," she said, oddly, "but I do despise uncle Billy Matthew's—they all run the wrong way."

In the morning Lucia came into the store to change her slippers and inquire about the lateness of the train at his desk telephone. She then took some money from the cash drawer and, having told him that Lonnie was at a neighbor's and he must get his dinner at a restaurant, went serenely away.

Leonard gazed after her dainty, exquisitely-clad figure with haggard eyes. Had she a heart at all? He wasn't sure! A woman who could go to the city for clothes which she didn't need when her husband was on the brink of ruin—well, he had always fought the world alone—why expect sympathy now! He tried to force a smile to his pale face as a customer entered. It was Saturday and trade brisk; but it seemed as if almost every one wanted flour; and he saw customer after customer go out after the first inquiry, and he knew they were going across to the Farmer's Store, lately put there —so Uncle Billy intimated—to force him to capitulate. The old trade had given him the first chance, out of good-will and force of habit—but they must have flour.

The day dragged along like a horrible nightmare; Leonard momentarily expecting official personages to stalk in and poke about among his papers and goods. He wondered how long it would be before he must close his doors and invoice to satisfy his importunate creditors. His collections, which could not be made before the fall crop, must be turned over and, of course, the home would go the same way. Further than that the thing was a blank.

Sometimes he was almost sorry he had turned Uncle Billy down, and again he was desperately thankful that the temptation had come when he was strong—that it was over —but it was not over! Late in the afternoon his tempter again appeared and called him up into the office. Leonard followed and sank exhausted into the chair opposite the old man. Like one in a dream he sat looking at the powerful, masterful old face.

"Dick,"—the old man came straight to the point—"I've bought off every last one and bought them cheap, providing I get you. You're the only man in town I fear, and after tonight I don't aim to fear you.

"Leonard, you're up against it—you're down and out! I hated to do it, for I like you, but business is business. That is why I am giving you this chance. You're the only man on earth I would do it for. Now let me tell you where you would be defeating your own highfalutin' ideas in refusing."

"No use, Mr. Matthews," Leonard forced himself to say with dry lips, but the old man paid not the slightest attention.

"As I understand it, Dick, you refuse simply out of principle. You have always set your face against saloons, as did your father before you, and you don't want to back down now.

"You had rather fail in business than to fail in principle; but let me ask you which would be the more honorable,—if you talk of honor—simply to withdraw from an issue that you can't after all help, and that doesn't concern you in the least or to go broke and defraud your creditors?

"Leonard, you're known tonight as the straightest man in town; but never again in either case, my boy,—never again! Now which of the two crooked roads is the crookeder—I leave it to you? Here," the old man laid a paper on the desk; "sign this statement that you withdraw from the League, and I'll advance you *ten* thousand dollars with easy payment, and half a year to pay it. You can't be such a fool, such a fanatic as to refuse!"

He was right. The ingenious, crafty words had gone to the mark. Leonard could not refuse. With the desperation of one in the quicksand that seizes a filthy, rotton plank rather than to go down, Leonard groped for a pen. The telephone, which had been buzzing steadily for some time, rang again in his ear—loudly, persistently. With a shaking hand still groping mechanically for a pen, he reached with the other and took down the receiver. Then he sprang to his feet.

"My wife has had an accident of some kind," he said confusedly. "I am needed at home." He gathered up his hat, and started down the office stairs, then turned and looked irresolutely back at Uncle Billy. "I'll see you later—sometime this evening," he said and went quickly out.

The old man followed with a triumphant grin deepening his crafty wrinkles.

"Accident—sickness. Too bad—but it—won't hinder."

Leonard found his wife standing at the telephone with her wraps still on. She was breathing fast as if she had been running; and had he not known it to be absurd, he would have sworn her face was ablaze with suppressed excitement.

"Have you sold to Uncle Billy?" she asked evenly, but her little hands were shut tensely at her side.

"No, you interrupted us. You frightened me—I thought you were ill! How did you know Uncle Billy was there?"

"I was there, too; but I didn't want him to see me, so I slipped out. He is so sharp he would know—" she stopped with a queer, inscrutable smile; "but he never *will* know. No one in this place knows that I ever had a cent of my own!"

Leonard listened in a sort of dazed wonder. What had happened? What was she driving at? There was a moment's silence during which she unwound the yards of filmy veiling from her head and stripped off her coat. As she threw the latter over a chair something fell with a thud to the floor. Leonard stooped to pick it up—it was his revolver. "Where did you get this?" he asked in startled surprise.

"I took it from your desk this morning," was her cool answer. Then suddenly she broke into a storm of words which from their very unusualness, swept with strange pathos over the bewildered listener.

"Oh!" and her voice was half a laugh, half sob; "did you think I would marry another man that the one I loved might keep his ideals up to the mark, and then let him end it all by taking his own life? Or do you think I would let him sell his soul to a man with wrinkles like Uncle Billy Matthews? There, I knew you would be angry—maybe, never forgive me—but it is done, and you can't help it!"

She snatched up a large envelope from the table, thrust it into his hand and turned quickly away.

Leonard tore open the wrapper, fingered the enclosed slips, staring in wide-eyed amazement; then he understood. Things big and brave and business-like, not the buying of finery, had taken her to the city that day. Gone were her bank account and the idyllic little farm, but he was safe and still the "straightest man in town."

With the old boyish look in his eyes he threw the papers down and seized the shaking little form that stood with forehead pressed against the window.

"Don't!" she said, trying to hold him back with a tiny fist in which was clenched a tear-stained bit of lace; "don't! I just can't bear—" But the rest was said within the arms that gathered her close to his understanding heart.

MY LORD HAMLET

Historical, Literary and Psychical Considerations Touching the Principal Character in Shakespeare's Tragedy

(CONTINUED)

Dedicated, with sincere good wishes and admiration, to Robert Bruce Mantell, Tragedian—*The Authors*

By JOHN McGOVERN and JESSE EDSON HALL

RUDIMENTS

NOTE.—The object of this Article is to call attention to the fact that nowadays we think according to Darwin, and must not neglect one of his chief dogmas—regarding Rudiments. There are many Rudiments in "Hamlet."

AS we shall not be able to avoid the subject of Rudiments in this work, it is well to be precise regarding the idea.

Charles Darwin traced the true history of mankind and other animals through the study of Rudiments, or outworn organs and growths. He says (Part I, chap. 2, "Descent of Man"): "The frequent presence of Rudiments, both in languages and in species [of animals] is still more remarkable. The letter *m* in the word *am* means I; so that in the expression, *I am*, a superfluous and useless Rudiment has been retained. In the spelling also of words, letters often remain as the Rudiments of ancient forms of pronunciation."

Mr. E. B. Tylor, a great scholar, in his "Researches into the Development of Mythology," declares that "myths and customs which in an advanced stage of culture seem meaningless, find their explanation in a reference to lower stages. Myths, like words, survive their primitive meanings."

We shall attempt to show "superfluous and useless Rudiments" in "Hamlet," which it was not within the power even of Shakespeare to throw entirely off

The principal Rudiment in "Hamlet" is the matter of Feigned Insanity. It comes down from classic times, and in those days the ruse preserved the life of the Hero. It is not needed to preserve *Hamlet's* life, but rather puts the Prince in danger.

The classic Rudiment of a tomb for the elder *Hamlet* lingers at the platform of Elsinore. [To Londoners, the platform of the Tower, across the stream.]

The murder of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* in England is a Rudiment of the Hystorie.

Reynaldo and the senile *Polonius*, at the beginning of Act II, are Rudiments of a drama that had a senile *Corambus*.

The precepts of *Polonius* and the famous soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," are rudimentary, in that they show no adjustment, or a poor adjustment, to the situation in which they are used. Etc., Etc.

THE "MANIFESTATION OF GOODNESS"

THE OSIRIS MOTIF

NOTE.—The object of this and the following Article is briefly to trace the antiquity of the idea of a sacrifice such as *Hamlet* was forced to make. Several details—his beauty, his passion (keen suffering), his effeminacy and doubt, etc.—are as old in story as the pyramids are in fact.

After all, the end of this work will be to take note of the fact—and to account for it—that *My Lord Hamlet* has appealed to more people, and does appeal in an increasing ratio, to more people than any other non-religious character in either history or literature. Nearly every man of a highly intellectual type recognizes *Hamlet* in himself. Hatred of Wrong, defeat under the triumph of Wrong, fills the mind with melancholia, and *Hamlet*, with unapproachable eloquence, but gives to Melancholy's thought a tongue.

To those who love *Hamlet*, who daily speak *Hamlet's* words, in order to express their own emotions, he appears as a champion of the Good against the Bad; of the deserving Low against the undeserving Great. He is, above all things, a god become human, and endowed with better qualities than were attributed by man to the earlier creations of his imagination.

Hamlet's pride, his throne, his reverence for his mother, his love for *Ophelia*, his abhorrence of murder, his own life—all are sacrificed in a series of events where he himself was to blame for nothing—swept along in the universe.

Mankind, at the dawn of history, invented Osiris, the "Manifestation of Goodness," as he is called in the hieroglyphics. He was sacrificed by the Dragon of Badness, or Night, also, the Volcano; he descended into hell (the West); he arose and reappeared among men; he sits in Amenti (the West) justly judging the Osirians—the dead Egyptians,—giving to each the rewards or the punishments which earthly equity so-called failed to decree.

From Osiris, on down the ages, man has expected and has hailed, hundreds of other similar "Manifestations of Goodness." The black leopard-taming Nimrod, Buddha, Pod, Fo, Wod (however named, from whom Wednesday, Mercury's day, is called in both Asia and all Europe)—this god was the first Sacrificial One. The rest have followed, each growing more human.

About 1600 the English language enabled William Shakespeare (the highest type of mental or mental-literary man that the race has produced) to create a "Manifestation of Goodness," *Hamlet*, who, though surrounded with the religion and superstition of his time, and cordially upholding both religion and social government, yet inveighed so eloquently against the powers of Evil, the prevalence of injustice, that today, three hundred years later, and to men in an environment much more liberal than Shakespeare's, *Hamlet* seems to be the embodiment of the human Ideal—the keenest thinker, the kindest, gentlest critic of the Good—the attorney of mankind.

In primitive ages the Sacrificial One, always a god, appeared in infancy. His nature was favorable to man. He was a genius who was savior and mediator. The learned Francois Lenormant, in his chapter on the Fratricide, instances "the child Zeus placed beside Rhea; Sosipolis beside Ilithya; Tychon beside Tyche; Iacchus beside Demeter; the child Jupiter beside the Fortuna Primigenia of Præneste." This child is always the savior-genius, or Agathodaimon. "He is frequently represented as carrying out his work of salvation with the price of his death and a true passion."

It is worth noting that, in the Brother-Enemies myth, all the early world believed that the victim-brother underwent a period of effeminacy. One may see in the effeminacy of *Hamlet* a persistence of the stories that grew out of both the winter solstice and the darkening of the moon. This effeminacy of *Hamlet* so impressed our learned friend, the late E. P. Vining, that he added to Shakespeariana one of the oddest of its items, namely, a thesis upholding the theory that *Hamlet* was a woman. Countless ages went by before man (through Shakespeare) put into acceptable words the cry, the passion of the Sacrificial One—the *feelings* of the Brother or Son condemned to fall toward the hated South, nearer to the Scorpion with its sheary claws, and day by day to lose all or nearly all that had once made him glorious. The chief cry of Man in his misery is voiced by *Hamlet* in his Gethsemane, at the close of Act II—"O what a rogue and peasant slave am I," etc. Far back of the writings of Nineveh and Babylon, the race had been busy in the expression of this feeling. Into the Chaldaic penitential psalm was entered the cry: "My wounds are infected and corrupt on account of my folly," and the cylinder was fixed in the fire, to be exhumed by Layard three thousand years later. Meanwhile the Biblical Psalmist had copied its idea:. "There is no soundness in my flesh by reason of thine anger, there is no more vigor in my bones by reason of my sins."—*Psalm* 38:4.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER

(*Ophelia*)

(THE OSIRIS MOTIF CONTINUED)

As soon as Sun-worship had been well-established in Egypt, the Moon (usually Osiris), was given a feminine personality. The sacrifice of all only-begotten and beautiful daughters, in the world-myths, is a variant of the Osiris *motif.*

The cannibal feast is intimately connected with the Revenge-myths. The priests ate of the human sacrifices. It was accounted a noble act to feast on the bodies of enemies, and the gods were supposed to sit at the tables. The cannibals of today follow one of the oldest of the religious customs of man.

"Titus Andronicus" is to be studied in connection with "Hamlet," because of the influence of world-myths on both dramas. Psychologically, the tomb of Shakespeare's elder *Hamlet*, the King, is on the moonlit platform or talus of Elsinore. In the pages concerning "Titus Andronicus" we have called attention to the rudiments left visible by Shakespeare of the ancient belief that perturbed spirits stayed near their tombs.

The great Fratricide myth produced an early variant—a combination of Adam and Cain—where the father slew the son, and the vestige of this myth remains in "Titus Andronicus," where the father, "Titus," slays a son. Brutus slays his son. The next step might be the slaughter of a daughter by the father. Virginius slays Virginia. The mythical Brother-Enemies are first changed in sex in the two wife-enemies of Lamech, the patriarch, in the Bible.

Early in the world's written history, the Brother-Enemies myth had varied, so that the Phenician city (colony) of Tarsus in Cilicia, and the Phenician city of Gortyna, on the island of Crete, were each founded by a Hero who immolated upon its site a young virgin, whose death deified her, and she became the goddess Fortune of that city.

The bright star Spica, chief of the constellation of the Virgin, in the Zodiac, celebrates the myth in which Jephthah's daughter and *Ophelia* play a sacrificial part.

Hamlet says to *Polonius:* "O Jephthah! Judge of Isreal, what a treasure hadst thou." Then Shakespeare plays on the name of Jephthah twice again.

The story of Jephthah, at Judges 12:34, is marked as a myth, because Jephthah is the son of "Gilead," because the daughter has no name, and in the seventh century B.C. the laws of sacrifice in that part of the world had so far modified themselves that a magistrate, taken unawares in a vow as Jephthah was taken, could have paid a sum of money to the priests of Moloch, and burned or eaten an *enemy* as a substitute.

This daughter of Jephthah, on learning her fate, went alone for two months in the mountains (probably to the south). We may see her, as the poets ever have seen these beautiful *Ophelias*, gathering modest flowers and singing snatches of sad song. "And it came to pass at the end of two months that she returned unto her father, who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed . . . And it was a custom in Israel."

The *mutilation* of the sacrificial maiden, both in primitive times and in the legends, might arise as a mitigation of the cannibal feast. Mutilation is today practised on a vast extent among the tribes of Africa, where serpent-worship still exists. The chief symbol of the child-god, or savior-god, in early ages was a serpent.

Shakespeare, without misgivings, in "Titus Andronicus," dealt with both the slaughter of son by father and the mutilation of the innocent maiden, *Lavinia*, so familiar must have been the people of his time with stories of this myth.

Thomas Kyd, being an original or constructive writer, and perhaps feeling the influence of advancing civilization, exempted his heroine, *Bellimperia*, in "The Spanish Tragedy," from the penalty of mutilation, because it would not have conformed with the customs of Christian Spain. But, no less, *Bellimperia*, the beautiful maiden, who has committed no fault whatever, loses her loved one and immolates herself.

The influence of Christianity, or even of progressive mercy, would lead to saintdom for savior-maidens, rather than immolation. (Far back of this was the story of the Greek maiden Iphigenia.) The priests would produce a beautiful maiden, like St. Genevieve at Paris, whose mere presence on the walls would drive away the besieging enemy—and this as effectively as the sacrifice of his son to the god Chemosh by the King of Moab drove away the armies of Israel.

The priests of the defending or opposing army would always be fertile with divine reasons why the goddess of the other army did not reveal the true will of heaven. This natural evolution is clearly wrought out in the life of Joan of Arc, where the demonology and angelology of the ancients come almost within speaking distance.

Shakespeare, as an Englishman, was, of course, a true believer in the demoniacal character of Joan of Arc. In "Henry VI" he exults in her moral mutilation as stoutly as would his *Moor Aaron* over the bodily mutilation of *Lavinia*, in "Titus Andronicus."

We *know* that Shakespeare thought deeply on Jephthah's daughter, on *Lavinia*, on *Bellimperia*, and on *Joan of Arc. Ophelia* descends from them—most beautiful of all.

It is conceivable that the bawdy mistreatment of *Ophelia* in the received text, which we have attributed to actors rather than to the author, is itself a rudiment of the mutilation-myth. Yet, inasmuch as there are critical situations, such as the last entrance of *Ophelia*, where her innocence is *not* attainted by anybody, it seems to us that Shakespeare must himself have handled the entire affair of *Ophelia* with a view of keeping her absolute purity manifest to the audience, and that actors spoiled it by gagging the "cards."

SUMMARY

Note.—The preceding Articles are here viewed together as a necessary framework for the picture that *Hamlet* make in the human mind.

1. The Fratricide. The world-myth of the Brother-Enemies. The coincidence that *two* of these stories intermingled in making the "Hamlet" drama.

2. Literary History of the Ghost, from Bible times, through Eschylus, Seneca, Plutarch, and the Middle Ages to Kyd. The Furies and their long history. Marlowe's troubles, growing out of "Doctor Faustus."

3. Feigned Insanity in History and Fable. King David. Brutus. *Titus. Hieronimo.* Visions.

4. Synopsis of Thomas Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy." The certainty that "Hamlet" evolved from it.

5. "Titus and Vespasian" and "Titus Andronicus." The history of these dramas in Germany to be used as a possible means of throwing light on the history of the "Hamlet" dramas, and the authorship of the lost "Hamlet." The feigned insanity and slaughter.

6. Indications of a lost play of "Hamlet." Nash's satire. Henslowe's entry. Who Henslowe was. Nash's satire. Dekker's satire. The German plays. Conclusion.

7. Literary History of Amlethus. How the story reached the London playwrights. Saxo. Bandello. Belleforest. Pavier. Synopsis of the English text. The name, Hamlet, in Shakespeare's will, and elsewhere.

8. John Lyly's Influence on "Hamlet," so far as it is casually observable.

9. Interesting Quotations from the Puzzling First Quarto of "Hamlet."

10. A venture into the field of the imagination, regarding Shakespeare's method of work.

11. Some observations on the likeness of Kyd and Shakespeare's work.

12. We have used Darwin's idea of "rudiments," and explained the meaning. Tylor is cited.

13. The Manifestation of Goodness. The Osiris Motif. The real inner significance of the character of *Hamlet* as here viewed.

14. Jephthah's Daughter, a continuation and variant of the Osiris Motif. The sacrifice of *Ophelia* justifies the gods in ordaining the immolation of the Hero after he has wrought the Revenge or justice of Heaven.

THE WORLD'S OPINION

Note.—The object of this Article is to give the English reader at least a fragmentary sense of the universal fame "Hamlet" has attained, notwithstanding the egotism of nations.

Before the era of post offices and telegraphs, it was the custom of each nation to believe one of its citizens had been the best poet, the greatest inventor, the profoundest philosopher, the greatest mathematician, the most famous astronomer. Whatever action had gained the applause of more than one country was claimed as originating in each.

In English-speaking lands, Shakespeare was the greatest writer; in Germany, Goethe; in Italy, Dante; in Spain, Cervantes; in France, Rousseau..

If English-speaking persons may trust their own faculties, the growing unity of the civilized world has more than favored the fame of Shakespeare. We should be pleased to possess a symposium of opinions on "Hamlet" gathered from the writings of all nations—let us say, Swineburne in England; Goethe and A. W. Schlegel in Germany; Tolstoi in Russia; Jokai in Hungary; Manzoni in Italy; Sinkiewicz in Poland; Castelar in Spain; Dr. Brandes in Scandinavia; Victor Hugo in France; yes, not omitting Kwang Fu in China, or the other learned modern scholars of the Oriental world.

For "Hamlet" cannot be perfectly translated into other tongues—particularly the Latin ones. But they can and do catch *Hamlet's* Doubt, and his suffering—his Passion and his Sacrifice.

To assure the reader that "Hamlet" has become known universally, let us quote from at least two astonishing scholars—the one Latin, the other Gothic—the one Hugo, the other Brandes.

VICTOR HUGO

(IN "WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE," A DISCOURSE ON THE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD.)

"*Hamlet*, less gigantic and more human [than *Prometheus*] is not less great.

"*Hamlet*, that awful being complete in incompleteness; all, in order to be nothing! He is prince and demagogue, sagacious and extravagant, profound and frivolous, man and neuter. He has little faith in the sceptre, rails at the throne, has a student for his comrade, converses with any one passing-by, argues with the first comer, understands the people, despises the mob, hates violence, distrusts success, questions obscurity, and is on speaking terms with mystery. He communicates to others maladies that he has not himself; his feigned madness inoculates his mistress with real madness. He is familiar with spectres and with actors. He jests, with the ax of *Orestes* in his hand. He talks literature, recites verses, composes a theatrical criticism, plays with bones in a churchyard, dumbfounds his mother, avenges his father, and closes the dread drama of life and death with a gigantic point of interrogation. He terrifies and disconcerts. Never has anything more overwhelming been dreamed . . .

"*Hamlet* is that sinister thing—a possible parricide. Instead of the North, which he has in his brain, let him have, like *Orestes*, the South in his veins, and he will kill his mother.

"Other works of the human mind equal 'Hamlet'; none surpasses it. There is in 'Hamlet' all the majesty of the mournful. A drama issuing from an open sepulchre—this is colossal. 'Hamlet' is, to our mind, Shakespeare's capital work."

This concrete statement is by a Frenchman who could not correctly quote the text, or exactly catch the action. Yet such was the genius of Victor Hugo that he received an excellent concept of the inscrutability of *Hamlet*.

DR. BRANDES

Dr. Georg Maurice Cohen Brandes, one of the greatest literary critics the world has produced, a Dane, is fortunately able to compare "Hamlet" and Goethe's "Faust"; to show how much *Faust* and *Gretchen* owe to *Hamlet* and *Ophelia;* and still to view *Faust* as the one great creation worthy of mention in connection with *Hamlet*.

In his "Criticism of William Shakespeare" Dr. Brandes devotes no fewer than eight chapters to the subject of "Hamlet."

Dr. Brandes always writes as a Danish patriot, stricken with the loss of Schleswig-Holstein. It has been a saying in his country, since 1866, that "Denmark is *Hamlet*."

We must warn ourselves again that Dr. Brandes is proud of *Hamlet the Dane*, for patriotic reasons. "Of all Danish men," says Brandes grimly, "there is only one who can be called famous on the largest scale . . . and this one never existed."

We quote from Chapter 16: "It did not lie in Shakespeare's way to embody a being whose efforts, like *Faust's*, were directed towards experience, knowledge, perception of truth in general. Even when Shakespeare rises highest, he keeps nearer the earth.

"But none the less dear to us art thou, O *Hamlet!* and none the less valued and understood by the men of today. We love thee like a brother. Thy melancholy is ours, thy wrath is ours, thy contemptuous wit avenges us on those who fill the earth with their empty noise and are its masters. We know the depth of thy suffering when wrong and hypocrisy triumph, and oh! thy still deeper suffering on feeling that that nerve in thee is severed which should lead from thought to victorious action. To us, too, the voices of the mighty dead have spoken from the under-world. We, too, have seen our mother wrap the purple robe of power round the murderer of "the majesty of buried Denmark." We, too, have been betrayed by the friends of our youth; for us, too, have swords been dipped in poison. How well do we know that graveyard mood in which disgust and sorrow for all earthly things seize upon the soul. The breath from open graves has set us, too, dreaming with a skull in our hands."

Here, in this lament of a Danish patriot, let us hope we are able to obtain a reliable view of the deep effect of "Hamlet" in lands that, though Teutonic, are not English.

When Napoleon overran Germany its poets cried out in despair: "Germany is *Hamlet.*"

It is a flattering thing to believe that when we are studying our own English "Hamlet," and forming our own opinions of the drama, we are becoming the more cosmopolitan.

OBITER DICTA

NOTE.—Observations on the actors and the people.—The changes in our language.—Rural nature of the Elizabethan drama.—"Local color."—Radical differences in thought and scholarship.—"Hamlet" a real antique.

I.

The reverence of the actors for the play of "Hamlet" is mainly because two of its acts deal at length and intimately with "the profession." In "The Spanish Tragedy," when *Hieronimo* suggests to the members of the royal families that they take part in the play-within-the-play, he instances the historical fact that the Emperor Nero thought so well of the dramatic art as to lend his imperial presence to the stage. In "Hamlet" the *Prince*, the heir apparent, studies the actor's art; becomes an efficient critic; adapts the play; offers to seasoned and leading "artists" an example in reading the main speech of the mimic play; cautions the Counsellor to see that the travelers are well bestowed at the castle; and pays to them the ever-memorable tribute that has served as their bill-of-health ever since. After the mimic play *Hamlet* speaks of Nero (who acted). The English stage operates with a license issued under the seal of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.*

Beside, "Hamlet" has been a meeting-ground for both people and "profession." The people like it. About 1880, an eloquent and successful Unitarian preacher at Chicago abandoned his ministry for the stage, and became a well-known tragedian, having, before his retirement from active connection with the stage, enacted the *role* of *Hamlet* 1,100 times. He possessed one of the noblest voices the world has ever heard. He made a "tour of the world" with a company of English-speaking actors, experiencing the "buffets and rewards of fortune" common to "the profession"; and he averred that, in every part of the wide regions he visited, when matters were at their worst, when the outlook was darkest, it was the drama of "Hamlet" that was relied on for financial succor, and it never failed in the hour of need. The people of America, Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand, the English colonies of Asia, and the people of Great Britain, would attend a performance of "Hamlet" when no other high-class drama seemed to attract them.

II.

Our very familiarity with the accepted text of "Hamlet" betrays the innumerable and important changes that the long lapse of time has effected in the English language. Phrases like "Recks not his own rede" go through the decades and centuries "in the original packages," as it were, the words themselves failing to find use in other verbal connections. Philologically, it is wonderful that we know and can understand so much of "Hamlet." Shakespeare, more than all dictionaries, has been a rock to which some considerable part of a great and widespread speech has been anchored. We do not feel that the French language has been equalyl fortunate.

III.

We are three hundred years away from the easy understanding that the London populace gave to "Hamlet" as a production. "Scene—a room in a castle." Such a direction was not printed in the early dramatic quartos or folios. Precisely as is done now in the "vaudeville" houses of this generation, a card containing information was hung in view of the audience. Shakespeare could look from a window of his Globe Theatre almost directly across the Thames River upon Baynard's Castle, the residence of the Earl of Pembroke, his great patron, and upon the Tower where Essex was beheaded. Both social and sanitary reasons exiled all the theatres to the fields and suburbs. Flowers were there thick in bloom, and trees were preserved with wisdom. The frequent references to fruit, to bloom, and to wood and vegetable life, were not necessarily recollections of life at Stratford-upon-Avon, for London itself offered all those decorations to literature and the drama. The very make-up of ancient cities, with their numerous public, private, and monastic gardens, bestowed a rural aspect that no modern city knows, while the actors, by virtue of the civic contempt in which their calling was held, were daily forced to make journeys into purely agricultural or scenic regions. There was no need of stage-settings in simulation of forest, garden, field, or feudal structure. London, too, was a Venice; the Thames was a Grand Canal. It was said that 40,000 people lived on the wages paid to boatmen mostly above the bridge, where some 4,000 people a day were carried across and back to the theatres and bear-garden.

The play might pretend to be laid in Venice, Rome, Syracuse, etc., and the names of characters might be Danish, Italian or Roman; nevertheless, the audience was accustomed to look for local personages and conditions under the mask of foreign appearances. Thus the city of Wittenberg in "Hamlet," although it is generically Toledo, from *Hieronimo*, was yet well understood to be the City of London, and the traveling of the players and the vogue of little children in tragedy was discussed with the full understanding of the spectators, who also knew that the University of Wittenberg represented either one of the English seats of learning.

IV.

We of today have drifted away from classicism and mythology. The extraordinary results of archeological investigation in Mesopotamia and Egypt (commencing with Napoleon's time) tended to give a comparatively modern aspect to Greece and Rome, and their stories were found to be only repetitions and modifications of world-myths. But the people of Elizabeth's day knew nothing of this; on the other hand, they were thoroughly acquainted, say, with the conventionalities of the Revenge drama: They knew the murder was to be done and the gods angered; the Hero was to be set on by the Furies to vengeance; in carrying out the decrees of the other worlds, he himself was to incur the displeasure of heaven, and his own life was to pay the forfeit and bring the tragedy to an acceptable close. All of this mythological apparatus (present in "Hamlet") is lost on a modern audience.

V.

We must continue to speak of that decided change in theatrical surroundings which came with the downfall of the divine right of Kings. In the time of the drama of "Hamlet," no one cut a King's head off; the King cut other people's heads off. The speech of *Claudius:*—"Do not fear our person: there's such divinity doth hedge a King that treason cannot peep to what it would, acts little of his will"—expressed the real situation. Nearly two centuries later, the members of the Paris mob almost expected to see the heavenly doom of the butcher who personally addressed Louis XVI as "Monsieur." The monarch "touched" for the King's evil, a disease, and was believed to cure it. Thus "Majesty," both male and female, in an ancient play, was carried with superhuman dignity and deliberation. Time was apportioned to the slow marchings in and out, the conventional speeches, and to matters that did not weary the Elizabethan audience because they were of a patriotic nature, and looked to the very safety of each man's life. All this is lost on modern audiences, but it is possible somewhat to shorten the speeches and situations, although impossible to avoid all the repetitions. Some of the repeated royal entries are cut, through having the assemblage "discovered" by the rise of the curtain.

VI.

Thus, in the view of audiences composed of life-long inhabitants of modern ultra-crowded cities, under republican government, with classic mythology no longer in vogue, with a language greatly changed, with women actually playing in women's *roles*, "Hamlet," of all the popular dramas of Shakespeare, has suffered most with the lapse of time. So much the greater may be our astonishment that it holds us so fast, proving the power of its poetry and wisdom.

PART TWO

THESIS AND EXEGESIS

I.

Many things should be said or iterated immediately, but three of them are of chief importance:

1. We believe that *Hamlet* satisfies the mind, at all stages of its growth, as being the Human Sacrificial One. The world-myth of an Ideal is instinctive with us, and that Ideal is anthropomorphous—man-like, made by Man in his own image.

2. We believe that, in *Hamlet*, Shakespeare, the author, gives evidences that he has been permanently saddened by the loss of his son Hamnet, and that often in spirit it is really *Hieronimo* and *Macbeth* who are talking to *Horatio*, or flagellating the corrupt and disappointing world.

3. We know that *My Lord Hamlet* is not Saxo's Amlethus; he is "the *Young Hamlet*," created by Shakespeare. Saxo's Amlethus finally became King of Denmark, and his wife Hermetrude was false to him. *My Lord Hamlet* says to the spirit of the slain *King:* "I'll call thee Hamlet, King, father, royal Dane." *Claudius* also speaks of his brother, *Hamlet*. There is only one Hamlet in Saxo. There are two *Hamlets* in Shakespeare, father and son, *My Lord Hamlet* being a figment of the poet's brain—perhaps so named to do honor to a dead boy for whom the Shakespeare-heart knolled; so named as to leave a clear sea of thought for Shakespeare himself, that he need not be pent-up in a given situation, or confined to a given age in years.

How did *My Lord Hamlet* look? How *does* he look? Can we say that any one has been so fortunate regarding *Hamlet* as was Guido Reni, the old master, when he painted an ideal Jesus of Nazareth? Can we safely say that even Edwin Booth, book in hand, dripping with woe, passing abstractedly across the stage, sinking upon a chair to debate the dread of something after death—can we say *he* made the perfect visible picture? No, not safely. Too many eyes were directed toward him—there were too many standards of intellectual beauty; there was too much of the personality of the spectator and auditor involved. This clever little actor tonight may convey the sense of "the young *Hamlet*"; this tall athlete tomorrow night may show a fine scorn in his instructions to the *Players;* this Herculean Italian might give a most intelligent impersonation of feigned insanity and equivocation, but, in nearly every mind *My Lord Hamlet* remains human but noncarnate—present but elusive and not yet revealed.

If this auditor be satisfied with the smooth and youthful face of Edwin Booth, another, more loyal to the most capricious text that ever was reprinted, demands that *Hamlet* shall wear a beard, as Burbage did. "Who," asks the frenzied *Hamlet*, "plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?" A beard on Edwin Booth would have destroyed our ideal young *Hamlet*.

It is common, in "the profession," to say that *Hamlet* plays himself—that no one ever failed in the part; this is because no one succeeded. *Hamlet*, precisely like *Juliet*, must be young and old at the same time. (The two dramas have a strikingly similar history.) The true Globe or Blackfriars where *Hamlet* walks, is the human brain. In that most secret parquet, where the house darkens only with death, there is but one acceptable impersonator of *My Lord Hamlet*—one impersonator—I, Ego, Myself.

That Ego is saying: "The world has served me ill, as it served *My Lord Hamlet* ill. I honor him that he had the divine mind to give *me* speech—complaint. Justice comes to me whenever *Hamlet* lifts his scourge upon the ugliness and cowardice of Wrong. Beside, I am young, though I be old; conversely, I may be most serious, though I be now in my youth. I am, and was, and perhaps will be. It was always Me, *Hamlet*, Sacrificial One. Yet, slighted by the world, left in solitude to cry against events, I remain proud, and would not be otherwise than Ideal—as I am."

Millions have lived whose most constant companion was *My Lord Hamlet*. They even heard him speaking when their comrades repeated his language, unconscious of its origin.

We know that "Hamlet" is Doubt, as "Macbeth" is Conscience, as "Romeo" is Love. So, Life is Doubt. Put it as far as mankind has calmly gone, considering all proofs offered, there is nothing in the end but perplexity. "The rest is silence." We have it from Shakespeare, our best thinker. We have it from *My Lord Hamlet*, the Human Sacrificial One.

The text itself is longer than the play which is nowadays presented to the public. But the world at large has taken out its own shorter play. It has refused to believe that *Hamlet* misused and murdered *Polonius;* that he broke *Ophelia's* heart and drove her mad; that he murdered *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern.* Those, the world says, are earthly things, clods, clinging to a celestial vesture. Those are events that crept in with the worldly material, hastily gathered. At most, they are the very whips of which *Hamlet* justly complains. At worst, they are human. We have no quarrel with that feeling. It is a fact, like the sun or the moon; it is almost as cosmic.

Finally, the art of English poetry is a noble one, as John Milton, Shakespeare's first pupil, has splendidly shown. Here, in "Hamlet," we address ourselves to one of the richest original sources of that art. The lover of Literature will forever place Poetry, as a thing of beauty, above Sculpture and Painting, and will strive to look on Music as its handmaiden.

The first scene of "Hamlet," as it has come in printed form from the playhouse across the Thames River, offers psychical phenomena not often beheld in literature. *Hamlet* is there on the platform of Elsinore, in spite of Shakespeare. The poet and the playwright are always at odds, and when the two offices fall to the same worker, the battleground is transferred to the subconscious region of the intellect. In the drama of "Hamlet," the playwright *per se* would naturally choose to reserve his finest speeches for the Hero, but the poet *per se* cannot so certainly command his inventive powers. Subconsciously or consciously (it is immaterial in the outcome), *Hamlet* may intrude on the language of the scene, when *Hamlet* cannot be present in the situation—or, by another course of procedure, *Hamlet* was there in the script, and has been removed.

We hope it will interest the reader to go (for a moment) cursorily over this coming first scene, and to allow us to note its consequences in the drama.

The curtain rises, the bell strikes the awesome hour, a certain mystical *Francisco* is on guard and is relieved. "For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold and I am sick at heart." This oft-quoted speech, though it be credited to *Francisco*, is psychically *Hamlet's*, and when one repeats it, he is prone to think of *Hamlet.* The guard and newcomers are a long time dismissing this *Francisco*, and there is the mark of symbolism upon his departure. When he is gone, reader, he never comes back—there is no more of *Francisco* in all "Hamlet." Why? Why, if it be not that *Francisco* is *Hamlet?* And note how, in the Fifth Act, just before the final tragedies, *Hamlet* says to *Horatio:* "Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart." Perhaps that symbolical iteration of *Francisco's* words tells us why we have life-long repeated, "For this relief much thanks," and have felt the approach of mystery and tragedy with the earliest words of the drama.*

So, too, *Hamlet* lingers, ghost-like, in some of *Horatio's* speeches in the first scene, of which we shall speak anon.

While the mystical *Francisco* disappears at once, his friends, *Marcellus* and *Bernardo*, are nearly as evanescent. When they shall have visited *Hamlet* in the castle and corroborated the recital of *Horatio*, in the next scene, *Bernardo* will vanish from the cast. A little anon *Marcellus* too will go, and only *Hamlet* and *Horatio* will have seen the *Ghost.* Though it appear before the *Queen*, her eyes will not report the apparition to her. At times, as the drama shall proceed, even *Horatio* will be kept out of the action, evidently because he as well as *Hamlet* has seen the *Ghost.*

The company of actors, excepting *Francisco*, *Bernardo*, *Marcellus*, *Horatio* and *Hamlet*, always proceed without that dread information which has been so impressively imparted to the audience, and this has rendered necessary the early suppression of three minor parts.

*** Note also the solemn *Macbeth* saying the same thing in the latter part of *his* Agony. *Francisco, Hamlet, Macbeth*—three in one.**

It entailed on the poet very traceable psychological consequences. The coming *Hamlet* casts his shadow before.

Mr. William Winter arranged Mr. Edwin Booth's acting version of "Hamlet." In reintroducing *Marcellus* and omitting "A Gentleman" (in Act IV, with *Ophelia*), Mr. Winter has taken the liberty of admitting an actor to the scene who has seen the *Ghost*, and could give much information toward clearing the plot. English tragedians have wisely followed the received text, and kept *Marcellus* off.

II.—FIRST ACT

The moonlight of another world shines upon the high platform of Elsinore, the deep bell strikes twelve, the swift first scene is on. The bell beats one—an hour has passed.

The *Ghost*, "with martial stalk," goes by the watch, and is recognized. Here the classic model of opening a tragedy is made far more beautiful by a Shakespearian variant. The soldiers on guard become the "Chorus." *Horatio*, *Hamlet's* schoolmate at Wittenberg, is a scholar, therefore he shall speak in Latin, the language in which spirits are addressed or demons exorcised. Notwithstanding his horror, he shall attempt communion with that which once was the Majesty of Denmark. *Horatio*, however, does *not* (as he might) copy the Latin from Reginald Scot's book of witchcraft, but speaks in English, to which the Spirit deigns no reply, and passes into nothingness. The Chorus, with *Horatio* as classic Coryphæus, or leader, proceeds to a pseudo-explanation of the situation in Denmark, in order to account for the apparition. Here, exactly as Milton does, sixty years later, the stars, eclipses, early historians and poets, all, are successfully copied, to prepare a ghostly atmosphere. Probably *Hamlet* himself was on the "card" here once, for he is still on the platform psychologically, and seems to have spoken the part—"In the most high and palmy state of Rome," etc., where the full poetry of *Hamlet's* own utterance is present. So, as *Horatio* passes out of the prosaic chorus-part to take up a *Hamlet*-like burst, the *Ghost* again appears, as if recalled by *Hamlet*. *Horatio*, resuming the prosaic speech of a chorister, crosses the apparition, the cock crows, showing the third watch, or three o'clock in the morning, and the *Ghost* again vanishes, having completed its nightly penance. The psychological rush of time resumes, and it is early dawn, in whose dim light we can still discern that *Hamlet* himself was once here; and that it was *Hamlet*, speaking to the scholarly *Horatio*, apart from the honest but simple soldiers, who noted the swift pace of these unnatural hours—"But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill."

It appears to us that Shakespeare once had *Hamlet* "on" earlier in the play, and that, when *Hamlet* was taken out, several of his lines—admirable examples of the poet's art—were left to *Horatio*, who (as the text now reads) speaks in two styles. We have already spoken of *Francisco's* speech.

With *Hamlet* off the stage, our attention is better centered on the *Ghost*. We, like the simple soldiers, wonder why he walks. What will *Hamlet* say about it when we shall tell him? In this scene the actors of Elizabeth's day, in exploiting pagan ideas of demonology, were clearly in political danger; therefore *Marcellus* stops the swift scene to recite the passage concerning Christmas-tide, when, if the hint be rightly taken here, such a drama as "Hamlet" could not be played at all.

From the *broken* condition of the iambic text where *Horatio* crosses the *Ghost*, it seems probable that there once was an exorcism by *Horatio* in Latin—as Marlowe, Kyd or Middleton would have done it. English has been substituted, and this leaves *Horatio's* "scholarship" as a rudiment.

Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," a contemporaneous drama dealing entirely with demonology, is thickly interspersed with Latin lines.

The *Ghost* has walked, but has not spoken. Whether purposely or not, Shakespeare has not told us that *Claudius* is *King* and has married *Hamlet's* mother. *Horatio* fails to explain that he and *Hamlet* are back from college at Wittenberg to attend the coronation and marriage. The soldiers, having seen the *Ghost*, go to seek "the young *Hamlet*." Here we are psychologically to contrast the term "the young *Hamlet*" with the term, "the old *Hieronimo*," as was the custom literally with Elizabethan play-goers.

The ghostly platform of Elsinore, passing swiftly as a "moving picture," satisfies the modern auditor as a scene, because, conventionally, he *knows* what is coming. To him the *Ghost* walks because of a murder, as in classic tragedy, not because of war with Norway. Most of the Norway matter will prove to be a rudiment.

Keep in mind, that "the young *Hamlet*" is Shakespeare's psychological symbol of a second *Hamlet*, son of the slain *Hamlet*, invented by the playwright, and not in the "Hystorie."

Also, generically, the dead *King Hamlet* lies buried in the talus or platform of the castle.

This moonlit platform is in the other world. The actors, except *Hamlet* and *Horatio*, will all soon disappear from the cast, and never reveal their knowledge to any of the others in the drama.

III.

The coronation and the incestuous wedding are over, and the *King* and *Queen* receive in the room of state. The *King* speaks of the late monarch as "Hamlet, our dear brother," (not Horvendile) and of the *Queen* as "imperial jointress to this warlike state." There is a good deal more of the cast-off Norway war-motif (rarely played on the stage) and, at last, attention centres on the figure of a handsome young man in black, whose costume ill-fits the festival. It is *Hamlet*.

Here *Hamlet* must surely be young. The mind demands it. "But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son," says the *King*. "A little more than kin, and less than kind," says *Hamlet* to the audience. *Claudius*, at the expense of many words, explains that he has married the dead monarch's wife, and is King. He has thus become the father of the Prince, and *Hamlet* is to reign next. *Hamlet*, to show that wit which John Lyly has for the time made necessary in England, notes the relation in one man of uncle and father—more than kin—and puns backward on "kind"—for, though the *King* be kind to *Hamlet*, *Hamlet* cannot look on him in that manner. Yet this first punning speech of the mysterious and equivocal young *Hamlet* has caught the fancy of the world.

The *Queen* rebukes his sorrowing mood. His father is dead, she says. "Thou know'st 'tis common." "Ay, madam," says *Hamlet*, "'tis common."

In the "Spanish Tragedy," *Lorenzo*, the murderer, begs *Hieronimo*, the stricken father, to acquaint him with his grief—the loss of the murdered son *Horatio*. "In faith, my lord," answers *Hieronimo*, "'tis an idle thing . . . the murder of a son, or so—a thing of nothing, my lord."

Now ushers suddenly the Shakespearian *Hamlet*, august as *Hieronimo*, noble as a heart-broken father: "Seems, madam! nay, it *is:* I know not *seems*. 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, nor customary suits of solemn black . . . but I have that within which passeth show; these but the trappings and the suits of woe."

Here, whether it be Shakespeare's intent or not, the "prophetic soul" of the great and maturer *Hamlet* is in full possession of all the sorrow that the *Ghost* is soon to impart to him.

The long speeches of the *King* (so properly cut in the modern prompt-books), the royal costumes, the archaic music, are vestiges of classic plays. The stage monarch is nearly an automaton. The glazed bricks of Nineveh and the First Act of "Hamlet" present Kings that look alike. It was not proper for Shakespeare to change the method, nor was it prudent to give the monarch short speeches.

There is such an unneeded repetition of the words "Wittenberg," "the City," and "the University," as to inform us that it is all a symbolism. The commentators have usually satisfied themselves with debating the anachronism of a Saxon college in mythical Danish times.

The Hero of the "Hamlet" tragedy must have a college to come from, because *Hieronimo* was at college in Toledo, and wrote his play-within-the-play while there, but it is needless to talk about going *back* to Wittenberg, or about *Horatio* as a *visitor* from Wittenberg. So, the text shows more than the ordinary rudiments of *Hieronimo*. Possibly some former draft of "Hamlet" had more to do with "the City" (London, of course) and the *Players* there.

In Germany, the myth of a learned old man selling himself to the devil centered about a tale of Dr. John Faustus, a professor of the University of Wittenberg, in Saxony, and Marlowe (born the same year with Shakespeare, but murdered at twenty-nine) wrote the celebrated play of "Doctor Faustus" with the scene laid at Wittenberg.

In view of what had happened to Marlowe, the iteration of "Wittenberg" would seem to be dangerous at the Globe. Yet, as "Wittenberg" stood for Martin Luther, and as Shakespeare naturally leaned toward a wider personal liberty than the Lutheran order of things permitted, this veiled allusion may have pleased his anti-Lutheran patrons, who were so soon to suffer at the mandate of the new religion.

But, far more important than all other psychical things, we wish to call to the reader's attention the fact that *Macbeth* himself lurks here. *Macbeth* is *Faust; Macbeth* sells himself to hell, to *Hecate*, to the three *Furies*. Doctor Faustus has so impressed Shakespeare that he is going to adopt the Boethius-Holinshed story of it, and endow *Faustus* with Conscience. Thus, Shakespeare is to construct the greatest pure drama that ever was (at least, to the masculine comprehension). And Goethe's *Faust* is better understood as an influence *from* Shakespeare if we consider its *Faust* and *Gretchen* as from *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, and its *Faust* alone from *Macbeth*.

Shakespeare evidently came upon the problems of Love,-Doubt-Conscience—that is, Love-Religion—at the time he dealt with *Romeo*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. The psychological connections of these dramas, and the evidences they afford of contemporaneous writing by Shakespeare, seem to us to be the most interesting clews we have touching Shakespeare's methods and interior thought.

Hamlet is left alone, as he will be, many times in the drama, filling for himself the offices of *Ghost* and *Revenge*. "O that this too too solid flesh would melt . . . or that the Everlasting had not fixed his canons 'gainst self-slaughter"—possibly the most oft-quoted of *Hamlet's* speeches. It was customary for Elizabethan poets to repeat words for emphasis—"too, too," "many, many," "much, much," etc. Bishop Wordsworth called attention to the fact that there is no specific canon 'gainst self-slaughter in the Bible. The passage has few equals as a vehicle for the speaker of varying moods of melancholia and satire. "Frailty, thy *name* is woman!" Here man, sickened with his kind, attaints the very mother of the race. How readily the auditor takes on the tragedy, and helps *Hamlet* into the black harness that he has by no means donned in the play—for he has not yet even heard of the *Ghost*. Here it is truly the audience that is *Hamlet*—he himself may indeed look young and innocent.

Horatio and the soldiers enter to tell about the *Ghost*. Again it is seen the Wittenberg (or Toledo) *motif* is outgrown, for both *Hamlet* and *Horatio* were at college, and if both did not come home for the same object, or at the same time, each certainly knew the reason. Nor is *Horatio* to depart, any more than *Hamlet*.

We have, in *Horatio*, the one person to whom *Hamlet* is to be unequivocal when alone with him. *Horatio* and the audience have nearly one and the same office. Bestowing vast love on *Hamlet*, *Horatio* elicits most of good from him—a natural law—true probably also of the reader. *Hamlet* at once arraigns the scandal of the wedding. "Indeed, my lord," *Horatio* admits, "it followed hard upon." "Thrift, thrift, *Horatio!* the funeral bakèd meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables." Here the friendship of John Lyly's double pair—Euphues and Philautus, and Alexander and Apelles—calls up the accompanying wit that young *Hamlet* must exploit. The extraordinary drink-bouts of the Danes, whereby, in the Saxo History, Hamblet got his Revenge, linger in the text, and properly, for Shakespeare intends to make of the poisonous draught at the last curtain a much more conspicuous and symbolical theatrical adjunct than it turns out to be in the enacted play, and this fault or failure results from dividing Kyd's tragedy into two parts—the mimic play and the slaughter, because in Shakespeare, *Hamlet* and *Laertes* must have the centre of the stage for the fencing bout, and the great King's-rouse, so laboriously prepared-for here in Act I, goes for little or nothing in Act V, though, in a literary sense, the method (copied and copied by Victor Hugo in all his works) is without flaw.

To make this rouse especially effective, Shakespeare "invents" cannon a thousand years ahead of their time. The *King* goes to celebrate, and, later, as *Hamlet* and *Ho-*

ratio step out on the platform, the ordnance will roar. Thus we are first to have the description of the rouse; second, the enactment of the rouse off-stage; then the tragic cup which kills the sinful mother, in view of the audience, at the last curtain; and finally the roar of ordnance "off," which ends the play—and symbolizes a *lethal* rouse.

Voltaire found especial fault with this King's rouse; because the divine right of Kings was firmly fixed in his mind, and he could not tolerate mention of the bibulousness of a monarch. The French language is unfitted for the translation of Shakespeare, and Voltaire was a satirist rather than a great man. In French, "William" is "Gillaume," the main change in sound being from W to G. This "Gillaume" Voltaire transformed psychologically and literally to "Gilles," clown, and Frenchmen of more talent than Voltaire lived and died calling the Swan of Avon "Gilles Shakespeare." A satirist can exist only in the shadows cast by the great. Voltaire thought Shakespeare stupid, and the lion's skin that the Frenchman wore terrified literary Europe, and still affrights young scholars.

Francisco has already disappeared, for he was a symbol of *Hamlet*. The other soldiers now come with *Horatio*. They are to deliver their message from the other world, and then they will return to it. *Horatio*, *alter ego* of *Hamlet*, alone will remain, to symbolize *Hamlet* at times, and to tell his mystery to mankind.

Nothing is pleasanter in all "Hamlet" or in all literature, than the personal relations of *Hamlet* and *Horatio*. Lyly strove to improve on the classic tales of friendship; Shakespeare easily improves on Lyly. *Horatio* accuses himself of "a truant disposition." "I would not hear your enemy say so," says *Hamlet*, and one believes it. Indeed, one may, for it is as if Shakespeare spoke to the young Hamnet. Feeling alone, as he *is* alone when he converses with *Horatio*, *Hamlet* becomes wraith-like:

> *Ham.* My father!—methinks I see my father.
> *Hor.* Where, my lord?
> *Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

This phrase has hypnotized our race. In the little passage there is much acting for both speakers. For some reason, *Horatio* is being held away, as a stranger. *Horatio's* "I saw him once," is on a puzzling line with *Hamlet's* forthcoming explanations of Danish customs to *Horatio*, a native Dane. Something has been changed or mixed in the "cards" of the drama.

Hamlet comes out of his trance with a beautiful variant of the speech at the close of "Julius Cæsar." Says *Hamlet:*

> He was a man, take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again.

Says Antony:

> This was the noblest Roman of them all.
> . . . . "This was a man."

It is a technical saying among English poets that powerful lines are made up of monosyllables. Shakespeare offers many other examples—perhaps the most wonderful being *Kent's* speech over dead *Lear*—"O let him pass," etc.

The soldiers tell *Hamlet* their secret. His astonishment begins. The *Ghost* is described. "A countenance more in sorrow than in anger." These household words have their *reason* in the *early* form of "Hamlet," where the mother was spared. And, all the way through, Shakespeare was striving to rid himself of the hard-clinging rudiment of the "Revenge" drama.

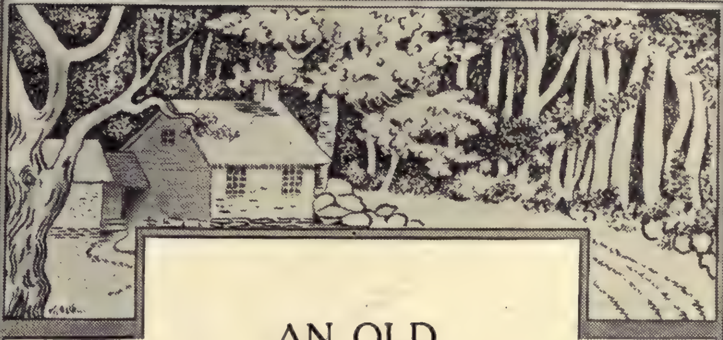
Hamlet will meet them on the platform. Now, at last, he suspects foul play. "My father's spirit in arms!" Here was a lead for Colley Cibber's "My soul's in arms!" in the pseudo "Richard III."

Scene 2 closes. We have a feeling that *Hamlet* is now where he once was, earlier in the text—that is, he knows his father "walks." All is not well. Foul deeds, not war, are omened and to be revealed.

As Shakespeare kept knowledge of the *Ghost* and suspicion of the murder from *Hamlet*, so now he keeps knowledge of *Hamlet's* intense love for *Ophelia* from the audience. Even his affection for *Horatio* is still to be elaborated, and *Horatio* is to be further treated courteously, as a visitor. Still, as has been repeated, we sit at "Hamlet" conventionally, like Wagner-admirers at Baireuth in Bavaria. No need to tell us what is meant—we already know.

The actors of our century, in modernizing this second scene, have been able safely to pay less attention to the automatic or classic *King* and *Queen*, and to shorten their long speeches.

(*To be continued*)



AN OLD NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL-HOUSE

BETWEEN the dark old forest and the dusty country road,
Where the weary, plunging horses tug the farmer's heavy load,
Where—around the moss-grown tree-trunks—the woodbine gently clings,
And the birds' sweet joyous carol through the solemn stillness rings,
There, with flat rocks for foundation and the bright blue sky above,
Stands the sturdy old brick school-house whose mem'ry we all love.

It is like an open hist'ry of our parents' childhood days;
It bespeaks the early customs, and the quaint old-fashioned ways.
There, upon those very rocks, our grandparents once played,
When grandpa was a laddie, and grandma a pink-cheeked maid.
There, with jack-knife old and rusty, with many a lavish scrawl,
Grandpa, his own name and his sweethearts, had carved upon the wall.

And now within the twilight when the shadows gently play,
The children coax the dear old man to tell them of that day,
Until Grandpa, laughing gaily at the oft-repeated plea,
Takes up the eager youngsters upon his trembling knee,
And tells them all the stories any one could wish to know,
How he and Grandma went to school so many years ago.

And Grandma by the window, within an easy chair
Smiles sweetly at his stories and smooths her silvery hair;
And her mind, too, wanders backward to the time when she, a maid,
Within that dark old forest and upon those flat rocks played.
For of all the pleasant memories, there're none clearer in her mind,
Than the sturdy old brick school-house with the stately trees behind.

Viva Dickinson White

THE FLEET OF MODERN OYSTER STEAMERS, BELONGING TO THE NORTHPORT OYSTER COMPANY, NORTHPORT, LONG ISLAND, AND SOUTH NORWALK, CONNECTICUT, READY TO BEGIN THEIR DAY'S WORK ON THE "NORTHPORT OYSTER FARM"

THE ROMANCE OF THE OYSTER

By GARNAULT AGASSIZ

FEW stories of American accomplishment are more replete with human interest than the upbuilding of its oyster industry—an industry which, antedating the first white settlement of this country, has experienced in the course of its evolution more vicissitudes, perhaps, than any of the other great natural industries of the United States, not excepting the greatest of all these, agriculture.

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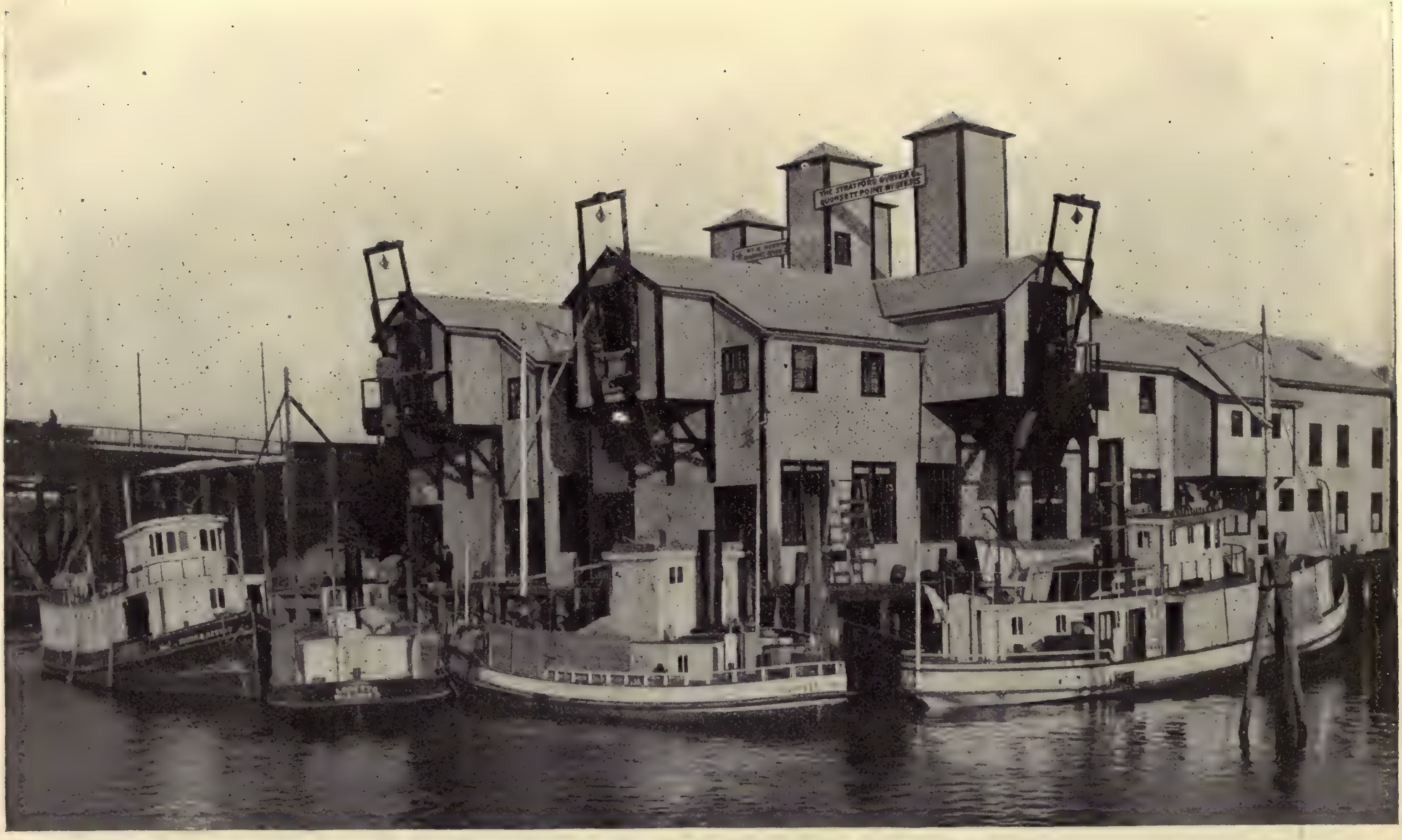
OYSTER DREDGES COMING ABOARD IN FORTY FEET OF WATER

According to the old records the oyster was one of the Indian's principal articles of diet before the arrival of the white man, the coast tribes seeming to have carried on a considerable internal trade in this commodity, judging by the piles of shells that were found hundreds of miles in the interior long after the Anglo-Saxon had subjected the red man to his will. The oyster was one of the Indian's principal means of exchange in his barterings with the first settlers, and it seemed to him, accustomed to regard all shellfish with indifference, rather extraordinary that the white man, who lay claim to a higher civilization than his, should be so ready to relinquish his beads and other pretty trinkets for so indifferent an article of food; little did he know what this luscious reminder of home meant to the early Anglo-Saxon immigrant.

When this country was first settled the natural oyster beds were infinitely more extensive than they are today. In 1621, for instance, the oyster was said to be plentiful enough at New Amsterdam to supply both England and Holland with all the oysters they could consume, and its size so large as to make the bivalve of Europe bear only an insignificant resemblance to it; reputable scribes, among them a number of prominent officials of the old Dutch regime, claiming to have seen oysters that measured over a foot and a half in length.

For the first two hundred years of its life the American oyster industry experienced many vicissitudes. Sometimes the use of the oyster was popular, sometimes not; for in these early days its food value had not been so firmly established as now. During the early part of the last century, even, oysters were in such general disfavor that they were burned in enormous quantities, just as taken from the beds, to obtain their lime, which was reputed to be very much superior to the ordinary article; while on other occasions their popularity was so pronounced that the very life of the natural beds was threatened, and it was this wanton destruction on the public's part that first suggested the question of government control to many of the states in which the industry was prosecuted. Local control, it should be remarked, was in force in some localities many years before state control, the first recorded attempt at local control having been instituted in 1715 by the City of New York, when all but Indians were prohibited from working on the beds between the months of May and



THE MODEL OYSTER PLANTS AT PROVIDENCE, R. I., OF THE WM. M. MERWIN & SONS COMPANY, MILFORD, CONN., AND THE STRATFORD OYSTER COMPANY, STRATFORD, CONN.

September, the Indians being exempted by a peculiar legal construction of their treaty rights.

During the last twenty years the oyster industry has been revolutionized, not only in the methods of harvesting oysters, but in the opening up to development of thousands of acres of ground which only a few years ago would have been considered barren in so far as the growing of oysters was concerned, until today this great business, with a total annual output of fifty million bushels, is prosecuted in twenty states of the Union, gives direct employment to hundreds of thousands and indirect employment to as many more, and represents an investment of at least three hundred million dollars.

There are two kinds of oyster beds, those that are the immediate result of nature's handiwork, and those in whose making nature's forces have been recruited through man's ingenuity. The first are known as natural beds, the second as planted grounds.

Not so many years ago, when the oyster as an article of diet was hardly so popular as now, the natural beds were supposed to be unlimited in their extent and quite capable of meeting all demands that might be made upon them for many years to come. Continued prosperity, however, brought into popular use many commodities which in less prosperous times would have been regarded more as the luxuries than the necessaries of life, and this, together with abnormal increase in population and the opening up through increased transportation facilities of hundreds of towns and villages heretofore inaccessible, created a demand for the oyster for which the oysterman himself was ill prepared. In this connection, in view of later developments, the warning given the American oysterman in 1876 by that eminent German scientist, Professor Mobius, of Berlin University—a warning which at the time was received with derision by the oystermen and by most of those who were recognized as authorities on the question—is significant. This authority predicted the total depletion of the American natural beds within forty or fifty years.

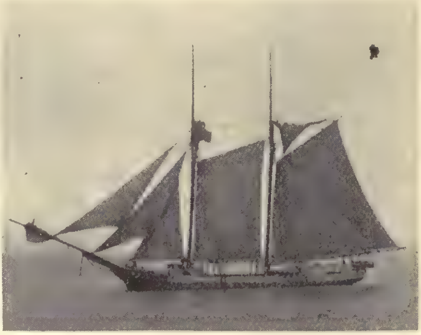
Had the oysterman been permitted to continue his depredations, the elegy of most this country's natural beds would have been already written, but—fortunately for the in-

OYSTER HOUSE AT WEST BARRINGTON RHODE ISLAND OF THE R. R. HIGGINS CO. BOSTON, MASS.

THE OYSTER PLANT OF FRANK W. SMITH, WARREN, R. I.

dustry, and, we might say, himself as well—he was not, for the several states affected realized the situation just in time, and, stepping in, inaugurated a system of state control which has done much not only to preserve the remaining natural beds, but to foster as nothing else could have the oyster industry as a whole.

But even government control has not entirely prevented the depletion of the natural beds. Certainly, many beneficial laws have been placed on the statute books of both Virginia and Maryland, which if consistently observed, would eventually restore to these beds much of their former wealth, but, unfortunately, to a very large number of tongers, especially those of African origin, oyster laws are made only to be evaded, and of those that do live up to them the majority interpret them in letter rather than in spirit. To the average tonger the size of the oyster is of consequence only in so far as the price it may command is concerned, and the packer, so anxious to fill his every order, is only too ready to buy the small oysters with the large, and not infrequently the empty shells as well. And here arises another question, and one fraught with importance to the industries of these states. Why not compel the packers to replace all the shells on the beds, instead of allowing these shells to be sold for commercial purposes or be shipped out of the state for the use of outside planters? No stronger argument in favor of reshelling could be adduced than the statistics of the Maryland industry. In 1889 the Chesapeake and its tributaries produced nearly twenty million bushels of oysters; last year, notwithstanding the enormous increase in the use of the oyster; not to mention the Chesapeake's favored position as a shipping point, the crop showed a deficit of many millions. Here is the logical explanation.



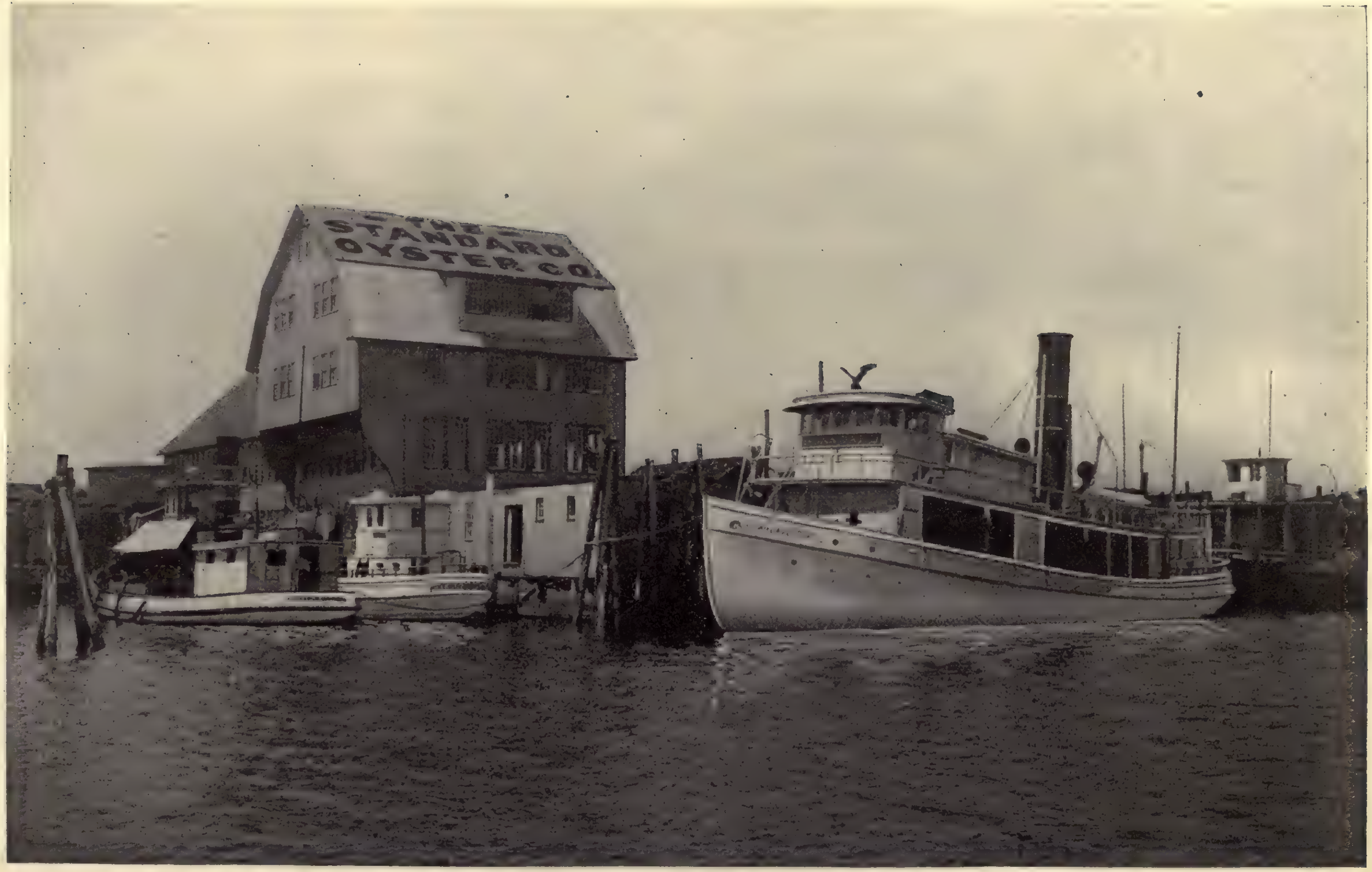
A CHESAPEAKE "BUY" BOAT
On its way to the grounds

Previous to 1890 the oyster boat most generally in use was of the pungy class, that is a boat with a deep keel and a low gunwale. The peculiar construction of this boat made the carrying of sufficient ballast to insure both her safety and proper management on the return journey imperative. What was more natural, then, than that the owners should ballast their boats with the oyster shells at hand? At this time the oyster shell had little intrinsic value, and the packer was only too ready to load, free of charge to the master, the returning boat with all the shells she required. On her arrival at the beds these shells were thrown overboard to make room for the new cargo of oysters, and according to ex-Senator A. Lincoln Dryden, of Maryland, who has made an exhaustive study of the question, the number of shells annually redistributed in this manner amounted to nearly two million bushels. In 1890 a new class of craft, which owing to its centerboard construction required no ballast, began to replace the pungy, with the natural consequence that the shells were no longer returned to the water; and from that hour may be said to date the gradual falling off in the productiveness of the natural oyster beds of the Chesapeake and its tributaries.

THE OLD METHOD OF FLOATING OYSTERS, NOW PRACTICALLY DISCONTINUED

Hence the question arises: Would not the industries of these states derive greater benefit from an extension of private ownership, which if it accomplishes nothing else will assure beyond peradventure the conservation of vast natural resources that under present conditions can last a few years at most? Unquestionably, the cardinal need of both the Virginia and Maryland industries is state encouragement of private enterprise. At the present time all the seed beds in the jurisdiction of the state are held by the state for the supposed benefit of the people at large, with the result that these beds, which under some comprehensive scheme of private ownership would give permanent and remunerative employment to thousands of Virginia's citizens, afford a precarious living at best for a limited number, and for a limited season.

The oyster industry is costing the Commonwealth of Virginia nearly $60,000 a year in



THE PLANT OF THE STANDARD OYSTER COMPANY, SOUTH NORWALK, CONNECTICUT police protection alone, and the industry is carried on at a financial loss to the government. On the other hand, private ownership would not only bring a large income into the state coffers; would not only relieve the state of a great part of the burden of policing the grounds, but would increase the value of the Commonwealth's industry by at least ten million dollars a year.

Such action on the part of these states would be in no sense an experiment; they would be but emulating the successful example of Connecticut, New York, Rhode Island, Louisiana and Texas—an example which is building up the oyster industries of these states at the expense of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, which for so many years practically monopolized the oyster trade of the United States.

Speaking on this question recently, Mr. Richard Armstrong, of Hampton, Va., President of the Virginia Oyster Packers' Association, and a leading oyster grower of the South, said:

"Twenty years ago Maryland controlled the oyster business of the United States, and Baltimore, her principle shipping point, handled about seven millions of bushels of oysters.

"At this time Connecticut's total business amounted to only half a million dollars. But Maryland depended entirely upon the natural supply, Connecticut had started her planting industry. Maryland refused to permit cultivation; Connecticut encouraged it in every possible way, retaining only about eight thousand acres for public use. In the year 1902, which may be regarded as a fair average year, Baltimore handled two million bushels, a falling off of about five million bushels, while Connecticut did a five million dollar business, an increase of four and a half million dollars." *

No better illustration of the fallacy of popular belief in an inexhaustible supply of

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WEST WASHINGTON MARKET, WHERE ARRIVE MOST OF NEW YORK'S OYSTERS any natural commodity could be adduced than the natural oyster beds of the United States. At the present time these beds supply only thirty per cent of the annual crop of marketable oysters; in a very few years at most they will have ceased to be contributing factors, their one purpose being the supplying of seed to the planters.

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* Of course it must be remembered that while fifteen years ago Baltimore practically monopolized the oyster industry of Maryland in so far as shucking and shipping were concerned, today there are many large packing houses in various parts of the state.

Oyster cultivation is not an American idea. History tells of the early Romans having caught oyster-fry on branches and raised oysters quite successfully, and from time to time this and other methods of cultivation have been attempted in various European countries, while in France and Great Britain oyster growing under some scheme of private ownership — for the natural beds of these countries are practically things of the past—has reached a high state of excellence during the past few years. But to America must be accorded the honor of having built up a really great business, and of having introduced innovations and improvements which have placed the oyster industry of this country in a class by itself.

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THE HYDROGRAPHIC SURVEY
Determining the Condition of the Bottom

The private cultivation of the oyster is of comparatively recent origin in the United States. Not that many oystermen had not thought to emulate the successes achieved abroad, but the complete absence of state control, together with the popular belief of everything in the sea belonging to everybody, acted as an effective deterrent to any who would have done so.

Oyster farming in America dates back to the year 1851, when certain East River (New York) oystermen, observing that young oysters fastened in great numbers to the shells of other oysters, started the practice of shelling their beds and the ground contiguous to them just before spawning time. Some exception was taken to this manner of oystering by the less progressive, so in 1855 the State of New York introduced legislation intended to give a certain degree of protection to the growers. In the same year Captain Henry Bell, of Bell's Island, commenced the planting of shells at the mouth of the Norwalk River, and a few years later, under the protection of a new state law, a great many oystermen of New Haven, Bridgeport and other Connecticut towns followed his example.

Shortly after this the State of Connecticut, assuming control of her shell fisheries, declared her right to dispose of naturally barren bottoms to private individuals, and many oystermen, who saw in scientific oyster cultivation a much greater future than the natural beds open to all could afford, applied for grants and oyster planting became an actuality.

For many years the oyster growers were content to limit their operations to rivers, bays, harbors, and such channels as were considered sufficiently protected to withstand the rigors of climate, but in 1870 or thereabouts certain New Haven oystermen determined to develop the possibilities of the deeper water. Their success was instantaneous and their example was immediately emulated by other large growers, and before long a greater portion of that part of Long Island Sound within the jurisdiction of Connecticut was being utilized for this unique system of farming. A year later the deep-water growers secured the passage of a law declaring that in the greater portion of Connecticut waters there were no natural beds, which permitted the cultivation of these grounds without any interference from the natural-bed oystermen. Since that time the oyster industry of Long

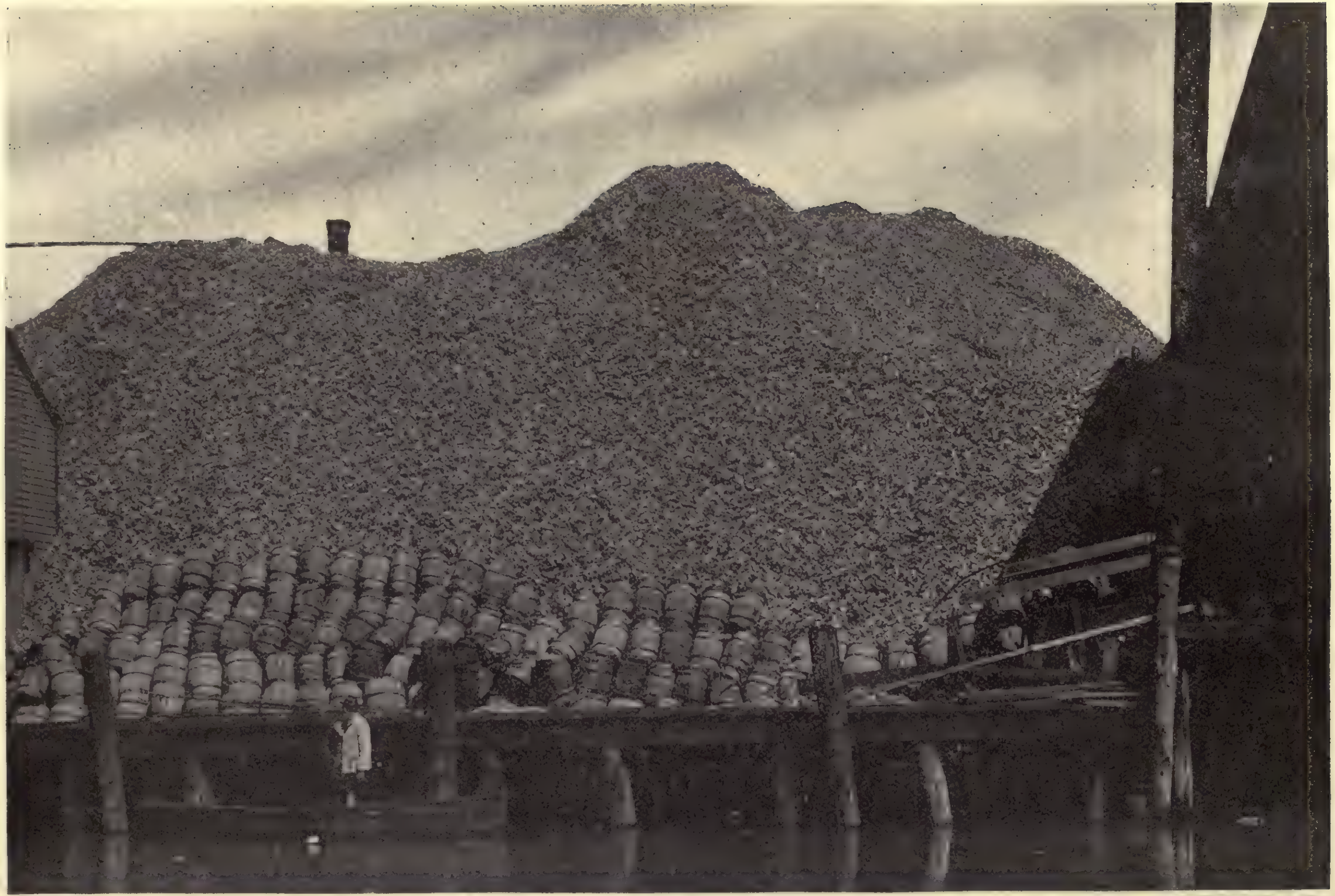
Island Sound has reached immense proportions in both the waters of Connecticut and New York, practically every available acre having been taken up. Nor are Connecticut and New York the only states in which the private cultivation of the oyster, or "oyster farming," has proved remarkably successful. For instance, Rhode Island, the baby state of the Union, derives over a hundred thousand dollars a year from her limited acreage in taxes alone, while in Texas and Louisiana, in both of which states the natural-bed industry had suffered almost total depletion, a new era of prosperity is dawning, founded entirely upon private ownership and private enterprise, adequately encouraged.

It would be hard to find a better definition of oyster cultivation than submarine agriculture—for as the farmer, so must the oysterman prepare, seed, and cultivate his land. As with the farmer, also, eternal vigilance is the one price of success, for weeds will grow, waste matter will accumulate, enemies will lie in wait.

The first essential to successful oyster cultivation is a thorough hydrographic survey of the area to be planted, for nothing is more important to the oysterman than a general knowledge of the topography, tides and currents before planting, for oysters will not thrive everywhere and the mere fact that ground to be planted is contiguous to productive beds is no indication of the suitability of any piece of ground for oyster cultivation. Nothing, for instance, is so fatal to the oyster as mud, consequently its culture can only be attempted where the bottom is comparatively firm. Another great consideration is constant food supply, and it is in this connection that the tides and currents must be carefully studied.

UNLOADING SELECT OYSTERS AT A NEW JERSEY DOCK

Having determined the fitness of a piece of ground, the planter's next care is its careful preparation. First it must be thoroughly cleaned, all weeds and foreign matter being removed from it by means of dredge rakes; and if the planter intends to raise seed the entire bottom must be strewn, a few days before spawning time, with clean shells uniformly and evenly distributed. In some sections the oyster planter has no seeding to do other than this shelling for he reaps the benefit, during spawning time, of



MAMMOTH SHELL PILE AT SOUTH NORWALK, CONN., OF THE ANDREW RADEL COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Note the chimney and peak of the roof of a three-story building showing above the pile other oyster beds, often miles distant; but in localities where climatic conditions militate against natural growth, as, for instance, in some parts of Virginia, oyster planting is essential, and in this case, oysters that have had nearly a year's growth in some other locality must be distributed over the area to be planted. Oysters thus transplanted are found to grow more rapidly than oysters allowed to remain in their original setting place, and it is fast becoming the general practice to transplant all oysters at the beginning of the first warm season after spawning.

As with other forms of fish life, spawning is the means of oyster propagation. Oyster spawning consists in the depositing on the part of the female of numerous eggs in the water, which, diffusing with spermatoza from the male, wake into embryonic life.

According to the scientific authorities, the average female oyster deposits at least sixteen million eggs during a single spawning season, and it is said to be no uncommon occurrence for an individual oyster to have fifty and even sixty millions to her credit.

Comparatively few of these eggs, however, reach the fertilization stage, and of those that do few survive it. For many and fatal are the dangers that threaten. Sudden changes of temperature, cold rains, greedy fish—all contribute to further the ends of nature. An oyster egg has less than one chance in two million of reaching maturity!

At fertilization the little embryo rises to the surface, and developing, very shortly afterward, little hair-like cillia, commences to propel itself slowly through the water. But its free-swimming career is of comparatively brief duration, for before very long its shell —a temporary one—begins to form, and its weight increasing, the little animal, still swimming, or more truthfully being impelled by the current, gradually sinks to the bottom, where if it alights on a smooth, inviting surface it attaches itself and lives; if the contrary, dies.

At this, the spat stage of its life, the young bivalve measures less than one-nineteenth to one-eighteenth of an inch in diameter, and the valves of its shell are composed of a smooth horny substance little resembling the house which is destined to be its permanent abode.

Once firmly settled, the oyster enters on a period of fairly steady growth, provided, of course, the essential requisites to oyster life—food, pure water, space for normal develop-

TONGING ON THE CHESAPEAKE
A Fleet of Gasoline Boats Where Once Was All Sail

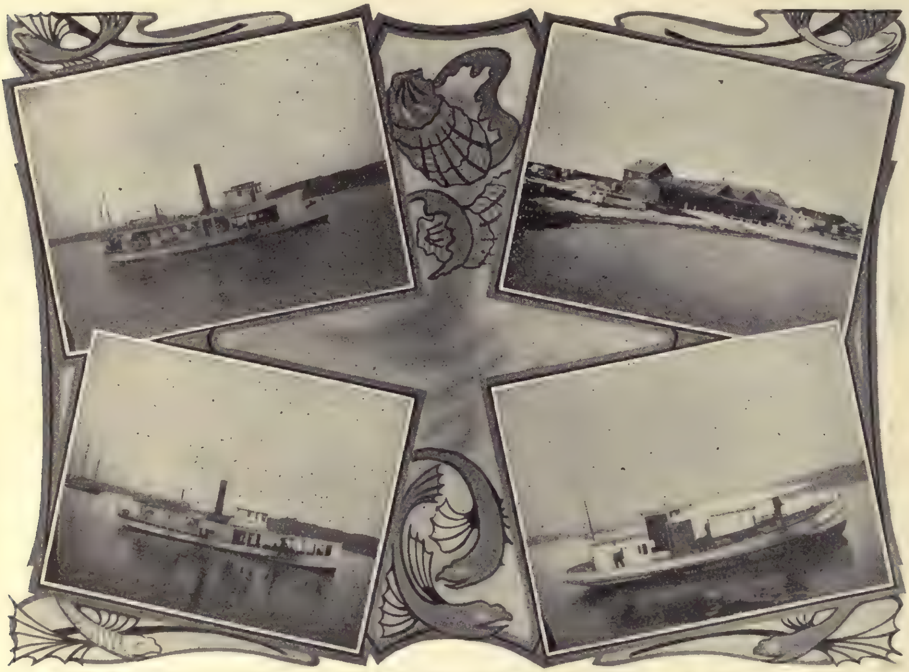
ment—are present. Little by little the young oyster grows, little by little its new shell forms until before very long it has detached itself from its original anchorage. The length of time for an oyster to reach full growth varies with the locality, an oyster raised in the warm bays of Texas naturally reaching maturity sooner than its fellow reared in the colder waters of Long Island Sound.

But notwithstanding its shell, danger still confronts the oyster, and in many forms. Its enemies in one section of the country, however, are not its enemies in another. For instance, that arch enemy of the oyster in the Middle Atlantic and New England states, the starfish, does no appreciable damage in Southern waters; the drill operates chiefly in Long Island Sound and Narragansett Bay, the drumfish prosecutes its depredations on the Atlantic Coast from New Jersey southward; the "stone-cracker" ray confines itself chiefly to Louisiana, and so on.

As the arch enemy of the oyster, the starfish deserves special mention. Like the former it is very prolific, a six-inch specimen having been known to deposit thirty million eggs at a single laying, and twenty millions being the common average. Fortunately for the oysterman, however, the rate of infant mortality among starfish is even higher than among oysters. Lowering temperature is chiefly responsible, but the larvae of starfish constitute an important article of diet for many species of fish and crustacea.

Unlike the oyster, the starfish has few enemies after reaching full growth. Large fish will eat it when nothing more tempting presents, and it is occasionally the vicitm of divers forms of parasitic plants and animals, but no denizen of the sea appears to regard its destruction as its special province.

The starfish possesses a very acute sense of smell, and apparently it reasons in very much the same manner as many other higher forms of animal life. In this respect it is infinitely the superior of the oyster. The presence of a new food supply is soon known to it, and by means of its thousands of tiny little legs, which make it capable of regular and certain locomotion, it marches to its feast, much as the carnivorous vulture in



THE SAYVILLE PLANT AND FLEET OF THE N. S. ACKERLY & SON CO., LTD., NORTHPORT AND SAYVILLE, L. I.

the desert swoops down upon its prey. Its number is legion, as may be gained from the fact that an oyster bed, left uncared-for for a comparatively short time, has been found covered with starfish to a uniform depth of nearly a foot. Left unmolested, the starfish carries certain destruction in its wake.

Up to a few years ago to even cope with this pest was an almost impossible undertaking; it is still a very difficult and onerous one, for to the starfish, almost unsusceptible to physical injury, the regeneration of a limb or two is only a question of time. That is to say a starfish that has been cut into two or even three parts has the power to grow the several parts missing to each, and to become two or three complete starfish as the case may be. In the tropics there is a species of star that can generate from a single arm, but fortunately for the oysterman this starfish cannot live in Northern waters.

Dredging with the regular oyster dredge was formerly the one method of harvesting the starfish, and as this entailed the disturbance of the bed itself much injury resulted. This being the case, many oystermen deferred the day of dredging to the eleventh hour. Naturally the loss from starfish was enormous. One firm estimated its loss at $50,000 a year. Now, however, a system of mop dredging—a process which permits of the raising of the starfish without any disturbance whatsoever to the beds—is prosecuted with success. The mop, an arrangement of tasseled strings, is drawn over the beds, and in its course picks up all the starfish with which it comes in contact. The starfish are brought aboard and killed by an application of steam. Many millions are killed in this manner every year. The dead starfish at present are generally thrown overboard, but in some quarters they are converted into an excellent fertilizer, and the possibilities are that in a very few years the reduction of starfish will constitute a very important subsidiary industry to oystering.

A TYPICAL WHOLESALE SHIPMENT OF OYSTERS
A carload of sixteen hundred gallons of "Sealshipt" oysters arriving at Cleveland, Ohio

Two other enemies of the oyster also deserve consideration. The borer, the San Jose scale of the sea, is one of the oyster's most insidious and deadly scourges. No certain way of dealing with this persistent foe has yet been evolved, and in this respect the horticulturist has the decided advantage of the oysterman. The other enemy referred to is the mussel. Hardly an enemy in the general acceptance of the term, but endowed with the same habits and partaking of practically the same diet, the mussel, when at all numerous, is a very serious retarder of the oyster's growth. Some idea of the seriousness of this pest can be gained from the fact that two hundred mussels have been found on a single cluster of oysters.

As has already been stated, nothing is so important to oyster growth as a liberal and constant food supply. The food of the oyster consists chiefly in what are known as diatoms, with the addition of certain other microscopic plant and animal organisms. In defining diatoms, Professor H. F. Moore, Assistant, Bureau of Fisheries, says:

"Diatoms vary greatly in shape and size, but all resemble one another in the interesting character of encasement in a siliceous or glassy shell, usually beautifully sculptured, and nearly all of them have the power of independent movement."

THE "H. C. ROWE & CO.," OF NEW HAVEN, CONN., FLAGSHIP OF THE FLEET OF THAT FIRM, THE LARGEST OYSTER BOAT IN THE WORLD

Denied the gift of locomotion, migration in times of famine to more favored localities is denied the oyster. Its food is brought to it by the same water that affords it respiration. In its natural course the water passes through the oyster's gills, which act as filters and retain every particle of matter in the water. Once the particles are adhered to the gills, the cillia strike regularly against them, causing them to slide gradually toward the mouth. Can the oyster discriminate between food and foreign matter is still a question in dispute, but there are certainly very many eminent scientists who claim for the bivalve the power of rejecting anything that does not appeal to its taste.

At the end of three years of vigilant care the oyster is generally large enough for consumption. The harvesting of the oyster, which commences in early September and continues throughout what is known as the oyster season, is probably the most picturesque side of the industry. There are two chief mothods of gathering oysters, dredging and tonging. On the natural grounds the latter process is employed almost exclusively, the reason being that most of the states have declared dredging illegal on the ground that dredges work irreparable damage to the beds. Tonging consists in the gathering of oysters by means of two long rakes, joined scissor-like at the center. These are known as tongs, and are sometimes more than fifteen feet in length. Tonging is generally pursued in small boats, each carrying a crew of two—the tonger and a man or boy to cull. The tongers, generally speaking, do not market their own oysters, but sell them day by day, and directly from their boats, to one or other of the "buy boats," craft employed by the oyster packers and shippers exclusively for this purpose.

On the planted grounds and in very deep water the oysters are raised by dredge, the dredge varying in size from the one that is operated by hand to that for whose use a powerful engine is necessary. The dredges hold from five to twenty bushels of oysters.

The larger oyster boats, which are operated by either gasoline or steam, more often the latter, have a capacity of from one to five thousand bushels, and the oysters are brought aboard at the rate of from fifty to six hundred bushels an hour, either one or two sets of dredges being employed.

As brought aboard the oysters are generally culled, which is the technical term for the separation of the marketable oysters from the smaller ones and all foreign matter that the dredges may have brought up. Some of the larger oystermen, however, prefer to do their culling ashore, where the peculiar facilities for the work make its accomplishment a very much easier matter.

While most oysters go straight from the bed to the market, a number of oystermen continue the use of "drinking pools," small fresh water "baths," in which the oysters are placed for a few hours before shipping. This method of fattening is said to do the oyster no harm by those who follow it, but it certainly does it no good, and it is very probable that before very long this process of floating, or "drinking" oysters will have been entirely discontinued, all the shellfish going straight to the market or the shucking-house from deep water.

AN OYSTER HOUSE OF TWENTY YEARS AGO

As can be seen by the illustration on this page the oyster-house of today is a very great deal more pretentious than its twenty-year-ago predecessor. It is to the oyster plant of yesterday what the modern fifty-story sky-scraper is to the ten-story office building of fifteen years ago, or what the famous Monitor was to the sailships she superseded. Within and without it is fitted with every facility that twentieth-century ingenuity has been able to devise. The boats anchor alongside the house, and the oysters are hoisted up to the receiving room by huge iron carriers. Sometimes as many as three boats are unloaded simultaneously, and the unloading of two thousand bushels an hour is no uncommon occurrence. As they reach the top the carriers are emptied into huge bins, or hoppers, which narrow down to the shucking room, which is generally located on the third floor. The shucking rooms employ from a hundred to two hundred and fifty persons, in some plants all men, in others men and women. The oysters reach the shucking bench from the bins above, each shucker being able to control their fall, and their opening is performed very deftly indeed, the three chief methods employed being "stabbing," "cracking" and "side-knifing." In stabbing, the oyster is laid on a wooden block and the knife run into its deep side; in side-knifing, the oyster is held in the left hand and a sharp knife inserted in the same way; while cracking consists of holding the extreme end of the oyster over an iron spike and breaking it off with either the iron end of the knife or a hammer. The knife is then inserted in the cavity made. The shuckers, no matter what their method of opening, are exceedingly proficient, many of them opening as many as thirty gallons a day. As shucked, the shells are dropped into barrels at the side of each operator, and the barrels are conveyed automatically to the pile without. After being opened, the oysters are thoroughly cleansed, chilled, iced and shipped to their destination.

(*To be continued*)

THE OLD STONE WALL

By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

ACROSS the windy hill [illegible]
And down the gentle valley,
Where the wind is hushed and still
And pleasant waters dally,
Marked by the stains of countless rains
Green moss and ivy clothing all—
Stretches out my grandsire's work—
The old stone wall!

How often when a boy—
When summer days were sunny—
I sat with idle joy
And ate my bread and honey.
High o'erhead the white clouds sped,
I heard the black crows caw and call—
Oh, what a cooling shade it gave—
The old stone wall.

And then one starry night
The old home I was leaving,
And life for me looked bright;
And my sweet lass was grieving.
"Do not weep, my troth I'll keep,"
I said to her, "whate'er befall."
And so we kissed and parted by
The old stone wall.

THE CALICO GIRL

By MARY NOLAN

"KITTCHEN" she was called, which was the worst of having a German Pa and an Irish Ma. When she came, Pa Steinburger said:

"'Margaret' she shall sein for long and 'Gretchen' for the short."

"The div'l a bit af it," said Ma. "We'll have her baptized 'Katherine' after me godmother, the Lord rest her soul, and 'tis 'Kitty' we'll be after calling her. D'ye hear me now?"

So they compromised on "Kittchen," which satisfied the mother, as it put the Irish first, and the father because it was as near as he ever came to getting what he wanted.

Every day, when the bell in the great schoolhouse on the hill rang out, a slim, little girl in a dark-blue print with a white figure in it, stood waiting. The dress never varied except in the white figure, no matter what the day and what the weather. It had two seams which ran under the arms to the hip line. From the root of these seams blossomed a love knot of blue calico whose bows extended the exact width of Kittchen, and whose streamers reached precisely to the end of Kittchen's skirt—never more, never less.

A quiet little mouse that slips in and out on sentry duty for his family could not have glided into the schoolroom and down the slick, time-worn benches more softly than Kittchen. From behind her neatly-covered book she stole glances at her teacher and fellow pupils, darting quickly back at any sign of discovery. The day being done, this prim little maiden glided out to the music of the drum; but, once clear of tormenting foes who pulled her pigtail if she stood temptingly near, her straight little legs gave challenge to the wind, and she sped away to the pink cottage hidden somewhere behind an anaqua tree a quarter of a mile from the schoolhouse.

Then what a change! Two great blue eyes danced merrily and a wonderful mouth mimicked the different girls in the class while the frowning teacher was posed for in every wrinkle. There was no audience to spoil the performance by laughing at the wrong time, as audiences will sometimes do. There was an *audience*, to be sure, but a more well-bred set of ladies and gentlemen could not be found. They were of various ages and sizes, though generally incomplete in members from having to do duty as hospital patients when times were dull for sport. But what they lacked in looks they supplied in sympathy—Lady Alicia, Countess Gwendolin, Duchess von Rothschild, Jennie a maid, Mollie the bald-headed wonder, Agnes the one-eyed, and, oh, best of all were the "Smith Family"!

These deserve special mention. "The Smiths" lived across the street in a big white house that stood fully fifty feet from the fence, and grass—real grass with chewey blades to it—grew all the way to the doorstep. There were three little Smiths—a flaxen-haired girl with a marvelously angelic face which always wore a sweet, happy smile above the silk skirts that stood out over her hoops, and two little boys, one younger than the girl and one older, and they wore snowy-white shirts with sailor collars and splendid velvet breeches for every day.

Kittchen used to hang onto the pickets of the Steinburger fence and gaze through these four-inch doors into fairyland across the way, and gaze and gaze, and one day she had an inspiration: The Smith Family! "Lady Alicia" became "Daisy Smith," and a couple of sailor lads were rechristened "Johnny" and "Willie Smith"; but what could be done for the elegant gentleman who flourished his walking cane home to his meals every day and flourished it out again to the candy shop on Main Street, and then stood grandly behind the counter while she sneaked by and guzzled the chocolate pigs in the window just as though she were sure-enough eating them all the time, and not just "playing like";—Papa Smith must be had, or else there'd be no fun with any of the "Smiths"! Kittchen's idea of propriety wouldn't allow her to dress a grown-up lady-doll in trousers even to secure a Papa Smith, but her trouble being explained to Ma Steinburger, all was well. From among her hidden treasures, Ma fished a green bottle that smelled very much like wine, and which she explained was just the proper shape for the head of a family, in that it tapered without a break from foot to head and ended with a flat crown.

The special advantages of this gentleman became evident to Kittchen from the outset of his strenuous career. If any of the little Smiths were bad—the family soon grew to twenty-five—she could pick him up by the neck and thrash the entire community without disarranging his dress; for, being green and non-transparent, he needed no clothes except a necktie. When the daughters of the house gave a party, she could take off his hat and pour his share into him indiscriminately; then, when the guests were gone, she could call upon Pa Smith's internal storage for second refreshments. But even the twenty-five Smiths sometimes palled, as did the thousand Mrs. Solomons in the olden days, and Kittchen was driven to pastures new.

Then it was that Ma Steinburger, with a tongue golden-tuned for fable and folk lore, of which she had a king's plenty, entertained her attentive daughter. Sometimes the results were bad, as when she told about "The Golden Egg." Kittchen got an ear of corn and coaxed every hen in the neighborhood into the chicken house in the back yard and then shut them in tight. While the scratching, cackling and cawing went on, she lay outside in the tall weeds which were never cut, dreaming of the magnificent gowns she would wear, the presents she would give to Ma and Pa, and even like Maud Muller, planning for every degree of kindred; but nothing came of it, alas! except a scolding.

The days just spoken of were "every days," but you must not think that they were all. There were Sundays! The dark-blue frock with the white figure in it gave place to a white frock with a blue figure, and Kittchen went to church by the side of short and round Ma Steinburger.

It was all right in the summer time, when mass was soon ended, but there were moments when it was terrible in the winter, for the priest with the silver in his voice and the jolly fat face would preach until his head would go round and round and Kittchen would come back with a start from journeys that had taken her months to go.

Before the *Gloria*, Mrs. Stately-one rustled in with grandeur unspeakable, then the Just-came-outs in blue bonnets and streamers, after which program Kittchen subsided into a corner of the Steinburger pew and proceeded to a half-hour of solid enjoyment. Anyone watching her would have seen the little mouth working vigorously to the swelling of the organ and the big blue eyes rolling with terrific expression over the solemn Latin chant, but with one corner of them ever on Ma, who might turn at any moment.

When services were ended, Mrs. Stately-one waited until common mortals were gathered at the door, when she rustled out, making the exit of the day, which Kittchen thought was very elegant indeed.

Once home again, the liberated maid hastened to her doll house, or rather the residence of the Smiths, and proceeded to have church in which the objects of her admiration were the principal worshipers. Mrs. Stately-one was arrived at by pinning to her petticoats brown paper garnered from the marketings. This was productive of quite an acceptable rustle and made even the highfaluting Pa Smith kotow as a gentleman should to a properly-lined lady. The Miss Just-came-outs were more difficult to introduce, but one of Ma's red mother-hubbards, long discarded, answered for a velvet train, and when the China berry and anaqua trees were in flower, the streamers could be made by looping their blossoms into graceful festoons.

One day when Kittchen's tilted nose was pushed with its natural inquisitiveness through the palings and directed toward the Smiths, a woman's scream rent the air, and following the sound, the elder boy came running out of the house and down the lawn as fast as his legs could carry him. In a very short while a buggy drove up and Papa Smith got out, followed by a big man with a grand beard whom she had heard called "The Doctor." They looked very serious indeed. Kittchen hung out for a long while, but no one left the house, and she was called in to her dinner. When she had bolted her potatoes as fast as her mother's watchful eye

"You mean my dream has come true?"

—See page 668

would allow, and hastened to her post again, the physician's carriage was gone.

"Pa Smith" had hard work getting out of the buggy extemporized for this occasion—a cigar box on spools—but the anxious little girl bending over him, who bore the general title of "mamma" to all the Smiths, took no heed of his awkwardness.

The next day was Saturday, and bright and early Kittchen was at the fence. The same buggy and many others drove up. After a while, people went in carrying flowers, and later in the day a very large carriage with lovely plumes on its corners stopped before the gate. Kittchen looked and looked for the little boy who had run out the day before, oh, so fast for a dignified, rich Smith; but she did not see him until a lady in black came out, holding Johnny by one hand and Daisy by the other, and then all the people seemed to come out at once with the flowers they had taken in. The elder ladies stooped to whisper things to the children, who just cried and cried. The little face peering through the fence across the way grew wet with tears, and a weeping little girl looked sorrowfully at a long black box that was carried out and placed in the big carriage with the waving plumes on its corners.

The next day, the same lady came out of the house again, this time holding a bundle in her arms, of which she was very careful. Daisy and Johnny and Willie came with her, and when they got to the carriage, they turned and threw a kiss at the house that had been their dear, dear home; and Daisy, bursting into tears, buried her face in the lap of the quiet lady in black and cried out: "Oh, when will my mamma come back to me?"

After this, the great white house across the way became just a great white house. Kittchen endeavored sadly to carry on the peaceful life of her Smith family, but the mirth of it was gone for her, and for many nights her pillow was dampened with tears because she saw no more the spotlessly-clad little boy who had never so much as looked at her in all his life.

There were no days then for Kittchen; there was no Time, but just a long, long sunshiny dream without an ending which she brought with her when she came. Dreams never really have endings, but some mean, discontented person called "Practical Man" will seek the dreamer out and waken him, and he can never go back to sleep and begin where he left off—never, never!

So it happened to Kittchen. The beautiful spring days were in their glory, and the schoolyard was alive with swinging-ropes. Building-house, rocking-the-cradle, jumping one, pepper and salt, were in full blast. Kittchen hung on the outskirts for a few days, and then she ventured nearer. A kindly-disposed little girl called out to her:

"Come, Kittchen. You can be last."

With a delighted bound she accepted the invitation, but in her enthusiasm she did not see a haughty, silken child, so carefully groomed that she dare not bounce into the rope when her turn came, but must stop to calculate, and so, not seeing, Kittchen bounded in,—not last, but one before the last.

Out struck the beringed hand of the little aristocrat and the rope came to a stop with a jerk.

"*You* don't go ahead of *me*," she explained with scorn.

"She'll go 'f I want her to. It's my rope," said the first little girl.

"Well, if you want *her* in your game *I* shan't play. Mother says I'm not to play with paupers. Her father hauls dirt for fifty cents a day!"

"Oh, ain't you ashamed to call names. Fo' bits a day ain't so bad, I reckon. Don't mind her, Kittchen. Nobody cares if she don't play."

"I don't think I'll jump any more, thank you," said Kittchen, drawing away.

Quietly as usual she made her way into the schoolroom when the bell rang, and quietly, so quietly, recited her lessons. When the children were dismissed, she walked just as quietly to the little pink cottage with the anaqua tree in front of it, and hung her book satchel on the wall in the dining room. Then she hunted Ma.

"Am I a pauper?"

Ma guessed what had happened. "Oh, don't be worriting me with foolish questions when the steak's a-fryin'!"

"Is fo' bits fifty cents? I thought fo' bits was a lot of money. Fo' bits every day like Pa gets!"

"It's plenty for the likes of us, and don't you be troublin' about four bits a day, nor nothing else, as long as you get good smelling victuals like this. Put your nose to that dish. Wouldn't that open Jay Gould's heart? Run along now and see if your Pa's a-comin', so's I can start the coffee to drippin' in time."

While Kittchen chased to the front gate, Ma scowlingly yanked off a piece of coffee extract and threw it into the dripper.

"It does beat all how those rich childer babble about money before they know their ma from their wet nurse," she said wrathfully.

Kittchen asked no more questions. Ma hadn't denied it, which meant she must accept it as a fact that she was indeed a "pauper." When supper was over, she went to her doll room, took up each personage in turn, tidied her and set her against the wall. All of this she did very bravely until she came to Pa Smith. Him she hugged to her heart and burst into tears.

"You're just an old green bottle, and I loved you so! You ain't no count!" But she washed him out clean and set him in the place of honor, and then she stood in the middle of the room and surveyed her family.

"I wanter tell you all good-bye. I'm not ever going to play dolls again. I ain't nothing but a pauper. I reckon I ain't fit to go with rich people like you all. Good-bye!"

She closed the door carefully, locked it and went into the back yard. The sun was lingering in the West like a beautiful hope, and the smell of spring and its freshness caressed the evening. The moisture of an afternoon shower was heavy on the rank weeds, then in hardy profusion, but Kittchen minded not. She waded into their midst, and standing up threw the key straight into the air as high as she could throw it, and while it sailed above her, she knelt and covered her head with her hands until she counted a hundred. Then she got up and went to Ma.

"Tell me about the beautiful lady in Killarney Castle that a bad fairy put a chantment on, and she slept for years and years and years, until a great knight came and woke her up, and they married. They always marry, don't they, Ma? I think it's nice to marry, ain't it?"

"Go 'long! You're too old for fairy tales. I'll tell you tonight as true a story as the nose on your face, and a sad tale it is, too!" and in a rare, rich way, as they sat on the gallery in the weird leaf-shadows of the moonlit evening, she told to the wide-eyed little girl at her knee the story of "Romeo and Juliet."

The next day Kittchen would not go to school, and no amount of scolding or bribery could induce her to ever go again. The name of Katherine Margaret Steinburger became a memory in the big schoolhouse, with only the initials "K. S." carved in an old elm tree to commemorate the prodigal.

Now the Steinburger's was not the only pink house in town. There was another—Turner Hall, ballroom and theatre—and it was from the left-overs of this other one that the little cottage received its bright-hued coat. Here, when brilliant posters sewed their seeds of tares and wheat, were Pa and Ma called to duty. He swept the floor and dusted the deal chairs which were kept in rows by means of planks running underneath the seats, fourteen on one board; and then he waited around for Ma.

She came early and took her place just inside the door, a little to the left, and checked coats, hats, cloaks and umbrellas at a "dime" apiece. After the play was over, both looked for lost articles, turned out the lights and locked up. Kittchen belonged to this arrangement only when none but Ma and Pa were near. Others being present, she was just a part of the chair she sat upon; but, all unguessed, though from her far-off corner in these youthful days she could hear no word of the play, the wonder-world of lime-light spread its gold upon her fancies, and in the jewelled Palace of Dreams she was a queen and clad in ermine and velvet who in the world of hard realities was only a Calico Girl.

So now, when a love story had fallen on her ears for the first time, magically another wing was added to the Palace, and the pearls and rubies thereof were more gloriously splendid than any she had ever thought could be. And still then there was no Time, but only the long, long sunshiny dream which she brought with her when she came.

But lo! One day Time began—at a dry goods store, and it was divided into periods of ten hours each, and six of these periods taken one after the other with no lapse nor absence made what is called pay day. On Saturdays, toward sunset, when the little electric bulbs began to glimmer dimly in the yet living light, there was a tight feeling around her heart, a throbbing of pulses, and a general feeling of glad misery; and Kittchen knew by these that the hour had come and it was pay day.

Up to the solemn cage with its brass doors she must go and there linger until the Austere One within, who wore eye-glasses and didn't need them, since he always looked over them, would unperch his royalty and come to the little grating.

"*It's pay day, aint it, please, sir?*"

"Well!"

"I'm Kittchen Steinburger," in a trembling voice.

"Well!"

"It's pay day, ain't it, please, sir?"

Whereupon His Austerity would pretend to consult the pages of a big book, and after that he would do some magic on the little keys of the drawer attached to his desk, which would seem to suddenly fly open beneath his touch. Kittchen, outside, looked with awe-struck soul upon the wealth revealed—greenbacks, whole piles and lots of them, with fives and even a yellow bill sometimes, while as for silver, it looked almost cheap; and out of this the thin fingers of the Austere One would select three round silver dollars, and laying them down one by one, count: "One, two, three."

"Well, isn't that all right, young lady?" with a heavy frown, as Kittchen, picking up her share of the treasure, looked longingly back into the drawer, thinking how little, how very little the big drawer would miss it if the Austere One should give her one silver dollar more. Then a prolonged cry of "Numr um-um-ber Ten!" and Kittchen, tying he-wage in her handkerchief, would slip back to her post with the glad misery no longer there, but a tired, gone feeling in its place.

But even Time has its compensations.

Because Kittchen, stretching out after the fashion of growing girls, was becoming "all legs," the calico frocks had to be let down, and a new-looking edge below a whitish line marked the gain in length to both frock and maid.

New coat, new hat, new stockings, new everything, were needed oftener than ever since short little Ma's cast-offs could no longer serve a second term; and then it was that Kittchen not only heard but felt the smallness of Pa's "four bits a day," but when Time and its compensating pay day had their beginning, things grew easier. Ma occasionally afforded a bottle of wine, and cornstarch pudding appeared on the Steinburger table as often as twice a week.

But cornstarch pudding and wine are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the fact that Ma could come home from an "old hoss" sale with a small package which she had bidden in at ten cents. This was accounted luxury indeed, it being almost like having money to burn, being able to gamble with it as it were.

Kittchen guessed forty things that might be in the mysterious packet, and even Pa ventured to suggest a pair of diamond bracelets, since it is an established fact that "precious goods always come in small packages." Thereat Ma looked knowing. When the supper things were laid away, the three of them put their heads together while Ma tremblingly undid the paper covering that concealed the gift from their fairy godmother. But the unexpected never really happens to a Calico Girl, and so when the wrappings were unfolded they found only a little green volume with a gilt inscription across the cover reading, "Romeo and Juliet."

Ma sank into a rocker, holding her heart, for which the strain of expectancy had been almost too much, and Pa took up his pipe in silence. Kittchen was left in possession of the "treasure," and such it proved to be, for now no longer need Ma be coaxed, as here was better than the mere story with an occasional quotation: here was every word

When Kittchen had read the romance some fifteen or twenty times, she hoisted a chair upon the round deal table that ornamented the center of the parlor, and made passionate love over its back to an imaginary "Romeo" clad in velvet breeches and a white sailor-collar. This was so good that she dragged Ma and Pa in to see the performance, and finally conceived the bright idea that they three could make the play. One trial of bewhiskered Pa as "Romeo" broke up the company, for Kittchen as actor-manager scornfully rejected him, declaring that no girl would ever kill herself for a man whose kiss was full of whiskers.

Ma ventured to suggest that she would play the nurse, turning into "Romeo" when necessary, and thus the rehearsals proceeded with everybody satisfied, as Kittchen had no objection to Ma as a wooer, explaining loftily that she at least didn't interfere with the imagination.

One night Ma had indigestion and became critical.

"You'd make an actress if you didn't put on so many airs," she said.

"Real actresses always put on airs," explained the knowing daughter, who had seen things at Turner Hall.

"The div'l a bit did Mary Anderson put on, and she was the real thing," retorted Ma, warming up. "She said: 'Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day?' with just as natural a voice as I'd say to your Pa, 'Watch your pipe there before it burns a hole in your pants.' None of your eye-rolling, penny-a-nighters was Mary Anderson. Why, you'd never have guessed she wasn't married to the man for every day of her life, that fond of him she was in appearance."

As Ma's reminiscences were Genesis to the Apocalypse in that household, this gave Kittchen a new cue, and from that day on the flame of her ambition burned with a yearning to be as "natural as Mary Anderson." Now, when itinerant players left their discarded books behind them, Ma eagerly pounced upon the yellowed volumes, bearing them home in triumph to Kittchen, who would nearly dance the life out of the stout little woman when the treasures were delivered.

So "East Lynne," "Faust," and other plays were added to the nightly rehearsals, and thus grew the maiden, gazing with wonderful and intent eyes at life, but always through the roseate clouds that circle the Hall of Dreams.

"*Made passionate love to an imaginary Romeo*"

Thus life rolled around until one morning, at work, Kittchen heard whisperings about cotton's being too cheap to pick it, and the men wore long faces; so, of course, she let hers down a little too, wondering why. Saturday came and "Number Ten" did not have to say: "Ain't it pay day, please, sir?" Early in the afternoon her money was handed to her in a little envelope with a short note reading: "Your services are no longer required. Will send for you when needed."

Now the head hung a little more, and a

grown-up feeling which, of course, had no business there, began to weigh upon the joyous spirit of her fifteen years.

Pa just smoked on when he heard the news, but Ma hurried out of the room feeling wildly for a corner of her apron. Kittchen found her on the back steps, and these two, with their arms tight around each other, just sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

"Now the div'l a bit af this we'll have," said Ma at last, straightening up. "We've lived without luxuries before, and we can do it again. It's a foolish family that wastes tears as long as they have each other. Money's the root of all evil, anyway," and they both stopped and looked at each other a moment, and then went to crying again harder than ever.

But a week later, Pa and Ma and Kittchen plodded through the dry sand of the streets to the other pink house, all feeling merry again, for out of the dust of the hot October day there gleamed bright-hued posters announcing the arrival of a stock company—a new play every night for a week. This meant "dimes and dimes" for Ma, odd jobs on top of odd jobs f or Pa, and for Kittchen there was to be "Romeo and Juliet!"

It was to be played the last night, and every morning the company held a long and tedious rehearsal. To Kittchen it was as though she gathered this honey from the flowers of family sacrifice found in the little envelope on her last pay day, that she too could join with the players and drink in the romance of true love as they believed it to be, and which in her secret soul she thought they treated with violence supreme.

But "Romeo" in his everyday clothes was a handsome man, with fine white teeth and a heartening laugh, and Kittchen had not seen many handsome men; never one quite like this man, and so she forgot the play. The fashions of her fifteen years fell from her like a cloak, and she was no age but youth's, and knew no language but love's; for in that southern clime maidens and myrtles blossom quickly in the life-giving warmth of its golden sunshine.

The image of the little boy clad in velvet breeches and a white sailor-collar vanished, and sleeping and waking she saw no other face but the face of this man with the fine white teeth and the heartening laugh, who, like his velvet-clad predecessor, never so much as looked at her as she straightened the chairs for the rehearsals or handed the props when needed.

So the poor little heart carried home its ache, and when the town had come home from the play and the mocking-bird serenaded with true lover's song his beauteous love, the Night,—with her slender hands together on her knees—she prayed that this "Romeo" might some time look at her, if only to know that she lived, and humbly asked no more.

Receipts were good for the week, and all went well up to Saturday night. From out of the East in the morning of that day the golden sun made his journey to the West over a track of flawless sapphire, sinking to sleep in a bed of rose clouds. When the moon appeared, everybody agreed it would be a shame to waste the evening, so everybody straightway went to the play. This made the manager, a little man with a lame leg and a lamer conscience, deliriously happy. But at eight o'clock there were clouds. He had in his hand a note from his leading lady who was to play "Juliet" that evening. It read:

> "Married a ranchman at six o'clock. He said: 'Now or *never*'; so I followed Bill Shakespeare's advice and took the tide at its flood. Sorry for you, old chap, but you were always a lucky devil. I guess my understudy will get through all right and make more money for you than I did—"

The "Colonel," for thus he was registered at the hotel, proved himself equal to the title, swearing blue profanity for fifteen minutes without stopping. Then the necessity of the present was brought to his mind by excessive hand-clapping from the audience, which meant it was time for the curtain to rise.

He went to the local man at the box office and explained the situation, telling him to give everybody the money back upon proper presentation of the ticket-coupon. Ma, from her corner, heard and her heart stood still. Kittchen out of a job, and all those dimes going back! Never!

"D'ye come here, Colonel," she said sweetly. "Now what's the use of lettin' your temper get the best of your pocketbook? Here's my Kittchen, as knows every line of that play, and she can spake it from start to finish without hitching once!" and Ma put her elbows on her hips and surveyed the Colonel, while her speech sank in. For a moment his lame conscience seemed to go under altogether, and he was for grasping the straw. Then his foresight came into play. He reckoned that he would want to come back to this town at some time in the future, and if this tightly-braided little ruben, as he called the blue-eyed maid in his mind, played "Juliet" for the people's money, he wasn't sure about the second coming of the Colonel.

He meditated: "Leading lady married, and understudy down with a beastly case of typhoid." Then he called his star.

"Romeo" looked at the calico-gowned maiden with the sash as of old and her tight thick braids of hair, as she stood there before him, just at that period in life when Venus herself would have appeared awkward had the gods not made her full-blown—or, more truly, had she been thus robed. When his eyes rested on her, Kittchen's lips murmured a hurried prayer. There had been no dream in the Hall of her Golden Palace like this—to play "Juliet" with this young Apollo. He looked at her a moment and then threw back his head with a ringing laugh, "Why, she's only a little fence-rail. Give her time to grow!"

Whereupon Ma became Fate. Her sleeves went up in a twinkling and her fists presented a double battle-line under the astonished Colonel's nose. "You've no right to make me lose me money when I give you a chance to save it and your own. And, as for you, ye spalpeen," she continued, turning to the actor, "d'ye think ye can teach me anything about acting, *me* that's seen Mary Anderson!"

"Why, she's only a little fence-rail. Give her time to grow!"

The Colonel, his gaming instinct up, decided to make the trial.

"If she knows the lines," he said, "that's all that's needed. You know you'd go a long way to find anything uglier than our original "Juliet." "Romeo" fumed, but the manager insisted.

Ma delegated Pa as chief protector of silk hats and overcoats, and, let loose in the dressing room, she shook out Kittchen's soft brown hair, touched up the fair but pale cheeks with a tiny bit of color, and slipped the pretty gown over the white shoulders all so quickly that neither of them had really time to think; and the curtain went up with very little delay. Ma's final warning, as she pushed Kittchen on at her cue, was:

"D'ye mind now to be natural."

A timid little maid was "Juliet," whom "Romeo" loved in the long, so long ago—a maiden just peeping over the hedge that divides childhood from girlhood, when lo! upon the horizon there dawned the glory of love; and childhood and girlhood perished together, a sacrifice to womanhood.

A timid little maid, this "Juliet," but one whose love had suffered the sting of scorn, and her heart beat a double tattoo under the silken robes. Her prayer had been answered, and he had looked at her; and now she wished she had not prayed. Her blood was aglow and her silvery voice, as warm and full of caress as the summer breezes, floated over the audience in its beautifully soft pathos; every word distinct. Almost as one, the people sat up spellbound.

"Romeo" at first patronized the slender little thing, moving so daintily in the stately minuet, but once she lifted those great blue eyes to him and though he had but a momentary glance into their wondrous depths, the merry twinkle left his own, and neither "Romeo" nor "Juliet" knew there was an audience.

As the play progressed, the nuances of feeling of this deep tragedy were conveyed to him by her voice as he had never himself been able to conceive them; for, in that world of unreality, where real things are the only things that count, she was a queen indeed, and he who had striven with might and main for a glimpse over the dew-decked arches of the gossamer Bridge of Dreams, stood amazed that one so simple had found the price of the toll, never guessing that she had brought it with her when she came.

When the play was done, watchful Ma, who had seen Mary Anderson, put her arms around Kittchen and led her straight from the playhouse, while the walls were yet ringing with the thunders of applause.

The next morning the blinds of the Steinburger cottage were closed as usual and the shutters drawn; and Kittchen, having neglected her weekly duty, was dusting the five pieces of parlor furniture: a sewing-machine, a center-table, a rocking-chair, a marble-topped bureau and a what-not.

The front gate opened and the Colonel hobbled up the steps and onto the gallery. He knocked, but Kittchen did not hear, for she was thinking of the night before One by one she picked up the pieces from the what-not and dusted them, until she came to the cup and saucer that were hers. They were of cheap china with a wide gold band on the cup, inscribed in large gilt letters was the motto: "I Love Thee."

The Colonel, impatient, opened the shutter a little to peep in, and a ray of the morning's light fell across the room. Kittchen picked up the cup and, turning, held it by the handle above her head in the sunbeam. Her smile reflected the beauty of her thoughts, for after years of wanderings in the Fairyland of Fancy, she had come now at last to the Treasure Room of the Palace of Heart's Desire. And neither sparkle of jewel nor glint of gold was there, but only a soft white light, in the midst of which there shone the sunlit legend: "I Love Thee."

The Colonel, hearing a step behind him, closed the shutter quickly, and the bright beam disappeared. Kittchen was startled from her dream, and in the dim dreariness of the half-darkened room her mind took on the wisdom of the Hall of Realities, where the treasures are silver and gold, and a sob choked her as she slowly dusted the cup and put it into its place.

There was a soft knock, and Kittchen opened the door.

"Come in, sir," she said.

"Romeo," who had somehow made the Colonel understand, looked at the little maid who stood trembling before him as he entered the room.

"Little One," he began, "I'm just a poor, ambitious fellow with not much more than my dreams to begin life on, but if you'll wait for me—"

"You mean," she said, clasping her hands together and coming close up to him, opening her beautiful eyes wide with the wonder of it, "you mean my dream has come true?"

The man gave a low, tender laugh and took the maid into his arms.

"I mean," he said, "that I shall have to wait for my 'Juliet' to grow up, for it comes to me now that she is yet only a child."

Tears sprang to her eyes. "I don't want to wait," she said. "Is it because I have nothing but a calico gown that we must wait?"

For answer he lifted her chin and kissed her, and though she did not understand the wherefore of his wisdom, she trusted him the more, and promised she would wait.

THE THIRD LETTER

By FRANK E. CHANNON

"FLY, Sir John! Fly! All is lost!"

The big, heavy charger of the affrighted cavalier went floundering past at full gallop, as its rider, half turning in the saddle, shouted the warning. The iron-grey, soldierly man sitting his bay horse at the head of the troop of horsemen, turned deliberately with a glance of ineffable scorn in his eyes, and bellowed after his flying comrade:

"All is not lost, Sir Percy, while Sir John Trevanian and two hundred fresh horsemen remain unproven." Then, with a careless laugh, he turned again towards his young lieutenant, a fair-haired boy of nineteen and called gayly: "'Twould seem 'twere time to strike a blow, Mr. Wolverton. Let the ranks close up and we will try a throw with yon hymn-singing hypocrites."

There was a shaking loose of standards, a blaring of bugle, and in another moment the ground shook to the thud of two hundred horses, as they tore madly across the moor and hurled themselves upon the Ironsides of Cromwell, who, with reformed ranks, had advanced doggedly to meet them.

With a clash of arms and the roar of battle the two forces met, and in a few moments the gay cavaliers were foaming themselves away upon the impregnable front of the Parliamentary troops. In five minutes those who were able were galloping from the field, and Sir John Trevanian, stunned and bleeding, was a prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

Six days later grim old Berkely Castle received its prisoner, and Sir John was in the grasp of the Roundhead leaders, with the scaffold looming before him. But ten days previous Sir Charles Lucas and his companion, Sir George Lisle, had walked from that same gloomy dungeon to the headsman and his axe. Sir John, thinking over their fate in the darkness of his prison, was suddenly startled by the noise of his door being unlocked and the jailer, carrying a lantern, entered. He set the light upon the rough-deal plank that served as Sir John's couch, and with a sneering grin handed to the nobleman a letter, the seal of which had already been broken.

"May't do thee much good," growled the fellow. "It has been well looked to ere thy eyes see it. How feels thy neck, my fine bird? Thou hadst best limber it well, lest it turn the headsman's axe, for thou belong'st to a stiff-necked and perverse flock." He left his lantern on the plank, muttering that he would return in half an hour for it, then left the prisoner alone.

Sir John lost no time in reading his missive.

"Worthy Sir John," it ran, "Hope, that is ye best comfort of ye affictyd, cannot much, I fear me, help you now. That I wolde say to you, is this only; if ever I may be able to requite that I do owe you, stand not upon the asking of me. 'Tis not much I can do; but what I can do, bee thou verie sure I wille. I knowe that, if dethe comes, if ordinary men fear it, it frights not you, accounting it for a high honour, to have such a rewarde of your loyalty. Pray yet that you may be spared this sore bitter cup. We pray that you may be. I fear not that you will grudge any sufferings. Only if bie submission you can turn them away, 'tis the part of a wise man. Tell me, an if you can, to do for you any thinge that you whole have done. The general goes back on Wednesday. Restinge your servant to command—R. T."

The half hour that passed was none too long for Sir John to read this letter. With knitted, perplexed brow he read and reread it. Twice his hand fumbled to his side for his wallet, only to have the fact recalled to him that it had been taken from him after his capture. Slowly, with care and thought he traced the lines with his forefinger, going over them again and again. A smile that increased as the minutes fled past lighted his fine, aristocratic features, and three minutes before the jailer returned he flung himself back upon his plank and allowed the letter to fall to the damp, earthen floor.

The lantern, blinking dimly, showed him

thus to his custodian when he entered to carry away the light.

"Doest want this?" queried the fellow, stooping and picking up the fallen letter.

"Nay," replied Sir John, taking it from the jailer's hand and thrusting it carelessly into the flame, "'Tis nought but a condolence from an old servant."

"That I well know," muttered the man.

"I would," continued the cavalier, "that I might be left alone for meditation. My time is short here, and I would prepare my soul for the next world. Hast a priest within or about this castle?"

"With priests we have, as thou knowest, nought to do; but the good master Henry Flemmings is without in the village, and a better psalm singer liveth not. If thou wishest, I will ask of him that he cometh to give thee comfort and show thee the true way."

"Aye, that do, my good fellow, and I will requite thee."

On the following morning when the sombre-clad preacher visited the Royalist prisoner, he found an apparently very penitent man who, after listening patiently to the Puritan's exhortations, humbly requested that he might be allowed a few minutes private devotion in the chapel that adjoined the castle.

The request was granted, and at dusk the prisoner was led into the sanctuary and there left to his own thoughts.

No sooner had the door closed and left Sir John in the gloom of the chapel than the despondent man suddenly became alert and watchful. With quick, cautious steps he glided rapidly towards the East end of the building. With enquiring fingers he groped along the carved paneling. It was almost dark. Only a solitary lamp flickered in the gloom. Quickly, noiselessly his hands stole over the carved work of the beautiful panels. In another moment he had found that for which he sought. He exerted his strength and pulled. Lo, the panel glided slowly back from floor and ceiling. Quickly Sir John slipped through the eighteen-inch opening. A breath of cold air fanned his bare head. He drew the panel to after him. He heard it click in its place again.

He was in a stone-covered room of some kind. At the further end he could just distinguish the last flicker of the dying day. He ran noiselessly towards the opening and next minute stood free in God's open country.

Without a second's hesitation he ran at top speed across the green park and on down to where the silver Severn flowed in stately grandeur towards the Briston Channel. He reached the banks without meeting a soul. He glanced anxiously across the broad reach of the river. The tide was low and great masses of soft sand stretched between him and the water. Suddenly a form uprose almost under his feet from out the masses of dark seaweed and bushes that girt about the shore. In the uncertain light the form loomed in herculean proportions. Sir John drew back in alarm for a brief instant, then crouched, preparatory to springing upon the unknown. A low "hist!" stopped him, and he relaxed. "Quick, follow me," muttered the man, and Sir John stumbled along through the soft, yielding sand and over slippery, sea-weed-covered rocks until they reached a small punt that lay concealed behind a bend in the river's bank. Without a word, the two men scrambled in. A quick shove with the sweep and the boat glided out into the silent river. Far out in the gloom loomed the shadow of a big schooner.

But now from the shore arose a clamor and hubbub. Lights twinkled and flashed. Voices hailed and called to one another. A great bell began to clang in alarm. Shots rang out on the heavy night air. Sir John had seized a spare pair of oars, and the two men rowed desperately, silently, towards the waiting schooner. A tiny red light sprang up on her; voices called encouragingly across the waters. The little boat fairly hissed her way through the lapping waves, urged onward by the strong strokes of the escaping men. She ran in under the tall sides of the larger vessel and Sir John and his companion scrambled on board. Their boat was left where it rode on the tide. There was a creaking of cordage, a flapping of canvas, and the schooner stood down Channel, under the rising night wind, while around Sir John and his companion crowded their friends with handshakes and congratulations.

"Said I not, Sir John, that 'twere well to arrange such matters, even though thou wert so sure of thyself and 'our king's cause,'" demanded a tall man, pressing forward and grasping his friend's hand. "Now, thanks to this same third letter thou canst live to strike another blow for our king."

"Aye, truly, Godfrey, thou hast a wise head set upon thy shoulders. But for that same 'third letter' I had now been waiting for the headsman's axe. Thanks, thanks, a thousand thanks for thy forethought and to thee, too, my worthy Henry, for the part thou hast played."

"Hast still the letter with thee, Sir John?"

"Nay, I burned it that same evening; 'twere well not to let some things lie idly around."

"Didst have much trouble in finding the meaning?"

"Not I! No more than half an hour's thought would ferret out. I did but take the third letter after every stop, as thou hadst said, and lo, I read: '*Panel at east end of Chapel slides.*' Then it was but a small matter to gain their consent to half an hour's solitary devotion to prepare for my death on the morrow."

Loud laughed the cavaliers, as they crowded around their rescued leader, and louder yet laughed Sir John, as he made the grim joke: "Methinks my neck may yet remain stiff a little longer."

FORGET-ME-NOT

WHEN God in Eden the flowers named,
And colored them each and all,
One tiny blossom held back ashamed
So shy she was and small.
Fair buds and bells in beauty came
A countless multitude!
And each was given a lovely name,
And each was fitly hued,
And a little floweret hidden there
Saw wonders manifold.
For the rose received her raiment,
The lily her crown of gold;
Still she hid her wistful face
Half shy and half afraid,
Nor guessed that God a special place
And name for her had made!
All done at last, with sudden fears—
Deeming herself forget—
She ventured forth and sighed
In tears, dear Lord, forget me not!
Each lovely flower turned amazed
To hear those accents mild;
Then on the face of God they gazed
The while He looked and smiled,
He named the flower "Forget-Me-Not."

Selected.

* * *

DRESSING DAUGHTERS

IT had been a real nightmare for months to me—this endless, unanswered question. The family purse poorly supported me in my theories on keeping daughters at home if possible, save for educational purposes, letting them intimately know all about home-work. The daughters about whom I felt most concern were but a year apart in ages and were nearing graduation in high school to which they had been faithfully sent despite many sacrifices, and were hoping to become teachers in certain branches. Many mothers can bear witness to the aggravation of heavy additions to the expense column for even one aspiring high school student, although there be but moderate indulgence in social joys. As to the cost of dressing even one daughter of this age, it is modified or multiplied by modest good taste and care of clothes or a great vanity joined to carelessness. Moreover the daughters were but two out of eight children, only two of the group being boys. "Misfortunes come not singly," and ill health seized me, the busy mother, and left me so in need of outdoor air that unable to obey my good doctor and "go South," it was suggested that I work in my flower garden and develop it as a pin-money earner.

For pin-money, therefore, it was begun and never were such great and varied profits secured. Walking, bending and digging in the open air, getting interested as it dawned on me that my violets, pansies and other flowers were bringing me health and also largely helping answer my problem. Filled with courage by my experiments that summer I enlarged and improved my venture which soon ceased to be known as "Mother's Pin-Money Garden." In truth the blessings made possible by my rather small, cold-frame bed of violets alone would surprise many an anxious woman worn out by "house nerves" and verging on nervous prostration.

To my mind this form of money-making for women excels all the other valuable methods familiarly discussed in poultry, pigeon or bee journals, and all of which are good when suited to time, strength and capital. Dressing daughters is no longer a fear to me. We even have vacations together now V. WELLMAN.

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LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

EIGHT LOAD-LIFTERS

By M. J. Barry, Knowlesville, N. Y.

Cornmeal sprinkled thickly over freshly-spilled oil will entirely absorb it; renew frequently.

After scaling fish and picking ducks, geese, etc., rub them well with a damp cloth dipped in cornmeal. You will be surprised to see how nicely it cleans them.

Wipe up your carpets once a month with a cloth wrung out of warm water and ammonia, with a tablespoonful of kerosene mixed in.

A crust of bread put into the water in which greens are boiled will absorb all objectionable rankness of flavor.

Milk added to the water in which palms are washed makes them glossy.

Cut flowers will keep fresh much longer if a small quantity of alum is added to the water in the vase. Make a solution of the alum by dissolving it in hot water, allowing it to cool, and then adding a tablespoonful to a pint of fresh water.

Stains on woolen goods may be removed by using a mixture of equal parts of glycerine and yolk of an egg. Spread it on the stain, let it stay half an hour or longer, then wash it out.

Tea and coffee stains may be taken from a tablecloth by soaking the spots in glycerine and letting stand for several hours, afterward wash with soap and water.

ONIONS FOR A DELICATE STOMACH

By Miss Lillie Jickells, Charlotte, Mich.

Slice common onions very thin, then pour over them sufficient boiling water to cover well. Allow to stand about one minute, then drain off the water and cover again with very cold water. Stir the onions well and again drain. Cover the second time with cold water and allow to stand for a short time, and the onions will be found crisp, mild and delicious and grateful to the most delicate stomach. The strongest onions will lose their biting properties under this treatment.

Heat very hot the kettle in which onions have been cooked and the disagreeable odor will entirely disappear.

MEDICINE-GLASS COVERS

By Mrs. C. Robert Ross, Naranja, Fla.

Select a piece of clean pasteboard (preferably white) and cut a square which will project about one-fourth of an inch all around over top of glass. Then make a tiny pillow-slip to fit of linen or any white cotton scraps. The open end of the slip may be tacked in two or three places, but will be easy to remove at any time for washing. Where easily obtained, a square of thin glass can be used in place of the pasteboard, and the slip will prevent clinking.

A PALETTE KNIFE

By Mrs. I. E. Hilands, Bainbridge, Ind.

Every housekeeper who owns a palette knife wonders how she ever did without one. It is a time and material saver. Being flexible, it can be shaped to the sides of a bowl, removing all of the mixture that has been prepared in it. It is also an excellent thing for removing cookies from pan or in egging and crumbing croquettes, cutlets, etc.

COMFORT FOR EYE-GLASS WEARERS

By Grace Ackland, Columbus, Ohio

If the nose becomes irritated from eye-glasses, rub the portion of the nose whereon the glasses rest with alum three or four times, and you will have no more trouble.

PASTE THAT WILL KEEP A YEAR

By Mrs. S. M. Kelley, Apthorp, N. H.

Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. When cold, stir in flour to give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps. Stir in as much powdered resin as will lay on a silver dime, and throw in half a dozen cloves. Have on the fire a teacup of boiling water; pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well all the time. In a few minutes it will be the consistency of mush. Pour it into an earthen or china vessel; let it cool; lay a cover on, and put it in a cool place. When needed for use take out a portion and soften it in warm water.

RICE-FLOUR CEMENT

This cement, much used in China and Japan, is made by mixing fine rice-flour with cold water and simmering over a slow fire until a thick paste is formed. This is superior to any other paste either for parlor or workshop purposes. When made of the consistency of plaster, clay models, busts, bas-reliefs, etc. may be formed of it, and the articles when dry are susceptible of high polish and very durable.

A GOOD WAY TO COOK CRANBERRIES

By N. T. Fuller, Walpole, N. H.

Select and wash three pints of berries, and put into stewpan with one and a half pints of sugar and one pint of water. Stir thoroughly to dissolve the sugar. Cover closely, set on back of range where it will *heat*, for an hour or more—if the berries pop it is too hot—do not stir them, as you desire to have the berries heat gradually in the syrup, without breaking. Uncover, draw forward, let boil rapidly eight minutes, when the berries should be clear, red and transparent. Cooked a little longer, the juice will jell.

A HANDY HOLDER

By Mrs. Warren J. Andrews, Cheshire, Ct.

A very convenient way to always have a holder handy is to fasten one to the apron band by means of a tape the length of the arm, and it will be with you all the time while you are at your work.

TO HAVE SMOOTH MAYONNAISE

In making a mayonnaise, add a pinch of soda to the vinegar, and you will never be troubled by the curdling of the dressing when cooking.

USE FOR OLD WAISTS

By Grace Cleveland, Aripeka, Fla.

A linen or lawn white shirt-waist that is worn out around the collar and arm-holes makes a neat under-body that will wear for some time if the neck is trimmed out square or round and bound and trimmed with narrow lace, cutting out the sleeves and trimming them in the same manner. A waist opening at either front or back may be used.

GRASS-STAINS REMOVED

By M. K. Southworth, Helena, Mont.

Molasses rubbed on grass-stains on white dresses or undergarments will remove the stain.

TO RESTORE SCORCHED LINEN

A mixture of the juice of two onions, one half-ounce of white soap, two ounces of Fuller's earth and one-half pint of vinegar, all boiled together and cooled before using, will remove scorch from muslin or linen.

BABY'S TABLE

By Mrs. F. W. Fitzpatrick, Lostine, Oregon

Line the table of baby's high-chair with oilcloth and lighten the task of keeping it clean. Fasten it on with paste.

A USEFUL GIFT

Last Christmas I took the pages containing the "Helps for Home-makers" from all my old Nationals and fastened them together nicely with a silken cord, forming of them a book intended to hang in the kitchen. My young married sister values it as one of the most useful presents she received.

REMEDY FOR SPRAIN

By Rev. Edgar G. Miller, Columbia, Penn.

I have found the following simple and easily obtainable remedy unfailing for sprains:—A raw egg mixed with table salt till it is the consistency of a thick paste, and applied directly to the skin. Leave it bound on the injured part until the plaster is perfectly dry, or over night. In order to be effective the egg and salt must be applied as soon after the injury as possible or before the bruised blood has settled in the injured part. The entire egg is to be used.

TO PICK A DUCK

By Mrs. H. H. Ormsby, Alma Center, Wis.

After the feathers are off, roll the duck thoroughly in powdered resin for a few minutes; dip carefully in hot water and hurry to the air with it. A gentle rubbing and the duck will be free from down and pin-feathers.

TO FRESHEN SALT FISH

Salt fish is more quickly freshened and more appetizing if washed in sour milk.

TO CLEAR THE VOICE

A raw egg beaten with a little lemon juice will strengthen and clear the voice.

FOR CHILBLAIN SUFFERERS

By Mrs. M. Bettie Burton, Bellevue, Va.

Rub into one spoonful of lard as much gunpowder as will make a stiff salve. Rub the feet well at night, leaving some salve on; bind closely with a cloth to keep from soiling bed linen and you will find almost instant relief. If soreness remains, continue treatment several times, and relief will be certain.

FLAKY PIE CRUST

By Mrs. Alma G. McLain, San Antonio, Texas

Never turn pie crust over in rolling it out and the pies will require less lard and be richer and more flaky.

BAKING NUT CAKE

If you wish to add nuts or chopped fruits to cake without them settling to bottom in baking, pour half of the dough in baking-tin, then half the fruit well floured, then add remaining half to rest of dough and pour in. The result will be pleasing.

SHIRT-WAIST BELT

By Mrs. H. H. Fitton, Santa Ana, Cal.

A belt used for holding one's shirt-waist down made from a half-yard of narrow elastic and fastened with hook and eye, you will find is much more satisfactory than using a tape.

TO SWALLOW A POWDER

By Lillian B. Wooding, Level Run, Penn.

In severe illness, when there is difficulty in getting the patient to swallow a powder, simply beat the white of an egg thoroughly, mix the powder and put in patient's mouth. It will be swallowed without trouble.

TO WHITEN THE FACE AND HANDS

To whiten the face and hands and keep them white, soft and smooth, once during the day and after suppre wash well with good white soap and warm water, then wash them in buttermilk (fresh buttermilk is best) wipe lightly on a soft cloth and rub both face and hands thoroughly until perfectly dry with fine cornmeal. Meal which has been sifted twice is all right. This works like a charm on any skin.

CANNED PIE PLANT

By Mrs. A. T. Terry, Ironton, Wis.

Select stalks when the plant is young and tender, peel and cut in small pieces, as you would for pies; mash in a stone crock, a little at a time, with a wooden potato masher, till the juice runs quite freely. Have glass fruit jars ready, (and be sure to have new rubbers and good covers) and fill with the crushed plant, being sure to have it well covered with juice. Seal carefully and keep in a cool, dark cellar.

TO PREVENT THE HAIR FROM FALLING

By Mrs. Franklin R. Lacy, Knoxville, Tenn.

If the hair falls out, rub common table salt into the scalp for a few weeks, say three times a week, when it not only will stop coming out, but will promote a new and healthy growth.

PROFUSE PERSPIRATION

People affected with profuse perspiration should rub common baking-soda upon affected parts, and it will lessen the amount and act as a purifier.

TO CLEAN RUSTY IRONS

By Mrs. Isabelle T. Tatum, Dallas, Texas

Do the readers of the National know that rusty grates, andirons, or other fire-irons can be cleaned of rust and made bright by dipping meat skins or bacon rinds in molasses, and rubbing the iron?

DRIVES AWAY ROACHES

If sliced cucumbers or the rinds be placed where roaches are troublesome, the pests will be driven away or poisoned.

MOTHS IN A CARPET

By W. B. Longstreth, Gratiot, Ohio

Wring out a crash towel, and spread it smoothly on the carpet where moths are suspected or detected; iron it dry with a hot iron, repeating if necessary. The hot steam will penetrate the carpet (not injuring the color at all) and kill both moth and eggs.

ANOTHER ANT EXTERMINATOR

By Mrs. Geo. Magee, New York City

In reference to the extermination of little red ants, please inform your correspondents that they cannot find a more effective remedy than a strong solution of alum washed into every crevice, upon and under shelves, and wherever it can be put without injuring the polish of woodwork.

HOW TO CAN FRUIT

By Mrs. L. Y. Hawes, Denver, Colo.

A safe rule for canning fruit is to use one pound of sugar with four pounds of fruit, with enough water to keep from burning. The following table should be preserved for handy reference:—

FRUIT	Time for boiling. Min.	Quantity of Sugar to quart. Oz.
Cherries	5	6
Raspberries	6	4
Blackberries	6	6
Strawberries	8	8
Plums	10	8
Whortleberries	5	4
Pie-plant, sliced	10	10
Small sour pears, whole	30	8
Bartlett pears, halves	20	6
Peaches, halves	8	4
Peaches, whole	15	4
Pine apples, sliced		6
Siberian or crab apples	25	8
Sour apples, quartered	10	5
Ripe currants	6	8
Wild grapes	10	8
Tomatoes	20	None
Gooseberries	8	8
Quinces, sliced	15	10

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TO BANISH FLIES

By Miss A. Burke, Palls, Va.

A little oil of lavender sprinkled about the room through a common atomizer will banish flies.

RECIPE FOR PASTILE

A pastile for killing flies, mosquitoes, and any other insect is made by mixing one part benzoin, one part balsam of tulu, five parts charcoal, one and a half parts insect powder, and half part saltpetre. Add water to, knead into a stiff paste, then roll the mixture into pastiles and dry them. One of these pastiles will burn for some time, give a pleasant odor and the fumes will kill all insects in the room.

—

TO GIVE FUDGE A NICE FLAVOR

By Mrs. D. D. Smith, Yorkshire, N. Y.

When making chocolate fudge add two or three tablespoonfuls of juice from applesauce. This makes a pleasant flavor.

TO CORK GLUE OR CEMENT

After a bottle of glue or cement has been opened, rub mutton tallow or cold cream on a sound cork before inserting it, and the cork will not stick fast and break when an attempt is made to draw it. Moreover, the glue will remain liquid. Glass stoppers should be treated in the same way.

—

COOKING IN THE FURNACE

By A. D. Harris, Williamstown, N. Y.

Just inside the furnace door is a wide shelf, on this one can set a kettle and cook corned beef and pot roasts that require long cooking. Vegetables can be cooked also, thus saving the kitchen range fire.

—

TO SOFTEN PUTTY

By Illa McCann, Comox, B. C., Canada

The best way to remove the putty from a broken glass and window frame is to touch it with a brush dipped in nitric or muriatic acid. After an hour or so the putty will be soft and so can be easily removed.

A UNIQUE CISTERN

By C. W. Thornton, Nome, Alaska

Almost every house is fitted with eave-troughs for the purpose of conducting the water to a convenient point, where it is either allowed to run to waste or run into a cistern, from which it must be pumped when wanted. Every housekeeper knows how infinitely superior is rain water to any other, for many purposes, especially for all sorts of cleansing. But how many of them know that, at a very slight expense, they may be able to draw rain water from a faucet in the house?

First procure a suitable tank. I use a common gasoline tank. If you can get a larger one, or care to go to the expense of having one built, so much the better, but the gasoline tank holds 110 gallons and mine never has a chance to run dry.

Place your tank on a frame, close to the house, as high as you can, and still be able to run the water into it from the eave-troughs. Bore a hole through the wall where you wish to have the faucet; put the faucet on a short piece of pipe, run this through the hole, and with an elbow and another piece of pipe, connect to the bottom of the tank, and the thing is done.

It will be a good thing to prepare a strainer to run the water through, as it runs into the tank. Fill the strainer with pebbles and charcoal.

BROWN POTATOES IN FIFTEEN MINUTES

Half fill a fry-pan with lard or any other kind of grease, and place over a good hot fire. Peel the potatoes, and if small put them in whole; otherwise, cut them in two, lengthwise. When you can stick a fork into them, they are done, and you can pour off the grease. This is a quick and satisfactory method of cooking potatoes. They do not absorb any of the grease and have a very superior flavor.

—

TO REMEDY A CURDLED CUSTARD

By Miss S. E. Page, Atkinson, N. H.

Beat a pinch of soda into custard cooked a moment too long, and it will entirely change its consistency.

TO PRESERVE SOLES OF SHOES

The soles of shoes may be preserved by applying shellac.

A BELT THAT WILL STAY IN PLACE

A belt shaped in the back is sure to keep in place. Put lining on cloth crosswise and allow a slight flare at the bottom.

—

SPILLED MILK

By Anna Hart, Pasadena, Cal.

If milk, either sweet or sour, is spilled on carpet, matting or clothes, do not use any water in cleaning them, but simply wipe the milk up with *dry clean cloths* until it is all absorbed. This will leave the material perfectly free from any trace or stain of the milk.

—

TO PUT OUT AN OIL FIRE

By Rev. J. S. Allen, Grand Isle, Vt.

It ought to be more generally known that wheat flour is probably the best extinguisher of a fire caused by the spilling and igniting of kerosene oil.

—

FOR BEE STINGS

By Mrs. Chas. Gates, Unadilla Forks, N. Y.

When stung by a bee, bruise a plantain leaf and bind on, renewing two or three times if necessary to reduce inflammation.

WHOLESOME PANCAKES

By Mary B. Denny, Greencastle, Ind.

When frying two or more pancakes on the griddle at one time, be careful not to allow one to touch another. If this precaution is observed the cakes will not only be lighter but also more wholesome.

EASY WAY TO MEND CHINA

An easy and most satisfactory method of mending china and other broken articles is to apply enamel paint to the edges, press them firmly together for a moment and then set the article aside to dry for a day or two. The paint may also be used to cover scratches and broken places on the surface of china.

RESEATING CHAIRS

By E. Bennett, Hope, Mo.

Twelve years ago the "split" bottoms of our sitting-room chairs began to give out, and we rebottomed them with common binder twine. Left in the natural state, these would probably have worn out in two or three years at most, but they were immediately painted with a good coat of thick straw-colored paint which was allowed to dry thoroughly before using. Today these seats show practically no wear, though they have been constantly used.

WASHING BLUE GOODS

By Mrs. C. H. Bell, Ossian, Ind.

Before washing blue goods, soak two hours in a bucket of water in which an ounce of sugar of lead has been dissolved, and dry before washing. This will set the color dermanently.

TO KEEP A VEIL DAINTY

Don't iron a veil that has become wrinkled. Roll smoothly on cardboard and steam over a kettle.

RELIEF FOR SORE JOINTS

By Mrs. Chas. L. Tobey, Fairfield, Me.

To take soreness from corns or enlarged toe joints apply pure cider vinegar, also wet a cloth with the vinegar and bind on over night.

SCRATCHED FURNITURE

A scratch may be removed from hardwood furniture by rubbing with salt butter.

WALL-POCKET FOR KETTLE-COVERS

By Mrs. Neil Shaw, Lumber Bridge, N. C.

A great convenience for the kitchen is a wall-pocket made of wire netting, for holding pot-lids and such like. You can make it as long and as deep as you like—mine is one and a half yards long and one and a half feet wide.

TO TAKE OUT COCOA STAINS

By Ella Carpenter, Herkimer, N. Y.

I have tried many things to take out cocoa stains, and have found that to wet the stain with camphor before it is washed will take out the cocoa.

INSTANT RELIEF FOR CRAMP

By Mrs. N. M. Strickland, Baltimore, Md.

For instant relief in case of cramps in limbs, dip hand in cold water and rub under the knee of cramped limb.

CURTAIN CLEANSING

By Mrs. A. N. Lee, Canton, Ohio

Free the curtains to be cleaned from loose dust by brushing with a stiff brush. Then take a coarse linen towel, place in warm water until thoroughly wet, wring out and lay on ironing board. Lay the curtain on this and place a piece of fine cheese-cloth over it. Then proceed to iron with a very hot iron until dry. The cheese-cloth is used to prevent scorching of curtain. If this method is carefully followed, you will find that the curtain is not only clean, but that it has the same degree of stiffness as when new.

KEEPING A KITCHEN STOVE NEAT

By Mrs. E. T. Cummings, Delta, Colo.

As I use white enamel ware in my kitchen, I do not care to have the top of my coal range blacked. Instead, I use this method:—Once a month I black my range entirely. Between times I rub it off each morning with a block of wood (2 x 6 x 8) covered with sheep's wool, first rubbing into the wool one teaspoon of lard and one teaspoon of kerosene. Rub when the stove is medium warm, and rub rapidly, and you will be surprised how clean your stove will be.

TO CLEAN A CARPET-SWEEPER

By Mrs. H. J. Emery, Dayton, Ky.

I clean my sweeper by emptying the accumulated dirt in the usual way, and then I place the sweeper on the floor bottom up and sweep the brush lengthwise with the broom.

NEW WAY TO WHIP CREAM

I whip cream in a mason jar by shaking it up and down for about five minutes. This saves much whipping in the ordinary way and also saves the cream, as not a drop escapes.

NOVEL INK ERASER

By Margaret G. Norrell, Augusta, Ga.

Keep in your writing-desk a sheet of *very fine* sandpaper. When necessary to erase a word or letter, tear off a piece easily handled, rub gently the word you wish to erase until it disappears, then place your blotting paper underneath and rewrite. You will be pleased with the result and it looks so much neater than a word erased with rubber.

NEAT SHOE-LACES

By Lillie Dale, Boise, Idaho

If the tips come off the end of a shoe-lace, melt a little paraffine and dip the ends of the lace in it, rolling between thumb and finger till it is cold and shaped. It will be as good as new and last for some time.

TURNIP RIND IN PLACE OF GREASE

By Leonard Parrish, Montreal, Mo.

A turnip rind (the inside) rubbed on the griddle will answer for grease, and there is no smoke or odor, no sticking or any taste of the turnip.

STARCH FOR WINDY WEATHER

By Mrs. R. M. Elliott, Griggsville, Ill.

A spoonful of salt added to the starch on a windy day will prevent it from blowing out of the clothes.

VIEW OF SHIPPING AND HARBOR AT TACOMA
Showing Northern Pacific Tracks Alongside the Largest Wheat Warehouse in the World

TACOMA—"CITY OF OPPORTUNITY"

CENTER OF ACTIVITIES IN THE GREAT EMPIRE OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

By CHARLES EDWARD CUTTER

IT has been well said that "The greatest city will be built where there are the fewest obstacles to be overcome, where tributary resources are unlimited and markets unrestricted." This is said of Tacoma, Washington, at the head of deep-water navigation on Puget Sound, which fills all these requirements and conditions that are combining to make it pre-eminently the City of Opportunity on the Pacific Coast. The reasons for this pre-eminence are obvious to those who have followed the trend of events in the Pacific Northwest, where a mighty empire is forming.

In the first place Tacoma is most advantageously located for the building of a great city and for maintaining it in its supremacy along the lines of commerce, manufacturing, etc. The two distinct advantages possessed by Tacoma as to its harbor are that it lies at the head of salt-water navigation on Puget Sound, and has the shortest rail haul from the interior. Add to these, thousands of acres of tide lands and river flats adjacent to deep-water, as well as a wide expanse of level prairie which give Tacoma unnumbered sites for railway terminals, and for commercial and industrial uses, and you have unusual and practically perfect conditions for rapid growth.

Tacoma's geographical position puts her in command of the products of the mines, the forests, the farms and the waters of a large territory of which the city is the natural and exclusive outlet. In addition, much of the grain from the vast inland empire east of the mountains comes to Tacoma for shipment to California and Europe, or to be manufactured into flour for the Orient and Alaska.

Tacoma has a great shipping advantage over most other ports on the coast, as Puget Sound is 300 miles nearer Japan, Manila and the Orient and 800 miles nearer Alaska than San Francisco, for instance.

In 1873, the Northern Pacific railroad located its western terminus at Tacoma, thereby recognizing its superior location and topography. But for the panic of 1893, the Union Pacific, which became bankrupt and abandoned the construction of an extension to Tacoma, this city would have had two transcontinental lines instead of one. Later the proposed extension of the Burlington to the Sound country, with its impending completion, was diverted by the purchase of that line by Hill interests. Despite the fact that Tacoma has existed as a one-railroad town and suffered other adverse circumstances, it has grown steadily, from a population in 1880 of 1,098, to more than 100,000 in 1908, and has taken position as the industrial, railroad and shipping center of the Pacific Northwest Several reasons for this growth have been given. In addition to its unusual location and harbor, giving unparalleled shipping facilities and manufacturing sites, Tacoma enjoys unlimited and easily accessible raw material, fuel and cheap electric power and light, conditions very essential to the growth of a great city.

Tacoma's wonderful development makes it the greatest one-railroad town in the whole country. This distinction, however, cannot long continue, for other railroads are building into the city and will have trains in operation by 1909. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Union Pacific railroads own hundreds of acres of tidelands on deep water, as well as blocks of valuable property in the heart of the city, purchased for passenger and freight terminals. These two lines promise to be in operation when the Alaska-Pacific Exposition opens next year, or even before. Heavy purchases of other property for railroad purposes have been made, presumably for the Great Northern, Canadian Pacific and Chicago & Northwestern, which are extending their lines in this direction.

The railroad terminals already built in Tacoma represent the expenditure of millions, and those building will cost many millions more, it being conservatively estimated that for the erection of warehouses, wharves, car shops, passenger stations, etc., the sum of $100,000,000 will be expended within the next few years in giving the railroads already here and those coming the facilities needed to care for a world business.

The Northern Pacific, to go into more detail, owns huge deep-water warehouses and car shops in Tacoma, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Union Pacific roads are building or preparing to erect similar structures with which to secure their share of the commerce of this port and care for their rolling stock. A passenger station to cost $500,000 will soon be erected by the Northern Pacific, and the other railroads are planning to do as well.

Already the shipping of the world enters Tacoma harbor, bringing in tea, matting and other Oriental goods, with rich ores from all parts of the world for smelting; and take lumber, grain, flour, fish and other manufactured products and commodities to Alaska, the islands of the sea, the Orient, India, South America, Africa and Europe. The commerce of Tacoma amounts to about $75,000,000 a year, and is growing fast. From Tacoma the St. Paul and Union Pacific roads will have steamship lines of their own to carry the business originating in their territory for the Orient, whose growing trade from this coast is centering here.

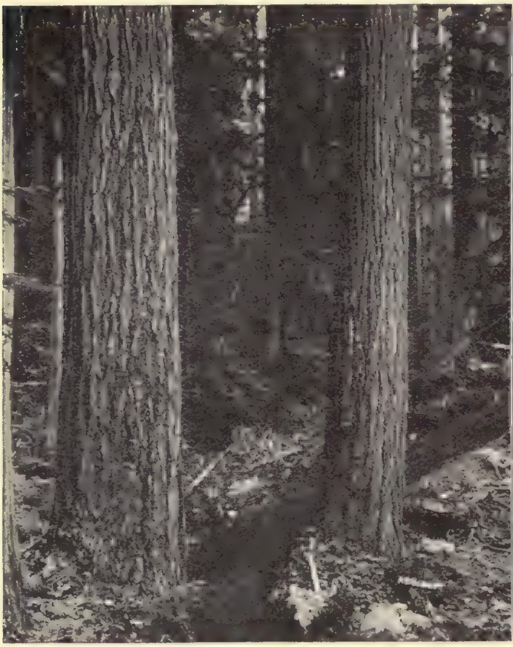
Chauncey Thomas, a writer for one of the popular magazines, in an interview in the Oregon Daily Journal of Portland, of the cities of the Pacific Coast, says—"I think that in time the third city in America will be Tacoma"; and then he gave his reasons in detail, taking into account the wonderful advantages enjoyed by the city on Commencement Bay. The Seattle Sunday Times of February 10, 1907, pays merited tribute to Tacoma in a long article in which it summed up the reasons why numerous transcontinental railroads are building to this marvelous city, as follows:

"Because Tacoma is the gateway to the Orient; the gateway to Alaska; the outlet for the millions of bushels of grain raised in the Inland Empire—the greatest granary in the world; the outlet for the products manufactured from the trees of the vast primeval forests thereabouts, as well as the deposits of rich minerals taken from the mountains rising on all sides; and, not least, because of its splendid location at the head of ocean navigation on Puget Sound, having the finest deep-water harbor in the world and unlimited facilities for railroad terminals and manufacturing sites."

This, and other like tributes from other sources are valuable as showing that Tacoma's claims for supremacy along certain lines do not all emanate from the inside.

The United States government has begun projects in and near Tacoma on which more money is being spent than for any other city on the Pacific Coast. Work is progressing on the dredging of 3,200 feet of the Puyallup River, at a cost of $400,000, which will give that much additional deep-water harbor, and plans are under way to spend $200,000 on the diversion of the water of that river into other channels, making a navigable stream up to the city of Puyallup. The foundation of a federal building, to cost $450,000 is being laid, and $50,000 is being expended on the government road to Mount Tacoma, the great scenic attraction of this region, and this will soon be increased $185,000. In addition, a $100,000 armory, new churches, hotels, factories, office buildings and dwellings are being erected to supply the ever increasing demand caused by the great influx of people from the East, who have come to make Tacoma their home and enter into business here.

South of Tacoma, on the prairies, the war department has leased 75,000 acres for maneuver grounds, where this year 6,000 regular and state troops of the Northwest are assembled. A congressional committee is looking over the ground with the purpose of making some recommendation to Congress looking to the purchase of the land for a permanent camp, inasmuch as army officers generally have reported on the location as ideal.



1—Stage Road Through the Big Timber of Rainer Forest Reserve, near Tacoma.
2—In Business Section of Tacoma, Showing Ledger-News Building, the Finest Newspaper Plant on the Coast.
3—The Puyallup River, a Glacial-fed Stream That Runs by Tacoma. Turns Wheels of 40,000 Horse-power Electric Plant at Election. *Photo by Cutter*

Many persons come to Tacoma because this city is the acknowledged educational center of the Pacific Northwest, with advantages second to none in the whole country, its colleges, academies and public schools holding high rank. The standard of Tacoma's public schools is well up to that of cities of greater age and rank and much higher than those of similar size. Twenty-nine school buildings, most of them the latest and best in architecture and equipment, comprise the grammar schools. Tacoma is justly proud of her high school, considered to be one of the finest in the United States. This ornate building and the grounds, which have a commanding location overlooking the harbor, represent an expenditure of $500,000.

Among the corps of fifty high school teachers many are graduates of the leading colleges and technical schools of the country. With accommodations for more than 2,000 students, the Tacoma high is fast filling up, so large is the proportion of grammar school graduates seeking to complete their education there. A gymnasium, well equipped laboratories, a reference library, an art studio and a lunch room seating 600 pupils at one time, are part of the equipment provided. The curriculum of the Tacoma high school has all the progressive courses offered in any of the high schools of the country. One of the most practical courses adopted is that of Commerce, which is designed to teach the young men the leading commercial questions of the day and put them in shape to take responsible positions in any large business establishment. Another feature is the training of the students in oral composition, giving them confidence and ability to think and talk while on their feet. These are a few of the courses that are designed to give the students practical training.

Beside the high school, in a deep ravine naturally adapted for the purpose, there is being erected a stadium, with a field 440 feet long and 275 feet wide. This is being built of concrete after the plan of the stadium at Athens, and when completed it will comfortably seat twenty or thirty thousand persons.

Advancement is also shown in the organization of the grammar schools, special supervisors looking after music, drawing and primary work. Manual training and domestic arts are given place in the eighth grade, in which Latin has become elective. The Grammar School Athletic League, with baseball and athletic contests between the various schools, gives incentive for the development of the body. The teaching corps of the grammar schools number nearly three hundred, with about 16,000 pupils.

Seven colleges and academies of high standing and numerous private schools, with the public institutions mentioned, give Tacoma prestige along educational lines. Students from all over the Northwest and Alaska are attracted to Tacoma because of the superior educational advantages enjoyed here. Among the institutions mentioned are Annie Wright Seminary (Episcopal), Whitworth College (Presbyterian), University of Puget Sound (Methodist Episcopal), DeKovan Hall (Episcopal), St. Edward's Hall, Academy of Visitation and Aquinas Academy (Catholic), Vashon College and Academy (non-sectarian), Lutheran Academy and Business College and the Talmud Thora (Jewish), with the parochial schools of the Catholic and Lutheran churches, a training school for nurses, the Y. M. C. A. Evening Institute and several business colleges.

A salubrious and equable climate without extremes of heat or cold, or tornadoes, with magnificent marine, forest and mountain scenery, and sea bathing, boating, fishing, hunting and other sports, are some of the many things that go to make Tacoma one of the most, if not the most, desirable residence cities, especially during the summer, anywhere in America.

Tacoma is built on a peninsula, having Commencement Bay and the Puyallup River on the east and north, and the Narrows, an arm of Puget Sound, on the west. Beautiful islands covered with forests of conifers, among which on clearings are numerous fruit orchards, with summer residences along the shores, are to be seen from the city. On the waters surrounding the city and the islands, boating, bathing and fishing is enjoyed to the fullest extent. Salmon and salmon-trout are the fish mostly taken, while in the streams and lakes near Tacoma are found the gamy trout and bass. All sorts of game is to be had in season.

Pierce County, in which Tacoma is located, has the greatest diversity of scenery and altitude of probably any county in the United States, extending from sea level at Tacoma, to the heights of Mount Tacoma, (14,528 feet), the top of the grandest glacial and volcanic peak on the continent. This gradual rise from Tacoma to Mount Tacoma, within a distance of sixty miles, takes in level prairies dotted with trees, then forests of fir and cedar, with dense undergrowth of ferns, etc., among which are lakes and streams, with rich valleys in which berries, fruit, hops and produce grow in great luxuriance. As the mountain is neared the scenery grows more rugged and beautiful.

The trip either by way of the Tacoma Eastern railroad or over the highway that is being built jointly by the Pierce County commissioners and the government, to Mount Tacoma, lying in the midst of the Rainier National Park and Rainier Forest Reserve, is a rare scenic treat. Big trees, picturesque waterfalls, rugged rocks and trout streams are seen on the way up to the eternal snow of the mountain. Only a few hours' run from Tacoma, the exclusive gateway to the mountain, one may step onto the glaciers and snow fields, a rare treat in the summer time. There are more than 32,000 acres of ice and snow on the mountain. Between the fifteen or more glaciers which are the source of water power approximating that of Niagara Falls, are beautiful natural parks, which during June, July, August and September are dotted with myriads of bright-hued flowers that appear as the snow recedes. Botanists have found something like 500 known varieties. Plant and animal life, all under the protection of the government, is most interesting and instructive. As the summer advances, the ice in the glaciers melts, forming along their courses immense crevasses, and, at the terminals, caves of great extent and brilliant coloring. Thousands of tourists visit this enchanted region.

Tacoma has fourteen hundred acres of public parks, in which flowers bloom most of the year, roses being especially abundant and beautiful. More than forty miles of paved streets connecting the parks and leading out to the beautiful prairies south of the city make Tacoma an ideal place for automobiling and cycling. The country roads extend through the berry and hop fields of the Puyallup Valley, where a few acres of the rich soil are sufficient to afford a good livelihood for any family. This fertile region is becoming noted as the home of the raspberry. Large canneries, one located at Puyallup and the other at Sumner, preserve tons of the surplus fruit and garden produce of all kinds grown throughout this delectable region.

1—Section of Washington Fir, More Than Ten Feet in Diameter and Scaling 10,264 Feet of Lumber, Board Measure; Cut by St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Company's Mill at Tacoma, the Largest Sawmill in the World.
2—One of the Many Miles of Handsome Residence Streets in the City of Tacoma.
3—Portion of Paradise Valley and South Slope of Mt. Tacoma; Altitude of Foreground, 7000 ft. *Photo by A. H. Barnes.*
4—The Agricultural Resources Tributary to the City of Tacoma. A Fruit-canning Plant at Puyallup, Nine Miles From Tacoma. In the Valley of the Puyallup Fruit and Berry Farms, Only Five Acres Usually, Provide a Splendid Living for an Entire Family. *Photo by Avery.*

S. S. "CREOLE" OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY ON ATLANTIC SERVICE

HAPPY HOURS ON SUMMER SEAS

By MITCHELL MANNERING

OUT of the cavernous depths of a New York pier steamed the good ship "Antilles" at full speed, circling like a bird around the visible curves and hidden windings of the fairway, and shot down the harbor shrieking a salute from her deep-toned siren to friends and port. From decks there was much waving of hands and dainty linen to friends on the wharf, for the "Antilles," circling "the big toe" of the northern continent, was to round the keys of Florida to New Orleans, Queen City of the Great Gulf Ports.

I stood abaft the smoke-house—note that word "abaft," as evidence that I am already growing truly nautical—with a cap firmly drawn down over my brows, gazing back at that wonder of American—nay, of earthly cities—the giant metropolis whose "skyscrapers" unrivaled in the history of the world's architecture, rose immense, impressive and wonderful, bathed in the brilliant noonday sun. As we pointed out into the open sea there was perhaps just a suspicion of gray—or rather of green—in their glorious array, in anticipation of *mal-de-mer*. But, as I said before, standing "abaft" the smoke-house and looking out on the water, I felt a thrill of enthusiasm as there came into my mind the text or lesson of the voyage. Old Glory floated proudly in the stern of the "Antilles," and here was I, on the deck of an American ship, under the Stars and Stripes, embarking on an ocean voyage; and this, mind you, in these later days is a comparatively rare occurrence, for only two per cent of all the shipping tonnage leaving American ports today fly the American flag.

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As we sailed down the harbor we passed within speaking distance of the Statue of Liberty, bathed in the full light of the spring sunshine. On the left the shore line of Coney Island, the great seaside playground of the metropolis, stretched away to the north and east. On either hand were suburban centers of manufacture and business, and, seeing the great buildings marshaled row on row, and the ever-jetting little puffs of white steam from many exhausts, all somehow suggested that these were the busy batteries of modern business. Obsolete, antiquated, deserted Fort Washington and rows of now useless fortifications which have cost many millions, seem to have been supplanted by these commercial batteries and the acrid powder-smoke of salute has given place to the incessant, strenuous "puff, puff" of the exhausts and the white steam-clouds from skyscrapers and factories.

BEDROOM OF SUITE

A profit of travel seldom considered is the possibility of making lasting friendships; and yet, in going over the list of friends made in the voyages and travels of twenty years, I feel that all other possessions fade into insignificance; for, once under way on an extended trip, the average American, as a usual thing, becomes his real self. On this voyage I felt well repaid in finding such a friend as Joseph Campbell, a Scotchman.

The Southern Pacific folders announcing the sailings of the magnificent steamships of their unparalleled coast-line service are veritable nautical time-tables, and the passenger, as he sits at his ease, can tell, almost always without compass, log or chart, just where he is, at any given hour and day. The Atlantic steamship service of the Southern Pacific Company, without doubt the finest of its kind in the world, is run strictly on railroad schedule time, and it is needless to say that every luxury and convenience known to railway travel is added to the solid comforts and incomparable delights of a luxurious sea voyage. A transcontinental journey by this line combines all the pleasures of a trans-Atlantic voyage, with the variety of a transcontinental rail tour, and the trip broken at New Orleans for a few days' sight-seeing.

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From the time that the "Antilles" started at full speed in the bustling harbor of New York her rapid flight scarcely slackened until the boat whirled around the crescent bend of the Father of Waters at New Orleans. During our first afternoon on board the burden of general conversation was the weather we were likely to encounter in rounding Cape Hatteras, and there was many a lingering look when it was announced that our last glimpse of land for a time would be the beautiful shore line revealing Atlantic City at sunset.

What a relief it was to a wearied editor just to go out on deck and let the wind whistle around one, or stand at the prow of the vessel and watch the lace-like drapery of foam that gathered at the bows and clung about the hull of the great vessel. Standing in the bow, I watched the tireless, darting Mother Cary's chickens, who seemed loath to get out of the way as the boat plunged through the great green surges and the spume thrown up by the piercing prow seemed a perennial fountain rising sparkling from the sun. That afternoon's luxury began with the sweet reaction from the strenuous haste and tension with which every New Yorker tries to gain the same goal at the same time, and we, happy voyageurs, out in the open, and breathing the moist salty air, enjoyed every moment and every incident of our voyage. Of course the steamship "Antilles" is fitted up with all the luxuries of modern steamship travel, and, like the small boy, I could not resist the impulse to try everything in the state-room. First I set the electric stove at work, for there was something of a chill in the air; then to turn on the switch and see if it were a real candle hanging ready for use—the application of a match soon decided. Then I looked over the new port-hole covers of cathedral glass, so easily opened or secured by convenient screw fastenings—something new. Everything was artistic and pleasant to the eye, but it was equally evident that long stern struggles with sea and tempests was fully provided for, and the possibility of a fire at sea was more than hinted at in snow-white hose and bright brass nozzles. There were also yellow "hospital" buckets, made to hang on the rail, like a cash register, and which are often convenient but not especially associated with pleasant memories. As I was rushing about, trying to see everything on the ship in one day, my friend Campbell tried to restrain my needless haste. "What's the use of rushing. We have five whole days before us—and I'm a commuter, too. And, say," says Campbell; "won't we be jolly good friends by that time, and have a chance to see all the sights on board ship, too, by that time?" And I agreed. By leaving New York on Wednesday and arriving at New Orleans on Monday, we made the trip nearly as quickly as by rail.

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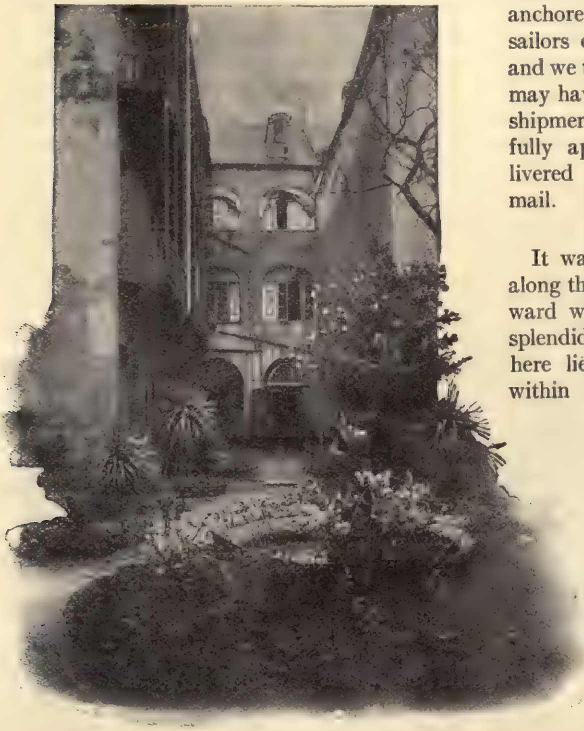
Sailing under the colors of Commodore E. H. Harriman, Captain Woodard, a typical State of Maine "skipper," in charge of the "Antilles", was in every sense the ideal sea captain. Just as the thin spider-web of the Suspension Bridge was fading away the "Antilles" saluted a four-masted schooner then slowly coming up the harbor. Captain Woodard, the son, on his magnificent steamer, was greeting his father, the captain of the schooner. Here was an incident that showed that the old-time sea-going spirit of patriotic pride in our merchant marine, which we are apt to overlook in our close hunt for the dollars of the interior, still exists and is only sleeping and not dead, as some would have us believe.

The first day at sea we huddled about the decks in overcoats, shivering with the chill April winds, and steamer chairs were seldom in commission. There was something cozy and homelike in going down to our cabin to find that the gracious lady had already begun "housekeeping at sea." When the seas began to run high we studied the map with the realization that, on an American boat, under the American flag, we were running down the coast of over two thousand miles of the immense shore line of the republic, and that, with the Panama Canal once completed, a continuous ocean coast line of six thousand miles would be girdled under the Stars and Stripes, a maritime empery unrivaled by any other nation in the world's history.

SMOKING-ROOM

At dinner the passenger list, as revealed by its active representatives, lacked neither variety nor pleasant interest. There was, of course, the usual number of bridal couples, and one modest little couple from sedate Philadelphia was the only one that fooled us. There, too, was Captain H. E. Nichols of New York, a veteran who has sailed the high seas all his life, but now simply makes a trip for his own pleasure every month or so to New Orleans and back; for, as the Captain grimly remarked: "Why, sailing on these ships is like being on your own yacht, and with such officers as Captain Woodard, Purser Burnett and Steward Byrne, what more could be desired?"



OLD SPANISH COURT-YARD, NEW ORLEANS

Early on the second morning we found ourselves well off Norfolk, approaching Hatteras, and it was observed that many of the passengers began to chew gum more vigorously than ever. In the library young men were busy at work recording the day's events. The Sage of Orange was ready at any time for a discussion on pre-historic days or Aristotle, Wordsworth, fore-ordination or the dimensions of the Merry Widow hat.

You may remember that the physical geography states that the Gulf Stream runs north, but you never realize it until you come to that wonderful course of salt water. Just off Wilmington, North Carolina, the steamer strikes the five and six knot current of the stream, and veers to the left. A little later a straight course is taken for Jupiter Light, which is some distance above Palm Beach. At noon we come in sight of the Diamond Shoal, off Hatteras, where a red light-ship is anchored fourteen miles from shore. Here the sailors came out in small boats to meet us, and we threw them a bundle of papers. These may have been a little water-soaked in transshipment, but I fancy the reading was as fully appreciated by the sailors as if delivered directly through the United States mail.

* * *

It was a perfect, a beautiful night when along the coast the great steamer sailed southward within one mile of Palm Beach, that splendid Floridian resort. The true course here lies just inside the Gulf Stream and within a mile of the shore. The captain never left the bridge that night, keeping a sharp lookout as we passed Cary's Fort Reef Light and picking out, one by one, the dangerous spots known by such odd names as Pickle's Reef and Coffin Patch, of course by no means forgetting Alligator Reef. This beautiful sail along the shores of Florida is without parallel in the world. Talk about the beautiful blue Bay of Naples and the brilliancy of sunset colors in the Mediterranean! Nothing can equal the brilliant green, gold, rose, purple and indigo hues presenting panoramas and vistas that delight the soul, with beautiful landscapes and such lights on sea and shore as only come from the hands and pencil of the Divine Master.

The greatest excitement and interest on the "starboard" side was awakened by the view of the extension of the Florida East Coast Railway, without doubt the most remarkable railway in the world. We could see with the naked eye the miles and miles of viaducts oversea, connecting the coral keys. In the distance the works looked like a forest of trees, and as we drew closer we could see the long white streaks of the railroad embankment firmly embedded and making a continuous viaduct comb across the horizon. The grade of this railway was eagerly followed by our passengers as far as Sombrero Reef Light, where the road now terminates. This is the only place in the world where the islands are called "keys." Signaling the wireless station at Sand Key, we looked upon the picturesque city of Key West, which has played an important part in history. Here buildings roofed in red tile cover the key or island, and a very cosmopolitan population inhabits the only city in the United States where frost has never been known. It was at one time a great rendezvous for pirates and Cuban adventurers. The hoarse whistle of the "Antilles," giving her signal of two-two-four, verified the information sent by wireless.

It was a jolly crew that made up the passenger list on the "Antilles." At the tables there was always a ring of merry laughter, and every subject known to the human tongue was discussed. The clock in the dining room was set fifteen minutes farther ahead every day, to make up the difference of time between New York and New Orleans—one hour.

* * *

After passing Hatteras, overcoats and rugs were left behind. The balmy breath of the Southern seas and the warm sunshine made the days delightful. Watching from the ship's head, one could discern the ragged edge of the Gulf Stream which the vessel was skirting. We could see the trail of an "oiler"—a steamer with a cargo of petroleum—where the oil pumped up with its bilge-water had left an unbroken "slick" in its wake; and the old-time traveler regaled us with many stories of how numerous storms and wrecks had been averted by a few barrels of oil. While it does not reduce the size of the waves, it prevents them from breaking inboard and the wind from raising that curling, foaming crest which is so much dreaded in a heavy storm. This is one of the great highways of the American seas, and ever as we rushed south we saw the schooners, brigs and brigantines of the West Indian trade, making good northing under a fair wind called "windjammer" by the crews of steam craft. The "tramp" steamers' officers were watching with jealous care the course taken by the regular "liners," to cut corners on the course to Galveston. A host of yachts, "turtles," sponge-fishers and smaller craft were seen on every hand, and the swift automobiles and blooded carriage and saddle horses of the seacoast hotel-dwellers were not infrequently under our glasses. This scenery made up a day of surpassing interest, in which every hour seemed to glide away with unwelcome rapidity.

After passing Tortugas Light, the course was set direct for the Delta of the Mississippi. The Dry Tortugas were frequently mentioned in the days of the Civil War, and here Dr. Mudd, one of the men implicated in the Booth conspiracy to assassinate Abraham Lincoln, was imprisoned for some years. It has been facetiously remarked that here originated that classic phrase of the times "his name was mud."

Sunday was a warm day in the Gulf, but, thanks to a sea-breeze of fifteen knots an hour, electric fans buzzing in the state-rooms, and linen suits, we found no reason for discomfort.

On Friday evening, about the time everyone was becoming well acquainted, the energetic Mack, "of Brooklyn, N. Y.," who has all the essential capacities of the impresario, had all the arrangements made for a continuous evening performance. "For," said Mack, "never before has such an array of human intelligence and brilliancy been gathered aboard one ship," and in a few minutes he had his program completed. So we had a daintily-sweet song, "Mother," by Steward MacDonald, late in service on a Fall River liner, after a tempestuous piano solo as overture. The reverend doctor gave a reading from Riley, and some one who had discovered a copy of "Heart Throbs" commenced to read from it, and for a time that settled it. Every one wanted his favorite poem, but at last a young man with sadly interesting eyes read a poem "On Melancholy," and, without any disrespect, I think we all appreciated the "Merry Widow Waltz," given to cheer us up and remind us of the Great White Way of New York. There were speeches and singing, and then Master French marched up to the piano and gave us a selection that proved he had kept up his practice.

Mack was asked why he had insisted on having the concert early, and with a grave look he announced: "'Tis well to perform while the water is smooth." There was, of course, a supper "after the theater," but the incidents of all our doings during this cruise were so related to the general personnel of the people on board that one needs to know them to understand all its humor and enjoyment. No respect was paid to the conventionalities; everybody was in the mood for a good time, and they had it. That passenger list of one hundred people represented every section of the United States. There were people returning to Walla Walla; those who had made a trip around the Horn from Seattle to New York in seven weeks, at the same rate paid by railroad ($72), which shows how inexpensive it is to travel, after all, if you can only master the luxury of time. Somehow we all got better acquainted in those five days than one would ordinarily in five years. Every one on board seemed to delight in telling their family history, and, of course, we all voted that this was an exceptional passenger list, and when the passengers, at that final concert, all joined hands to sing "Auld Lang Syne" we realized how much enjoyment can be derived by "thawing the ice" and dropping the conventional rules of city social life. When we started to sing "Auld Lang Syne," Bunker Hill Thompson, in spite of the warning not to get it too high, pitched it at the altitude of high C. McManus stuck to it bravely to the last, until he nearly cracked his throat. Then a revised edition was started, and was growled out in the gurgling depths below the staff.

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Many people have made their first ocean voyage on these superb deep-sea-going ships of the Southern Pacific to New Orleans. They are furnished and equipped in every way equal to the trans-Atlantic "liners" and constitute a splendid sea-going training school. After making one of these trips, the dread and apprehension of an ocean voyage is overcome.

Mr. C. F. Daly, traffic manager of the New York Central lines, made his first ocean voyage on the good ship "Antilles" to New Orleans and return. His expressed appreciation of that trip was an encomium that has the basis of practical knowledge of what passenger traffic in general demands. For a railroad man of the prominence of Mr. Daly to commend anything that concerns schedules, promptness and safety of passenger traffic is a supreme test. He felt quite like a sailor after his return and his appreciation of Captain Woodard and his splendid service on the good ship "Antilles" is corroborated by the thousand passengers who pass "'round the horn" of Florida, between two of the most interesting terminal points and seaports that one can discern on the map.

* * *

It all seems like a dream. A few days only have passed, and we are back home again after this delightful voyage on American seas; but how vividly I can recall that splendid night when we entered South Pass, the mouth of the Mississippi. Here the rich lands of the delta of the Father of Waters surpass in fertility those of the Nile delta in ancient Egypt. In the days of Cleopatra the boats were pulled along the Nile by galley slaves, and thousands of serfs lived but to serve one person; but the voluptuous queen in all her glory never had more comfort than that afforded the passengers on the Southern Pacific steamer "Antilles," as we glided up the narrowing channel.

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On a trip of this kind I usually lay aside several bushels of reading matter, but as Emerson said: "We have to talk to know how to think." It is surprising how sensible, thoughtful and philosophic people will talk when isolated on board ship. I found time, however, to read something of the taking of New Orleans by the Spanish. On that night there was a terrific storm of thunder and lightning, which was looked upon as an ill omen for the new Spanish owners. New Orleans was, primarily, French and Acadian to the core, and, in spite of the four changes of flag, has retained the impress of the original French settlers.

Our red and green fireworks were discerned by the pilot at 9 p.m., and the pool was decided. Then the great cyclone storm that started down the Mississippi Valley struck us. The air suddenly cooled, and the thunder and lightning came upon us. What a dramatic entrance it was! There were the great Eads jetties reaching out like tawny fingers in the Gulf, and we reached the great Pass as the thunders rolled and the lightnings flashed. The green tropical foliage, lit up by the levin-flash, reminded one of a splendid scene at the theater. The great tall sentinel lighthouses almost at the end of the jetties, stand out in bold perspective.

Late that night we remained on deck, looking upon a scene that will never be forgotten, as the storm came upon us with all the majesty of a lurid pyrotechnic spectacle. In the early dawn we looked out on the contrast of calm and placid waters, and realized why the Acadians, when driven from the St. Lawrence, felt they had found a replica of their exiled homes on the banks of the Mississippi. The peaked spires of the tiny churches nestle among great trees overhung with moss; bells tinkled in the distance, and here and there plantations with their old mansions and great rich fields stretched away on every side beneath the level of the river. Then we passed the great battle-ground where Andrew Jackson won undying fame; and, winding around bend after bend in the early dawning, we came at last to that Great Bend in the river which gives New Orleans the name of the "Crescent City," and in that city the river flows *north*. On the opposite bank was Algiers. Here we were at last in one of the great historical cities of the *ante bellum* days, when rich plantations of sugarcane, cotton, and rice made New Orleans one of the wealthiest markets in the world. Here was the storm-center of that great Mississippi Bubble in which John Law figured so conspicuously in France. Here the Caskett girls had come from La Belle France to find husbands in the New World—and here *were we*.

* * *

On the paved levees or banks of the rivers were evidences of the activities of the great port of the South. The line was thrown, the great steamer sidled up to the levee, and with a regretful "good-bye" to the captain and his gallant crew we stepped on shore.

No voyage I have ever taken was more replete with real enjoyment and solid satisfaction. While never passing from under the folds of the old flag, we had gone from New York, the Giant City of the World, with its maelstrom of business activities and accentuated American ways, to an historical and quaint city which still retains the mystic atmosphere of foreign lands. Going or coming, the transcontinental passengers always count on spending some delightful days in New Orleans. We had to say "good-bye" to our fellow-travelers, but even in those few days in New Orleans, going about the streets and markets, we did not feel that we were strangers, for here and there from rubberneck automobiles or Ponca car the passengers from the "Antilles" exchanged comrade greetings. At Bourgeut's we met for breakfast and pledged love and remembrance in the famous coffee of the French market. We felt loath to say the final "good-bye," but the sweet and pleasant memories of those golden days, sailing along the shores of the Atlantic on the good ship "Antilles," will never fade, for life has few such delightful experiences.

THE HAPPY HABIT

THE ERA OF CHEERFULNESS

EVERY decade has its peculiar emotion, the outgrowth of sentiment distinctive of the times. How refreshing it was to hear the other day from a friend that he believed "the popularity of happiness" was at hand,—actually the rage. In years past there have been periods noted for anathema and criticism, for religious revivals and for strange and startling revelations, but now we have again a recurring Era of Cheerfulness.

Similar changes are manifest in literature—each century or half century has its own peculiar features. At one time literature was chiefly religious, composed of sermons, dissertations and discussions upon various points of doctrine; then there was an era of diary and essay writing; then an era of history; then the sudden reaction to Fielding, Sterne and Smollet; then back again to poetry, art and fiction in vast variety, for the literature of the day is the reflection of popular emotion.

As a natural evolution we have the Era of Cheerfulness—gloom is fading rapidly into the mists of the past, not only in literature but in conduct and even in dress. There was a time when it was considered essential that a widow should be heavily weighted with "weeds" and that certain forms should be observed because society would be startled if they were omitted.

A similar change is apparent in literature and habits of thought, and many modern "isms" are new forms of the old doctrine of cheerfulness, which has never before been so clearly evolved.

The popular infection may be observed in correspondence. Even business men write to each other how they have waited until temper cooled and then have sent a cheery letter that brought back an instant apology from the aggressor. One man says, "I am sorry I wrote that last letter—I was angry and went off half-cocked, but did not see my own folly until I received your kindly reply." Though we have had to gulp down indignation and try very hard before the proper outlook could be reached, we found it is all in the view-point.

"Grief may be joy misunderstood."

* * *

THERE is a portion of our office known as "the kink corner," and there at times it looks as though we had an extra invoice of trouble. A man writes a very irate letter about some neglect or carelessness of which the magazine has been guilty; then with all our might we try the new doctrine on him and the correspondence never fails to bring a generous response in the shape of an earnest expression of cheerfulness. It is like the cabalistic hand-clasp of some of the mystic orders—see two old chaps meet—they shake hands with doubtful expression, but if the right "grip" is given how the kindly faces brighten and how eagerly they talk about the "good old times." The sign manual of cheerfulness is a smile that rises first in the eyes, spreads to the mouth, and then fades away slowly from the face. Not a mere grin or contortion of the facial muscles, but a smile that expresses itself in every action.

Traveling over the country I find hung in conspicuous places in various business concerns and offices just such mottoes as

"Smile."

"Keep smiling."

"Cheer up."

"Be good-natured until ten o'clock."

"'Tis better to smile than to frown."

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

"Don't grunt, do your stunt."

"A merry heart goes all the day."

They catch the eye even in the midst of the "rush hours." Messages of cheerfulness have supplanted the severely scriptural injunctions and mottoes that occupied the place of honor over the door in old-time parlors. Who can look upon the word "smile" without feeling a twitching about the corners of the mouth?

The era of cheerfulness was manifest at the great political conventions of 1908 and the photographers taking snap-shots insisted upon a smile from the subject and got it. Amid the storm of protest and the calls of "Time" at the conventions, did you not notice how the man who wore a smile usually obtained a hearing? Did you not perceive that the man with a message of cheerfulness was patiently listened to? All this foretells an atmosphere of good nature in the campaigns, for it is impossible to get "blood-mad," when the cohorts are all smiling as they did at the recent conventions. In fact, the "candidate smile" has become quite the popular facial expression. Most of the delegates went along broadly elated, probably expecting that the camera man might catch them at any moment. It is becoming unfashionable to talk of ailments and wailments; it is a happy change. Jeremiah and his lamentations have had a long inning and now give way to Solomon and his Songs of Cheerfulness. Solomon, it will be observed, was a wise man. We no longer insist on the repetition of that old saying "I am *enjoying* poor health."

* * *

IT is quite easy to test the force of a smile; go through an office and on whom do your eyes rest longest—it is not on the grave and important manager, but on the happy lad or girl who beams over the work in hand, and turns with a ready laugh in answer to even a time-worn joke. It is the way we pass to and from work that tells the story of the domestic life of the establishment. If you see a lot of people come out chatting and laughing and bidding each other a hearty "good-night," it is probable that all is well indoors during the day.

We had just moved into a new office, having another floor of our building added to the one occupied. When I came in, the first morning after the flitting, everything was topsy-turvy, for the carpenters had not quite finished; I felt rather discouraged; there was much pressing work to get through that day, which must be completed regardless of the condition of the office.. As I advanced I saw a picture that I shall never forget.

One of our younger clerks sat on the floor, with a face bright as the morning, as cheerful as though she had been at home crimping her hair to go to a birthday party, instead of getting ready to enter upon a day's campaign of straightening out kinks. A mass of papers strewed the floor which she assorted while waiting for the men to arrive and place her desk so that it would be possible for her to use it. Her smile and "good-morning" were better than a ton of tonics and appetizers. The desk was a mere incident to her work.

What a delight we took in getting everything shipshape; no housekeepers ever enjoyed new furniture more than we did—discussing just where the desks were to go, and avoiding the making of corners where dust might collect—"let's have everything so that it can be swept all around" we said, as we planned just how to make our working home pleasant, where we might enjoy eight hours out of the twenty-four. We are getting more breathing space all the time and adding more little pieces of statuary and other things that will provoke to nobler thoughts and cheerfulness. Franklin, the Venus de Milo and other old friends preserved in statuary have been rejuvenated and seem to enjoy the change—and the fresh bath. Now I understand what house-cleaning may mean to housekeepers—change, variety—just something to maintain a radiant glow of cheerfulness.

Vacation days are just the time to cultivate cheerfulness, one might as well practise that as rowing or swimming—it is an accomplishment that would assuredly be oftener used if once well-learned—and you will find that you have a capacity for wholesome, genial good-nature that you never dreamed of possessing. This does not mean that you will never be annoyed, because even the most cheerful people become very indignant at times, but a moment after they are laughing at their own wrath. This is not what aggravates your neighbors—it is the constant whine and yowl. A good, explosive blast of anger is tolerated. It is possible to think cheerfully, and to control your thoughts when they threaten to slip off into gloomy channels. Try it and see if you do not believe that the infectious "habit of cheerfulness" is one of the hopeful signs of the times. If not, post up optimistic mottoes about your den, office and living rooms, and you'll choose Cheerfulness every time and refuse all substitutes. The Era of Cheerfulness promises a time of general content and happiness and abounding prosperity and plenty which even the apprehension of panic cannot dissolve.

Joe Mitchell Chapple

BURLINGTON, IOWA'S PIONEER CITY

By GEORGE B. McKIBBIN

BURLINGTON, famous the world over because of its namesake, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railway, is situated on the west bank of the Father of Waters where it is crossed by the main line of the Burlington Railroad. One of the pioneer cities of the West, its name is interlocked with early memories of Keokuk and Blackhawk and their Indian tribes. The Indians who had a trading post here for many years called the place Sho-ko-kon, meaning "Flint Hills," a name which is often used with reference to the present city. Burlington was first settled in 1832, and the first store was started the following year. From a small trading post on the river bank, the settlement rapidly grew, later being incorporated under the name of Burlington.

For many years Burlington was the largest city in Iowa, and when Iowa territory was formed Burlington was made its first capital. However, after the burning of the old statehouse, the seat of government was removed to Iowa City, and afterwards to Des Moines. It was in Burlington that the nickname "Hawk-Eye" was first applied to the citizens of Iowa and under this name one of the most widely-known newspapers of Iowa has had a continuous existence for over seventy years, the Burlington Hawk-Eye.

For beauty of natural situation, Burlington has few superiors. Located upon high hills overlooking the Mississippi River, she presents a magnificent view to the observer who first sees her from the Illinois or eastern shore. From these same hills, or rather bluffs, the view of the river and surrounding country is glorious, affording a panorama rivalling the Hudson. As Rome was, so is Burlington known by her hills; not seven, but four bearing the names North, South, Prospect and West. Many citizens taking advantage of the natural location, build stately mansions upon the bluffs, while others have equally beautiful residences further inland. Among the latter is "The Apple Trees," the home of the late C. E. Perkins who for more than a score of years was president of the Burlington Railway, making the road what it is today. It is interesting to note here that Senator John H. Gear and Senator Grimes, two of Iowa's famous men, claimed this city for a residence as did also Rear Admiral Remey of the United States Navy and General Corse to whom Sherman signaled "Hold the fort, for I am coming."

Burlington in educational work, both religious and secular, ranks with any city. She is a city of schools and churches. Many noted divines have at different times made this their home. Bishop McCabe, the famous Methodist "Fighting Parson," was converted in "Old Zion Church." Here at one time lived Reverend Robert Burdette, divine, philosopher and humorist who earned his national reputation while a resident of this city. He is now pastor of the largest congregation in Los Angeles. The one who deserves particular mention, however, is Dr. William E. Salter, who has been pastor of the First Congregational Church since 1846, giving it over three score years of faithful service. At the age of eighty-five Dr. Salter is still active in mind and body, and within the past few years has completed a history of Iowa.

The public schools of Burlington are superior to cities of her size and splendid instruction is offered in all scholastic lines. The public library, built without the aid of Carnegie, is of beautiful red sandstone.

The different hills of Burlington have their individual parks, but *the* park of Burlington is the one donated by the late P. M. Crapo, for whom it is named. It is located on a beautiful bluff giving a splendid view of the river. Here is lodged a stone and flagstaff, commemorative of the landing in 1805 of Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, who was then enroute to that great West which has immortalized him with its Pike's Peak. This beautiful park contains about fifty acres of woodland, drives and flowers. In summer-time it is a favorite haunt of Burlington's nature-loving people, who gladly take this opportunity to rest from the toil of the day.

Because of its river facilities, Burlington was an important trading point from the very start, but in 1855 its value as a shipping center was greatly enhanced by the completion of the Chicago and Burlington Railroad to the east side of the Mississippi. The river was crossed soon afterward, and the road extended west under the name of the Burlington and Missouri River, being the first railroad to cross the Mississippi. Other branches were built soon afterward in many different directions to tap the surrounding country.

It has been a noticeable fact that the tendency of the past few years has been for great industries to make the Middle West more and more the basis of their operations. A constant stream of people has been flowing westward, so that at the present time the center of population is located in the Missisippi Valley. To keep within distance of their consumers, it has been necessary for the producers to follow this tide of population. In a country of such great progress, and where there is such keen competition the manufactories must be centrally located, or it is impossible to contend with rivals on account of freight rates.

Another important factor denoting the necessity of central location is the agitation of the freight-rate question and the possibility that the result will eventulaly be a "distance tariff." In this case, a person will have to pay the same rate per mile for a long haul that he would for a shorter one, thus giving to those who can reach the most people with the shortest haul the advantage. At the present time the rate is so arranged that it costs less per mile for the long hauls than it does for the shorter ones. For the manufacturer shipping to Burlington, there is the Mississippi basic rate, as there is also the Missouri rate to Omaha, which is another basic point in regard to freight rates. However, when now shipping to points between Burlington and Omaha, the rate is nearly as high as to Omaha for the reason that it is the rate to Burlington plus the rate for the shorter haul.

MARBLE WORKS OF O. M. BURRUS & BRO., INC.

Burlington is exceedingly fortunate in that she has the two essential modes of transportation. She can ship her goods to all parts of the world either by rail or by water. As has been stated before, the name Burlington is so interlocked with that of the Burlington Railway that it is almost impossible to separate them. The city of Burlington is fed by a wonderful system of railway lines. Every portion of the country is drained by some line, while the shortest route from Chicago to Omaha and Denver passes through this city. The main line of the Burlington, running almost directly east and west at this point, is in itself a great acquisition to any commercial center. Besides this there are lines running to the northeast, southeast, south, southwest, northwest, while the Rock Island extends northward to St. Paul and Minneapolis. The latter road at the present time has a movement well under way for the extension of its line to the south, crossing the river at Burlington by a new bridge, thus giving another entry into St. Louis.

Burlington may well be likened to the hub of an immense wheel, the railway lines representing the spokes, which extend in all directions for the strengthening of the whole. Besides tapping the adjacent territory of small cities and towns, several of the roads give excellent connections with other great railways at Kansas City, St. Louis and Minneapolis.

Popular sentiment today seems to be turning more and more toward the waterways as the coming mode of transportation, especially for long and heavy hauls. It is the mode of the past, the natural mode, and constitutes an important factor in all transportation problems. The Panama Canal is giving to this country and the world advantages which will mean an advancement of hundreds of years. This canal will also emphasize the statement already made concerning the shifting of population toward the West, and will give a harbor at New Orleans for the ships of all nations. The recent action of the Waterways Commission tends to show that the future sea-going ships will be able to navigate the Mississippi River. Plans are now being laid to deepen the channel six feet from Minneapolis to Cairo and fifteen feet from Cairo to New Orleans. The carrying out of this plan will give cities located upon the river great commercial advantages in comparison to their inland sisters.

PLANT OF THE BURLINGTON LUMBER COMPANY

These two systems, taken separately, offer many inducements, but when you consider them taken together their influence is multiplied. The river traffic affects freight rates. It is a well-known fact that freight rates are lower in summer than in winter, because of the water competition. The Diamond Jo line now runs steamers from St. Louis to Minneapolis, and the White Collar line handles the local freight. These two lines give good service at the present time, but after the deepening of the river, larger boats will be able to navigate the stream, thus increasing the service.

Burlington, then, as a commercial center is of vast importance. It is located near the

Public Library

Scene at Crapo Park

Central Fire and Police Station

Elks Building

center of population and in the heart of one of the richest agricultural regions of the world, but two hundred miles from Chicago and St. Louis and three hundred miles from Omaha and Minneapolis. It is the dual mode of transportation, however, which gives to Burlington its chief advantage.

It would be an injustice to deal with the city of Burlington without mentioning some of its prominent commercial concerns.

Among the oldest and best known industries of Burlington is the Burlington Lumber Co. This company was organized nearly a half-century ago, by E. D. Rand, and is continued by his son, H. S. Rand, who is the president of the company. This company claims the distinction of being one of the very few which still continues the cutting of white pine lumber after ninety per cent. of the mills operating twenty years ago have gone out of business. All of the lumber used by them is floated down the Mississippi from four hundred miles above Minneapolis. Over three hundred men are employed in the conducting of this business.

Another of the important industries of this city is the Iowa Soap Company. The output of this industry is sold all over the United States, and is well-known in many homes. Besides the factory situated in this city, the company recently bought a branch factory located at Toledo, Ohio, competing for this plant with one of the largest soap manufacturers of the world.

The Marble Works of O. M. Burrus & Bro. are well-known throughout this part of the country, and are the largest house doing this kind of work in the Middle West or West. Their stock includes monuments and all kinds of marble and granite work.

W. W. Copeland, dealer in wholesale fruits, handles all the freshest fruits in the market, and covers a territory including most of Iowa and parts of Missouri and Illinois. This is one of the oldest firms of its kind in Iowa and is located on the river front, where it has the advantage of both water and rail transportation.

Clinton Copeland Company are manufacturers of candies of all kinds. The brand for which they are especially noted is the "Holly Chocolates." Over one hundred and twenty-five men are in their employ.

The Lagamarcine-Grupe Wholesale Fruit Company is a firm which has been well-known

MISSISSIPPI RIVER SCENE

in Iowa, Illinois and Missouri for many years. It has branch houses in Ottumwa, Creston, Cedar Rapids, Clinton, Dubuque and Davenport, which supply the territory in the immediate vicinity. Its headquarters are in Burlington, also the home of the president of the company, Mr. W. H. Grupe.

Other large firms are, The Murray Iron Works, Leopold Desk Company, Northwestern Cabinet Company, Burlington Basket Factory, Gardner Gould Candy Company, Churchill Drug Company, John Blaula & Sons, Burt-Zaiser Grocery Company and the Iowa Biscuit Company.

THE CHARMS OF IOWA

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THERE are mountains that companion
With the choiring stars of morn;
There are crests that catch the sunrise
On the rocky Matterhorn;
There are lordly peaks in Asia
Snow crowned from year to year—
But the low green hills of Iowa
Take all the world with cheer!

There are rivers famed in story;
There are torrents famed in song;
Forevermore through Egyptland
Blue Nilus floweth strong;
By castle, tower and temple
The waves of Tiber roll—
But the little streams of Iowa
Dance silvery through the soul!

There are blooms in Vallombrosia;
There are flowers in Hermon dance;
There are lilies on the banner,
And in the fields of France;
There are flowers that hide their beauty
In some shady nook apart—
But the wild, wild rose of Iowa
Makes fireside for the heart!

There are doves that mourn to Thammuz
In groves by eastern seas;
In the Tuscan vales of sunlight
There are Christfolk in the trees;
The nightingales of England
They sing at dusk forlorn—
But the happy larks of Iowa
Break sabbath noon and morn!

LET'S TALK IT OVER

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

MY VISIT TO THE HOME OF FASHION

TAKE it from a "mere man" who has had a "look in" at Dame Fashion's boudoir that 1908 is the banner season of them all in regard to Style—spelled with a capital "S."

In a recent article on New York, the Giant City, I touched on some of its most conspicuous elements of greatness, but being of the masculine gender, I overlooked the highly important fact that New York is rivalling Paris and London as a centre of fashion.

The American nation is acknowledged to be absolutely the *best* dressed, though when it comes to being "clothed upon," the citizenesses outdo the citizens—man is lost in the ruffle; I mean shuffle. The American woman always insists on having the most becoming thing in color and style, and thus American designers who cater to this discriminating taste, have become the most proficient artists in the world in their particluar line.

The Largest Ladies' Tailoring Establishment in the World—Mail Orders Only Are Handled in This Building

* * *

Twenty years ago a young man who then was but nineteen years of age realized this determination of American women to be well dressed, and, with that keen business acumen which is the genius of the present age, prepared to serve them in things "dear to the heart of woman," as they had never before been served; the result is that today the National Cloak & Suit Company of New York City is the largest tailoring establishment for ladies only in the world, and their beautiful style catalogue, published in the spring and fall, is the "book of reference" in the hands of one million six hundred thousand women.

Every Order is Handled Under a Guarantee of Absolute Satisfaction or Money Refunded

Beginning in a very modest way, well nurtured by careful service to its patrons, the concern has grown to colossal size, and now includes the best designers that can be had, skilled workmen in every department, and trained inspectors who go carefully over the work before delivery to the customer.

It seems hardly possible that so large a business can be carried on through the simple medium of the postage stamp, yet such is the case. Probably not one out of every thousand patrons has seen this most interesting beehive of industry, where 1,800 trained employes, fitted to their work like the intricate parts of some wonderful machine, turn out as many as 800 suits per day.

A visitor to New York may spend a delightful hour going through the great plant of the National Cloak & Suit Company, with its eleven stories and three acres of floor space. It was believed that this great new structure would give ample room to care for the business, but within two years it has been found insufficient for the growing demands. The building is constructed upon the most approved plans, giving light, air and perfect sanitation to its employes. The new Metropolitan Tower to the right and the Hudson River to the left add interest to the view obtained from the upper windows, as the visitor passes from floor to floor following the process of manufacture.

The stock department is the first "outward and visible sign" one sees of the immense size of this institution. Great tiers and bins extending across the room are filled with bolts of woolens, which are sponged and shrunk and closely inspected for defects. As the goods are received the cloth is run through a machine which measures it, then it is suspended on an examining "perch," from which it is drawn by long sweeping pulls, as the inspector looks over it, with eagle eye for the slightest imperfection. If he finds anything amiss, he inserts a white tape to mark the spot, and that part of the cloth is avoided by the cutters. The strength of the goods is also tested, and the "shading" is closely watched, for the color also must run even.

After inspection, the goods are sent to the sponging machine, where they are wound on great rollers and "steam" shrunk; it is surprising to learn how much of the cloth disappears in this process, but thorough shrinking is an important part in the making of

Do You Know Her Tailor?

Do You Know Where You Can Have Your Fall Suit Made to Your Order, in New York Style, of Guaranteed Materials, and Still Save Money?

Have you ever had a "NATIONAL" suit made to your order? We make suits to order from measurements sent us by mail. We have been making suits to order in this way for Twenty Years—and "NATIONAL" suits have pleased over half a million American Ladies. That's the reason **we know** we can please you.

You can easily have your Fall suit made at the "NATIONAL." All you need to do is to write **To-day** for the **Free Style Book and Samples** pictured below. You select your suit in the quiet of your own home. We relieve you of all dressmaking troubles, make your suit to your measure, send it to you express charges paid, and with the "NATIONAL GUARANTEE TAG" attached.

Tailored Suits

Made-to-Order New York Styles $7.50 to $35

Style Book and Samples Free

The "NATIONAL" 96-Page Style Book (sent free), shows all the desirable new suits worn in New York this Fall. Wouldn't you like to select your suit from among them? All the radical changes in fashions—all the really new, desirable models are illustrated in our Style Book. And you can make **your own** choice of any of these made-to-measure suits, have it trimmed to please you, and made to your order out of your own choice of our 400 new materials for Fall and Winter wear.

And remember all the risk of fitting you and of pleasing you in style, workmanship and material—**all this risk is ours.** Wouldn't you like to see this Style Book? Wouldn't you like to see samples of the new Fall Materials?

Learn what New York is wearing. Write for this "NATIONAL" Style Book and samples, sent free. You will be interested in seeing the new Long Coat Suits, the new Trimmed Skirts and the other new styles for Fall—all sold according to

The "NATIONAL" Policy

Every "NATIONAL" garment has the "NATIONAL GUARANTEE TAG" attached. This tag means "your money back if you ask for it."

We pay all postage and express charges on all "NATIONAL" garments to every part of the U. S. no matter how large or how small your order.

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NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

256 West 24th Street, New York City

Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World.

good clothes, for without this precaution the suits when cut and fitted would press out of shape.

After this operation, the cloth is put into a hydraulic press, under 3,000 pounds pressure, to bring back the lustre. A single day is sufficient to put a piece of cloth through a full course in sponging and shrinking. Many hundreds of miles of material pass through these machines each year; every weight of cloth may be seen, every shade of color, for the customers of this company have an average of four hundred different materials from which to choose, yet no stock with the possible exception of broadcloths, is ever carried over from one season to another.

The cloth, having been properly shrunk, the "laying out" of the orders is the next step in suit construction. Guided by a "work ticket" containing measurements and full information, the proper bolt of cloth is selected and sent down to the cutter, hand trucks with high sides conveying the material to the cutting room, which is one of the two largest divisions of the working force. It occupies the entire tenth floor, and in no other department, perhaps, do the individual members carry so much responsibility. Every operation is signed by the party through whose hands it passes, and thus an error is readily traced.

The customer has the privilege of selecting from sixty-seven styles, and the cutter now marks out the material in accordance with the pattern chosen, guided by the measurements given by the customer; but before the scissors are applied every measurement is again carefully compared.

From the cutting department the balance of the bolt of cloth is returned to the stock room, and the material for the garment is bundled up and transferred to the trimming department, where women select harmonizing trimmings, buttons, linings, and every item called for to complete the suit.

Just for a moment we cease to follow the garment in process of construction, and step into the sample room, where a large force is at work cutting and sorting little squares of cloth, fifty or sixty in each collection, to be sent out upon request to thousands of prospective purchasers. It is seen at a glance that this work demands the utmost care, for in blue alone there are no less than eighty-seven different shades and patterns from which to choose. It is necessary to cut up from $50,000 to $60,000 worth of new cloth for these samples—quite an expense in itself. Another cost is the sending of a tape measure with all samples, for the convenience of the customer in measuring.

Returning to the tailoring department, the hum of the sewing machines tells the story of the stitching of the various pieces into the whole jacket or skirt. The basting process comes first; after that the garment is pressed and fitted on a form adjusted to the measurements of the person for whom the suit is being made. Now the garments are carefully measured again—the slightest mistake, and rip—rip—the inspector pulls the work apart and sends it back to the operator for correction. So accurate and skillful are these men tailors, however, that errors are rare. Each man is a specialist, and devotes his attention to one part of the suit only. Thus there are coat makers and skirt makers. When the garment is completed every measurement is verified, and the completed garments sent to the shipping room.

The beautiful suits, as they hang in rows ready for shipment, are a sight to cheer the heart of any woman. How eagerly she would study the varied styles, and how each garment would tell her its own story of the blushing bride's "going away" suit, the busy woman's plain suit for ordinary wear, or the settled matron's "very little trimmed" costume—petite silk cuffs, short sleeved jackets, styles and materials to please all tastes are here. According to the schedule, it takes but a week or ten days to make a suit after the order and measurements have been received.

In another department the proud boast is that orders received prior to one o'clock are in the mail or express at five in the afternoon of the same day. This is the ready-made department, where the assortment is very complete, both as to styles and sizes, covering almost everything in women's and infants' clothing, and including a fine selection of millinery. This branch of the business, because of its quick service and remarkably wide range of selection, is immensely popular with women throughout the entire country.

In arranging a catalog of their ready-made goods, great care is given to listing the best possible assortment of the stock carried. Thus, out of 5,000 sample shirt waists sub-

The STEINWAY PIANO

At the Courts of the Old World

The supremacy of the Steinway Piano is unquestioned. Its fame is spread broadcast all over the globe. Its status wherever music holds sway is that of premiership.

Search the annals of the world and no other house in any line can be found that has been distinguished by such an array of honors. The Royal and Imperial Houses of the Old World have nearly all signally honored the House of Steinway by appointment as Pianoforte Manufacturers to their respective courts.

Two such royal appointments have been just recently made: H. R. H. the Princess of Wales and the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrowitsch (brother of the present Czar of Russia) having designated Steinway & Sons by royal warrants as their official piano manufacturers.

Such recognition can be the result of but one thing—the **International Supremacy of the Steinway Piano.**

That the Steinway represents the highest achievement in piano construction ever attained is self-evident. For your own satisfaction examine a Steinway Miniature Grand (Price $800) or a Steinway Vertegrand (Price $550), ebonized cases.

VERTEGRAND
EBONIZED CASE
PRICE $550

Steinway Pianos can be bought of any authorized Steinway dealer at New York prices, with cost of transportation added. Illustrated catalogue and booklets sent on request and mention of this magazine.

MINIATURE GRAND
EBONIZED CASE
PRICE $800

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107 and 109 East 14th St.
New York
Subway Express Station at the Door

mitted by the designers, but sixty-eight were selected—the very cream of the lot.

In the great business of the National Cloak & Suit Company, *System* is the keynote of success. *Esprit de corps* is carefully cultivated, and the heads of the concern impress upon every employe that the success of the business depends on the faithfulness of each individual. The firm's reputation for honesty, skill and reliability which has been built up by years of patient, consistent effort to give all customers what they desire and are entitled to expect, is jealously guarded.

When an establishment works only through the mails, without the advantage gained by personal acquaintance through actual sight and hearing, good will and confidence are essential to success. The National Cloak & Suit Company understand this, and they stand where they do today because they have impressed upon every employe the necessity of putting himself in the place of the customer he is serving. Samples are selected, letters dictated and written, garments cut, made and trimmed with the same skill and special effort that would be devoted to the work if the employe himself were making the purchase. Furthermore, every garment has a signed guarantee attached, which is a standing invitation to return any garment found unsatisfactory and get your money back.

Realizing the value of interested and loyal workers, the concern spares no pains to make employment congenial and interesting. On one floor of the building is a cheerful lunch room, where food is prepared and served to employes on a cost basis. A well-stocked library is at hand and interesting meetings are held which, with a monthly list of prizes for best suggestions in any of the departments, help to make things pleasant. A monthly paper "The National Circle," is published. It is full of gossipy chat about the various departments and employes, and announces promotions that are constantly taking place as a reward for merit.

"Women's fashions," have long been the peg on which many masculine jokes have been hung; but "mere man" is compelled to admit that each year as dress becomes more artistic, women are better able to express their individuality in their gowns and hats. So, whether it be the foamy muslins and laces of summer, or the handsome "tailor-built" costumes of winter, dress is rapidly becoming as interesting a study to men as to woman herself—for the simple reason that it is an expression of character, and as such cannot be too carefully cultivated.

* * *

THE great sheds at the Grand Central Station, New York, have melted away as snow drifts before the sun. The present-day gigantic way of doing things is bewildering, for now immense works of construction go on without interrupting regular business, and it seems at times that the problem of having two things in the same place at the same time has been solved. The hundreds of trains running out of the Grand Central Station, like shots from a catapult, were not interfered with in the least while the great train sheds were being taken down section by section, but each department evaporated, as it were.

All these improvements are in some measure the climax of the electrification of the New York Central lines. All of the train movements to and out of Grand Central Station are made by electric power, the transfer from electric power to steam being made at Yonkers on the Hudson Division and Wakefield on the Harlem Division. Work is now well under way to extend the electric service to Harmon on the Hudson Division, thirty-three miles from New York, and White Plains on the Harlem Division, twenty-three miles from New York, covering what is known at the Electric Zone.

The electric locomotives now in use on this railroad have a normal rating of 2,200 horse-power, but under forced voltage 4,000 horse-power can be used. I stood looking upon "Locomotive 6,000" the other day in the station where there are now in operation thirty-five sister locomotives manufactured by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad jointly with the General Electric Company and the American Locomotive Company of Schenectady, N. Y.

This giant electric motor illustrates better than anything else the wonderful progress made in electrical science, in solving the problems of electric traction for trunk line service. It differs radically from any locomotive previously built. The bi-polar motors operate between field magnets which themselves form part of the locomotive frame-work. The armatures are mounted direct on the

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No. 505. Medium Weight Finest Combed Cotton,

Vests, Pants, Tights, Corset Covers; per garment	$ .50
Extra-sizes	.65
Union Suits (all shapes) regular sizes	1.00
Extra-sizes	1.25

No. 562. White Light Weight Merino Vests,

Pants, Tights, Corset Covers; per garment	$ .85
Extra-sizes	1.00
Union Suits (all shapes) regular sizes	1.25
Extra-sizes	1.65

No. 566. White Medium Weight 50 per cent Wool,

Vests, Pants, Tights, Corset Covers; per garment	$ .75
Extra-sizes	1.00
Union Suits (all shapes) regular sizes	1.65
Extra-sizes	2.00

No. 567. White Med. Weight Merino 85 percent Wool,

Vests, Tights, Drawers, Corset Covers; per garment	$1.00
Extra-sizes	1.25
Union Suits (all shapes) regular sizes	2.00
Extra-sizes	2.50

If you cannot find at your dealer, write us and we will direct you to nearest dealer, or mail you a garment of any style described above postpaid on receipt of price.

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GUARANTEED STAINLESS ONYX BLACK REGISTERED

Look for this Trade Mark
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True merit compels recognition—the following numbers have helped make the "ONYX" reputation—try them.

For Women

109/K. Women's "Onyx" Black Sea Island Gauze Cotton; spliced sole. 50c. per pair.

151/K. Women's "Onyx" Black, Gauze Cotton, Garter top; spliced heel, sole and toe. 50c. per pair.

599/S. Women's "Onyx" Black Gauze Lisle, Garter top, spliced selvage, reinforced heel and toe; unusual value; delightful weight. 50c. per pair.

310/13. Women's "Onyx" Black Gauze Four-Thread Lisle, superior quality, wear-resisting. 50c. per pair.

Silk Lisle Hosiery
Feels Like Silk—Looks Like Silk
Wears Better Than Silk

409/K. Women's "Onyx" Black, Tan and White Silk Lisle, gauze weight; soft, glossy, flexible, durable; double sole; spliced heel. 50c. per pair.

OUT SIZE LISLE HOSE

121/9. Women's "Onyx" Black, Tan and White Gauze Lisle, extra size—a spliced sole, heel and toe; reinforced garter top. 50c. per pair.

130/K. Women's "Onyx" Black, Gauze Silk Lisle; double sole; high spliced heel; soft, silky, extra wide and elastic. 75c. per pair.

No. 106. Pure Thread Silk, Black, White, Tan, all colors—Pure dye—every pair guaranteed. $2.25 per pair.

Sold Everywhere. Ask your dealer or write to Dept. 2. We will direct you to nearest Dealer or mail postpaid on receipt of price any number as above stated.

Broadway New York

axles of the driving-wheels and have a free vertical movement between the flat pole-pieces.

The usual method of making each motor an individual unit has been done away with and there is no longer any difficulty in placing or removing armatures. The whole new construction is so surprisingly simple that an armature may be removed and replaced as easily as one takes out an oil can and puts it back in its socket. With the Sprague General Electric Control two or more locomotives can be operated from the cab of either one as a single locomotive, but combining the power of both. With a 335 ton train these locomotives have maintained schedule speed in a blinding snow-storm on a continuous test-run of eighteen hours; eleven cars have been easily handled and a speed of eighty-five miles an hour has been attained with a lighter train. The record of cost of maintenance has already proven that the electric locomotive costs less than two cents per locomotive mile, compared with steam locomotives at a cost of from five to seven cents per locomotive mile.

It is true that there is a natural regret at the passing of the picturesque rush of the great, puffing pulsating "iron horse" with its clouds of black smoke and white steam to be succeeded by a prosaic iron box at the head of a heavy train shooting along at tremendous rate, but giving little other indication of the immense power evolved by the magical armatures and motors.

In giving to the country an electric service of such scope and dimension, the New York Central have introduced a movement that must win the hearty approval and appreciation of the traveling public.

* * *

AS the season approaches for returning to school and work, I have been wondering if every reader of the National could not send us in *just one new subscriber* for the coming year. This suggestion has been made by a very enthusiastic subscriber, Mr. R. L. Erwin, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, who has promised to get at least one new subscriber for us, "whether anybody else does or not." Other subscribers insist that if every reader will join in this little crusade, we shall make a splendid record for new readers, and I hope every subscriber who reads these lines will sit down and write a personal letter to me and send in at least one subscription to open the campaign.

While nothing in the way of reward has been thought of by this good subscriber of ours, I do not feel that we ought to take these efforts without some recompense and will,

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE PULLING A LIMITED EXPRESS INTO NEW YORK CITY

THE BELL SYSTEM
LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
Uniting 4,000,000 Telephones

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The Associated Bell Companies
ONE POLICY—UNIVERSAL SERVICE—ONE SYSTEM

The Telephone's Burden

EVERY day brings a new use—a new requirement. It is the Telephone's Burden not only to keep pace with business development, but to camp constantly a little across the frontier.

Can you imagine a city, as cities once existed, made up of several "quarters," to each of which was confined a population which spoke a separate language?

You, as the average citizen, would be forced to learn several languages, or to go about the city with an interpreter—a process that would seriously interfere with your business.

If, instead of using different languages, the people of a city used *different telephone systems*, the result would be exactly the same. You would have to keep *each particular brand* of telephone.

It is nobody's *fault* that this is so. The Bell companies are not responsible for the fact that a nation's convenience demands the use of one telephone system, any more than they are that *one language* for a nation is better than a collection of provincial dialects.

The associated Bell companies, with their singleness of purpose and unity of service, *are* responsible, however, for doing their utmost to *provide the system that wholly fits this recognized condition*—that prevents the endless and expensive confusion of many systems.

The Telephone's Burden is to embrace in *one* comprehensive system all that a city, or the whole country, needs in the way of telephone service.

This has made the telephone universal. It has brought you the greatest possible number of subscribers with whom to talk.

It has been *flexibility* of the Bell management that has secured the most reasonable rates in the world for an adequate telephone service, and made it *universal.*

This progress would be impossible in the future if the flexibility of management were made inflexible by unwise interference.

The widespread work of development and maintenance carried on by 80,000 employes should clear your mind of doubt, if any exists, that the associated Bell companies are working *with* and *for* the public, striving by the most progressive methods to provide a telephone service at a reasonable price that will take your voice anywhere that your thought goes, or your friend goes, or your letter will travel.

The Bell service is diligently keeping pace with the country's progress, in full knowledge of existing conditions and *the necessities of the future.*

American Telephone & Telegraph Company

therefore, give to every subscriber who sends in another subscription, for one year, a copy of the Happy Habit, autographed. This book is prized by our readers who have copies because it is a sort of resume of the editorial work in connection with the National for the past ten years; and the volume promises to be a popular gift book and suitable companion for Heart Throbs. The Waterman pen is cleaned and filled and I am all ready to begin to autograph books for our helpers who send in *one subscriber*. The first book goes out today—to Pennsylvania. What is the next state to respond to the roll-call? One subscriber and your name and address is all that is required, so I can mail you an autographed copy of "The Happy Habit."

PROPOSED GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, NEW YORK CITY

THE formal opening of the Carnegie Safe Deposit Vaults—the largest in the world, and referred to in a recent article as the Giant City's Pocketbook—was made the occasion of a real old-fashioned "barn-raising," only in this instance it was underground. Handsomely engraved invitations were sent out, and during the day many thousands of financiers and business men visited the latest "wonder" of the times.

Within, the vaults looked for all the world like a ball room, with spotless floors and special gala trimmings of flowers and palms for the occasion; the crowds inspected every curious thing so that they could tell their friends about it. To a gentleman who was explaining that the twenty-five ton armor plate door was the largest ever built, and yet a child could swing it on its hinges, or to another who was showing the "boxes" and elaborating on the marvel of their individual locks, the visitors gave eager attention.

Among the sights eagerly sought out by tourists visiting New York, the Carnegie Safe Deposit will vie with the Singer Tower.

* * *

ONE of the real "sights" of Chicago during the recent Republican Convention was the Moffett Photographic Studio, near the Auditorium, for here one felt the "waves" of personal atmosphere set in motion by celebrities facing a camera. This studio is one of the finest photographic ateliers in the country, and, under the management of Mr. Evans, has become famous for its collection of portraits of notables, and it speaks well for the remarkable management that so fine an assortment could be secured in so short a space of time; it is proof positive that first-class work in the studio and splendid executive and business management prevail here.

Almost every prominent statesman, author, or actor, or anyone having any claim to celebrity, was represented in that great show window, which was always the center of a throng night and day, for people love to look into the faces of men who are in the limelight. It has become quite the fad now for any notable person coming to Chicago to register at the Moffett Studio, and the collection now being made will be rare and valuable in the years to come. A large number of the pictures printed in the Convention Number of the National were furnished by this studio

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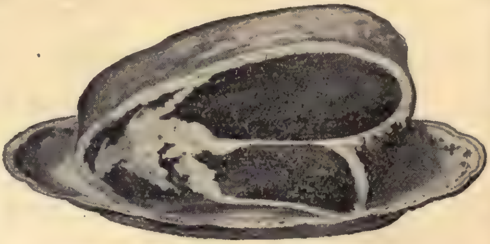

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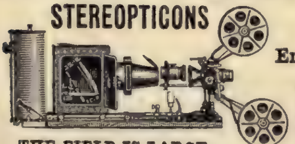

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NARRAGANSETT PIER.

IN these strenuous days a breathing place in warm weather is absolutely necessary, and the American people have so thoroughly mastered this lesson that the seashore resorts are crowded with vacationists, especially during the summer months.

One of the most picturesque of the many favored watering places that I have visited is Narragansett Pier, which for so many years has been notable as a spot beloved by summer tourists, particularly by the quiet-loving New England people to whom it offers both convenience and attraction.

Narragansett Pier has an ideal location, being as near New York as is Atlantic City and only two hours from Boston and one from Providence; in fact, it is in near proximity to all the larger cities of New England and the Middle Atlantic States.

While visiting this charming resort I was the guest of Mr. Andrew Radel, a traction magnate who has played a conspicuous part in street-railroad electrification in New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, and who himself has constructed a number of important railroads. Mr. Radel's confidence in the future of Narragansett Pier as a permanent resort is amply evidenced by the fact that he has constructed and put into successful operation over twenty miles of electric railroad — the Sea View Electric Railroad — having Narragansett Pier for its terminus and connecting at East Greenwich for Providence and other important centers. Besides his railroad Mr. Radel is the owner of the Gladstone Hotel, one of the leading hotels in the country, and a hotel that combines without ostentation all the luxury one desires in vacation time with that charm of home which makes such a peculiar appeal to the better class of tourists.

Those who have never spent a vacation at the Gladstone Hotel, Narragansett Pier, who have never enjoyed its natural parks and charming walks, have a great treat in store.

* * *

IN the nominating of presidents this year, no other one feature is so conspicuous as the kodak; we never seem to outgrow our love for the pictorial, and it hardly seems possible that the Chicago and Denver conventions could have progressed successfully without the aid of George Eastman's camera —what would a convention or any other large gathering be without snap-shots?

A candidate comes into prominence through the flashlight photographs; he is taken under every possible condition, in all circumstances, and the people come to know his appearance and judge him by his personality. Pen pictures are all right, but the photographs are the real man himself.

Mr. J. E. Hare, who took photographs for the NATIONAL, has been prominently identified with this work for many years, and no man better understands just how to get the salient points in a scene. I once found him being put out of a place, and felt very indignant; I sympathized with him, but he turned and laughed.

"They put me out now, but they will soon be chasing me for the pictures, just the same," he remarked.

He is goodnatured and a philosopher, and knows just the angle and glint of sunlight needed to bring out the important points—he can shake the rattle just right to make the baby smile. It is amusing to see the erstwhile distinguished delegates move up in order to get into a picture when they found themselves facing the battery of cameras on every side.

Yes, to travel today without a kodak would be as unwise as to take your journey without luggage, and a convention without snap-shots would be a dull affair indeed, so that in the political, as well as in all other lines of work, to say nothing of the pursuit of pleasure, the Eastman Kodak has indeed played a prominent part.

* * *

VERY frequently the question comes to us, "Why do you not give us more articles about public women?" We have had sketches of Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Catt, Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Cleveland and other prominent women, and now we want to know who the readers of the National would like to hear about next? In what prominent woman are you most interested? This month we give a sketch concerning Sarah Platt Decker, but before another issue we hope to be favored with a number of letters from women readers telling us in whom they are most interested.

MAY 1966

ESBY